**Vayu: Visions of the Wind**

*Vatamritam (Expressional)*

When the wind arrives on heaven's path
The whole day he races through, untiring,
He the first born, ocean's friend
Where did he come from, where was he born? (Rig Veda)

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.
Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by. (Rossetti)

No one can tell me,
Nobody knows,
Where the wind comes from,
Where the wind goes. (Milne)

The gusts that rise and sweep along behind him,
Like women arriving late to his royal feast,
They join the mighty wind in his shining car,
For he is most powerful in all the earth. (Rig Veda)

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere; Destroyer and
Preserver; hear, O hear! (Shelley)

I keep gazing on the far-away gloom of the sky, and my heart
wanders wailing with the restless wind. (Tagore/Yeats)

Sublime he rides, the wind in his shining coach,
Sweeping with thunder through the crashing sky,
From east to west the dark sky wakes to flames,
His dust storms whirling to every hill. (Rig Veda)

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height, The locks of the
approaching storm. (Shelley)

He arrives and leaves to suit his own desires,
And shapes his form and voice to any need,
His is the breath of gods, all live in Vayu,
O let us give our praise to honor Vayu. (Rig Veda)

The wind does, working like a hand
Whose fingers brush the sky,
Then quiver down, with tufts of tune
Permitted gods and me. (Dickinson)

Sometimes as mild as gentle light
That wingeth from the quiet stars,
A breath to touch to deep delight.
Which nothing wearies, nothing mars.
A wind of fragrance born of flowers
And green grass close against the earth.
And wonderment of summer showers,
O Prairie Wind, thy name is mirth. (Quayle)

Rigveda, x, 168. (Re-interpreted by Dr. John Nelson)
Ode to the Westwind (Shelley)
The Wind (Emily Dickinson)
who has seen the wind? (Christina Rossetti)
Wind On The Hill by A.A. Milne
Gitanjali (Rabindranath Tagore. trans Yeats)
Prairie Wind (William Alfred Quayle)