

Memories, Mostly of Dad

Tori Woods

He taught me the joy of the Beaujolais,
taught the vintners, the appellations,
what's good and what's better.
He taught me that this is the only red wine
drunk cold.

We talk when we drink,
about questions more pertinent
than how are the grades, and how is the job.

Traveling in the land of Guinness,
I try the '03 Nouveau 1 week
before it arrives in America.

I ring my father
cross continentally
to brag.

Now, I call on the way home from college,
"Dad, I'm about 4 hours away".

He says, "Drive Safely T,
I'll put a bottle of Beauj in the 'fridge."

This is our shared indulgence.
This is everything.

