

For That Day

Keep me in your house, let me live among the things you love, your deepest secrets, so that the day the rest of your world collapses I will be there, ready for you, like that old wine in your cellar.

Then will you choose the younger ones in a dim light, turn me a quarter, and keep me for that special occasion.

Then will you dust me with your gentle wind as from a seashell, and your caresses revealing a name, a birthmark, an age.

Then will you pull my soft cork, drip my well-aged nectar in your crystal glass and observe me in the candlelight.

Pass my delight to your nose, breathe into my labyrinth, inebriate your soul as I encounter the tip of the lip of the tongue, lost, curling in a wave – a tide even unforeseen by a moon watchful of the last tears.

Keep me in your house, let me live in the expectation of that day.