

Planter's Punch

The bright red of this drink
rests at the bottom of the glass
until you stir it up—
that's how the heart hides its memories.

We were talking of risk, of love
and its consequences. The worst
is this: long spoon in a tall glass
the beautiful grenadine
diluted to a muddy orange.

We look at the glass, say
here. Like this.
Lift the glass to show
wet circles on the table.

We want pantomime.
Hands displaying their broken fingers
crooked as love,
as the mistakes we call love.

This drink hides its kick in sweetness.
We order again, too blind
to read the bill, pay what's asked
thinking it's owed.

We were talking of love.
We were drinking our stories.

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