

Treat Yourself by Dave Drayton

your shirt matches the gingham tablecloth

my brown one the table underneath

neither one of us competes

note the way the occasion is marked by the balloons

will pop the champagne celebrates

its own release from captivity if only briefly

before it is consumed it's the teeth the kiss the cavities

transforming confectionary to confetti conflict to confect

the time is right, the fruit ripe and plunged in caramel

the teeth furry, feet furtive, height enough to dive from

barely a splash is registered in the kiddie pool

despite the high we're all alive