

Mrs. Hudson
The Transfixed Correspondence of Phoenix
Sherlock's Birthday Luncheon
January 5, 2020
Lauren Cercone

Come, raise your glass to Mrs. H,
For she's the starch and glue
At a certain flat in Baker Street
For a certain well-known two.

Though files are flung, and walls are shot,
Though odors foul the air,
She gamely sees the clients up,
Whether clerks or ladies fair.

Year in, year out, with stately tread,
She brings the tea tray in,
Or whistles a hansom from the stand
When the game's afoot again.

The mighty Martha reigns supreme,
A landlady without peer!
Come fill your glass and hold it high,
And raise a hearty cheer:

To Mrs. Hudson!