

THE SONNET OF THE EMPTY BOTTLE

There, on the desk, the bottle lies,
Buried in the papers,
Like a cloud beneath the skies;
See how the neck, in the light, tapers
Past the face of the clock,
Fastidious in the face of its despair;
Though once full, aim of all talk,
Now it holds nothing but air.
But empty bottles hold the past,
Keep for the morning after,
The night before;
Knowing that the booze would never last,
We drank, and drank with laughter;
For we all knew of other bottles holding more.