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Heaven's Wines

Max Merckenschlager

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Heaven’s Wines by Max Merckenschlager

Country skyes, sharp and clear
  velvet black and brimming
country-clean, chaste and chilled
flecks of diamond swimming.
Carpet clouds, midnight piles
underlays of winter
drops of rain – Heaven’s wines
singing as they splinter.

Morning rays, warming shafts
pools of liquid butter
blend with last crystal streams
flowing down my gutter.
Heaven’s wines for my tank
track the gutter’s path.
Twenty birds plunge and play
fouling up their bath.

Max is a retired secondary school teacher of Agriculture and Science. He also taught English to Arab students in Yemen during 1989 and 1990. He and his wife Jacqui were native seed harvesters for 11 years in S.A. as 'Blackwood Seeds' principals, supplying seed for many direct seeding revegetation projects. The natural environment, social justice and Australian history dominate as themes in Max’s poetry.