

TAMMY ARMSTRONG

The Vestas: Pubnico Point Wind Farm

Seventeen giantesses speak in tongues as we unleash
the dog to run mad through alder-thick ditches.
Each is named for a woman in the life of the wind backer
who sells their collective work to a Florida conglomerate—
sisters, mothers, daughters, Baba Yagas in one-footed stands
pull near-dry wind off the line before the rains come,
fold the charged edges, neat and tucked.

Left out toward the sea,
these seventeen forgo the wind's rowdy entry
as wrecked weather coaxes, crooks
stormstayed birds in whirring holds,
collects, collects to nameplate capacity.
Sea birds, drawn by force,
drawn to dissected skies and the props' salutation,
must navigate narrow openings between the blades.
Just the same, we cannot stop making this pilgrimage.

We circle their hutted footings,
their slow drag across cloud-foxed sky
and hope for acknowledgement. Bless the humans
on the edge of land haggard with self, on the edge of blades
where the wind tolls up on hind legs, and hesitates
around the turbines to sniff out our salted shortcomings.

Snagging loose threads of static, the storm's white light
rumbles of rain, and fog breaks into bud.
The Vestas shadow the access road cuts—small hallways
leading into purple clover, devil's paintbrush,
evening scrawl of lupine's color wheel.
If this weather holds, it will all keep spinning.