Cognac

are you an optimist?

then i’m a bottle half-full of

consciousness distilled

like cognac from lousy wine

aged in the oaken barrel of memory

and decanted after breakfast.

if you hold me up to the light

i blaze amber in your eye

distort and prism

the place where you hang

your head

and there is always enough of me left

to refill your small glass

to lay open your smell-brain

where i can nestle comfortably

against your inquisition

did i say inquisition? i meant inquisitiveness

and when i slide, burning

across your tongue, to syrup

half your lip, leave an aftertaste

on your blessed palate

i know the warmth i deliver

will bring the colour of lust to your cheeks

did i say lust? i meant love

i asked if you were an optimist

and you never answered

so i will answer for you:

you are a bottle half-empty