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## Against the Wind

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**Author Bio**

Will Buerger was born to a mother as well as a father, and takes pride in this unique aspect of his conception. He has been known to engage in various repetitive behaviors, such as the confinement and subsequent release of air within his lungs. Some things make him happy, while others do not. The act of summarizing a living creature in one hundred words or less falls under the latter category, as it is a task he finds particularly perturbing.

# AGAINST THE WIND

WILL BUERGER

You wore only white,  
As though color were some vile adulteration,  
An intrusion into your otherwise organized existence.  
And while you displayed the purity and flavor of porcelain,  
You did nothing  
As life's little luxuries killed time right before you.

But why would you?  
You had never been formally introduced,  
and so she meant little to you.  
And while you have every right to destroy that which you created,  
It's still terribly insensitive to wear white to a funeral.

Yet it was not your tactlessness which bothered me,  
so much as your indifference to the Devil  
in the details.

For as the world burned all around you,  
Singing a song which singed any remnant of permanence,  
All you could think to do was grab a peanut.

And in that moment I wanted to run towards you,  
shoes on my hands and gloves on my feet,  
asking if Charlemagne ever wet his bed  
or if the rain ever wet the sea.

But such behavior would be terribly insensitive,  
So instead I watched as you extended your arm forwards, reaching  
Against the Wind,  
and wondered why you ever started such a battle.