

NOAH ZACHARIN

THE PERFUME AND THE SONG

as she pours from glass
bottle to glass. sober
seven months, 22:18,
all details are significant.
from the galil,
dry red,
syrah...
has me
imagining dust and tannins,
goat bells and wind,
voice of someone I loved and love. all this
permitted now to spill
down my throat
like a brilliant sonnet
returning to its moment of inspiration.
daylight cedes to sunset, leading
to the infinite map
of stars, planets,
moon on black:
as long as I can keep from falling
into thrall of it and my eyes remain
green; so long as I
do not freeze to the spot,
I may enjoy this dram, this dream.

all the voices, all the skies, now
the cork removed,
all the perfume, all the song,
as she pours into the first glass
with the sound
of an excited child
trying to tell the entire story
of the entire day—
in a single gulp.