III. In Love With The Sky
from the song cycle "The Ocean of Forgiveness:
Five Poems of Joanne Regenhardt"
Mark Abel

Copyright © 2017 Mark Abel

"Look at her. The pink is all gone," says Alice at sunset.

Slower at sunset.
III. In Love With The Sky

"Isn't she marvelous.

Did she do

that so fast?"

with a happy feeling

“This morning she took the sun"
and used it to turn herself into a fla

molto rit.

She is so clever.

Very Slow
III. In Love With The Sky

with growing emotion

She gives of herself in such quantity.

She wraps me to her, holding me close and strongly like a mother.

Slower \( \frac{j}{=} 66 \)

With growing emotion

She gives of herself in such quantity.

Slower \( \frac{j}{=} 66 \)

With growing emotion

She gives of herself in such quantity.

Rit. and Slower

With growing emotion

She gives of herself in such quantity.
III. In Love With The Sky

She protects with her cupped hands

All the living and conducts the symphony of storms from her high, from her high podium.

\[
\text{\textit{a confident affirmation}}
\]

\[
\text{\textit{in love with the sky}}
\]
III. In Love With The Sky

I am subject to her many moods and

yearn for the capriciousness of them to accept them.

poco rit. tenderly

Alice and I

are in love with the sky.