

A Flask of This

by Mary Ann Taylor-Hall

The old lopsided hula hoop of time
swings round swings round swings round
the slowly shimmying sun.
Who are we, my love, taking this sliding ride,
careening through our uneven days and nights.
Here's fall again, our wedding month.
The slanted light comes back to speak
of what we will be missing later on—
the long light longing just ahead of time
for what is not yet gone, for itself, in fact,
drifting through early haze, touching the spires
of firestalk, the dragonfly sunning its wings
on a rock, the breeze, the gentle, living air.
We need a flask of this to see us through,
to pass to one another as we go,
to help us through the iron days to come,
to make us drunk.

Oh drunken globe of earth on your wobbly course,
nothing is lost forever, is it? We'll come round
to this again. This day will come again,
and we'll be in it.