A (Royal) Toast to "The Woman"

The Sons of the Copper Beeches – 26 October 2018
The Racquet Club of Philadelphia

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When writing a toast to The Woman,
The "daintiest thing under a bonnet,"
I fretted to capture her-- who can?
For such beauty and grace needs a sonnet.
And yet, when I mused further upon it,
Rhyme royal, was much better for the mien
Of her who'd've made an admirable queen.

Adventuress, *prima dona*, slim youth
A beauty who could scheme, act, and sing
And yet, at the risk of seeming uncouth,
She wanted some fun, not a ring
She was on quite a different level than the king,
More at home with having men at her mercy
(What would you expect of a girl from New Jersey?)

We remember her for her wit, her mind
And there can be no doubt of her great brain
Yet she was also remarkably kind
To a "clergyman" who had seemed in pain.
The Master wore her sovereign on his watch-chain
He was not sentimental, but she was the grit
In Sherlock Holmes's "sensitive instrument."

She made him cease his misogynist's quips
Holmes's remarks on women never be the same
For to him, her sex, she'd come to eclipse
For how could he this woman declaim
When she's beaten him at his own game?
So to Irene, a lady of wisdom and class,
To the Woman-- let us all raise a glass!

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