Air

See how it takes the shape of the delphinium, holding blooms in sway as if it were the sculptor’s mold for delphinium, singing delphinium, delphinium as it bends the flower to the ground.

See how gently it borrows scent from plum blossom or else revels in winter’s blast off Lake Michigan.

Consider how democratic it is, content to inflate the child’s balloon with fun, the soldier’s chest with mustard gas. Equally happy to fill the lungs of Genghis Khan or Gandhi.

Who would dispute its glad adaptability, yesterday whipping across the summit of Mount Kilimanjaro, today just a wisp teasing the petals of the cattleya orchid where the Brazilian hummingbird feeds.

Tell me—in us, around us, part of us—when has it not been all about the hum, the winging, the rapture.