

Toast to Mrs. Henry Baker
The Blue Carbuncle Luncheon
The Three Garridebs
December 10, 2017
Ira Brad Matetsky

All we know of Mrs. Baker is, the Master tells us that
She no longer loves her husband, for she doesn't brush his hat.
But in spite of this, the man bought, as an offering of peace
And to celebrate the Yule, one of the town-bred Christmas geese.
"For Mrs. Henry Baker," read the card on the bird's feet,
Which helped when Baker's missing goose wound up at Baker Street.
Now I wish we had more knowledge of the lady we could swap,
But that's all that Watson tells us -- I'm afraid that that's the crop.
So to Mrs. Henry Baker, raise your glass high in the air,
And may you never get the brush-off from the one whose life you share.