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Hard Wine

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Hard Wine

by Lynn Hoggard

Drunk with the bitter truth

I refuse all other wine.

—Anna Margolin

Butterfly was reeling from it the day Pinkerton finally returned to her country with another wife.

The taste of it on her tongue made Gretchen go mad, kill her newborn, while Faust, oblivious, roamed the earth.

My friend David with cancer also drained that draught. Knowing there was no way back,

he waited for the bitter brew to fill his senses up. And then he let it shut them down.