

Fruit of the vine

by [Eric Potter](#) in the [May 24, 2017](#) issue

Rainbow or no rainbow,  
I'd have gotten drunk too,  
more than a year lost,  
an ark full of animals,  
the whole earth renewed.  
What better cause  
for celebration,  
what better way  
than wine, sure sign  
new life can spring  
from destruction, the way  
grapes must be crushed,  
their juice fermented  
to be filled with spirit.

Hardly fair to Noah  
to focus on his lone slip  
after all those years  
of strict obedience  
of looking ridiculous,  
his dignity swept away.  
Still, to have built the ark!  
All those years of waiting,  
faith and complacency growing  
too difficult to discriminate.

What ripened such resentment?  
The son's spirit crushed  
by years of public shame,  
all that dung to shovel,  
his whole life sacrificed

to a father's savior complex  
which, proving true,  
made matters worse.

How good to see  
the unbending old man  
out of control,  
how good to laugh  
without constraint.  
Such dainty brothers  
to avert their eyes,  
vain show of propriety  
to cover their pride,  
the old man finally exposed  
cursing the only son  
who saw through his disguise.