

GREGORY CROSBY
The Mirror behind the Bar

Vermouth is not a ghost; it doesn't haunt
the rim. Dry is a tubercular croak,
as grim as mirrors without their smoke.
Every order I say wet like a taunt.
I say it the way I spell out want,
a succession of darts. I am broke,
but buying. I'm always buying, no joke.
What you haven't got you must flaunt.

I see you're thirsty, so I'll leave it there.
Mustn't bruise the gin with paradox.
Then again, what else is there to drink to?
Shaken or stirred, the same old affair:
alive/dead (quick now, open the box).
First sip, so cold & crisp. Ask, what's new.