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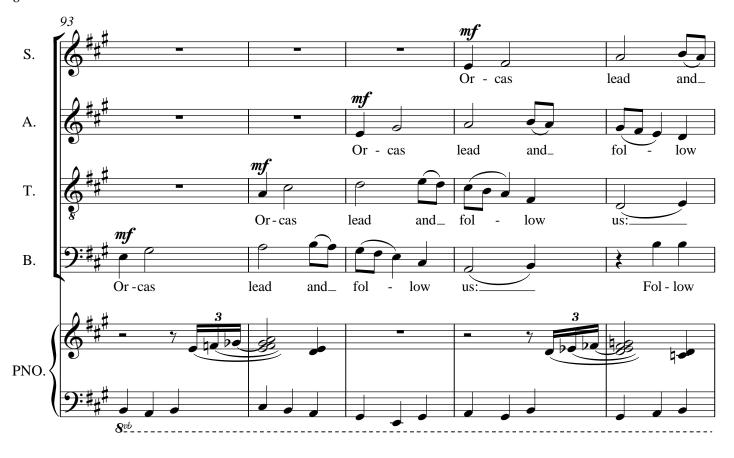






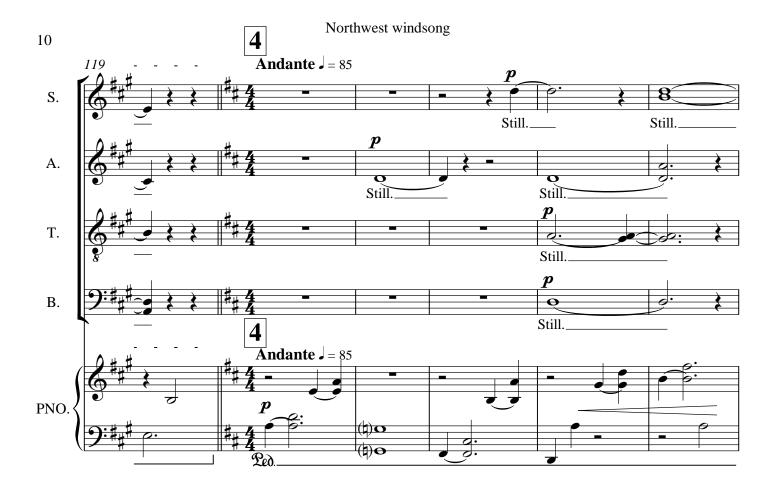


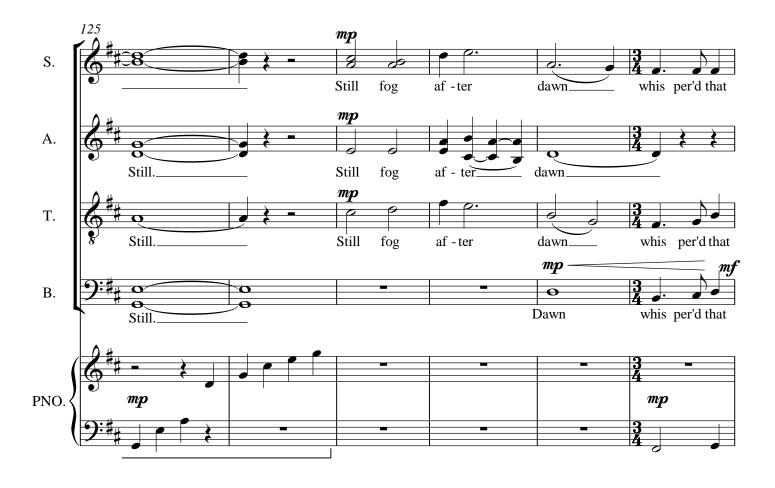




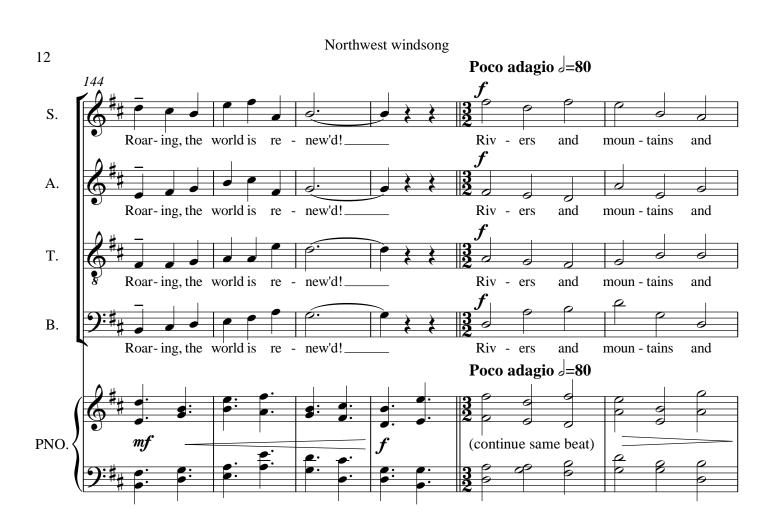


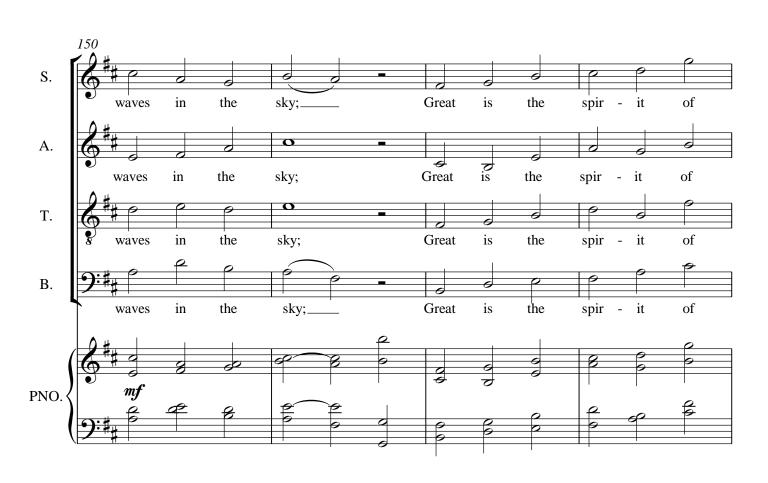


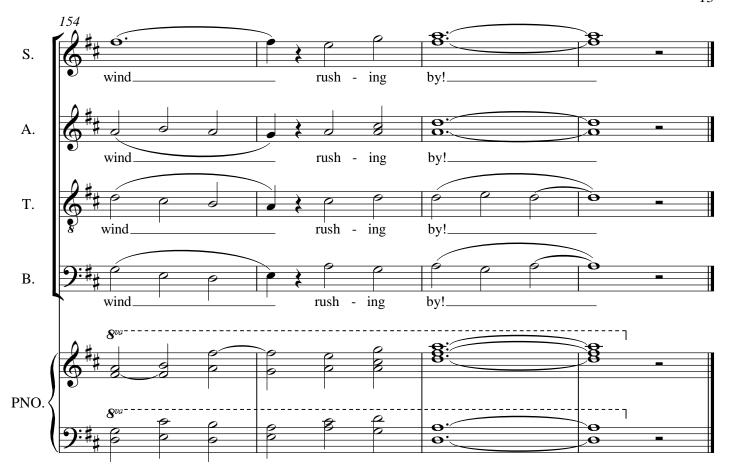












Northwest windsong

Peter Bird, 2011.12

Rain-coast out of time, washed by wild water and wind. Unsleeping watchmen cypress cling to broken rock; seal floats along with the tide.

Rivers and mountains and waves in the sky; Grey is the wind and the rain lashing by.

Road ends at this sign.
Find your own way to go on.
Follow the sea spray
from the bay to open swell,
boat growing smaller each mile.

Rivers and mountains and waves in the sky; Great is the wind and the rain lashing by.

Eagle in the sky wheels in the arms of the wind: master of chaos.
Orcas lead and follow us: power of muscle and mind.

Rivers and mountains and waves in the sky; Great is the ocean of wind rushing by.

Still fog after dawn whispered that nothing is real. One island, three trees.
Then a squall that lifts the veil: Roaring, the world is renewed!

Rivers and mountains and waves in the sky; Great is the spirit of wind rushing by.

Northwest windsong Peter Bird Peter Bird Andante J = 85Led. accel. _ Led. Led. Led. J Led. 」 Zed. V.S.

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