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## All-The-Time-Wine

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**Author Bio**

Samuel Martin is a Senior English major and Music minor from the great midwestern city of Toledo, Ohio. He loves music, acting and Argentine beef, and plans on teaching middle-schoolers after graduating.

## All-the-time-wine

out come the bottles  
 the glass  
 the wine  
 the fruits of the table are just fine  
 it's Sunday  
 it's hot  
 it's steamy about  
 the room that is nearest...the feathers they got  
 dance  
 dance around  
 show your stuff,  
 now that you have it  
 fill it up  
 and put it down  
 let's see who's running upside down  
 the man who sits  
 he smiles, he nods,  
 in his mind, he's jivin' his kind  
 (who...) is this man?  
 (what...) is in my wine?  
 Who's feeling fine?...  
 Dance  
 The eyes are all cast down  
 As the sitting man looks around  
 But he says as he did before  
 "You can make it with your drinks in hand,  
 but you'll never really touch the floor..."  
 climb  
 till your shoes are frozen feet among the sky  
 where  
 your bodies will need the wine  
 of who is fine  
 of life  
 of love  
 of fate  
 of will  
 of hope  
 to live  
 in a world  
 where we know not to dance on our own  
  
 with their minds,  
 and their souls,  
 the dancers stopped the music  
 to gaze

upon  
the bottles that were empty  
of wine  
from who?  
the man  
who said,  
"Fill the jars with water,  
and let them drink my wine..."

For what it's worth  
It's worth to say that  
If they looked inside  
And saw their glasses...  
they were full of wine the whole time.