A Toast to "The Woman"

– Deborah Belchis

Tonight we toast a daring dame
An actress, a woman of blackmailing fame!
A Woman who bested our masterful sleuth,
Leaving him looking like an ungainly youth.

To Irene Adler, demure and disarming,
A vision of loveliness, a manner so charming
That few would have predicted how bold and how shrewd
This New Jersey gal would eventually prove.

Swiftly perceiving Sherlock's dastardly plan,
She tails Sherlock Holmes, dressed as a man.
Listening as he recounts in detail his story
Basking in his anticipated glory.

Oh, Sherlock, what hubris, so arrogant, so blind!
Irene has your number, as soon you will find.
While you're counting your eggs, she's counting her chickens,
She's off to the continent, while your wounds you're left lickin'.

She's taken the photo, left hers in its place
And left you standing with mud on your face.
But, ho, a smile plays around Sherlock's lips,
And to Irene a hat mentally he tips.

"The Woman," to Sherlock, she will now always be
A fitting epithet for one as clever as he!