

# A Joyous Wind

by [Bobbi Sinha-Morey](#) (May 2025)



Garden (Pierre Bonnard, 1935)

## A Joyous Wind

In the hours before dusk  
the world around me is  
breathing so quietly and  
the passionflowers have  
lit my simple tended garden,

swollen blossoms nudging  
me to come near with my  
ewer and let them drink in  
more water. This time I'd  
grown them all on my own  
and soil had clung to my  
fingertips, my spirit lifted  
by the warm air again.  
For days I'd swum in the  
sweet perfume of my back-  
yard garden so carefully  
protected from any rodents,  
predators or birds in the air;  
a simple fence I'd built around  
it not caring if I got rough, dry  
wrinkled hands. And by the time  
the sky is abundant with color,  
and its very own aura, a whiff  
of wild honey reaches my nose  
and my soul is no longer empty  
like it used to be; the sun my  
friend, the music in my heart  
doing a pas de deux with a  
joyous wind.

## **Veil of Whispers**

The quiet life breathes all  
around me as the veil of  
whispers begin to sing and  
they lead me to a door I'd  
never been through before,  
one that welcomed me, and  
I was drawn to the edge of  
a dream, one which I longed

to be part of, where the stitches  
of my life will never unravel,  
and where just the touch of a  
star flower will give me the  
light to see by, for I want  
nothing but a nest of peace,  
a card I could play to win,  
taste jasmine water I've been  
thirsting for. A mellow voice  
spills from the heavens, and  
a rising dawn ready to spring  
inside and awaken my soul.

### **Listen to The Sweet Lullaby**

Like insistent wrens my thoughts  
only fluttered away leaving me  
with blessed moments of peace,  
the coil of stress inside of me  
untangling itself and letting me  
breathe, safe from any tight net  
and the damned, my patient  
heart quietly beating to the  
rhythm of a cool wind, and  
deep down inside myself I'll  
never let anything nor anyone  
scar the protective shelter I live  
in ever again. The path before  
me is a bridge to the future,  
a seed of hope. I' let nothing  
deter me nor distract my attention;  
I fasten myself on the ground,  
listen to the sweet lullaby from  
heaven.

## [Table of Contents](#)

**Bobbi Sinha-Morey's** Poetry has appeared in a wide variety of places. Her books of poetry are available at Amazon.com and her work has been nominated for Best of The Net Anthology in 2015, 2018, and 2020 as well as having been nominated for The Pushcart Prize in 2020..

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