

John Surowiecki

Vodka Martini *à la* Menelaus

He says he likes his dirty,
which means taking the silver
out of it, dimming with a lacy
green fog the sparkle of stars,
a low mist that makes an August swamp
out of January's perfection.

It's water after all: *woda, wodka*.
Would he drink murky water?
No, no, but he's Greek. He loves olives.
They ooze the plasma of his enemies,
of Theseus, Paris, despised Deiphobus.
As for purity, screw that.

