

*Lee Upton*

## TOASTS

To the last credentials we have:  
bottoms up.  
Cheers to the skipper. Be a sport.

May your enemies put  
an address plate on a dog house,  
or something less useful than that.

Down the port.  
During a nap  
may you put in a brief appearance

in heaven and discover  
they're making a better heaven at last!  
May this wine bless the sunlight

that kissed its life,  
and for every toast you raise  
may the one you love toast you twice

and not her husband.  
And may the secrets  
that chew like termites through every human heart

lose their appetites.  
And may the long corridors of jokes  
not even once silt up for you.

And may you never be in a position  
to milk a snake,  
or to let the devil hold his campout with your barbecue.

And when you are naked  
may you excite speculation  
rather than simple tolerance.



And may you never be ashamed  
of your happiness.  
And when nettles fly into your mouth

may they turn into wine,  
and may you drink  
until you're conscious.

