

THE ELIXIR OF LOVE

By Linda Rogers

I once met a girl who'd saved the tears she'd shed when her father died in a glass bottle. Perhaps that is the secret ingredient, the distillation of sorrow and joy in flowers that lift their petals and fill them with rain.

*We fill our glasses, sometimes our shoes.
"It's God's sip," we say when women talk. The elixir loosens our tongues,
unbuttons our lips, unzips our dresses.*

They say the gin fairy uses a stags' antler to mix his volatile recipe. There is so much hope in every swallow when he decants the heart of passion, the mother of invention, coriander, angelica, iris and the rose petals that invite the ones we desire to our beds.

It is all about the magic in gardens that grow by the sea

These are the bedrooms where earth, mixed with the compost of dreams, lies waiting to be planted with seeds and cuttings, bulbs that sleep in the dark. In the small city of gardens, there are good fairies, pinch fairies and spells that taste like the door to seawater whispering in shells. Now you are swallowing pearls, what the ocean knows, and flowers that reveal the secret of the one in the many. Now you are drinking the elixir of love.