Pop the top, pfff.
Squeeze the lemon and watch
The juice dribble into the glass.
Tip the glass far over and
Slide the bottle in deep.
Let the beer rise and cover
The mouth of the bottle.
(Pull it out too soon and
You'll have a foamy problem.)
Ease the bottle slowly
Out of the glass.
The bottle shakes
As the liquid glubs out.
The beer level rises,
While the bottle is slowly
Emphasize 'slowly'
Pulled out of the glass.
The beer stops
And foam follows.
Pull the bottle out
And set it down.
Waitress leave it alone.
About an ounce resides inside.
Let the bottle sit,
The foam will settle.
A precious half inch
Of German pleasure.
Take a big sip and
Then add the rest.
The bottle is empty,
Soon also will be the glass.
"Hacker-Pschorr Weiss Beer,"
Sip it slowly... or gulp it down.
The taste is the same.
It's Heaven; Heaven poured right.

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Our Sunday Pilgrimage for Father
Brett J. Colley

vision shift,
north,
to the countryplace
my brother and i
pulling on worn leather
work boots (hand-me-
as mother cleared the plates
of the big dinner
that had stirred a warmth in the
of the yellow kitchen
all afternoon,
as father religiously lit his cigarette
and big brother and i
stomped into the breezeway
our pilgrimage for father.
...to the barn
to its basement
to the ancient Farm-All tractor
aging among the swirling pools of
dirt.
With a dismal faith borne of few
we resurrect the tractor
and pray that our father,
reclined in the warm house, chews
to ward off the subtle chill
and wistfully old,
is sedated by our efforts.
Not all is decaying,
not all dying...
My brother and i have brought
through our pilgrimage.