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Una Lois McCoy

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## SYMPHONY OF THE WINDS

— *Una Lois McCoy*

I remember an autumn time, not long ago, when I went from Oklahoma down to the Texas farm where, it seems, the only cure for my annual homesickness took place.

When golden rod and wild asters bloom along the lane leading to the old homestead, when clear skies are October blue, when the neighboring sounds of crowing roosters carry through the thin morning air, and unseen spiders cannily spin tensile barricades from telephone wires to fence post to blades of grass, crows caw to one another over their banquet tables in the corn fields, and the most tenuous leaves begin falling from the trees. . . then I must go back home for a while.

This remembered day was as perfect as one can ever be. And it was further enhanced when its stillness began to be ruffled by a rising wind. Those familiar with the sound wind makes, as it sighs through tall cedar trees, know the intoxication of it.

I guess my giddiness became uncontrollable as the wind grew stronger and wilder, making the tree limbs bend and sway. . . filling my very soul and lifting me out of myself. Before I realized what I was doing, I took a stance, as if on a podium, and began flailing my arms in the air. With sweeping motions, I stood there, idiotically directing the orchestration of the symphony of the winds!

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Such magnificent heights of pure joy I felt! I knew there was nothing freer than this wind, and the falling leaves, from a nearby walnut tree, dancing in the air with wild abandon. . . until my eyes followed a particular leaf to a sudden halt.

From my imaginary podium, I could see no reason for its aborted flight; for its not dancing on its windward way. But there it stayed, barely fluttering, in suspension. Going closer to it, I saw it was imprisoned by an all but invisible jailer.

In spite of every autumn condition, seemingly, being in its favor. . . the time for it to fall from its summer confinement, the staging of nature seemed to be ideal for its freedom flight. But it wasn't free after all. The bonds of a cobweb held it so tightly it could only tremble in the wind. It took a close look to see its fetters, and the reason why it could no longer soar with the wind-symphony of the cedar trees.

The analogy of what I'd seen was not lost to me. Quickly, it had a sobering effect, making me mindful of a continuing paradox. . . the freedom I've felt, high in the air, if the words flow freely when I'm writing. But from somewhere, somehow, sometime, I too become fettered and held in trembling frustration. . . earthbound by the cobwebs in my mind!