RAISINS FOR BEING

They left small bunches

on the vine, green late-

comers; the farmers

knew the day to pick,

sugar rising in the

berries, rain offshore. But

four sunny days broke

the pattern; the vines free

of their luscious burden

filled out the stragglers.

And then I came, just

before pruning,

and walked out in

the morning frost, the sun

clearing the Luberon,

and a thousand droplets,

on a grape cluster,

muscat pavé, told me

that I had a latecomer’s

right, to live life out

reflecting, free albeit

tethered, at an angle

to the sun, sweet to you.