

Harvest—La Vendange au Vignoble

Like a kid stuffed with Halloween candy  
I have made myself sick on the grapes that  
should have gone into the asparagus  
bins—the first snow fell, dandruffing the roads,  
as we went trick or treating,  
I forget what I was that year, maybe  
Al Capone and Steve was Adolf Hitler  
but that might have instead been the Junior  
High historical person night. Go Hawks!  
Anyway, fuck the football team, they get  
new uniforms every year, the band  
has the same ones from the seventies, what  
the hell is that? Those were good junkie years,  
gimme my fix of EverCrack, baby.

The four wheeler coughs and sputters, struggling  
to haul the bins of grapes up the rows to  
Moses ('49 Chevy flatbed, straight  
six, Granny Smith Green). When I hit my mid-  
life crisis, I wanna start a metal  
band: Rock Out With Your Coq Out. Better than  
some stupid car. The best part of the Fast  
and the Furious is when Paul Walker  
hits the nitrous—Vin Diesel just downshifts  
and blows past him. At my birthday party  
we put the remix of КоЯн's *Got the Life*  
on repeat and stayed up all night gaming:  
*rom body boo, rom body boo, rom bom  
be bom ba bom body boo—boogie on.*

Pretty quick, my clippers get sticky with  
grape juice and sap—I get my daily dose  
of protein from all the suicidal  
leafhoppers that jump up my nose and down  
my throat. When I had my tonsils out, all  
I could eat were protein shakes, disgusting.  
Funny where the mind goes, *any way the  
wind blows*, Freddie Mercury always wrote  
awesome lyrics that earworm into my  
brain like memories sliding through the head  
mush—I haven't had Cream of Wheat in years,  
almost tasty with honey and milk, not  
too sickening like these grapes that I can't  
stop eating, royal in purple and black.

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Most varieties of grapes native to the Americas have a distinctive “foxy” taste and are thus unsuitable for wine.