

*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.