

## “Wine the Liquid Cure for Tax Time”

*advertisement, wine.com*

Hello, uncorked spirit, my ruby elixir,  
my evening's closer, savory light, rest.  
Hello, my tax-burdened, work-dulled fixer.  
Take me to your garden, with its breasts  
of swelled fruit shirking behind leaves,  
where I'll curl in the shadows like a pod,  
absorb dirt's cool knowing—no fraud  
in chlorophyll or the unsensed heavens  
of earth's rotation. Oh life juice, oh sauce  
that stirs loins, let me climb back  
along the curved map of your vines  
to taste grit and the sun's gloss—  
salt and iron rising in the veins—  
to plunge as deep as possible into black.

*Beth Gylys*