

# Wandering Wind

Misbah Ahmad

The blades of a windmill churn slow,  
Reflecting the sun and shedding snow,  
Setting in motion the swirling wind,  
Clutching around its sharp wings.

It sweeps through crisp rustling grass.  
That appears as sharp blades of brass.  
Swaying gently the brown leaves,  
Stealing them away like cunning thieves.

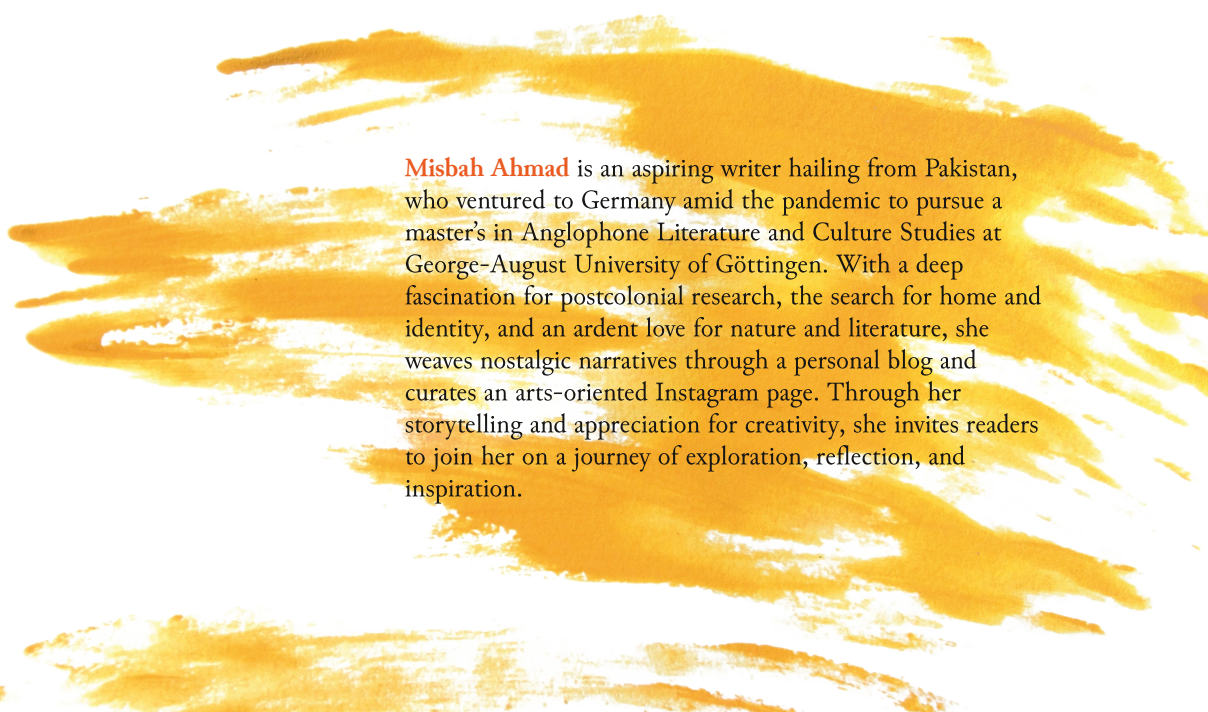
Bouncing them off the water still,  
Gliding smoothly down the hill.  
I remember it all like yesterday,  
When the wind danced with us in a sway.

It still visits us sometimes,  
But it has lost its charm and chimes,  
It slides and glides no more,  
Rushing through crowds, it rages and roars.

The anger makes it shake the trees,  
Flowers are no longer visited by bees.  
It swoops up the garbage, and flings,  
Torn paper, plastic, trimmings.

It slams into morbid metal and concrete.  
Warning us of a future that's bleak.  
The water it follows rushes and spills,  
Smelling of black, sounding shrill.

Like blades of the windmill, we are still,  
Stuck and veiled in wilted daffodils.  
The wind has lost its serene song,  
In a changing world, it does not belong.



**Misbah Ahmad** is an aspiring writer hailing from Pakistan, who ventured to Germany amid the pandemic to pursue a master's in Anglophone Literature and Culture Studies at George-August University of Göttingen. With a deep fascination for postcolonial research, the search for home and identity, and an ardent love for nature and literature, she weaves nostalgic narratives through a personal blog and curates an arts-oriented Instagram page. Through her storytelling and appreciation for creativity, she invites readers to join her on a journey of exploration, reflection, and inspiration.