

Whiskey

Some people will look at all the bottles and think & talk & think & talk—about the bottles. Some don't talk at all or think at all.

Some do nothing at all—the shot stands short before them.

Some people lecture their friends on the proper protocols of drink.

On the past & future of whiskey. Claim to educate.

Some recall their bottles of yore: That time in the forest. That time of naked heart. No shot glass. Just the bottle passed & tipped to lips.

Some proffer “wisdom.” Cheap whiskey: Better than good beer.

Look at all the bottles . . .

You and I are not of these people. We're new school & old school.

Youthful. Elderly. Vigorous. Full of aches. I tell them, “Fill the glass to the brim.” And when they don't, you command—“To the brim.”

We're of another constellation. Of now—no past & no future. Let's take the bottle. Uncap it. Pour. Knock back our shots—fire and all.

Say, “Yes . . . Look at all the bottles.”

—Patric Pepper