

## Water, Not Wine

What a frenzy I have had to erase your marks from my paper.  
Vigorously rubbing until my eraser ran out and my surface, My soul, was skinned.  
What problems I've had cutting down that tree you have rooted into my ground.  
I could cut the trunk but when I tried uprooting, I only damaged my soul.  
I once spent hours drinking the water from your well, the water that tasted as wine.  
But your wine-supply was cut off.  
After the immediate yearning for wine on my tongue,  
After weeping over the out-dated sentences scrawled onto paper,  
After your great oak shed its final leaves and never to awake another spring.  
I tried to erase words, cut down stumps and search for a new well.  
Time.  
Time.  
Time.  
I said to myself that I just need time.  
Time.  
Yet it never came by at any faster rate.  
Time.  
My soul awoke from nightmares just minutes after my subconscious entrance into there of.  
Time.  
Nothing else was as harmonic as those words.  
No wine was sweeter than yours...  
...and time never fixed it.  
Time.  
Your pencil carved into me so deep,  
I could not erase.  
Your tree grew in me so deeply,  
I could not uproot.  
I would only damage myself.  
What was I to do?  
I could not grasp you but, you were still floating above my palm, tantalizing.  
Sanity would be lost if I let time continue at this rate and wait for morning to come.  
A new era of my self was born to the realization.  
Your dramatic entrance induced this realization.  
Like a phoenix being rebirthed from ashes,  
What I have deteriorated left a foundation to a new beginning.  
I can just use the word fragments to write a completely new sentence.  
I can use the stump and roots as mulch for the new tree.  
But unlike the phoenix, It can rebirth into something new.  
The sentences tell new stories.  
The tree is a maple, not an oak.  
I walk back to your well to drink water, not wine.

-Drew Shearin-