

Drink Recipes

A Poem

Al Taylor

I've gotten into the habit
of making my friends drinks.

It started off small,
the occasional juice
or lemonade
in exchange for a smile.

It evolved into
teas and coffees
of the syrup variety
gushing from the crystalized nozzles
of pre-packaged pumps of corn syrup.

There is something
so decadent,
so transfixing,
about watching water come to a rolling boil.

A chipped mug we refuse to throw out.

My fingers brush yours
as I hand it over.

I learn to make caramel from scratch
because you said it was your favorite.
You like your lattes with four sugar.
There's perfection in my milk frothing.

I keep making you drinks.