

FINNAIR FRAGMENT

Ice berglets, poked down
by my oil rig stick
in littala's fluted glass
fail to break the
roiled golden mirror
of jazzy bubbly, covering
a fleeting rift
of the laws of physics.
They really do like ice here...
Rise, perforated cubelets,
relent, let Archimedes
rest in peace.
Or have you, polyvowelled friends
conspired in brief white nights
to make a truly light champagne?