

Same Grape, Different Name

by Peter Erich

On this scenic route you will likely encounter a handful of bicycle spoke lobster traps. You can choose your prisoner. The one in the Easter egg-colored polo, he is your guy.

The teeth on this man are mineral-laced, dark spotted, and ground into pinnacles. His cheeks are hydrangea shrubs. He ripens to you. He reaches out his buttery hands and they melt. His fingers hang on the wiring. He is reminded, and it was no secret, that there is no escape.

Hop off your bicycle and walk over to him. This is the conversation piece you need. Take him home to your wife, who is baking apples for both smell and flavor. He is bone dry. Share your Pinot Blanc with him.

Tomorrow bring him back to the curb and leave him with the photographs, canceled checks, White House invitations, Christmas cards, love letters, floppy disks, a Mickey Mouse flip book, a pair of brown tasseled loafers, and the other discarded grapes.

I think the sweetened versions of things are completely worthless.

Life is a bit heavier than we can hold, yet it does not clobber us. Is it an uneasy path? Yes, but still a path.

If you asked me, am I caged and on display? I would say, yes, at some point, yes, we all are.

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*[Lines borrowed from - White Wine Basics from Wine Magazine
and The Man Who Made Off With John Updike's Trash from The
Atlantic]*

