Words
weren't in season
back then but we craved them
and stole together
by night
to the larder.

There,
in the light
of a bare bulb
we feasted,
filching surfeit
from the temperance
of summers.

You
tore a burlap sack,
I fashioned
the blindfold
and by turns
we hoodwinked
each other.

Hidden
from sight
we built temples
to taste,
took communion
in blind faith
from fingers.

Yours
were all vinegar
or pungent
with brine,
mine
were all syrup
and sugar.