

Mixing

~ Robert Thomas ~

The shaker top is twisted away
Metallic foreshadowing whirl
The shaker was lifted
With mock deliberation
From a rank of shakers
Polymorphous and slick

Give me cold!

From its dark frozen nest
I dig out a flask
Of thick freezing gin
Wrench it right out
Admire its patina
That it grew while it nested
That numbs the fingers

Now to move quickly -
A handful of cubes
Plucked from the bucket
A neat retro ice bucket
Insouciantly tumbled
That distinctive sharp cackle
Into the shaker
The awaiting shaker
Followed close on
From a right-proper jigger
By four parts of gin
Thick freezing elixir
Two halves of a lemon
Compressed with numb fingers
Two parts of Vermouth
Cold French dry Vermouth
Two parts of Cacao
White and not dark

Seal the shaker
And abuse the air
In confident rigour
With ice-cracking metal
Ice tumbling and crashing
That back-and-forth smashing -
The shaker then forming
Its own cold patina

Give me cold!

My darling nearby
Thirsty and waiting
I twist off the cap
Fill two frozen glasses
Shake out the last drop
Make a thin flow of ice

Herbal
Fruity
Sweet
Sour
Rich
Cold
Numbing

Gone

... shall I mix another?