

My donna

for Joanna Porackova

My donna, dramatic soprano,
pianissimo, Norma or Aïda,
Fuerza, Magda and Elektra.

Medley of warhorses rendered easily,
magnificently, one October day
inside a Chickering-filled Boston parlor.

She's a whip, the butterfly in a sinewy diver.
Princess, goddess, conjurer.
Silver timbre, raised palette, squillo,
rounded notes, velvet character.

We're near her, hushed partners of a high experience.
An interpreter, a revelation of the grand masters.