

CLAYTON ADAM CLARK

### Wind Farm

Watch the separate hands—three-spoked and churning—  
atop their posts, a hundred or more across  
this Indiana. They make nothing up there

but friction—sack the drag and drag it down  
to our level. Now drive to the pinwheel  
point on the highway and watch the turbine line:

white spokes flowering from a single post—  
conjoined as though space were a myth. This season  
our friends may and will couple daily to serve

water and dirt made prime rib and green beans.  
Two become one then five so quickly—*oops,*  
*an oopsie*—make it six—pop up like mushrooms

that kill, eat, move. Find air, its bulky movement,  
the circulation from dense to less dense,  
erect these fingered pillars to drive the power

beneath the soybeans, a network of roots  
and wires to feed, to clothe and warm. We must  
shelter all making, these panoplies of power.

History is Coriolis in bodies  
we can see—pressure down on the Puritans,  
watch them boat west, against the westerlies,

against the globe's counterclockwise rotation.  
*Depends which pole you're on.* Prevailing winds  
prevail in choosing their perspective. The last

summer wedding of this summer's weddings:  
a high-pressure system conducts the bride  
and groom indoors but not before *I dos*.

*That can't be a good sign.* Inside the tent—  
the only dry ground in that field—there's time  
for open bar before the taking down—

this up and down the ritual—before  
guests, stuffed, leave nothing behind because there's nothing  
ever misused, and before the couple drives

to a rented room to make the winter full  
with one more baby shower. Electrified  
soybeans spooned down the easy, wanting mouth—

rub the back until it swallows. *Don't bolt*  
*your food next time.* Relish this movement, feel  
it slowly working down the esophagus,

endorphins flushing through the cortex. These cuds  
will not need more chewing. *Here, drink some water,*  
swallow until it plops into the hardest-

working bile. *Receive the power.* Make  
more, *make more.* We have made nothing up  
above this besieged plain, our tent-staked homes,

our white and weed-like spires grown thick together  
with unclenched fists, but need courses it down  
to ground we've done with breaking. Listen, it hums.