

Labour Day

Under the stairs, a dusty demijohn
half full of homemade sherry, left to stand

a year or two and for several more forgotten.
Bending close, I think I glimpse a tiger eye

that winks and glintsCfull summer
blazes in the window at the far end

of the hall, but here, all's in shadow.
And yet I sawCI drag the vessel outCthis

shifting sets its contents rockingC
and rub the glass to get a clearer look:

of course, the genie in the bottle's light,
its points strewn across the facets of the wine,

that finings and filtering and the gravity of time
have polished needle bright,

resolving now again into a thimbleful
of wishes, a distillation of the sun

the year the wine was made.
I pull the stopper, just to see. Not light

exactly but its trace drifts up, twining
esters of hazelnut, honey and fig, ethers of

meadow and heath, of far-off orchard under the sky, of
blackberry blueberry bakeapple apricot plum

Susan Ingersoll
47 Gower Street
St. John's NL
A1C 1N3

(709) 722 0615
singerso@mun.ca