

O N FIRST UNCAPPING STUTRUD'S BREW

WITH APOLOGIES
TO JOHN KEATS

Much have I travell'd in the realms of ale,
And many handsome hops and bitters quaffed;
And many oaken kegs have I been fore and aft,
Which oracles bound to Ceres do foretell;
To the western wind have I hoisted seven sail,
Where mighty Dionysus shook and laughed;
And begged a token of hearty Falstaff,
Like a free card for getting out of jail.
How comes it that this beverage so clear
Obtains the sacred ripeness that is all,
An effervescence pyrotechnic to the ear --
I drink it down and hear the holy call.
For I have supped with the gods of beer
Silent, on a Summit in Saint Paul.

-MICHAEL FINLEY

