UP NORTH

Winter always lingers. The blue snow thins down but holds on in the shadows, even when neighbors start talk of planting their gardens.

They spoon sugar in their coffee, dream of days so hot they have to lie on the kitchen floor and suck ice cubes from a glass.

Even in May the tulips are not in sight.
Weasels by the river waddle through the mud, swim alone in the sinuous water.
People hoard their oranges

because they come from a land that's warm. Columns of geese begin heading north, but they're animals, they know how to take things on faith.

ERIC KENT



Chardonnay

SONOMA COAST

WINE: www.erickentwines.com

POETRY: wednesdayafterlunch.wordpress.com

Kent Humphrey, Winemaker

Will Walker

Will Walker, Poet

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750 ML CONTAINS SULFITES ALC. 14.6% BY VOL.