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Cantaora

Anne Wilson

Abstract

For Angela Agujetas

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Cantaora

(for Angela Agujetas*)

by Anne Wilson

Agujetas.....when I heard your voice,
It was the *flamenco puro* of my childhood.
your riveting cry flew past the dancers,
I heard in your voice a ring of anvils,
crackle of fire, melting of iron.
Where have you come from?
How have you brought the notes of your songs
straight from the forge where my heart
was shaped? Do you know what it costs me
to listen to your pain and triumph?
Do you know that the wild bones of the llano
get up and dance when they hear you?
Tell me, Encantadora, where may I find you
when the gypsy band has de-camped,
when the scarlet music of evening
is a fringed shawl around your shoulders,
and the fire in your songs moves
—is moving—away?

*world-renowned flamenco vocalist



Photo (detail) by Joel Kendall

