

Dom Mee Godard Corcelette 2016 Morgon 24 Jan 2018 17 2019 - 2029

Much more muted on the nose than her Moulin à Vent Michelons. Flute-like purity of fruit, darting bird-like and feather light across the palate, rose hips and delicately earthy sweetness clinging to silky tannins. The butterfly of Mee Godard's wines, tasting like early-morning dew on petals, dusted with red spice. (TC)

Dom Mee Godard Grand Cras 2016 Morgon 24 Jan 2018

Closed up. Boarded up. Glimpses of very pure, high-toned red fruit. A flash of jewelled, pomegranate fruit. A ripple of ultra-fine, racy muscle and sinew. A finish threaded with spice, long and determined. So much beauty folded tightly up, like a blood-red

Dom Mee Godard Côte du Py 2016 Morgon 24 Jan 2018 17.5 2020 - 2031

A little more shadowed, denser, the nose smelling of wet slate dust, deepening into blackberries on the tongue. The tannins, still Godard-like slight and wiry, move forward on the Côte du Py, drummer boys, marching in front of their tenor fruit. Some of that slate dust on the palate, texture and flavour. Just a little peppery, like a five o'clock stubble, turning the finish into a gravelly purr. (TC)

Dom Mee Godard Passerelle 577 2016 Morgon 24 Jan 2018 18 2019 - 2031

So much intensity and ripe sweetness that it's almost a shock after tasting her first four wines. Strongly spiced, aniseed spiked, black-cherry bold and throwing its arms across a skirl of glorious fruit. If her first four wines were Turner paintings, this would be Frida Kahlo. Vivid, intense, defiant, arresting, and uncompromisingly beautiful. (And even more lovely on the second day.) (TC)

Dom Mee Godard Les Michelons 2016 Moulin-à-Vent 24 Jan 2018 17 2018 - 2027

Smells and tastes so much of autumn that I can almost feel the crackle of tawny leaves in my mouth, can taste the explosion of wild, sweet, red berry juice, a drift of wood smoke on the air. Translucent. There's the clang of damp stones growing cold, of an iron hinge rusting orange on an old gate, and there across the throat on and on the finish, the long golden warmth of evening. Singing, and so frank and open that you could easily drink this already. (TC)

Jancis Robinson 2018