

Bottled by Sarah Leavesley

What it is to be lifted:
glass in hand, a tilt of chin
before the throat's swallow.

The mouths known
by each bottle raised,
downed, but never left

quite empty. Always a drop
more, always a shape
filled with floating light;

a story waiting to be found.
Here, warm lips brushed a rim,
fingers stroked a neck.

Over half our flesh is aqua:
our bodies a boned bottle,
with silken skin.

Lift me then, my love,
and drink.