

...february 5, 1985...

***i will bring you grapes  
swelling pale green –  
full in juice  
anticipating teeth –***

***i will bring you grapes –  
no too many – not too few –  
just enough to tantalise  
the tongue –  
just enough to flood  
the senses  
into wanting more –***

***the clear cold tang  
of mountain air –  
the sweet of alpine flowers –  
ambrosia for gods  
and goddesses  
to taste within the clouds –***

***one by one by one –  
slow savouring –  
then gone to memories  
always too short  
to be enough –  
never enough to fill –***

***yes –  
i will bring you grapes  
melting – biting – green –  
trapping you  
in nectars of the earth.***

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