

Diana Raab

Drunk as Drunk
(honoring Neruda)

Drunk as drunk on your nightcap
smothered in your open kisses
snaked around your drafted body
between your bow and the stern.

Our boat comes from bourbon's barrels
wafts of corn fields in Iowa
distilled on the rim of your love—
as we sail across oceans of intimate moments.

You and I are pinned between
the sheets of distilleries—
drifting through aisles of mills
of charred oak casks casting red rainbows
on our favorite libation—

like the way your lips look
after long midnight kisses—
sweet and swollen beneath sticky eyelids
and sounds of midnight desire.

We arrive to our land of dreams
pulling buckets from the wells of our hearts
as we lay down beside one another
and a third nightcap drops me into your arms

Raab, D. (2017). Drunk as DBlood and Bourbon