

A Toast to Sherlock Holmes on All Hallow's Eve, Eve
The Sons of the Copper Beeches – 30 October 2020
Zoom

Mary M. Alcaro

I'm here to toast Sherlock Holmes
On this eve before ghouls, and zombies, and bones
And while I'll admit that it's my favorite scene,
I can't help the notion
That his logical devotion
Would make Holmes detest Halloween:

Consider Fergusen's plight with his wife,
Her making an advance on their child's life:
Holmes saw the facts without blinking an eye
The vampire of Sussex?
No, a doting mother, in excess,
Life is strange enough: "no ghosts need apply"

Then at Baskerville Hall,
Home of the spookiest Hound of all,
Holmes ruined it; no demonic Hellhound for us:
Just a regular dog
Running over moor and bog:
Painted round the snout with some phosphorus

But one supernatural mystery remains,
One which sticks in all of our brains:
A giant rodent? It seems we've got him there;
Even Holmes admits that,
The truth of the Sumatran Rat's
One for which world is not yet prepared.

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