

7-15-2010

The Wind of Andrea Bocelli

David Sparenberg

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Sparenberg, David (2010) "*The Wind of Andrea Bocelli*," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 2010: Iss. 32, Article 10.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol2010/iss32/10>

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The Wind of Andrea Bocelli

He has gone from you, and you stand abandoned
In the garden, naked as Eve against the evening, while
The wind keens a low lament. Has he
In some far place, made summer for another tree?
You gave your voice — you cannot speak — you cannot make a noise.
And yet beneath this sobbing breath of wind, I hear you sing.
Winter comes on apace. You know
In all your years that winter is itself pursued.
You have lived long enough, too long with all your unshed tears
To doubt: You know you will again be wooed
In Spring.

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The Wind of Andrea Bocelli

by

David Sparenberg

I am as sweet as the wind of Andrea Bocelli
I am as deep as the bottomless miracle of Shakespeare
as solid with sublime beauty as stones of Michelangelo
as full as the Tao of Beethoven with power to wed
the symphonic stars of heaven with choral trees of earth

I am as small as the mustard seed of Jesus
a parable containing the complexity of Bach
as humble as the bird-prayers of Saint Francis
as holy as the dancing laughter of wise and wandering Baal Shem Tov
I am as righteous with visions as prophets Isaiah, Black Elk and
Einstein
as big with mandala-dreaming as Blake and Jung

I am animal, angel and human
and I am as sweet

as the wind

of Andrea Bocelli.