

Limes in the Afterlife

A.G.

Gentle hedonist,
I hope you packed all the limes,
because where you're going,
a long trip that might never end,
it could be too cool to grow
those green jewels, or extract
the precious fluids needed,
blood of the cane,
sugar like pixy dust around
the rim of the fancy glasses
I also hope you packed.

There is sand and water, I understand,
but service is slow.
It seems you would be better off
mixing your own, forgoing a straw,
drinking up, up, up.