Late To The Vineyard

`Delayed bloomer, ten o’
clock achiever, jack of all
directions but your own, lady, will you
tend at last a vine of your own
choosing?

   Forget calendars, ignore
warnings of frost and blight. Discount praise
for your delicate hands.
    Smile, but
stubbornly go, because Indian summer
shines for the late-to-luck, and time
runs earlier
than anyone suspects.
   Frost will miraculously
bypass your buds while rain
rounds harvest ripe for you. Your grapes
will be sound, lady, sound
and sweet. You will sip each fruit
like wine.

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