

A Lawyer's Toast to *The Woman*
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Sons of the Copper Beeches
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Friday, April 15, 2016

Let's all raise a glass to Irene, or Irenē,
Who brought a young king to the brink of a scandal.
Wouldn't she have made an admirable queen? She
Was the one woman whom Holmes couldn't handle.

A king, incognito, has come for consulting;
His Majesty barely can keep his composure.
A broken engagement will soon be resulting
If she gives their photograph overexposure.

She's "the daintiest thing," but she blackmails as well,
While she's turning the heads on each Serpentine Mew.
It's unlawful to kiss – or whatever – and tell,
But consider the matter from her point of view:

Whom now will she love for the rest of her life?
Who can help her move past her Bohemian fling?
What sort of a man will now make her his wife,
And help her forget this malevolent king?

Any non-royal partner must suffer from commonness,
After His Majesty sorely embarrassed her.
Lawyer Norton keeps calling, a fact Holmes finds ominous,
But she could do worse than a rising young barrister.

Later Norton bids Holmes be the witness they're needing:
"Come, man, just three minutes, or it won't be legal."
And Holmes is okay with the scene that's proceeding,
For it means Irene's done with her ex-lover regal.

She flees, but first leaves Holmes a letter to see, viz:
"You've driven me off to the Continent, dammit!
"Tell the King I am loved by one better than he is,
"So here is my photo, and he can Von Kramm it."

And now she is married, and now they are fleeing –
Let's all wish *The Woman* Godspeed on her journey.
Praise her for besting the Master, while seeing:
Who needs a king, when you love an attorney?