

LESLIE MONSOUR

Winegrowers' Song

Ignoring what our mothers used to teach,
We taste the dirt—not only taste, but savor
The subtle, sandy clay and loamy flavor
Of Napa Valley soil that spreads its reach

Of live oak and bay laurel to the sill
Of the Pacific, where chill fogs ascend.
Pinot and Chardonnay best comprehend
The climate whispered here. The sky is still

Above the Silverado Trail. The river
Inhales the musky air and rests its powers
Awhile. In May the slopes are quiet bowers
Of tiny, faint, sweet blooms, their tender shiver

Commencing the one-hundred-days' surprise
Of ripening, unriddled mysteries,
As vines interpret *terra's* reveries
Into a song all tongues can recognize.