

# Life, life,life... Ahh! life



Sometimes you wake up on a day like today, gray and cold and with that annoying drizzling that gets you wet, but not quite to feel it is a raining day. In a day like this, although the company is pleasant and nudity is vivid, the room feels like a prison because it is dark, and because it's cold, the windows are closed and the air conditioning is at 28 degrees, so you breathe dry air, which makes the throat feel very uncomfortable, and you start coughing, and you can neither talk nor have sex because the environment doesn't favor the desire to honor the creator's wish, suppose he/she exists, of becoming one.

That was my day today, and I will remember it as a special day. Although I must admit that every day is a special day to me for the simple fact that I am alive and healthy.

It was not difficult for me to overcome the internal conflict a day like today may cause because the Rayne Vigneau Chateau 2002 came to mind and to my taste buds once again. I had the grace to savor this wine for the first time in the company of special friends. "This is the blood of Christ," I said to myself when I smelled it, which I confirmed at the first sip.

I don't know how the blood of the Nazarene would have tasted, but in my childhood, the priest who got the fifth-grade teacher pregnant presented a red wine as the blood of Christ, which within that context, represented the best there is. And having this Chateau I speak about was definitely a religious experience.

My friends from Spain would have said that it was the holy host, but these conquerors of yesteryear used the religious cookie to speak of the good and the bad alike, and this Chateau de Rayne Vigneau should be associated only with the best that exists –like the blood of Christ.

Mario, my boss during my years as a journalist, would call this wine "*a delicacy for the gods.*" Which seems to me the perfect description of this jewel.

With this boss, friend and tutor, we conducted an intense investigation on the buying and selling of love. It was the process of interviewing many of those love merchants, when I first heard the expression "a delicacy of the gods."

I do not remember if it was in response to a sip of the crafted coffee we had that afternoon, or as to prize the encountering one of those professional of love. What I do remember is that at the end of the

investigation, that ancient profession inspired us nothing but respect.

The day of the event, when I had the privilege of savoring that delicacy for the gods, Nang, whom I would have met in another similar event, called it a pleasant surprise, to which Vincent, the doer of such delicacy, and I, agreed.

The surprise factor is in the aromas. This wine, raises the levels of dopamine to their highest, bringing to mind flavors that do not exist in harmony with its flavors. And I speak in the plural because this 2002 of Burdeau, is an exquisite mix of color, aromas, and flavors that, literally, give a positively different meaning to life.

And it is that life has its own way of balancing things. A day like this, rainy and gray and cold, would have been horrible, but thanks to the gentle magic of this wine, and within this so-nakedly-intimate space, I felt the essential balance between the life that outside runs at the melancholic rhythm of rainy days, and this one so joyfully sensual and so mine.

Surely, life will remain for some a pointless thing, while for others, like me, the space where the word balance takes its true meaning.

All we need is to pen our eyes and mind to realize that although there are rainy and gray and cold days, there are also days when, in the company of special friends (obviating the temporality of friendship), one delights in masterpieces such as this Chateau de Rayne Vigneau 2002, which, if life grants me with life, I will be able to see in its birth process in its own land, so French, where the origin of this masterpiece sown.

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