

# The Bells of Cabrini

I could hear  
The bells of Cabrini  
Grace the oaks  
Along Esplanade  
As City Park  
Sat and listened  
To this sacred serenade

I could hear  
The bells of Cabrini  
Caress the bayou  
Of St. John  
Draping sound  
Like Spanish moss  
Upon the home  
Of Jeanne LeGraun

She had opened  
Up my heart  
To a fresh  
And free sensation  
This was my  
First taste of love  
Outside  
A family situation

I felt like  
She was music  
The undercurrent  
Of my score  
She composed me  
In notes of Now  
As she washed  
Upon my shore

We were young  
And wild  
And not yet wise  
To the ways  
That love designs  
It's patterns  
Into prisons  
It's flowers  
Into mines

We were innocent  
And brave  
Defying sin  
As it was preached  
We took  
Our youthful chances  
Our virginity  
Beseeched

By the lust  
Of teenage dreams  
In the moist  
New Orleans heat  
Where holding hands  
Was foreplay  
And a kiss  
Meant  
Lips would meet

No tongue  
To taste the essence  
Of what we'd later  
Taste of love  
Just our lips  
Touching softly  
Like the sound  
Of bells above

I can hear  
The bells of Cabrini  
Now so distant  
Yet still so rich  
They have soundtracked  
My heart  
As I've fallen in love  
And shown me  
As well  
That loves a bitch

Memories of innocence Aren't innocent

They are guilty  
Of igniting in me  
The passion  
To not  
Play it safe  
The lust  
For a life  
That is free

I don't know  
If Jeanne LeGraun knows  
That she  
Opened my heart  
So early on  
Or that the sound  
Of my soul  
As it grows  
Plays the bells  
Of Cabrini at dawn

I still hear  
Those bells of Cabrini  
I feel them kiss  
The New Orleans sky  
They taught my heart  
That falling in love  
Has nothing to do  
With what, when or why

It's the How  
That plays our music  
As we awaken  
And we see

That

Being Love  
Is the answer  
To the question of  
How To Be

We are the song  
Of one another  
And our love  
Is a melody  
I thank Jeanne LeGraun  
In silence  
For the love  
She music'd in me

I now hear  
Those bells of Cabrini  
As the beating  
Of my heart  
For in those bells  
I came to life

And Life

Became my Art.