

Wanderlust

Devin Mitchell Durbin

The wind calls so coolly.
You hear it in her voice,
“Come along my darling
there is nothing to fear.
All that’s left’s the falling.
The sky it breathes so clear.”

She speaks so calmly,
like a siren.
She lures you out to the ocean.
Before you know it, drowning,
looking up from underneath the crest.
As the waves toss you
and break your bow.

The wind calls so coolly.
You hear it in her voice,
“Come along my darling
there is nothing left to fear.”

