A Writer Knows

Kathleen Ward
College of DuPage

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Wine. It's not really a college kid's drink. Especially in the dorms. I guess that's what I get for being 21 in a dorm building, instead of an apartment like everyone else my age. I like wine. It's classy. I wish more people drank it, instead of beer. I hate beer. It's repugnant. Wine, now there's something different. It's rich. It can be full. It can be fruity. It can be light, or dark. Pinot Grigio. Cabernet Sauvignon. It just sounds expensive, and up-to-do. Hmm, Yellow Tail Shiraz, or a Bud? Get it?

So what does this have to do with your story?

Nothing, and everything.

What the hell does that mean?

I don't know exactly. It sounded good. This wine is inspiration. It's rich and classy, which I realize I already said, yes. But seriously, its not cheap, and that's how I want my work to feel. Full, fruity, and rich.

But you write. It's on a piece of paper. You can't actually feel that. I mean, you can absorb a feeling from reading, but that's not the same as drinking wine.

Haven't you ever just looked at a wine bottle? There are so many different vineyards these bottles come from. There's a million different labels, but hardly anyone actually buys wine by the brand. There's too few of people who actually know what's truly good and what's not. The point is, the labels don't actually matter. And yet, they're so exquisite and decorative.

So you want your work to be exquisite, but to not matter?

You're missing the point all together. Can't you think?

Yes.

Then do.

I am.

A wine bottle, wherever it sits, brings elegance to the room. It stands for itself, with its fine label and beautiful aura. Suddenly the silly little college student is a mature adult. It's symbolic of wisdom and experience. I pour the thick drink slowly into my glass and smell the velvety fragrance. I'm past beer and hard alcohol. This will go to my head fast enough for me. I'm enjoying the low light of the world shining through the dorm room window, the skyline buildings of Chicago smoothly soaring up into the pink clouds as the sun sets. A glass of wine, a leather bound journal, and I'm not only an adult; I'm content.

But you're drinking alone.

I know. So?