

LOVE IS ENOUGH



POETRY THREADED WITH LOVE

Andrea Zanatelli

with a Foreword by
Florence Welch



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FOREWORD

The world of Instagram can be a dark and stormy sea, but sometimes you find buried treasure. Zanatelli's Instagram page is a place of ingenuity, heart and beauty. Proving that the digital world has soul. Each painstaking piece of artwork is an exquisite blending of the past and future. Weaving together poetry, art, texture and technology.

Zanatelli is truly an artist for our age, his digital embroidery could be considered modern-day Memento Mori. Sacred Icons created for our current cathedrals, for who at this point cannot call their phone an altar.

Like the Romantic poets that came before Andrea, Love reigns supreme. They have a commitment to beauty

that defies decay, defies death. These poets are long gone, but their work lives on. William Blake, Emily Dickinson, Sarah Teasdale and Sir Walter Scott each try to capture the human heart. To hold it aloft. An object of wonder and reverence. Just as Zanatelli enshrines his hearts, which are pierced by arrows, beset by flames and struck by lightning, but never fading, forever beating.

The world has always been dark and full of peril, in Blake's time as it is in ours, but there will always be a place for the romantics and the visionaries, those who believe that love is enough.

Florence Welch



INTRODUCTION

Poetry has always been an important part of my work. I have always found great inspiration in the words of poets, as a line or a stanza often recalls an entire image, drawing you into the world of the poet.

I owe a lot to William Blake, the Arts and Crafts movement and their exponents. Often for them, words and images became one, an extension of their philosophy. I always found that fascinating. I have not been blessed with the gift of poetry and I am not a poet. But their words certainly hold a very strong influence over me.

And so it is that in my collages, words which are not mine are woven together and my own imagery begins to emerge. Often, the words of the poems offer just a suggestion of an image, in some cases the words are taken literally and become images. Images that try to be true to the heart of those poems and to the love that I have for them.

This is *Love is Enough*: a collection of love and poetry blending together.



LOVE'S SECRET

by William Blake
(1757–1827)

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart;
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,
Ah! she did depart!

Soon as she was gone from me,
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly
He took her with a sigh.



POWER OF LOVE

by Anne Brontë
(1820–49)

Love, indeed thy strength is mighty
Thus, alone, such strife to bear –
Three 'gainst one, and never ceasing –
Death, and Madness, and Despair!

'Tis not my own strength has saved me;
Health, and hope, and fortitude,
But for love, had long since failed me;
Heart and soul had sunk subdued.

Often, in my wild impatience,
I have lost my trust in Heaven,
And my soul has tossed and struggled,
Like a vessel tempest-driven;

But the voice of my beloved
In my ear has seemed to say,
'O, be patient if thou lov'st me!
And the storm has passed away.

When outworn with weary thinking,
Sight and thought were waxing dim,
And my mind began to wander,
And my brain began to swim,

Then those hands outstretched to save me
Seemed to call me back again –
Those dark eyes did so implore me
To resume my reason's reign,

That I could not but remember
How her hopes were fixed on me,
And, with one determined effort,
Rose, and shook my spirit free.

When hope leaves my weary spirit –
All the power to hold it gone –
That loved voice so loudly prays me,
'For my sake, keep hoping on,'

That, at once my strength renewing,
Though Despair had crushed me down,
I can burst his bonds asunder,
And defy his deadliest frown.

When, from nights of restless tossing,
Days of gloom and pining care,
Pain and weakness, still increasing,
Seem to whisper 'Death is near,'

And I almost bid him welcome,
Knowing he would bring release,
Weary of this restless struggle –
Longing to repose in peace,

Then a glance of fond reproof
Bids such selfish longings flee
And a voice of matchless music
Murmurs 'Cherish life for me!'

Roused to newborn strength and courage,
Pain and grief, I cast away,
Health and life, I keenly follow,
Mighty Death is held at bay.

Yes, my love, I will be patient!
Firm and bold my heart shall be:
Fear not – though this life is dreary,
I can bear it well for thee.

Let our foes still rain upon me
Cruel wrongs and taunting scorn;
'Tis for thee their hate pursues me,
And for thee, it shall be borne!



But short the moments, short as bright,
When he the wings can borrow;
If Time to-day has had his flight,
Love takes his turn to-morrow.
Ah! Time and Love, your change is then
The saddest and most trying,
When one begins to limp again,
And t'other takes to flying.
Then is Love's hour to stray;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!

But there's a nymph, whose chains I feel,
And bless the silken fetter,
Who knows, the dear one, how to deal
With Love and Time much better.
So well she checks their wanderings,
So peacefully she pairs 'em,
That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
And Time for ever wears 'em.
This is Time's holiday;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!



THE SONNETS XL

TAKE ALL MY LOVES, MY LOVE; YEA, TAKE THEM ALL

by William Shakespeare
(1564–1616)

Take all my loves, my love; yea, take them all.
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call.
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest.
But yet be blamed, if thou thy self deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
I do forgive thy robb'ry, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.





HOPE IS A SUBTLE GLUTTON

by Emily Dickinson
(1830–86)

Hope is a subtle glutton;
He feeds upon the fair;
And yet, inspected closely,
What abstinence is there!

His is the halcyon table
That never seats but one,
And whatsoever is consumed
The same amounts remain.

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ANDREA ZANATELLI is an Italian artist, born and based in Milan. After finishing art school, he continued creating, exploring and developing his own romantic and poetic vision with his digital collages. His work is published in independent magazines, such as *Dapper Dan* and *The Ingénue*. In 2019 he created a series of artworks for Florence Welch, to celebrate Florence + the Machine's fourth album, 'High as Hope'.