

El Refugio Mezcales

Flights

6 half shots of mezcal
Includes botanitas

Flight of the Day

Check with your server for today's selection of mezcal and pricing

Create your Own

Choose any combination of any # of half shots — half shot is half the list price

Durango

Cenizo 150 mx

Masparilla 150 mx

de Guerrero

La Rosa: Papalote — Doña Rosa's mezcal tickles your tongue and quivers beneath your skin, like the all-consuming romance of your youth. Like a Valentine sweetheart candy, and giddy as a schoolgirl, her punch leaves you as helpless as if you were hit by Cupid's arrow. 150mx.

El Don: Papalote — Sweet and humid. Wet earth after a desert rain. The ancient cowboy sits mending his boot on the porch. The few words he speaks hit you like a Revelation. As you stand, reeling from his wisdom, Shirley Temple tap dances across the porch in a daffodil yellow dress. 150mx.

Berraco — A mezcal to end all mezcal. The Rapture has arrived: your knees shake, waves of pure pleasure tickle your insides, and you wonder if it's inappropriate to fall to your knees in gratitude of this Heavenly (yet sinful) spirit. 200mx.

Ensamble Berraco-Papalote - Sweet and spikey like Betty Boop's heels. 170mx

El Fabián — You've been transported to the realm of dakinis, where a floral explosion bursts across your palate. Joy washes over you and crescendos into a bliss so profound, you're sure that el Maestro Fabián has given you a taste of enlightenment.

Oaxaca

San Balthazar de Chichicapam

Tepestate — Like tracking a satyr through Norwegian wood on a snowy night. He is cold smoke, pine, and intrigue. Forever just out of touch, yet so enticing you can't help but follow. 100mx

Madre Cuixe — The Homesteader's mezcal sings of log cabins, foraged nuts roasted over wood fires, and fresh game hanging in the cellar. A laborious life, but an honest one. And after a long day, you settle into your armchair, mezcal in hand, with a sense of complete fulfillment.

Sola de Vega, Oaxaca de barro (clay pot distillation)

Arroqueño de barro — A field of yellow poppies sways back and forth under the sweet caress of the sun. The smiles painted on the faces of each flower remind you of a 1960's cartoon, but you're not in search of 21st century graphics. You are The Dude, blissed out in a perfect technicolor mezcal trip. 160mx

Tobalá de barro — holidays on the Austrian lakeside: you passed out as a fat kid on the grassy shore after ODing on sugar-coated gummy worms. A summer downpour wakes you. As you make your way home through the pines, the clouds clear and you realize you've become a man. 180mx

Coyote — You've exiled yourself in the remotest corner of the Shetland Islands while the rest of the world awaits the Zuckerbergian Apocalypse, content to scratch out your sustenance from rocky earth and frigid sea. The end time finds you living in an untouchable peace, grounded in your own salt-encrusted independence and enchanted solitude. 170mx

Javalí — Gene Kelly is knocking at the door. It's raining and he wants to share a song and dance with you. But this ain't no twinkle toes musical. With dirt on his sole and one squinty eye, this mezcal is more like Clint Eastwood as Mr. Kelly's understudy. 170mx