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## *A Touch of Song*

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## *A Touch of Song*

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## A Touch of Song

by

David Sparenberg

I must sing songs that have never been sung before. Or else songs sung so often, yet never attentively heard.

Oh beyond hearing! Felt-songs, core-songs, songs felt in the surging marrow of vigorous bones, and deep ocean and the dark loam of soul; fruited songs, apple rounded, grape succulent, fig leafed with morphic resonance. Songs

giving rise to renewing forms of enchantment. No: not entertainment songs, but enlightenment! Rooted in the living coral of archetypes, in numberless shapes and species and the generations of planetary memories. I

must set my song-voice free, to howl with wolves, to graze with caribou, roar with lions, growl with bears, to fly in circles-crying with hawks, with appointment of ascending sun, of serenading full moon, and to float with lotus on Buddha-water, caressed and smiled and kissed by Jesus-wind. Much

the same as when I tender my fingertips gentle over and around the delicate cherub cheeks of infants and euphoric toddlers. Children become revelations on a touch of song: those calm and butterflyed heaven faces!

True...

And I must sing songs to overcome fear; adult lullabies--melodies these, not to lull to sleep but to awaken--and erotics too; songs aired to help make life stronger than time. Messiah songs at an end of time. And

what a time this is! What songs I must sing!