

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