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All-The-Time-Wine

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All-The-Time-Wine

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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.