

Sip #179 Yeast Homage

A Sip of WineSpirit #179 By Don Corson *Yeast Homage* Hours after
I still smell yeast on my hands.

Life abundant, counted in the billions
Had slipped between my fingers
As I massaged tan colored granular yeast
Back from its freeze-dried slumber.

"Time to wake up now", I whispered,
My hand continuing to break up the clumps that had formed
As the yeast bathed in pure warmed well water.

I chanted an improvisational wake up song,
The opposite of a lullaby.

I started softly, I crescendoed slowly,
Words were of thanks and encouragement.
I couldn't make this wine without them, I sang in some poetic way.
Mostly, I expressed my thanks in wordless tones,
Hoping my intentions would be transfused into the yeast
Through my fingers as the grains woke,
Took sustenance
And began their needful work.

REFLECTION QUESTIONS FOR SIPPIN' (by David White) 1. What aspects of nature raise your awareness of the workings of life? 2. How do you participate in the creative process in what you love to do? 3. What fragrances of life evoke feelings of blessing for being alive? 4. (Raise your own question&he Sippin' on Top of the World)