

An Evening at Casa Nuestra

For Katrina, Gene, and Liam

Live oaks, hoary as elephants, preside
Around the winery. In slanting light
The afternoon moves gently out of sight.
Two couples from LA sit side by side
Sharing their Chenin Blanc. Under the wide
Branches, the deep-eyed goats assert their right
To conversation. Then we leave, and night
Settles itself across the dormant vines.

Up in the house, lights and a roasted goose,
Acquaintance and remembering, and song,
Friendships of fifty years, and of an hour;
Made and re-made, held tight and anchored loose;
An evening's bond, brief as an April flower,
But present, as beauty is, and just as strong.

Nicholas Jones
January, 2013