

John F. Buckley & Martin Ott

Ghazal in Georgia

Atlanta is your peach basket, the humid breeding ground of Coke.
But what evokes your soul, the complex tang of Coke?

My hands cradle the curving bottle, the slick hourglass shape.
The burn in my throat, then spin the bottle, sweet childhood of Coke.

But now you slip my grasp into the hands of thirsty men.
I weep while launching myself in pursuit of the flight of Coke.

Everything dark and cold reminds me of you.
The red of your label is my blood, the secret recipe of Coke.

Your vats hold cola potions and the coda in our spinal fluid.
Pepsi lovers unknowingly hum their devotion to Coke.

Aunt Rosemary spurns all coffee and tea as bitter pretenders.
She slips out at dawn for her monarch, a two-liter scepter of Coke.

The downtown plaza flashes with *The Real Thing in Hotlanta*.
Skateboarders and dancers perform acrobatics on the letters of Coke.

Shaken-can bubbles spray forth like aerated pollen in springtime.
Each arc of froth seeds the wind with a caramelized cascade of Coke.

Will I one day wake up as a fly, living in an empty aluminum can?
The fizz grows flat in the brainpan caking my imagination with Coke.

I'd like to teach the world perfectly harmonious wedding hymns.
I spy a reverent moonlit hill, sister wives, brother grooms, married to Coke.

My waist loves the aspartame; my rum the lemon-lime boost.
I yearn to spelunk for the buried flavor combinations of Coke.

John Pemberton and Asa Griggs Candler watch from on high.
Two hundred countries sell their concoction, a worldwide web of Coke.

On a country road choked with kudzu, a toothless man suckles at happiness.
The truth about everflowing nectar, an endless well, is the loneliness of Coke.

Kestrel

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<http://www.brooklynartspress.com/Buckley-Ott.html>.

