

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.