

A Sherlockian Toast (posted 2023-6-18)

A toast: Confusion to the Lion's Mane  
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The Three Garridebs  
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Hello from San Francisco and the Bay area. Some time ago, San Francisco bay was invaded by poisonous jellyfish blown in from the Pacific. As S.F. Scowrers who start each meeting with the shout out, "Confusion to the Pinkertons!" we were quick to wish the same to our own *Cyanea capillata*, better known as the Lion's Mane. In that spirit, I offer this toast as a salute – to west coast resistance and east coast resilience.

Sayonara, Cyanea  
Time to leave our East Bay.  
A rock or Uzi from Oakland's shore  
Would leave you woozy ever more.

Are your vagabond shoes leaving today?  
To try the shores of Croton Bay?  
Or imagine a shuffle to remote Buffalo  
To sting an ice-cold, upstate toe?

We do not love thee, *Cyanea capillata*  
You cowardly Lion, you fettuccini non grata  
You're just an eel that baffled Holmes—  
A jelly for our toast and scones.

Stroll on, slimy hairball, wherever you roam--  
From White Plains, New York to south of Bayonne.  
You're raw meat – little more than a shiny bald dome

For a chowder, a stew, a bisque --all the same;  
For gourmets who share the Garrideb name.

[Raise glass]

Confusion, Capillata! Slither in shame!  
For a foot Garrideb you are nothing but game.

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