

Quinton Palanti

A.A.- Adventures of Alcohol

Screwdriver

Screwdrivers have many uses,
Used as a pry bar or chisel,
Maybe to puncture or to scribe,
But a screwdriver to soothe and unwind?
It must be a citrus and vodka kind.

Cuba Libre

Captain Morgan was a bitter man when left alone.
But when he dabbled with some coke, he became a visionary.
To Cuba he thought, to liberate it was the plan.
To the seas he took, the trees he saw produced a glimmer in his eye
With the lime in his eye he knew, that alone with coke was nevermore.

Appalachians

Jack and Jim went up a hill,
To make it to the shine house bash.
Barrels of mash lay a mass,
With liquor in the clear.
Jack and Jim tumbled down the hill,
But not without an empty flask.

Hipster

An acquired taste they say,
When they drink IPA's
Bitterness at eight percent,
Still doesn't justify the taste.
Pungent and repulsive,
Is the hipster's taste.

Escalation

One solo cup of beer,
We are still in the clear.
Let's go pet that deer,
While we have another beer.
I shouldn't have done that my dear,
But maybe just one more beer.

Out going

Toxic and dry with some lime,
May the tonic be enjoyed.
Three too many the tonic reveals,
How toxic you become.
Perhaps with juice you would let loose,
But you only grabbed the goose.

The Meeting

The meetings being held for many reasons,

Perhaps the screwdriver has been misused again.

Maybe Morgan raised once more,

Or the hipsters brewing again.

But the Gin was way to dry,

And Jim found Jacks stash of whiskey again.

While beer wasn't a clear answer,

Next Tuesday is the meeting again.