

# Cocktails

Cocktail may be many things;  
Or so says Webster, 1934 unabridged edition

"The feathered posterior appendage of a male chicken"

"A person passing for a gentleman  
But underbred" — you've known me?

"A kind of cloud — The Cirrus"

That presages rain.

"A short drink, iced, of spirituous liquor,  
Well mixed with flavoring ingredients."

But, all things accounted for,

Only the last needs recognition here.

It is such a cocktail,

Properly envisioned, in rightful setting,  
And given its social due, is

An "Open Sesame" to love and happiness  
For kindred souls, whose minds  
Are bridged with understanding.

Cocktail is the warmth

Of human kindness

Seen, felt, and understood, that says:

"I am growing to love you."

And in so saying, fills

The heart to bursting and,

Soaring carries it to skyward  
Heights undreamed of.



A cocktail is a voice that's

Music just to hear. and,  
O'er the Telephone says:  
How about a late break

Tonight - just for relaxation?

A voice that tantalizes, captivates, entrances  
In a whirlwind of excitement and affection.  
That fill horizons till all else is gone.  
And only you, you, you, you two are there!

A cocktail is adventure's beckoning  
To nights beneath the stars  
And cool, crisp, desert mornings.  
A cocktail is 'the medium glove  
That grows and warms

And draws together.

Endlessly and forever

So long as life shall last.

A cocktail may be many things;

Or so says Webster and,  
May the Great Gods of the Universe,  
Grant that it may be  
All of these things to us!

Carl To Patricia  
June 5, 1965