

DAVID COOPER

EVENING DRAM

Acrylic on panel \$300.00 15 x 15 inches



Leaving the celebration early was my Father's fault. It was on the eve of his sixty-fifth Birthday party and after a few drinks in began to regale us with tales of wandering ghosts and thirsty angels. As I crossed the company grounds in the rain I thought about the man who had no intentions of retiring simply because he loved this job so much. Approaching the warehouse more wet than dry I had been forewarned of the little creatures that found their homes among the barrels buried within. One old oil lantern awaited me along with a box of matches near the entrance. A few matches later I proceeded down the long hallway towards the back of the warehouse seeking out the prize that had only been opened this very morning in celebration of Father's big day.

A singular barrel sat alone in an open space now touched by the glow of my lantern. With no one but myself and the ghosts yet to visit I grabbed the bung that had been pushed back into the hole and gave it a hardy tug. Actually a couple of hardy tugs and then the bung popped free. To the side sat the whisky thief that had been used earlier to draw out the dark spirit trapped within. Out of my rain slicker I produced the means to

taste the fine uisce beatha that I heard so much about. By now my space was enveloped by new heady aromas on top of the barrel smells that were already there in the warehouse.

One sip from my glencairn and the warm elixir pushed away the dampness of the rain and made my little space feel somewhat cozy. Suddenly I wanted to share what I had with any and all the spirits that might roam free around me. I imagined myself the angel that flew down to earth to claim its share. It took a lot of skill, energy, and time to get this fine dram to this very moment and in this dark dank warehouse I stood alone in the warm light of my lantern. It was then that I realized this liquid which my Father called the water of life had to be shared and celebrated with others.

Celebrate your life.

Slainte