

Hello old friend....

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"Hello old friend", I thought to myself as I watched
a small curl of dust wrap around my foot.
The smoke from my small fire curled, wafted away.
"How have you been?" I whispered
as a zephyr of air caressed my ankle.

Gently floating, a leaf drifted past.
A puff, a breath tickled my calf.
I kicked some dirt on the fire to put it out.

The sweat on my brow was cooled by this slightest breeze.
Cutting and burning branches all day.
The last howler had done some real damage.

"Oh, so you think you have grown?" I questioned the stronger airstream
"More than a waft, a twirl, a looping spiral?"

In response I only heard a gentle hum of the leaves in the trees overhead.

"OK," I admitted to myself, "you have something"

A gentle twist became a gusty squall, and my stomach lurched at the idea
"Cheeky bugger", I thought to myself,
"Give you a little room and...yeah I know..."

Beads of worry challenged my cool disposition,
"I feel your power," I admitted to anyone listening as it tried to fan the fire.

...sparks...
 fly away ...
 with the breeze...
 windy flurry...
 orange sparks exploding...

"Stop being pushy!" I asserted myself
as it blustered it's way across the yard, and I stumbled backwards.
Stamping out the escapee embers.

The power base shifted
and I felt uncomfortable.

"Hello old friend," I offered again, as a gust suddenly came up.

"HELLO" came the answer,
as the trees bowed slightly to the coming storm.

A burst of air, and then it stilled, warning of what could follow.

I shivered
 and
 shook
 in anticipation.

It might be ugly.

It could be a storm, a tempest, a gale.

"I know" I offered, "I know what you could have done"
and the power suddenly changed. I could stand upright with out holding on...

"I am grateful," I could feel the breeze sway my body gently, "Thank you for not..."
What could have been I left unspoken.

Gazing down at the old fire, now dead and gone, but the warmth was still there.
The perspiration was back on my brow, but not in anticipation of what was coming....

but what may have been.....

"You win," I admitted to the swaying the gums.

I was broken, beaten.

"OK YOU WIN!!!" I shouted to the emptiness around me,
but my adversary had moved on,
 to threaten,
 bully,
 others further away.

"Goodbye old conqueror" I whispered.

The trees were still and the night silent.