

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.