

## The Sommelier

There was something about you,  
the way you poured *Bordeaux*  
with such austerity, bucolic *Sancerre*,  
a cloth napkin draped around  
the neck, the way you filleted fish  
tableside like it was poetry.  
You always greeted like a Parisian:  
no handshake, only lips to cheek.  
You taught me that French dining is like this,  
you use the sharp knife for *Le Canard*  
and the little baby fork for *escargots*  
swimming in *chardonnay* and herbs.

My captain, then my passenger.  
You were one for the romance.  
*Salut ma belle*, you'd say. Kiss, Kiss.  
Clink, clink. Then the directions:  
*Clean the windows.*  
*Not that fork. That is the salad fork!*  
*Oh, mon dieu! I told you that.*  
Every night after work a party,  
a *soirée*, a secret as open as the *merlot*  
on the windowsill. I became your lady  
in red. Warm bodied, low acidity, soft tannin.  
Was I something to consume? *Come over,*  
*ma belle, let's share a glass! Take off*  
*your clothes, you don't need them anymore.*

The next day I waved a white flag in front  
of you, announced "I've been thinking...  
when you tell me to polish silverware,  
take off my dress, it feels like our ship  
is sinking. I don't think we should see  
each other anymore. Also, I quit".  
But what I meant was that *you*  
were becoming my sommelier,  
And the season of grapes was ending.

-Meghan Lavin

