

Bubbly Truths

by Diana Raab

It all begins with this ritualistic undressing: foil and wired cage.
How it reminds me
of the brassiere holding my breasts in place. And then, its pop:
that sudden pressure release—
effervescent euphoria, with foamy overflow: my champagne.

My eyes follow those bubbles, which rush — desperate lovers — to its top.
This golden drink leads my mind into deeper catacombs of ecstasy,
whether behind a keyboard of creation, or within a journal to reveal my
words
or in a bedroom which releases me, the woman.

And when empty, it too will be dunked: head first into that ice bucket
beside a table for two,
but, only when its job is done. I love this sweet flute which holds my truth
serum, sweet flute,
truth serum, muse, pour me another, love, pour me another.