

The Chalice

Do you remember my love
the poem of the chalice?
In it I so weakly
of my love proclaimed with set heart
to thee.

As a vine with budded grape,
rich for harvest,
hangs on woven bough;
in an arbor,
I awaited thee my love.

But mercy's love this grape would
pluck and crush,
the shock of which,
despairing, made me faint.

The wedding master
tenderly did speak,
and praise I gave.

As the harvest grape
was trampled
into mash,
my joy sang forth.

In seeming cold silence
then I knew
to wait
until
He said twas done.

Then wine could cross the lips of her
in ecstasy
whose love I'd suffered for.

Marveling,
her wine was served to me
in goblets
pouring wine
as rich as mine

Brian Coatney to Tandy 1998 homecoming

