

"BLOWING UP" THE WIND.¹ by E. C. K.²

Ever blowing, colder growing, sweeping madly through the Town,
Never ceasing, ever teasing, never pleasing, never down.

Day or night, dark or light,
Sands a-flying, clapboards sighing —
Groaning, moaning, whistling shrill,
Shrieking wild, and never still.

In September, in November, or December, ever so;
E'en in August will the raw gust, flying fine dust, roughly blow.

Doors are slamming, gates a-banging,
Shingles shivering, casements quivering —
Roaring, pouring, madly yelling,
Tales of storm and shipwreck telling.

In our Bay, too, vessels lay-to, find no shelter from the blast;
"White caps" clashing, bright spray splashing, light foam flashing — dashing past.

Yards are creaking, "blocks" a-squeaking,
Rudder rattling, ropes all clattering,
Lugging, tugging at the anchor,
Groaning spars and restless "spanker."

Now the sun gleams, bright the day seems — hark! *he comes* — is heard the roar.
Haste to dwelling, dread impelling, heap the fire, close the door.

Onward coming, humming, drumming,
Groaning, moaning, sighing, crying,
Shrieking, squeaking, — (Reader, 'tis so,)
Thus bloweth the wind at —

San Francisco,
April 20, 1847

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² E.C.K. — Edward Cleveland Kemble (1828-1886), printer/editor of the *Star*. See donduncan.org/kemble/ .