



how **ART** makes england & england makes **ART**

Winds of Yorkshire - A collection – Ian McMillan

Spiky wind, Whitby's edge.
Warm wind from the open oven doors of Sunday mornings.
A kissing wind as the starling panics close to my face.
A wind delivered first class from Russia, high on these moors; I
Had to sign for it, but my hand was shaking.

I've collected them for years. Keep them in a room marked 'wind'.
Listen to them when the world gets quiet.

I call this one 'Ilkley Moor'. I was baht 'at. The wind
Lifted my hair and made it wave.
York wind, holding bells' sonorities, letting them go.
Screeching Malham wind: I suppose the first wind was this fierce,
This unforgiving.

My collection is growing. Soon it will outgrow this shed,
Explode into the world like a firework made of breeze.

Leeds wind: 24 hour wind for a 24 hour city, Evening Posts
Swooping like gulls. Almost windless day, somewhere
In the centre of Tong where the wind is so gentle
It feels like it was texted here: wnd.
Crackpot wind: sheep do fly, it seems. Or hover, woolly.

Come inside. Feel the county's invisible hands, invisible history.
Wind holds everything, then lets it fly.

A Rotherham zephyr, cool as you like, early morning by
The river, altered slightly by a taxi passing. Muker wind:
I made a sandwich of this one, it was so thick and tasty.
Holmfirth and Upperthong; only a couple of miles apart
But the winds so different, like coconut and cello.

As my dad said 'They drink bottled water, kid, but they
Should be pouring bottled wind over their heads...'



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