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Jane O. Wayne

BEDTIME, PERDIGUIER-HAUT

When we moved to the house on the hill
with the abandoned winery—
the thick, stone walls,
the room-sized wooden casks—
no one warned us
that if someone knocks on a cask
the spirit of the cave awakens
in the splashing.
Some nights we sit outside
till ten, when an owl
that we've never seen cries out
from the micoucoulier tree near the house—
as if to signal us home.
And who says that daytime
is the waking time?
Lights out, the shutters closed,
I lie in bed, enchanted
like the wine sealed in its cask.
Surely what we can see
must be the lesser part of what we know.
In the dark, I try to imagine
the dreams of the blind,
the wine inside those casks
as blue as blood
before it mixes with the air.
I walk about strange continents at night,
the possibilities spread out
like so many stars.