

## Italian Canadiana

### Wind Lover

Carmela Circelli

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# Wind Lover

Carmela Circelli

## 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