

Less Vodka, More Beer

Darrell Petska

Beside me sat a Purple Cow
plain as day on a barstool.
You're thinking I was drunk? And how,
despite my self-imposed rule

to drink less vodka and more beer.
But that cow, at end of day,
lent a more empathetic ear
than my cheap pals out to prey

on the contents of my billfold.
She read me well, head to toes,
her motives pure, her heart all gold.
With her, I forgot my woes.

Such a godsend, that Purple Cow,
batting her big eyes at me
as if to suggest that somehow
fate had brought us hock to knee.

I reached to hold her dainty hoof,
acknowledging her sweetness—
without adieu or parting poof,
she disappeared. In distress

I paid my tab, Purple Cow's, too,
and set out to find her tracks.
So many bars but not a moo.
Then brandishing a broadax:

my doubting wife, exhaling fire.
She whacked me across my brow
and torched me in her red hot ire.
No sweat. Thank that Purple Cow!