

The Midlife Mixologist

Her bar cart was legendary- stocked like a library,
each bottle chosen not for label but for story.

A smoky scotch from a lover long gone.

A gin infused with lavender that
reminded her of her grandmother's garden.

A bottle of champagne permanently chilled, "just in case."

She didn't just pour drinks. She crafted moments.
With a flick of her wrist, she could build a martini that tasted
like confidence or a margarita that felt like revenge.

Her cocktails came layered with intention - sweet,
bitter, sharp, smooth. Like her. People gathered in her
kitchen as if it were holy ground. Strangers left as
confidantes, carrying secrets they hadn't planned to spill.

She never pushed. She just mixed, stirred, and listened.
Midnight confessions poured out as smooth
as Blanton's bourbon over ice.

Chaos often followed, but she welcomed it.
Broken toasts, tears on napkins, laughter too loud for the
hour. Her nights were symphonies of imperfection,
always top-shelf, never watered down.

They said her drinks were dangerous,
not for the alcohol but for the clarity.
Because if she served you twice, you might
walk away with a truth you weren't ready to face.
And she wouldn't apologize. She'd only raise her glass
and say, "Better neat than numb."

Sherry McGuire
Alchemyic Artisan