

Pg. 30

SCENT OF A WOMAN

(Dedicated to Italian writer Giovanni Arpino)

Wine: Dolcetto d'Alba Gemme di Billia 2008

ANACREONTE (Greece, 6th Century b.C)

BRING WATER, BRING WINE, BOY

Bring water, bring wine, boy,
Bring us wreaths of flowers:
With Eros I don't want to fight.

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FLAVOR OF MAN

**Wine: Dolcetto d'Alba Gemme di Billia 2008 and
Toscano Cigar Selected macerated in Rhum**

GAIO VALERIO CATULLO (Italy, 84? - 54? b.C.)

BOY, IF YOU POUR AN OLD WINE

Boy, if you pour an old wine
fill our cups with the bitterest one,
as Postumia wants, our Queen,
as drunk as drunken grapes.
And water may go wherever it likes
to spoil wine, far away,
among teetotallers: this is pure wine.



Tuscans
Selected
August 2007

Eric
2007

Dalzell
2007

SENSUAL

Wine: Dolcetto d'Alba Gemme di Billia 2008

HAFIZ (Iran, 1320 - 1389)

SUN RAYS

O Winebringer, the sun is up. Fill my goblet full of wine. Hurry, for night will come, and then we'll have to sleep. Outside, the doomsayers are announcing the end of the world. Quick! give us some of Your delicious wine! If it is fame and glory that you are looking for from the sun, Then go back to sleep; there is only divine knowledge to its rays. When Judgment Day arrives and the sky becomes a jug of poor clay, Make your skull into a clay cup, and fill it with this pitcher's wine. Now is not the time to be making small talk with your friends; Speak only of the cup and of the wine. Hafiz, get up! Get out of bed. You've work to do, And the worship of wine is all the worthwhile work there is!



SOLDIER

**Wine: Barbera del Monferrato Cantine Valpane
2005**

OMAR KHAYYAM (IRAN, 12th-13th Century)

Before time takes you by surprise

Ask for good red wine and get wise

You are not of gold, don't believe the lies

You are put to dust, once again you'll rise.



BULL

Wine: Barbera del Monferrato Cantine Valpane 2005

JOHN MILTON (England, 1608 - 1674)

SONNET 17

Lawrence of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day; what may be won
From the hard season gaining: time will run
On smoother till Favonius reinspire
The frozen earth; and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and tuskan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.



Cristina
2009

Barbara
Valente
2008

YIN AND YANG

Wine: Barolo 2000 (with DNA of people drank and spited out those wines) and Dolcetto d'Alba Gemme di Billia, 2008

- **CHARLES BAUDELAIRE** (Paris, 1821-1867)

The Wine of Lovers

Oh, what a splendour fills all space! Without bit, spur, or rein
to race, Let's gallop on the steeds of wine To heavens
magic and divine!

Now like two angels off the track, Whom wild relentless
fevers rack, On through the morning's crystal blue The
swift mirages we'll pursue.

Now softly poised upon the wings That a sagacious
Cyclone brings, In parallel delirium twinned,
While side by side we surf the wind, We'll never cease
fromsuch extremes, To seek the Eden of our dreams!



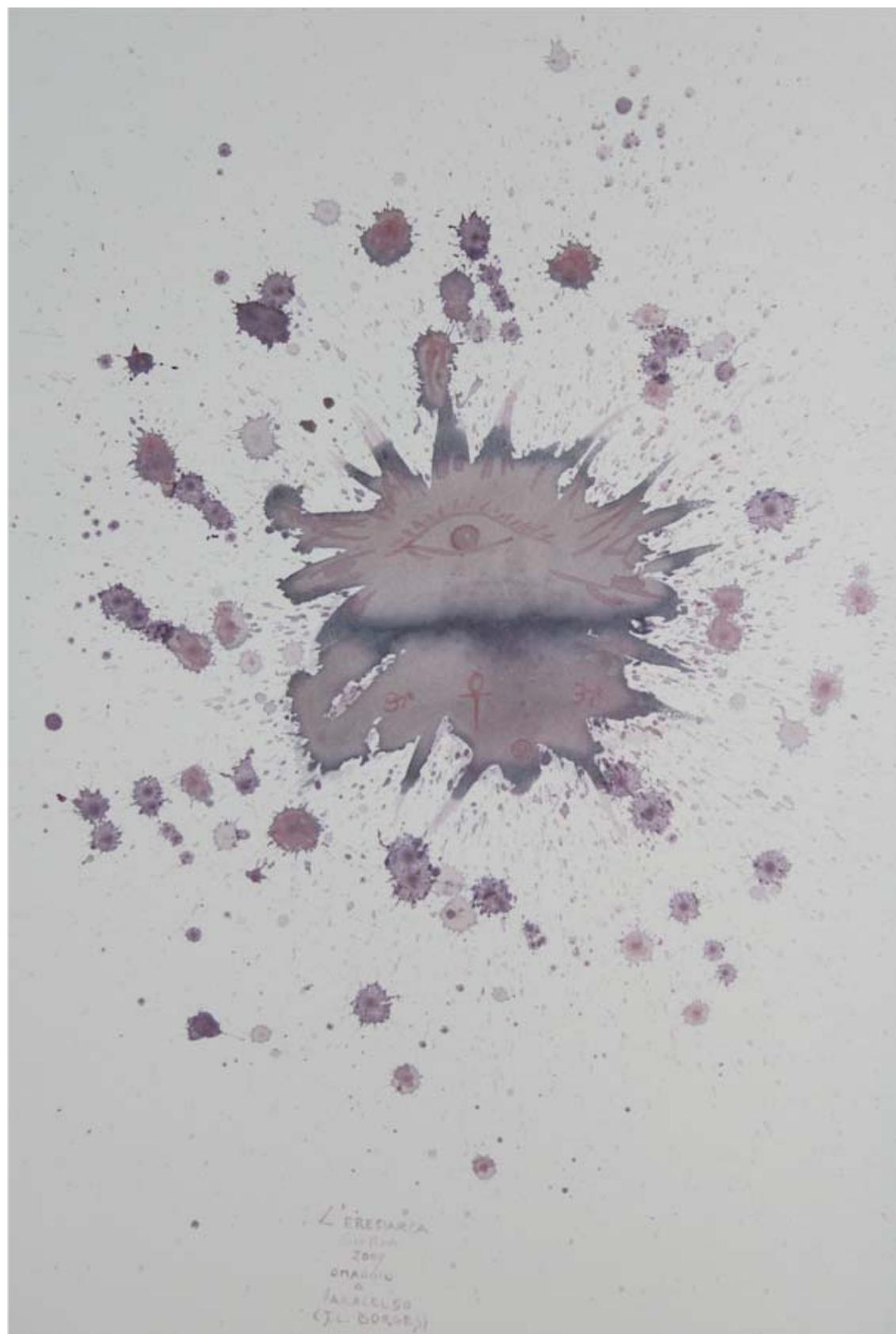
THE HERETIC

Wine: low quality wine bought in a supermarket

LI PO (China, 701 - 762)

16. WINE

Drinking, I sit,
Lost to Night,
Keep falling petals
From the ground:
Get up to follow
The stream's white moon,
No sign of birds,
The humans gone.



L'ERESARCA
2007
OMAGGIO
A CARCELLO
(J.L. BORDE)

ATLAS

Wine: Dolcetto d'Alba Marrone 2008

CECCO ANGIOLIERI (Tuscany, ab. 1260 – 1312)

RHYME LXV

During this past year, I've given up
all the vices I used to have;
only drinking I still persist in
and for this God will forgive me.
For when I wake up in the morning,
my mouth is still full of salt,
and so tell me: who could avoid
relieving his tongue and palate?
I always prefer greco and vernaccia,
since I dislike Latin wine
more than when my woman throws me out.
I thank the first man who made wine,
for it keeps me quiet all day long;
even if I never get drunk.