

A Toast to the Cigars in The Resident Patient
By Kyndall Potts
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Blessington's corpse hangs from the hook.

Dead by his own hand

Oh, but look!

Four cigars

They clearly show

The poor man smoked as his fright did grow

Enter Holmes's nose and mind

The man did nothing of the kind!

'Twas Dutch imports the murderers puffed on

Not Havanas like the traitorous Sutton's

Holmes solved the case, but the guilty fled

Fate intervened, and they now are dead

Here's to the cigars.

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