

A toast to The Woman
by Richard Krisciunas
before a meeting of Greek Interpreters of East Lansing
on April 24, 2019

It's a dark, rainy night on the Sussex Downs
And the old bee farmer stirs in his bed.
Sleeping has become near impossible
As old memories still dance in his head.

Of villains, murderers and con-men,
Inept inspectors, forgers and crooks,
His mind's filled with all of the stories
Of his exploits now captured in books.

He jumps out of bed and lights a candle.
Although older, he remains a picture of health.
He makes his way to a nearby bookcase
And reaches up for an old book on the shelf.

Next to his monographs about polyphonic motets,
tobacco ashes, and the form of the hand,
He finds a book by his friend Dr. Watson and
Lays it by the gold sovereign on his nightstand.

The book's tattered cover recalls his Adventures.
He turns the pages to a story he'll never forget
About a scandal, a Bohemian king and a photograph
And The Woman and the day they first met.

Her beauty among women was unrivaled
Her mind like no other woman he'd known.
The only one ever to outwit him at his game.
She turned the heads of all men, even his own.

There at the end of the third chapter,
before the tale of the Red Headed League,
He gently takes out her photo,
And gazes intently on The Woman of intrigue.

No longer distracted by cases and problems,
He turns to things in his life that he's missed.
Most mysteries he could solve in an instant
Except, what was it like to be kissed?

A Sherlockian Toast (posted 2021-2-7)

“Good night, Mr. Sherlock Holmes,”
were the last words he heard her speak.
Her angelic voice echoes in flashbacks.
Look closely. There’s a tear on his cheek.

To Irene Adler, let’s raise our glasses
As the old Master ponders and reflects,
His mind’s full of thoughts of “if only?”
To “The Woman,” please give your respects.

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