**The Bedrock**

Jarred Thompson

you are the breath of green tea

bitter and honeyed; detoxing and filling

you are drops of liquid mirror hanging off tree branches

reflecting back light a sunny day cannot show

you are the secret sounds in words we overlook

when we build our sentences for the day

you are the delight of overflowing champagne

the calming pink mist settling in a crystal glass

you are the gurgling of a bathtub

the promise of a hot embrace descending deeper than my joints

you are the bedrock of this poem

that tries but cannot say