

The Wind's Secret

On a dark, hazy evening, the wind lazily blew across a hidden lake. In its wings came the sight of tall reeds on the lake's bank, and a huge, gentle willow leaning over the damp earth. The wind raced across the still water, nudging it into little ripples. It loved the way the water moved and tumbled with its gentle tap. Swirling up and over a log drifting peacefully in the middle, the wind gave it a slight push, and the log began to sway the other direction.

Dancing over the glass water, tumbling up higher and then low again, the wind came to its favorite part of the lake. Somehow it was enchanted by the way the lily pads gathered here at the edge, and how the hazy mist seemed to come to life, especially when the wind spun through it and twisted its clouded branches around and around in a starlit dance. The wind tasted and ruffled the air, tilting up towards the sky for a moment. It was not yet night, but the dark was slowly creeping in. The wind sent a thimble of breeze to trace the barely-visible hillside, running a soft finger of movement twisting around the tree trunks. The night didn't matter to the wind, as dark was no more companionable than the light at noon day. Although, perhaps it was a bit more gloomy, with the birds all tucked up in their nests, and not a sound ringing out for the wind to pick up and carry away. No sound was ever given to the wind, just there for it to capture and deliver to a place that was devoid of it before.

Something licked at the wind's conscience as it flipped and fluttered past the wooden dock at the rim of the lake. A girl sat there, clad in a loose white dress, feet dangling off the end of the dock. Her head was down, her long blond hair drifting around her ears and flowing over her back.

The wind curiously nipped closer, swirling lightly around the girl. It sensed a despairing feeling, one that was all too familiar to the wind. It weighed around the girl, and dimmed her spirit, and the wind shuddered from the emptiness of it.

The girl sat still, gazing into the water. The wind saw her, and it saw the empty feeling consuming her. It flitted around her, gently nudging her hair to cheer her up. She moved then, raising her head slightly to look straight out across the lake. Her dark brown eyes looked through the wind, and although no one ever did, the wind almost felt as though she could see it. It swirled around her a moment more, trying to lift the dark veil of Alone that hung all around her. The wind knew what it was, it knew why it was there. It knew how it felt to be everywhere, and yet nowhere at the same time. It knew how it felt to lift birds up high into the sky, raising them so they hardly had to flap a wing. It knew how it felt to be the carrier of whispered secrets, and yet have no one confide in you. It knew how it felt to twirl a kite high into the air, and to watch a father and son as they laughed and flew it. It knew what Alone was, watching life go by for everyone, but feeling as though no one would ever see it. No one would ever care.

The wind ached and stirred to see so pure a girl, so sweet a person, feeling this. So it reached out far, twisting out in every direction. It felt an old, forgotten note caught in a tree, and it felt that the words upon it were filled with warmth. It captured the note, dancing it over fields and through the dim forest. The note plunged gently up and down as it traveled, until it finally reached the lake. The wind took great care to brush it closer, tumbling it along the dock until it came to rest, the corner lightly fluttering with the wind's nervousness, next to the girl. She saw it, and reached out her hand. When she read the soft words of love and comfort written long ago by a heartfelt hand, she looked up at the sky and smiled. The wind felt her spirit liven, felt her loneliness crumble as it swirled around her.

“Thank you,” she whispered. To the wind.