

SAKE

A squat bottle,
two cups and us
toasting an anniversary
although we know
the wind may blow
away these walls
of paper, wood and rock;
and if they fall, we'll rise
and quickly improvise
a journey down Time's
cold silvery musical stream,
slipping on dripping
stepping stones, drenched
to the bone until,
shades of our former selves,
we give up the ghost,
our ghastly smiles belying
the cold finality of lying
through centuries side
by side, cheated by Time.
What is a marriage?
A promise, a vow never
to forsake the other,
and love a little realm
of light and shadow.
But here, while the sake's
warm. Drink again.
For your sake. Mine.