



Thirst

*In this vineyard
I have waited
parched of throat
despairing of kinship
hiding in the shadow*

*Comes a vintner now
eager and joyous
blessed by the light
unafraid of the dark
to lead me forth*

*Working as one
we prune away the dead
shore up the weak
and harvest together
the sweet fruit of life*

*When the wine is ready
bloody red and warm
fill the cups
brimming full
and raise them high*

*Let us toast this day
and vow between us
to always drink deep
until the cups are empty
or stricken from our lips*

MDW 6/98

to Marilyn on our wedding day