We Splurge on a Glass of Wine at the Top of the World Trade Center

The glasses we hold, tall, with thin stems. The Chardonnay, crisp.
And the towers

that yearn up beneath us, ours.
Ours, the curve of Long Island fading

into the Atlantic’s cocktail-blues.
Steak tartare, coconut shrimp: half our grocery budget before us, plated.

Giddy, I grow
into our luxury. As the tower sways slightly in wind, weights sunk deep

in the rocks of Manhattan
make delicate adjustments as you turn

and say Another glass?
Now lights flicker on, votives in the haze of the Bronx.

Bridges light up, airy necklaces strung across the East River. I want
another glass. Want

to bring the planet to my mouth,
tip it, and drink. It’s ours, the height of the tower, the lengthening shadow

it flings. Somewhere, someone
is adding up the bill.