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DRINKS MENU

A Magazine for Thirsty Readers

#1

A Toast to Our Inaugural Issue

By Gabriel De Santis

Welcome to the bar, word lovers!

Pull up a stool and get ready to indulge in the first issue of Drinks Menu - the literary magazine brought to you by the Amsterdam chapter of "Writing Under the Influence."

Every Tuesday, our diverse global group gathers at Vice Versa to share drinks and unleash our creativity through a series of writing sprints. Now, we're thrilled to extend that spirited energy beyond our local meetups and share our talents with the world.

Within these pages, you'll find a curated collection of works - most penned in English, with a few pieces sprinkled in Spanish and German. After all, a good drink knows no language boundaries, and neither does great writing. The contributions are arranged from shortest to longest, allowing you to pace your literary imbibing accordingly.

Our objective is to celebrate the joy of the written word, unrestrained by themes or genres. Whether you favor a classic cocktail or are adventurous enough to try our weekly cask-strength special, we've crafted this literary menu to satisfy every palate.

So, take a sip, flip the pages, and get ready to be intoxicated by the talent on display. Printed copies are coming soon, with new issues planned for every few months. We hope you'll become a regular at our bar and join us in toasting to the beauty of the written word.

Cheers!

The Bartender of Drinks Menu

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Two poems

By Tilman

Kein Frühling mehr

Ein suchender Blick auf die Uhr:
ja, der Zeiger bewegt sich, nur
wie auch das Herz in mir schlägt
und der Atem mich durch die Welt trägt,
so bleibt die Erinnerung an dich,
an rotblaue Lippen, an Liebeslicht,
ein Teil von mir im Angesicht
einer Maiwiese voll Vergissmeinnicht.

Ein Gedicht für Dich

Viele Blüten in den Gräsern
Setzen wie du einen feinen Akzent
Sie summen mir wie Bienen in den Gläsern
Wo man noch keinen Ausweg kennt.

Ich sehe dich an und fühle bewundernd
Wie als dein Blick den meinen traf
Für dich würde ich die Welt unrunden
Wie der Vogel der zur Reise bat.

Vor mir lockt der Duft den ich begehre
Und das Gelingen scheint so fern
Aber auch wenn ich mich noch so wehre
Denke ich nichts anderes, als an dich gern.

Tilman

A stride through a spring meadow, a passage through an autumn forest. A glance over lakes, seas and mountains. Tilman writes poems and novellas. For this issue about the optimism and pessimism of love.

Two poems

By Gabriel De Santis

Atardecer

En su cara había un infinito
y la memoria deshacía sus pupilas
como una carta navegando el océano.
sus mil palabras estrelladas en el mar

No hay boca más profunda que su silencio
ni mayor misterio que un pliegue
diminuto
las horas y luego años

¿Dónde está el pedacito de acordeón
que posaste en tu mejilla o brazos?

Vi suspiros, también el no saber,
vi algo que enmudeció mi ver,
vi la música, vi las olas que engullían
barcos, velas y vi el atardecer
traslucido en un iris esquivo
como el vivir, como el querer

Deja que el viento hable

La puerta azul que no abre
una casa en llamas
el viento destroza las celosías
y los gritos

No se oye nada
solo pequeños gestos
el crac de unas ramas
y una inmensa mirada
como un libro la historia encerrada
a punto de estallar ante ti

Gabriel De Santis

Messenger without
message.

Solace

By Tom Fuchs

I remember my grief and
with it comes my exhaustion,
Or is it the lack of caffeine?
I try to remember how I felt
when I first found out there
were other religions
and exoticism overwhelmed me and
I gave in to the belief that the
Daoists might be on to something,
It seemed like
Mohommud really had it figured out,
or was it Baha'ullah?
We're all children of Abraham after all,
Maybe that seed of godliness in all
of us is in me as well,
hard to tell through my headache,
- my inner Buddha is small today,
Maybe after a few months of sleep
I will return to the path of enlightenment,
Seeking awe I forget to see
divine in mundane -
and drugs don't do the trick anymore,
not like the moment a mother
sees her baby for the first time
breathing and as real as anything,
something like seeing Jesus heal
the sick but resenting him as some
kid I knew from my home town,
I'm not sure whether I'd
raise a sword against
my family no matter what Krsna says,
Fixated on myself I wonder why
Azazel was to expect our sin-
filled goat or why adam and eve were
made twice,
do the squirrels three trees over

Tom Fuchs

Tom Fuchs was born left-handed. In poetry and songs, he tells stories of loss, longing, and love, transporting you to a time and place where things may have once been better.