

The Boy the Wind

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Once there was a boy who flew with the winds. He was a normal boy, most people thought, who happened to be light and happy and fun. They didn't ask why.

But each night, when the boy went to bed, his night journey would begin. As he lay his head on his pillow and pulled his large yellow blanket around his body, a smile would spark from deep behind his eyes. His lids would, his senses sharpen and his ears would find the window and beyond. The stirring of the wind took the smile from his eyes to his lips to further inside of him, washed it down through him, awakening his inner most delicate of delicate sensations. His mind would fall into black and thoughts from the day scatter to the left and right- as he just glimpsed their figures before they disappeared.

Now he was free of thoughts, he could follow his ear. His conscious self sank into the bed to revive and rest, and after one deeper, fuller breath, he split into two, his spirit flying out the window.

In the trees outside the window, the boy would join the breeze, shoot up past his street, mingle with the wind at the top of his town. Then he'd rise and fly to the top of the world where creativity and inspiration swirl and form.

Throughout the night, the boy would play as the wind, releasing the energies he didn't need and inhaling the fresh crisp buoyancy around him.

At the break of dawn, when the sun crisply found the day, the boy's spirit would drift down through the skies and the streets,

slip in the window and unify with his body. He'd stir and yawn as he returned to his figure as a normal boy. Lightness at the top of his head and slightly perked lips were seemingly all that remained of his flights, which he recalled only as a vague dream- the ones where you remember the feel of but not the events.

During the day the boy would go about his normal life. But, when he was with other people, he didn't listen to them- well he did, but not their words. He listened to their breath. He knew people not by their faces or their jobs but by the way they breathed and the energy they invested in it. He noticed how people with shorter, shallow breath often chased their tail while being fun and frenetic; those who took more air seemed more sure of their moments- liked to be sure of their mind and control their state; then there was everything in between: the ones that lost their breath in moments of panic, the ones who seemed to breath in time with whoever they were with; the ones that opposed and balanced the breath energies around them or over inhaled.

When people were around the boy, they became happier. They laughed more and saw the joy of living- the subtle pleasures of everyday life- enjoying a juice, a conversation, or a gaze across the colourful town. They didn't know why and didn't think too much about it- because when you're happy you don't need to have to know how you came to be this way.

What the people didn't know was that they were happier because they were with the boy, the wind. He was breathing the freshness into the air from his flight. All the energies and bubbles of inspiration that he'd inhaled in the night, he now exhaled to give to the people of the world. He's take their stale breath or tired words and pocket them up to let loose on his night flight.

This was not that that long ago. If you look at the red swirls, you may see that colour jumped off the page. This is like the boy's gift and you don't need to try too hard to taste and enjoy the magic they send towards you.

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The boy grew up to become a man and moved to the other side of the world to work in a big company and use his brain. He would still fly with the wind every night and the people of the other side of the world would marvel at what great company he was and how light and happy and what a beautiful boy he was.

He stayed for a little while in the country in the other side of the world, And as it was a sunny country, it suited his smile and he fit right in. His work with the big company was stimulating and challenging, he was respected and given holidays and good pay, and an apartment in a busy, leafy inner city street.

Then one night, he stopped flying with the winds. The reality and logic of the business world didn't believe or use such thoughts and slowly the imagination of the man had stopped letting itself be free to fly.

When he awoke the next day, he felt a little tired, but otherwise normal and didn't notice a difference.

After a few nights, the winds searched for the man, they called him from the top of the world, they blew around the tips of the country, they rushed through clouds and through the trees on his street and called his name. They even looked for him in his home town where he'd slept as a boy. The man tossed in his sleep, he felt a pull but dismissed it as an unfinished thought from the day; he'd had a joint before bed with his flatmate and put his

mind away from the nagging. It was a windy night and finally he fell into a deep sleep.

He woke on the wrong side of the bed. The man felt unsettled in his stomach. He skipped his morning coffee and went for a jog instead. The harbour wind on his face made him feel a little better.

During the days the man would still, from habit, breath in the heaviness of people's breaths, inhale their negativity, ready to transform it. But at night he did not fly and the energies swirled about his dreams and manifested back into him in the morning. The man began feeling a little heavier in his suit and a nagging made him think he was perhaps homesick, or needing more exercise, even though he did a lot.

Inside the man buzzed with the stresses of the people. He didn't feel right if he left the people worry about themselves without helping, so breathed them in without thinking; but he didn't feel right either with the discomforts of the world sitting awkwardly inside him. He began to get indigestion, his body grew fatigued from the hard work and he couldn't sleep at night. The man wasn't the type to blame anything or anyone else for his anxieties and so he inhaled his own fear on top of everyone else's.

The winds grew concerned from the boy's absence. They whipped in the skies and cried out. They missed playing with the boy, the man and the energies he brought they liked to play with the bad energies of the world, the stale breath- to fight them and shake through them and use their energy for exercise. When they couldn't find the man, they shook with rage and formed themselves into a fury and sent a cyclone into the world.

One night, it was a Friday, the man met a cyclone. She whirled into the evening, bumped into him, whirled off for a while then whirled back. Around her the winds were high and strong. Too strong for others who just looked at her in amazement or pulled their hats tight to stop them blowing off. But not too strong from a man who used to be a boy who knew all the winds by name. He smiled at the gust, lifted his voice so she could hear him and then stepped into the winds.

The boy started seeing the cyclonic girl and the winds around her awoke his memories of flight and blew a freshness into his eyes and windswept his brow. Her ideas and passions stirred his soul.

The calm wind of the man, who was once again also the boy, soothed the cyclone so she stopped being chased and chasing but could concentrate on whipping up fresh, beautiful creations to send into the world rather than being whipped by the winds around her.

One night, not long after he'd met the cyclone, when he fell asleep with her in his arms he slipped out the window.

He found his friends the wind and joined them at the top of the world. He exhaled, and exhaled and exhaled, his breathing grew deeper and he danced with his friends, lighter than he ever remembered being. The energies he'd breathed flew out of him and the winds lapped them up and tumbled and fought them in play.

Then the man returned to his bed, the cyclone was no longer there. He was sad, but the cyclone had left a note. 'To my beautiful boy who flies with the wind; don't forget to go dancing when you fall asleep. I will meet you at the top of the world.' Not remembering his night flight, the man thought the note a

metaphor; but knew he would meet the cyclonic girl again and smiled that she would be breezing off to see his home side of the world. He still felt light and fresh from his flight. He felt sure he would meet the cyclone again. And he remembered to go flying each night with the winds...

**The Boy the Wind is also an audio narrative
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