

Three Wines

Desire

Savor this alluring,
Enigmatic wine
whose mystery entices you
into its thrall.
Its intensity of cranberry blood
redolent with a profusion of aromas:
late-hour coffee,
indulgent chocolate,
wild raspberry of untamed lands.
High in spirits, so
willful
wanton
fierce.
Generous in the mouth
yet craving more:
hungrier for kisses
moist
and lascivious.
The palate overwhelmed with
such intensity of flavor,
prolonging pleasure with its lingering aftertaste,
a smooth and honeyed pungency
of languorous and sated appetite.
Well served with any meat you crave.

Grief

This is a heavy wine
And thick with the dull ache
Of emptiness,
The color of a teardrop,
Though it's often clouded, blurred
For holding back the light.
It can be difficult to swallow
Viscid as a strangling sob,
an ancient cobweb
at the back of your throat.
Its pang assails the palate,
Burns the tongue,
Transmutes to vinegar in your mouth.
Inhale the scents of deep resentment,
Of damp earth rank
Over a small grave.
Pair this wine with bitter herbs
And salt.
The caustic taint of stifled rage may linger
For a long, long time.

Felicity

Before serving the feast
Before red and rare meats
With sharp cheeses and chilis
As the early guests mingle
Uncork this rich wine to the slight scent of woodsmoke
From a neighborhood chimney perhaps
Or a campfire attended by a most loyal dog.
Sip the first effervescence
The sparkle which quite
Unexpectedly prickles the nostrils
Delighting the tongue with a sizzle ebullient.
Let the lush flavor embrace you completely
A warm-hearted hug
Sweet as the honey of your first love's kiss
Mellow as its slow fading memory.
A savory tang
Crisp as the pears you once plucked from that orchard.
With a song on your lips
And a frolicking step
Give a toast
Drink it down.
Yes do pass it around
And what was that worry?
What disquiet?
What woe?