

Bocelli Lore

By Paul Turner © 2005

He walks again bearing a new burden.
His back's strong, the lights are out though,
singing the grand works in the whisper
of the stooped son of God, along His path of sorrows,
amplified by a multitude of stereos.

Blind and upstaged as the unmiked inaudible *Werther*,
then daring to soar on remixed and polished chestnuts.
Ka-ching, an angle and an aura,
Ka-ching, a studio marvel,
Ka-ching, an angel of composure.