

"Ode to Hot Toddy on Sick Day."

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Ode to Hot Toddy on Sick Day

By Diana Raab

Golden-colored hot toddy, you glisten
under tonight's moon sliver
as my throat aches for you.
Your golden light flashes your love,
flecks of lemon rind float about this whiskey
swirled with honey from the bee that loves
that buzz you give me.

Never has one night been enough with you, Toddy,
sipping from your cup, Toddy:
my soothing drink, glittered
with your love—tangy
with the healing powers of ginger—
silky like my legs cozy
in the blankets,
such longing brings me to you, Toddy.

I can drink you over and over again
to welcome in or end my day
as I ebb from sickness to health
with your sweetness, amorous,
glistening.
Your hues brighten my night,
my delicious love.
But more than sipping you,
it's your colors
that sing the flames in my fever:
an abundant and floral fragrance
of you and your tipsy
presence in my life.