

## To stand still

One lone turbine stands still; inert.

What if they all stopped?

Stationery sculptures of the sky.

The sound of the other seventeen

isn't so much noise pollution,

sounds like planes in flight perpetual.

The misty day adds magic to the scene,

tourists look to the ocean.

I am transfixed by the sky gods -

they too look at the view.

The sea hurtles about haphazard beneath

buffeted by the currents.

Time is idle up here

as the rhythmic movement is a constant.

So mesmeric and yet intangible how they entice

the sheer power of their execution.

One cannot speak their language -

the language of the wind.

*By Gillian Clark*