

The Vat

I am lowered into a vat
of fears and dreams. I am still
thinking of you, I must be
out of body, a ghost peering
surreal into my psyche,
that vat of me, with grapes
ripe with thoughts of you
fermenting in a merlot swirl
intoxicating as I age. I age
with fear that those oaken
walls will trap all my dreams
with detritus of wrath
oozed with unforgiveness.
All I see are tannins staining
wood and the grit of tartrates
too tart and purple
at the bottom of the cask.

The wine has frothed away
leaving only lonely parts.