



# BEER BEACON

By Sue Griskonis

## Beer Poetry

The tasters all drowsy from a long winter snooze,  
greeted spring at the pub to taste summer brews.  
The regulars attended and a new guy did too,  
at the **Buffalo Brew Pub** not far from you.  
Loretta waited with Hop Jack and Vinny,  
while Magistrate talked to the new guy named Hippy.  
Hippy likes his beer German after long days of smoking,  
Hippy likes his beer blonde, in the hours of toking.  
We all gathered 'round to taste what Bill had brought,  
identities revealed after sips and deep thought.  
"Vanilla Candles," chirped Loretta as her nose rose,  
from the first beer Bill poured one we wouldn't have chosen.  
"It's too light in the lager." "It hangs in the mouth,"  
and "Is this a pilsner?" was heard all about.  
**Sam Adams White Ale** was revealed as the first.  
Bill served up the second to quench our deep thirst.  
"Poor American wheat," grumbled Hop Jack who slumped back into his seat.  
"Musty blueberries and Pete's Wretched Wheat, agreed Vinny who felt some defeat.  
There was sulfur a bit that rose in the nose,  
while Hippy spaced out and wiggled his toes.  
**Sam Adams Summer Ale**, a seasonal brew,  
was what had apparently saddened the crew.  
A tropical coconut was in the air next,  
leaving the tasters somewhat perplexed.  
Magistrate said, "The aroma's weird and I simply can't tell...  
But one thing's for sure, I don't taste what I smell."  
Hop Jack sat up when he sipped it again,  
and gave us his thoughts on this summer blend.  
"It must have a lot of wheat in the mix,  
to make it so cloudy and balanced like this."  
**Sam Adam's Hefeweizen**, what a surprise!  
Sam Adam's was popular with this enterprise.  
Magistrate guessed a cyser for the next one Bill brought,  
and Hippy was happy with what his tongue caught.  
But in the nose was something a little bit phony,  
Like the aromatic plastics in My Little Pony.  
Loretta liked the aftertaste as much as one could,  
and Vinny agreed it was bizarre but real good.  
**Magic Hat, Braggot** was revealed from its cover.  
And we drank up our glasses as Bill poured another.  
Magistrate said, "Sour style Belgian, with raspberries too,  
if this is a Frambroise, then I think it'll do!  
Loretta liked the bubbles on her palate and turned  
to Hop Jack who said the Brit's would be burned.  
"The Brits like this style really clear," Hop Jack schooled,  
and Hippy agreed, but we were all fooled.  
An **Ephemere** blackberry currant **Wheat Ale**,  
was the beer in our hands and a taste in this tale.  
"The effervescence detracts from the other flavors," Hop Jack said,  
"and with Evil's diabetes, he'd certainly be dead."  
"There isn't much body and yeah it's real sweet,"  
said Loretta to Hippy as they winked and rubbed feet.  
It was **Unibroue 2005**, which drew such dissent,  
but we went home happy to the tune of 10%!



*This is my last column in this great paper for beer.*