

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

R. Christophe Ryber
Bacchanalia

You make war like a Valkyrie,
your garden-spear grasped in your earthy fingers,
brown feet communing with the fresh earth.
The red wine sings within my chest
as from my shady bower I watch this golden Amazon
among the plant-mounds.

Love is a subtle spirit that murmurs among the pollin'd vines
as they ascend the tangled trellis of ripening ardor.
Such charms would bear copious harping,
breathed in melodious Hellenic prayers
to the Maenad among the emerald fronds.

Your loving hands labor in the vibrant light,
plucking purple clusters from the quickening greenery
which you tender with the white flash of a smile.
Your clear eyes hold sway,
and prompted by some serpentine argument
I desire to join this Eve among the deep furrows
and make a harvest of my own.