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Wind Lover

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Dervish Wind

For Sam Mallin

you sit on the banks
of the river
at dawn
when mermaids stretch
their arms of light
to break the dark

you cast your words
to the whirling winds
draw the sky
against your skin
wind and water
in your bones

this much I know:
I held the pieces of
my broken years
with days of
words and song
for a while

felled chambers
of a worried heart
volcanic ash from
my ancient world
I took to sea
with route unknown

primordial darkness
overhead
broken vessel
against the waves
the wild wind that
whipped my hopes
to tell the tale

winter leaned
against my soul
froze it still
with bitter ends
the past made waves
that wrecked my bones
and buried
who I used to be

still I sailed
the shores unknown
sang my songs
of winter born
Beauty drifting
before my eyes

She spoke the difference
or the coming through
the breath of longing
Her liquid blue
I slept by day
and wept by night
my thread of song
that stitched me through

and then he came
that Dervish wind
and cast some words
into my lap
deep and heavy
yet full of light

they set my bones
and marked my heart
and drew some lines
to map my way

Far

The first time
love came
it sailed in
all easy and sure
long legged and brash
"you have no idea
how lucky you are, do you?"

I was all caught up
in flesh and homecoming

picking wild flowers
in the mornings
dreaming all day
of night-time kissing

that's how it found me
fresh and new
unbruised
my body in time
or was it eternity
till it broke

the beach strewn
with broken bones
my heart lost to
the wrecking sea

now it comes again
with bloodied face
and faraway eyes
arms held still
years of distance
hours of glass

haggard and slow
between a bitter moon
and a toppled world:
I am no longer
the *innocente*

Circe turned
her men to swine
I carried wood
for the world below
kept the hearth
for the lost and drowned
the price I paid
spent my heart on
a summer breeze

Wind Lover

what could be
more magical than this

your languid blue
stretched out before me
the thousand hands of foliage

whispering their green love
as the wind hot and soft
lifts my skirt
with invisible hands
and coils up within

by some ancient tales
this is how the world
was born