

## Hazel

Hazel her eyes  
(And where I will weather the summer)  
Hazel and no flames to lick her face.  
Far from lust though not so far as not to feel its  
heat.  
Hazel flames by far purer  
Are dearer  
And envelop something else than what I now  
feel I am  
(But that was where I was born).  
And did not know-  
How could I-  
at the time, the time.  
Time, my love, my heart  
Hazel is the fragrant sap of cedars,  
Is the rich apple cider,  
But these are out of season  
And the bud of our flower presses open toward  
the spring,  
Clear hazel of poured chardonnay;  
And we are neither ready-  
Let it season-age-  
Beloved, we must not  
Stain our lips  
Before the press is even trod  
Nor do I want to whisper  
Too much to you  
For fear you'll be afraid, and-  
Nor do I want to hold you  
Too far from me  
For fear you'll be afraid, and-  
And turn your hazel glance away.

Instead, let us together fill  
A bottle  
And seal it  
So we in parched, gentle dread  
may watch-lest it shatter-  
And eagerly await the day  
When we may fill our cup  
And be the other's draught  
That I may drink sweet hazel  
And feed you warm brown loaves  
And blessed and whole our communion,  
If we but wait  
And do not run so quickly  
To the mash, the pulp so carelessly thrown out.  
Let us guard our mouths from its too-early  
sweetness

Hazel her eyes, and  
Hazel where I was born  
And so many shades of past  
Steep in this now, in her,  
So many I must question if this is some  
Mockery  
But such a gentle form of mocking-  
The only savor is the waiting:  
This now can only be confirmed  
By our tomorrow,  
Her tomorrow

And I can only hope that at each tomorrow I  
awake  
Still drinking hazel  
Filling my gaze-  
my lips-  
her eyes

-Brandon Bruning