

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/1

Chris Crittenden
Song for a Grape

rondure
delectable,
mauve slope,
circlet
of meek fire,

arching tongues
with savor's flame,
flickers of tingle,
vinified kiss,

frisson unquenched,

a sumptuous glint
in ripe bordeaux,
purple and dizzy
in a manor of glass,

enthroned
on a stamen of crystal—

you who presides
over buttonless feasts,
urgent
with unpinned passion,

swirling on a carousel
of disheveled time—

you who somersaults
frivolously,
back to when lips
first adored you—

incited, amorous,

stained.