

Dandelion Wine

by John James

—on a line by Thomas Pynchon

In April, you gathered weeds
from the field,
made dandelion wine—
blithe-picked flowers
for drink,
and the old ones, white windborne seeds,
to blow into the air.

Crushed yellow on the pestle,
you bled their juice
into bottles, added yeast,
let it sit, fermenting over months.

The next year, when we opened it,
you poured the wine,
gold into my glass.
We drank—
nourishing ghosts of dandelions,
the dead persisting in a bottle of wine.