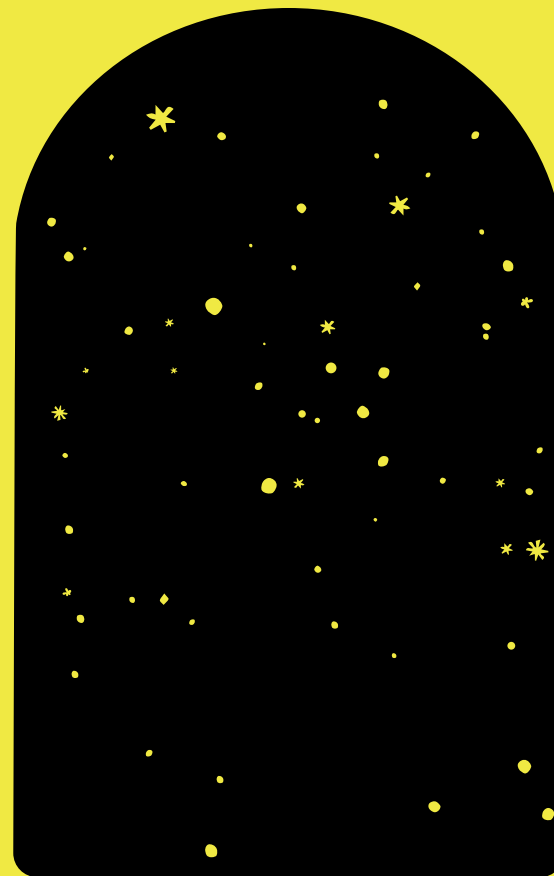


✦ TRICK DOG ✦

In Good Spirits

One part poetry anthology,
two parts cocktail menu



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Foreword

The first time I became aware of the concept of a cocktail, I was 8. My grandparents were looking after my sister and me while my parents were in New Orleans for a science conference. A few days in, my grandmother asked me, “Where do they keep the alcohol?” Her signature drink was a gimlet, I learned. But we had no limes, no Rose’s lime juice, and I can’t remember if we had gin or not. What I do remember is that she settled for a screwdriver. She wasn’t a big drinker, but she loved cocktail hour—like many who were born during Prohibition and came into their social prime during the era of cocktail parties in the 50s and 60s.

My knowledge of cocktails would remain without nuance until I worked at a well-worn gin joint in college, around the same time I began to take poetry seriously. As the bartender talked me through a Sazerac, I found the ritual of its preparation complex and alluring. There was both the priming of the glass, which had to be chilled with ice cubes and then rinsed with absinthe, and the making of the drink itself. I thought immediately of one of my favorite definitions of poetry—*the best words in the best order*. A cocktail similarly emphasizes both materials and sequence. For instance, a Sazerac can’t be made with any old whiskey—it can’t be bourbon, it has to be a spicy rye. The bartender carved an inch of lemon peel with a knife, careful not to catch any pith. In fact, he told me, a Sazerac is not a Sazerac if the lemon peel comes into direct contact with the drink. He twisted it over the glass and then discarded it, the essence of lemon like a thought cloud above the drink.

What poetry and cocktails have in common is craft. They are devised. They are arranged. They are carefully made with consumption in mind. A poet drafts a poem and reads it aloud, examining its performance on the tongue, in the ear, in the mind. The creation of a cocktail is an intellectual pursuit, too—with thought given to how sensations contrast, collide, and complement one another. A sort of prosody. The maker takes a sip to test a cocktail—and in that moment, they are pretending to be someone else, tasting it for the first time.

This book—one part anthology, two parts menu—pairs luminous Trick Dog cocktails with poems, crafted thing with crafted thing. Notice how each was made just for you. How a poem might lure sensation from your body—the feeling of a “light bless of sweat” or a “frozen tongue,” the smell of a cigarette, the feel of a bee sting, the texture of cake crumbs. How a cocktail might taste like a person you once loved, or smell like afternoon on the other side of the world. Poetry and drink have the capacity to resurrect or transform the familiar, to make what is known feel once again strange or extraordinary. You know something was carefully made when it changes you a little.

Katharine Ogle

Editor, In Good Spirits

Authors

Catherine Pond

Sturgeon Moon

Richard Kenney

Classical Proportions

Martial, trans. Tyler Goldman

Epigram I.27

Aimee Nezhukumatathil

When Lucille Bogan Sings
'Shave 'Em Dry'

Lisa Russ Spaar

Snowed

Tiana Clark

Proof

Bill Carty

Poem

Megan Fernandes

May to December

David St. John

Absinthe

Michelle Peñaloza

You Can't Scare Me

James Lewis Tucker

Instructions for Making

Russell Dillon

Eternal Patrol

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Love is Not All

Emily Dickinson

I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed

Alex Dimitrov

The Years

Langston Hughes

Dreams

Katharine Ogle

Editor

Food

QD Mission Dog \$15

Butterflied all-beef hot dog, strip of bacon, fire-roasted jalapeño spread, sautéed onion, mustard, “Doggie” sauce, served on a hot dog bun.

Quik Dog Burger \$15

5 oz. house-ground chuck & brisket patty, lettuce, onion, pickles, American cheese, “Doggie” sauce, served on a hot dog bun.

Quik Nuggets \$15

8 oz. portion of buttermilk-brined crispy chicken nuggets. Comes with honey mustard and BBQ sauce.

QD French Fries \$9

Thrice-cooked Kennebec potatoes. Comes with ketchup and “Doggie” sauce.

Veggie QD Mission Dog \$16

Butterflied Field Roast vegetarian frankfurter, fire-roasted jalapeño spread, sautéed onion, mustard, “Doggie” sauce, served on a hot dog bun.

‘Beyond’ Quik Dog Burger \$16

5 oz. “Beyond” vegetarian patty, lettuce, onion, pickles, American cheese, “Doggie” sauce, served on a hot dog bun.

Crispy Chicken Sando \$15

Buttermilk-brined crispy chicken nuggets, lettuce, onion, pickles, “Doggie” sauce, served on a hot dog bun.

Famous Kale Salad \$15

Curly kale, avocado, parmesan, pepitas, and slow-cooked egg yolk dressing.

Before & After Dinner Drinks \$15

Trick Dog Aperitif #2

Hidalgo amontillado sherry, Gran Classico Bitter, Carpano Antica Formula

Metaphor

Hidalgo Manzanilla Pasada Pastrana, Santa Teresa 1796 rum, Velvet Falernum, ube, cinnamon, mint, lime

Irony

Japanese Oka Kura Bermutto sake vermouth, Capurro pisco, Chareau aloe liqueur, watermelon, msg

Personification

Martini & Rossi Rubino vermouth, Woodford Reserve bourbon, Angostura bitters

Slam Poetry \$8 Shots

Duracell

Mr. Black cold brew liqueur, Ketel One vodka, Cardamaro, dalgona coffee

Apple Hill

Maker’s Mark bourbon, apple, hibiscus, lime cordial

Porn Star

Reyka vodka, passionfruit, vanilla, lime cordial *served w/ a shot of sparkling wine

Softcore *non-alc*

Seedlip Grove, passionfruit, vanilla, lime cordial *served w/ a shot of n/a sparkling wine

Couplets \$14 Highballs

Shakespeare

Orange wine and cream soda

Pope

Kikori Japanese whisky and umeshu fizzy water

Yeats

Punt e Mes and Squirt

St. Vincent Millay *non-alc*

Martini & Rossi Floreale and tonic water

Sturgeon Moon

I was born at the watery nexus
of three mountains

where the sun glows in a small circle of fire
before negating itself each night,

like an author crossing out
her own name.

Once a year I begin again
in the dark,

looking for something
to set my heart on.

Garnet. Gunmetal water
I glide across, gulping at the light.

I am the occult
lover you dreamed of as a little girl.

I can make sense
of early August, the admirable

breath-work of oceans,
and everything else.

I control the tide. I can tell
you were born from water

your mother from fire
your father from air

– *Catherine Pond*

Sturgeon Moon

*Banks 5 rum
Åhus Akvavit
Vermut Lacuesta
cucumber
sumac
Greek yogurt
lime*

Served on crushed ice

Classical Proportions

Wyoming whiskey

Copalli cacao rum

St. George pear eau-de-vie

Angostura bitters

Served on a big ice cube

Classical Proportions

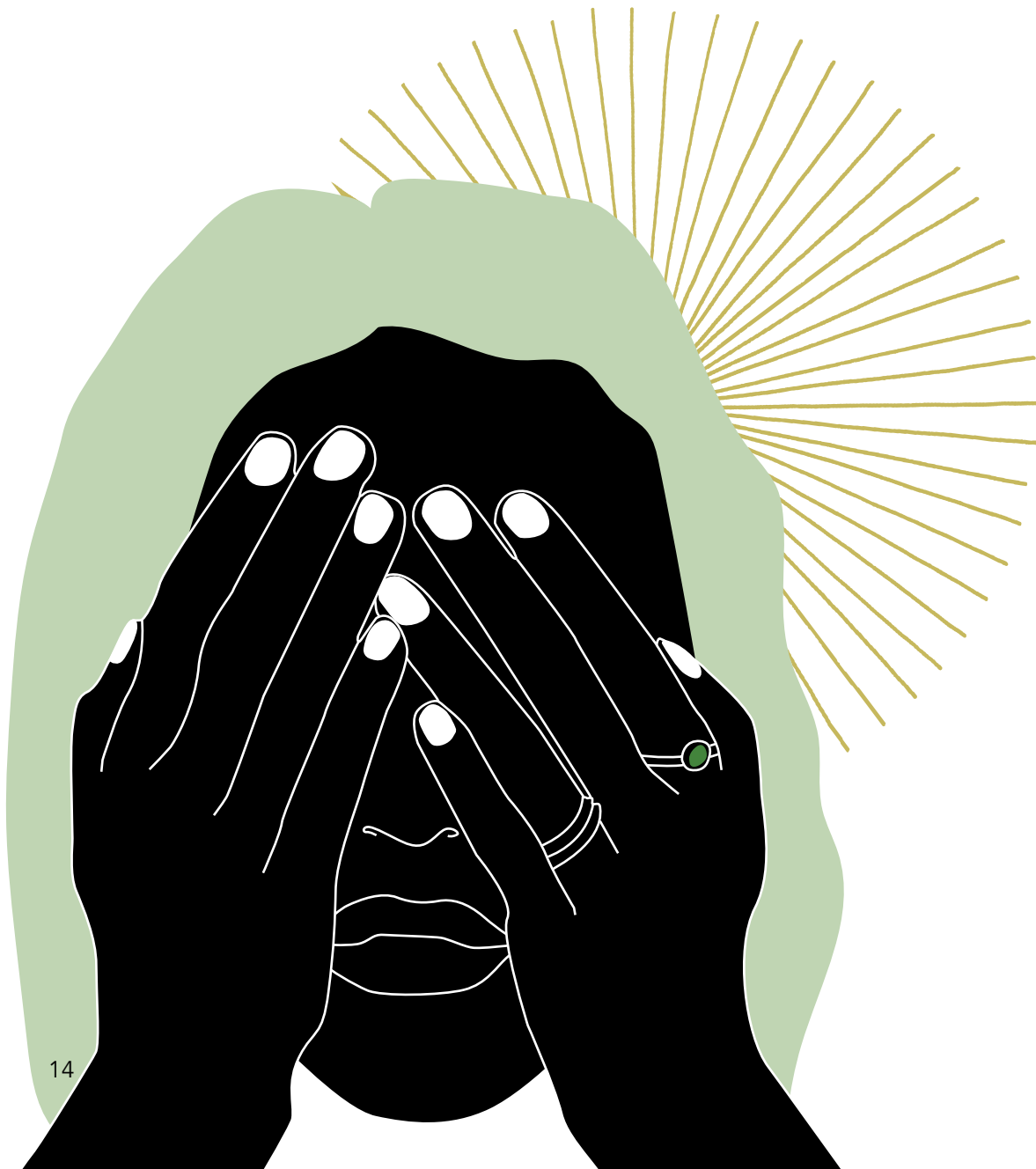
Seven heads tall the human is
Compassed in the eye.

Five eyes wide the face is
Facing sky.

As big as a face the hand is
Splayed wide.

As big as both hands the head is
When the human cries.

– *Richard Kenney*



Epigram I.27

Hesternā tibi nocte dixeramus,
quincunces puto post decem peractos,
cenaes hodie, Procille, mecum.
tu factam tibi rem statim putasti
et non sobria verba subnotasti
exemplo nimium periculoso:
Μισῶ μνάμονα συμπόταν, Procille.

– *Martial ca. 40-104 CE*

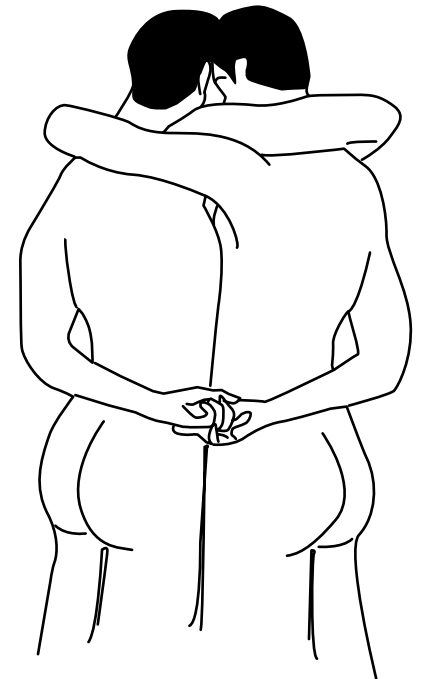
Last night I invited you,
after we killed, what, fifty-something cups,
to come and eat some food with me today.
Right then and there you thought the thing was done
and took me at my not-so-sober word.
A very risky thing to do: *I hate*
a drinking bud whose memory is good.

– *Translated from Latin by Tyler Goldman*

Epigram I.27

Sagamore rye whiskey
Hidalgo manzanilla sherry
Bénédictine
pineapple honey
orange bitters
absinthe

Served neat



Shave 'Em Dry

Tequila Ocho plata

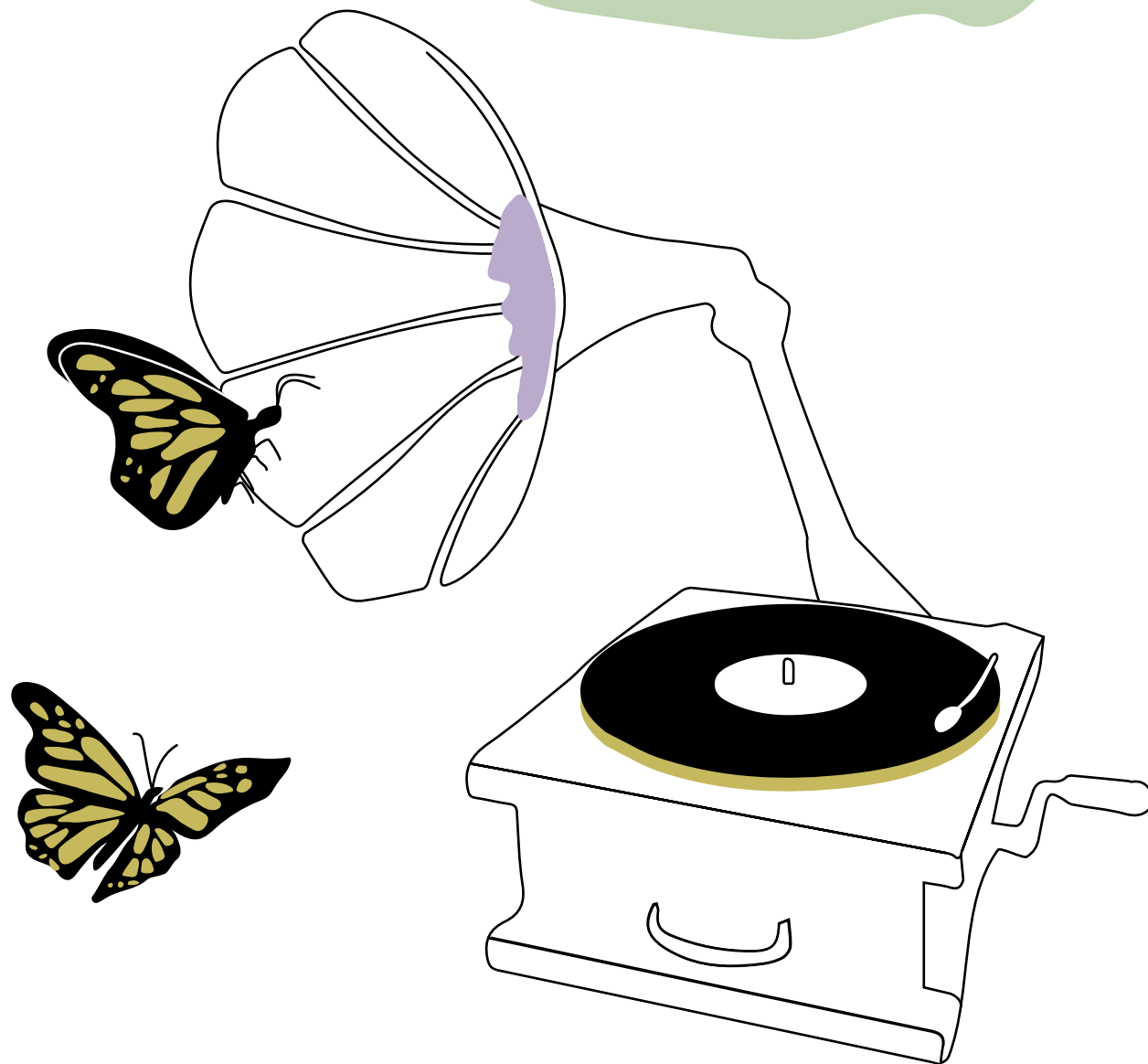
Opuntia prickly pear eau-de-vie

Granada-Vallet pomegranate amaro

Martini & Rossi Bianco vermouth

lime

Served up



When Lucille Bogan Sings 'Shave 'Em Dry'

I blush quicker than a school of blue jack mackerel
arranging itself into an orb of dazzle to avoid

nips and gulps from the dolphins who've been silently
trailing them, waiting for them to relax. When I hear

her growl—her scratch-thirst and giggle when she drops
swear words pressed to wax—I can't even look him

in the eye when I ask him to give it a good listen
with me. But he does, ever patient, and we both get

a light bless of sweat on, a bright address that still maps
us to each other after all this time. When I read him

the lyrics, the pink of my cheeks is like the pink
of an orchid mantis. Just when you least expect it,

the pretend flower will reach out and snatch a butterfly
from the air. When I say *flower* I mean what her song

does in the cicada-electric Mississippi night. When I say
pink I mean nectar I mean a long kiss good and sweet.

– Aimee Nezhukumatathil

Snowed

*Grey Goose vodka
Martini & Rossi Fiero
Hidalgo amontillado sherry
orange
vanilla
Fennel N°5
lime*

Served on crushed ice

Snowed

In fondant ice, each inky branch
is new-seen, bowed.
When “for ever after” is exposed

as “now,” is that invention?
Or merely what’s beyond plot’s reach?
I choose the latter, breaching

impossibly without past
or future, a frozen tongue
lipping the roof’s ledge.

Why not fall, like the comet’s char?
As in: I never dreamed of this.
Yet here you are.

– *Lisa Russ Spaar*

Proof

I once made a diorama from a shoebox
for a man I loved. I was never a crafty person,

but found tiny items at an art store and did my best
to display the beginning bud of our little love,

a scene recreating our first kiss in his basement
apartment, origin story of an eight-year marriage.

In the dollhouse section, I bought a small ceiling fan.
Recreated his black leather couch, even found miniscule

soda cans for the cardboard counters that I cut and glued.
People get weird about divorce. Think it's contagious.

Think it dirty. I don't need to make it holy, but it purifies—
It's clear. Sometimes the science is simple. Sometimes

people love each other but don't need each other
anymore. Though, I think the tenderness can stay

(if you want it too). I forgive and keep forgiving,
mostly myself. People still ask, *what happened?*

I know you want a reason, a caution to avoid, but
life rarely tumbles out a cheat sheet. Sometimes

nobody is the monster. I keep seeing him for the first
time at the restaurant off of West End where we met

and worked and giggled at the micros. I keep seeing
his crooked smile and open server book fanned with cash

before we would discover and enter another world
and come back barreling to this one, astronauts

for the better and for the worse, but still spectacular
as we burned back inside this atmosphere to live

separate lives inside other shadow boxes we cannot see.
I remember I said *I hate you* once when we were driving

back to Nashville, our last long distance. I didn't mean it.
I said it to hurt him, and it did. I regret that I was capable

of causing pain. I think it's important to implicate
the self. The knife shouldn't exit the cake clean.

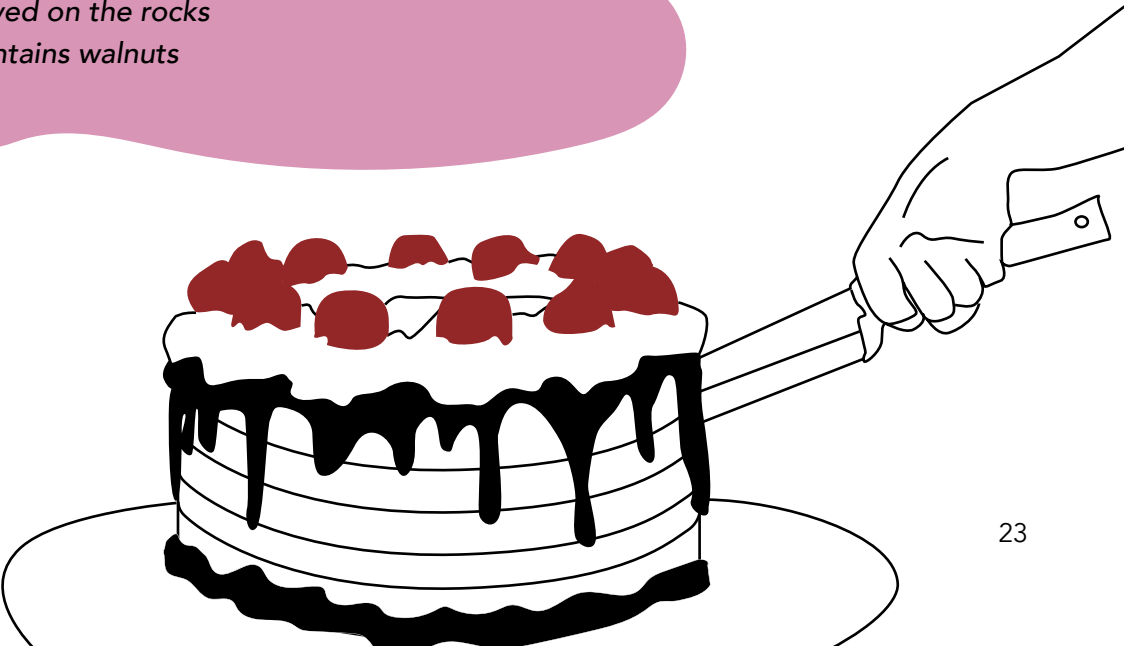
There is still some residue, some proof of puncture,
some scars you graze to remember the risk.

– *Tiana Clark*

Proof

Jack Daniel's Bottled-in-Bond Tennessee whiskey
Mommenpop Meyer Lemonpop aperitif
Brucato Amaro Orchards
Luxardo apricot liqueur
lemon

Served on the rocks
**contains walnuts*



Poem

Bear took a walk in the woods. Then he found a banana.
He liked the ring of it. (It was a telephone.) He thought

it nice to chase that sound. A parrot from a palm said
Over there in French and made bananas dear to him.

What? Through language he had never spoken?
There were many words for the words he was given.

There was *baba* and *nana*. There was living far
and living near. There was the trick of making this

from that. Which felt like a rush. Like he'd hardly been
a cub at all. Was never told *Don't put that in your mouth*.

Or, young again, had finally learned to part honeybee
from its sting. So his heart went *brrring, brrring*

through the forest. And we are left to hear it leave,
like a laugh does. Or be left, like a rind.

– *Bill Carty*

Poem

*TD rum blend
Aberfeldy 12 year old scotch
verjus
cereal orgeat
banana
lime
Angostura bitters
Served on crushed ice
contains nuts



May to December

By August, we are sluggish with love and slide two barrettes into the night of my hair. Like twin fireflies. Like rabbit feet dyed blue and downhearted, stamping the side of my head. July's shadow is almost rot and we haven't spoken in days. I play pool with Mik and count the ways he sinks ball after ball while I await the doom of going second, soon regret letting him break. I bet on this game. I bet on the waning of light, fame. I know most things dim. It's hot when I leave the bar and I say *Come, sun, you muscular star*, thinking heatstroke might strike this state of weather from my heart. The trigger of seasons, the treasons of these city streets. Orchard and Broome. We loom. We make reasons and room for why things can't work; we lurk into autumn. We warm our hands for October's plume. We say soon, soon, soon something will be revealed. We fool no one and are no one's fool, least of all the late summer gods who know a burn, who rope in hope, who prepare us for a meal of dead light. In August, I want snow. I want July. Midsummer prophet sight. Belief. Faith. A cathedral with all her weight. A winter love. A new year. A regal infancy. A Sunday, born.

– *Megan Fernandes*

May to December

Cazadores blanco tequila
Cointreau
arugula
black pepper
lime

Served on the rocks

Absinthe

There is nothing like it in nature
No leaf so iridescent in its gleam just

Think of the way light passes through
The glass on the cafe table firing

The air around it with the fierce
Current of the brain corroding back

To its own nature which is
To say this animal hunger rising

Through the flesh & visionary hopes
Of the whole assembled tableau of

Losers derelicts actors saltimbanques
Painters widows thieves who populate

A century lit by this glass finger-lantern
Of glowing rage

– *David St. John*

Absinthe

The Botanist gin
Salers aperitif
kiwi-tomatillo cordial
pink peppercorn
lemon

Served up
**this drink contains*
no absinthe



You Can't Scare Me

My tita texts me a picture
of a t-shirt that reads
You Can't Scare Me
My Wife Is Filipino.
A mid-flap Filipino flag frames
You Can't Scare Me My Wife Is
while a cartoon machete punctuates
the oversized punchline
FILIPINO!
My tita texts to ask if I want one
for my white husband
and for a moment I picture him
as one of the white men at Fil-Am BBQs
Oh no, I'll just stick to the lumpia
getting sunburned and drinking Coors
whispering to his wife to tell her friends
to only speak English when he's around
and I hold down the HAHA button on
my tita's text, my "laughter" bubbling
next to her question and I reply
I don't think he'd wear it, but
thank you! And I don't write
but remember all the times I've
heard her say *We're not Filipino,*
We're American and how many times I've been
asked when I came to this country and what it means
for the whole of your life to be determined
by having been born in one place and not
the other and my tita replies *OK everyone else*
wanted one and I don't know if she means
my other titas each wanted one for their
white husbands too or if the white men
they married, my uncles, each wanted one

for themselves, but the more I think about it
the more I think about what a woman might
want a machete for. Clearing a path of balete roots.
Scaling fish. Opening a coconut. Keeping a man
an arm and a machete's length away from you.

– Michelle Peñaloza

You Can't Scare Me

George Dickel rye whisky
Highland Park 12 year old scotch
Amaro Angeleno
grapefruit shrub
black cardamom
lemon

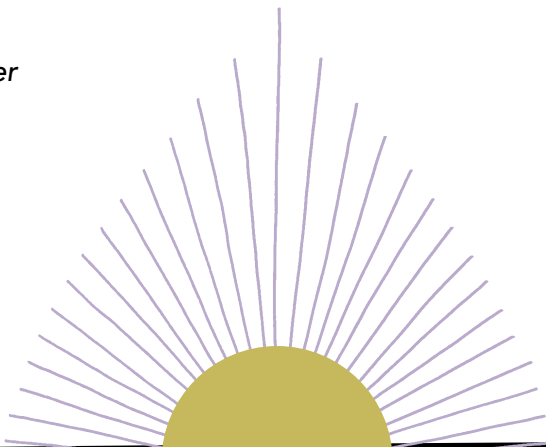
Served on the rocks



Instructions for Making

- Be alone
- Be half-asleep
- Be sitting
- Be undistinguishable
- Be reading
- Be hungry
- Be uncomfortable
- Be wanting
- Be needy
- Be aware
- Be still

– James Lewis Tucker



Instructions for Making

- Union mezcal
- Singani 63
- umeshu
- genmaicha
- yuzu
- honey
- salt

Served on a big ice cube



Eternal Patrol

There will be no return, and you’ve not said goodbye.

We dive, and break surface, just as juniper
breaks into gin, just as wine haunts on as its former
grape. Often, everything, on one unending course.

But I know that’s untrue. And you know our maps
extend to the edges of unthorough imagination.
It is romantic to be beneath the sea in a time of war,

yet these hopes are overdue, presumed lost.
Stern-rigid difficulties and an imagined apology
for things we’ve submerged beyond seeing.

The air, and its oceans, they want to break into you.
I’m bringing this, and my ignorant translation of light.
It is Christmas morning. Your mother is crying,

and so are you, both trapped or dead beneath this ice,
within these pressures, these peekings, these tiny bits of glass.

– *Russell Dillon*

Eternal Patrol

AMASS dry gin
Hidalgo manzanilla sherry
Hidalgo vermut la gitana
Luxumus
Trick D Ceybon apollinaire
Served up



Love is Not All

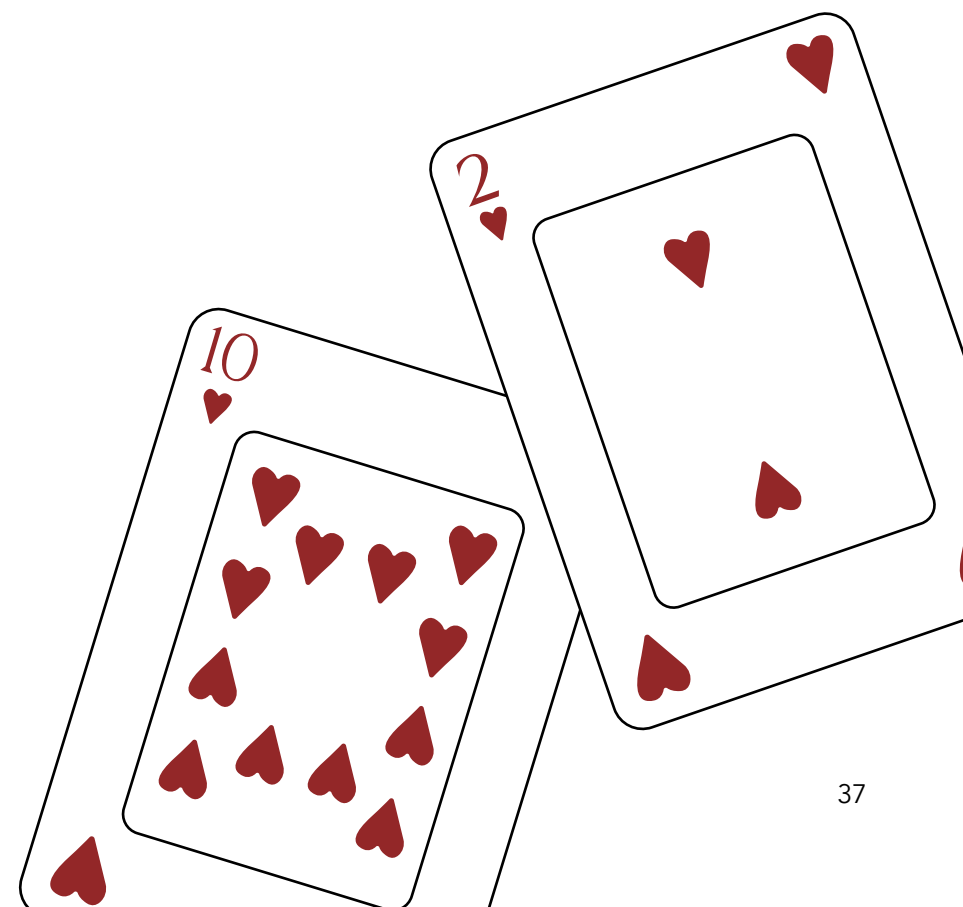
*Christian Drouin calvados
Argonaut Speculator brandy
Hidalgo cream sherry
orgeat
celery
sesame
lemon*

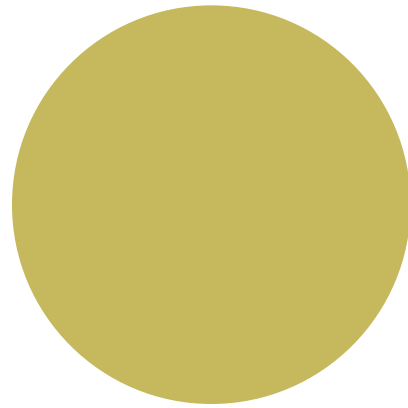
*Served up
contains nuts

Love is Not All

Love is not all: it is not meat nor drink
Nor slumber nor a roof against the rain;
Nor yet a floating spar to men that sink
And rise and sink and rise and sink again;
Love can not fill the thickened lung with breath,
Nor clean the blood, nor set the fractured bone;
Yet many a man is making friends with death
Even as I speak, for lack of love alone.
It well may be that in a difficult hour,
Pinned down by pain and moaning for release,
Or nagged by want past resolution's power,
I might be driven to sell your love for peace,
Or trade the memory of this night for food.
It well may be. I do not think I would.

– *Edna St. Vincent Millay*





I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed *non-alc*

Seedlip Spice

ube

cinnamon

lime

Served on crushed ice

I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed

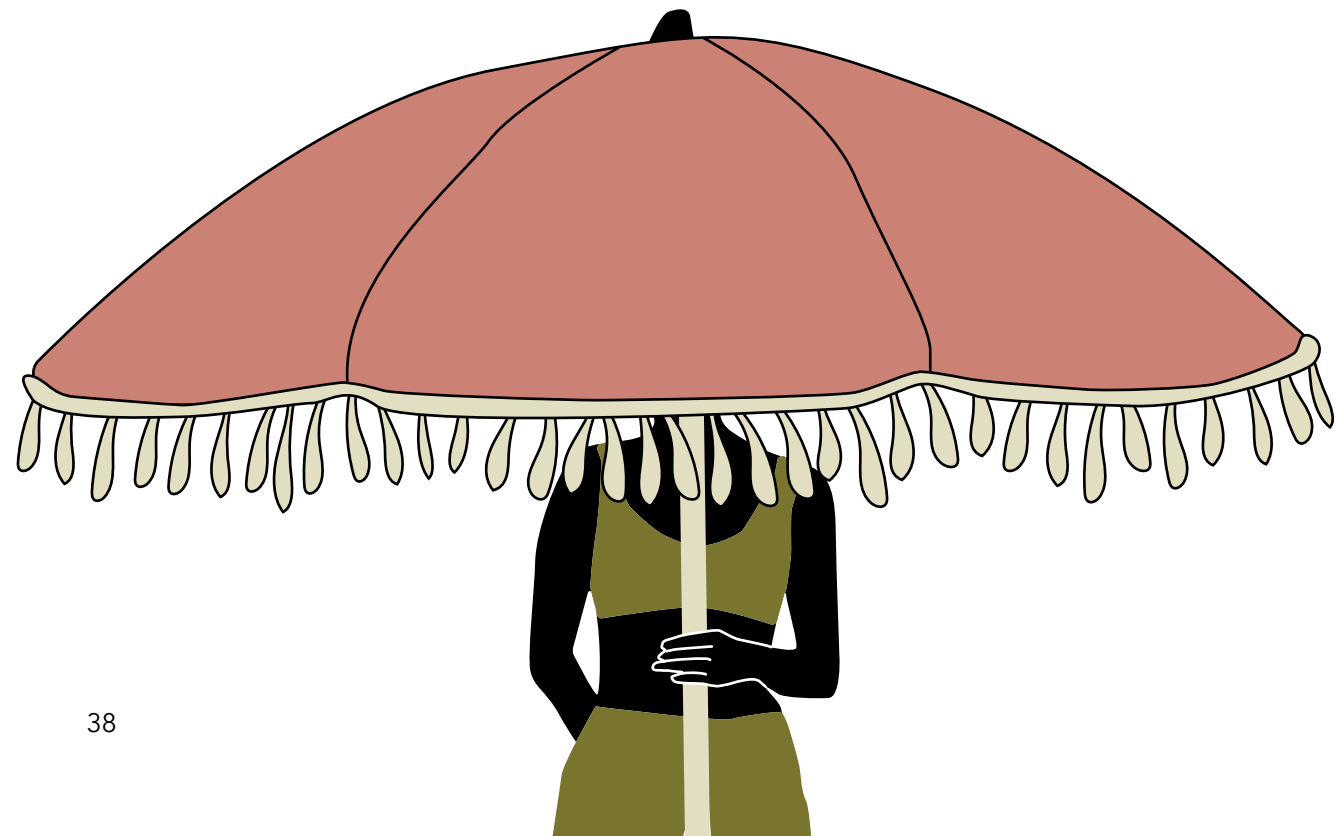
I taste a liquor never brewed –
From Tankards scooped in Pearl –
Not all the Frankfort Berries
Yield such an Alcohol!

Inebriate of air – am I –
And Debauchee of Dew –
Reeling – thro' endless summer days –
From inns of molten Blue –

When "Landlords" turn the drunken Bee
Out of the Foxglove's door –
When Butterflies – renounce their "drams" –
I shall but drink the more!

Till Seraphs swing their snowy Hats –
And Saints – to windows run –
To see the little Tippler
Leaning against the – Sun!

– *Emily Dickinson*



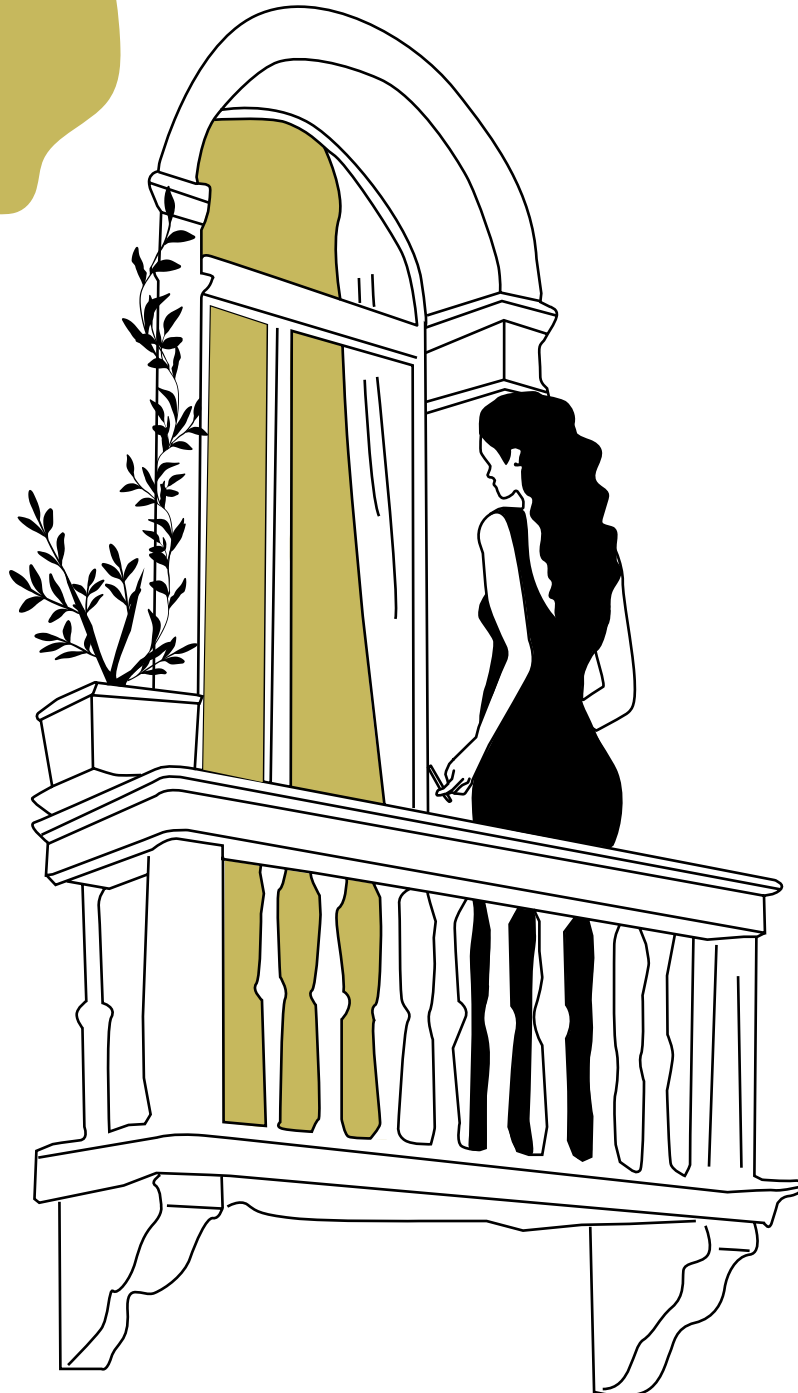
The Years *non-alc*

Seedlip Garden 108

Martini & Rossi Floreale

Three Spirits Nightcap

Served up



The Years

All the parties you spent
watching the room
from a balcony
where someone joined you
to smoke then returned.
And how it turns out no one
had the childhood they wanted,
and how they'd tell you this
a little drunk, a little slant
in less time than it took
to finish a cigarette
because sad things
can't be explained.
Behind the glass and inside,
all your friends buzzed.
You could feel the shape
of their voices. You could
tell from their eyes they were
in some other place. 1999
or 2008 or last June.
Of course, it's important
to go to parties. To make
life a dress or a drink
or suede shoes someone wears
in the rain. On the way home,
in the car back, the night sky
played its old tricks. The stars
arranged themselves quietly.
The person you thought of drove
under them. Away from the party,
(just like you) into the years.

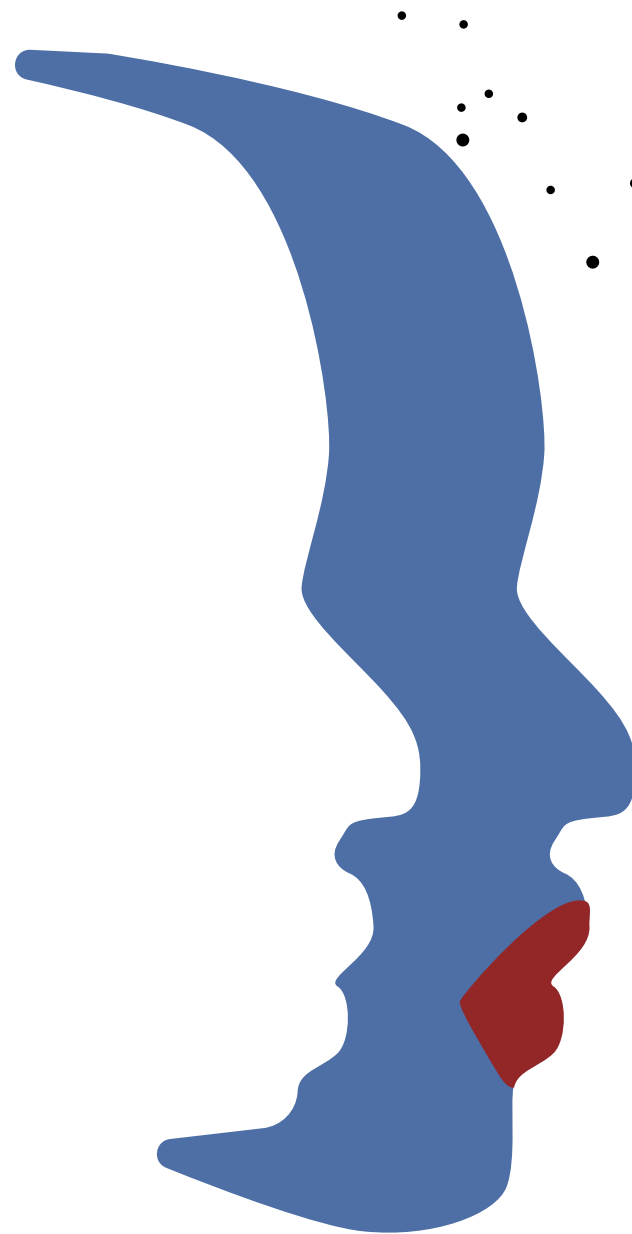
– Alex Dimitrov

Dreams

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

– *Langston Hughes*



Dreams *non-alc*

*Lyre's dark cane spirit
Wilderton Earthen
passion fruit
ginger beer
mint
lemon*

Served on crushed ice



Sherry

Fino

- La Gitana Manzanilla 10
- Hidalgo en Rama Manzanilla 16
- Pastrana Manzanilla Pasada 12

Amontillado

- Hidalgo Napoleon 10
- Bodegas Barbadillo 10

Cream

- Hidalgo Alameda 10

PX

- Hidalgo Triana 13

Oloroso

- Bodegas Barbadillo 10

Beer

- Tecate 4
- Budweiser 4
- Fort Point KSA Kölsch 7
- Anderson Valley Briney Melon Gose 5
- Alvarado Street rotating IPA 12
- Stiegl Grapefruit Radler 8
- Shacksbury Cider 8
- Aval Cidre Rosé 8
- Athletic Brewing “Upside Dawn” Golden Ale non-alc 5
- Athletic Brewing “Run Wild” IPA non-alc 5

Wine

Bubbly

- Pere Mata Brut Nature Reserva Cava 14/52
- Sovi Sparkling Wine non-alc 250ml can 12
- Sovi Sparkling Rosé non-alc 250ml can 12

Pink

- Scribe Winery Una Lou Rosé of Pinot Noir 2021 15/60
- Ferdinand Rosé 2019 375ml can 16

White

- Hiedler Loss Gruner Veltliner 2020 15/60

Orange

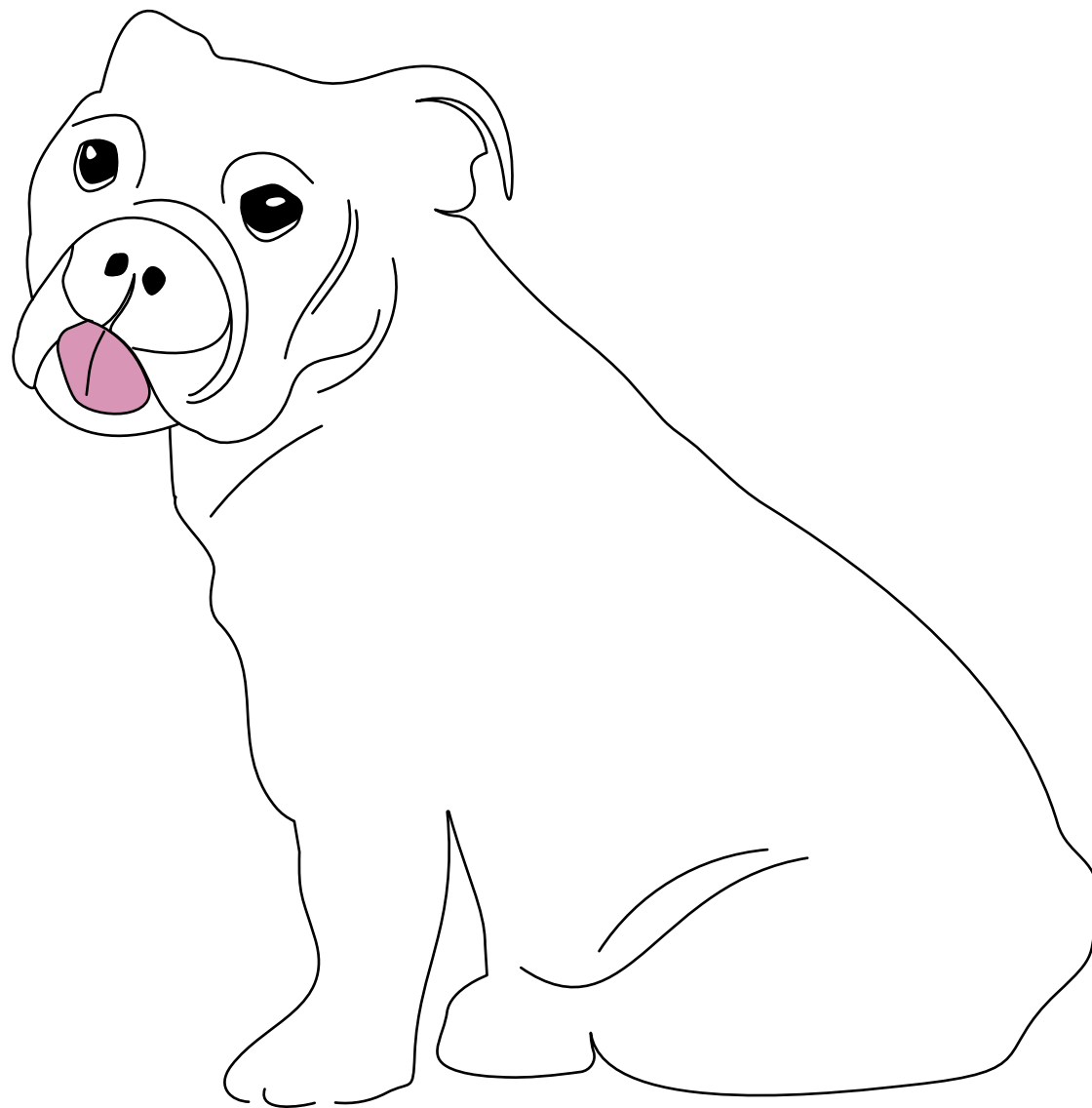
- Bon Jus Sauvignon Blanc Blend 2021 13/48

Red

- Ultraviolet Cabernet Sauvignon 2020 14/52
- Broc Cellars Love Red 375ml can 16

Soda

- Topo Chico \$5
- Bubble Up \$5
- Jarritos Pina \$5
- Mexican Coke \$5
- Cheerwine \$5
- Mexican Squirt \$5
- Casamara Club Alta \$6
- Casamara Club Sera \$6
- Sprecher Root Beer \$6



Bon Vivants Initiatives

BV Run Club

The BV Run Club is a new initiative from Bon Vivants Hospitality focused on physical, mental and social fitness. All people and all paces are welcome to join our group runs. Follow @bvrunchclub on Instagram for the latest news and runs. "Proud to cross the starting line."

BV Bottle Club

Started in 2020, the BV Bottle Club made available the extraordinary private selection single barrels that Trick Dog had under lock and key. Limited to 100 spaces, a portion of the proceeds of the BV Bottle Club supports our Bon Vivants Scholarship at ScholarMatch. The \$1,000 membership includes ten exclusive BV Hospitality private selections (some when you sign up and some over time). Treat yourself or someone you love. Head to bvbottleclub.com for more details and to sign up.

Events

We would love to host your next get-together. Whether it's a small dinner, a big feast, cocktail party, tasting event, class, wedding or spontaneous celebration, we have the perfect space and package for you. Between our multiple levels and establishments we've got you covered. Email events@bonvivants.com to find the perfect fit for your special occasion!

Bon Vivants Scholarship

All proceeds from the sales of our signed and editioned *Trick Dog: In Good Spirits* menu various other merchandise, and events will support the Bon Vivants Scholarship fund. In its first two years, the Bon Vivants Scholarship was awarded to ScholarMatch students who are the children of hospitality workers in San Francisco and the first in their family to attend college. In 2020, we adjusted the criteria to promote racial and social equity through the power of a college education. Beginning in 2021, the Bon Vivants Scholarship was awarded to a first-in-their-family-to-college Black student attending school in San Francisco. Learn more about the Bon Vivants Scholarship and make your tax-deductible donation at scholarmatch.org/bonvivants.

trickdogbar.com | @trickdogbar | quikdogs.com | @quik_dog | Contact us info@trickdogbar.com
6% SF Mandate fee will be added to all checks | Tabs left open will be closed with an additional 20% service charge

Stock-In-Trade

Menu

Trick Dog: In Good Spirits \$40

Poem Anthology Prints by Alyssa Rusin

Illustrations for purchase at alyssarusin.com/anthologyillustrations

Bon Vivants Ceramic Art Mugs

Luvhaus Trick Dog Mugs (set of 2) \$50

Bon Voyage! x Eekum Bookum Tiki Mugs produced by MunkTiki \$40

Trick Dog x The Aesthetic Union

Ink Swipe Cards (5-pack) \$30

Trick Dog Cocktail Menus

For purchase at trickdogbar.com/shop/

Quik Dog artwork by Ferris Plock

QD Tee \$20

QD Crewneck Sweatshirt \$40

QD Koozie \$6

QD Enamel Pin \$10

QD King Size Rolling Papers \$7

For purchase at quikdogsf.com/shop/



Catherine Pond
Richard Kenney
Tyler Goldman
Aimee Nezhukumatathil
Lisa Russ Spaar
Tiana Clark
Bill Carty
Megan Fernandes

David St. John
Michelle Peñaloza
James Lewis Tucker
Russell Dillon
Edna St. Vincent Millay
Emily Dickinson
Alex Dimitrov
Langston Hughes

**Behind the glass and inside,
all your friends buzzed.
You could feel the shape
of their voices. You could
tell from their eyes they were
in some other place.**

Alex Dimitrov



Acknowledgments

Richard Kenney, "Classical Proportions" was published in *Mare Nostrum*.

Aimee Nezhukumatathil, "When Lucille Bogan Sings 'Shave 'Em Dry'" was published in *Oceanic* (Copper Canyon Press, 2018).

Tiana Clark, "Proof" was published in *Poem-a-Day* on October 14, 2021, by the Academy of American Poets.

Bill Carty, "Poem" was published in 32 *Poems*, Issue 19.2 Fall/Winter 2021.

Megan Fernandes, "May to December" was published in the November 29, 2021 issue of *The New Yorker*.

David St. John, "Absinthe" was published in *Prism* (Arctos Press, 2002), alongside the photographs of Lance Patigian.

Russell Dillon, "Eternal Patrol" was published in *Eternal Patrol* (Forklift Books, 2013).

Alex Dimitrov, "The Years" was published in the April 25 & May 2, 2022 issue of *The New Yorker*.