

## Anemophobia

by Felix Jung

The winds – which gusted to 94 mph in Fremont Canyon,  
above Irvine Lake – knocked out power to thousands of  
people...

–*Orange County Register, 1.6.03*

When the winds kick, my stomach  
falls as if to clutch the ground. I look  
around for trees to grab, a signpost  
I can cling to. Mary Poppins used

the air to float about, but what became  
of all those nannies? When the gusts  
grow strong, I think of them: flailing  
arms, loose black dresses flapping

like sails. Should the Rapture come  
to take us, half the world will rise  
and meet it. The other half, half-  
afraid like me, will swim back down

to land saying *No, not yet. Not  
me. I'm a sinner, a sinner.*



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