

As the Lights Dim

by Nonnie Augustine

AS THE LIGHT DIMS

Mingle with those who convene
to dazzle and delight.
Yes, go to them. Intrude, exude
the French scent of sly seduction.
Parrot gibberish overheard
during too many happy hours.
Emerge from your pre-drink vault
airless with rumination, heavy
with the shame of a day
replete with perceived failure.
Trust the iced amber scotch
that coats your throat,
relieves you of damning
thought as it speeds you
to a night-time country.
Believe your lubricious image
of a savvy, successful, self.
Drink until the restraining judges
are silenced with sodden kisses.
Avoid your empty rooms
until darkness betrays
you all to offending dawn.

