

Flat Champagne

With a smudge of red lipstick on the lip
And a bead of sweat in vertical slip
She, standing straight and tall and full
In her gathering pool
A half-bitten coconut chocolate her somber companion
Forlorn in its wax paper dish.
A party of jumbled bodies bubbles on the dance floor
And someone forgot their drink on the shelf
And the bar pours
More stately flutes, more squat high-balls tinkling ice
More fizzing cokes, kiddie cocktails
More glasses soon emptied
Or soon forgotten
Like our flat friend on the shelf
Sweating, evaporating, hoping someone will remember when the bar goes down
Their source of loose mirth misplaced during a dance or call to secret conversation
And return to drink down her stale sweet
And free the glass
And get her carried away
To the back
That clanking room, white walls and steam
To be soaked and soaped and heated and cleaned
Not left sticky, forgotten, flat, and full