All-The-Time-Wine

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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.