

Ode to the Pink Lady

So the Pink Lady passes,
Like a poisoned chalice,
To be left on the shelf for a year
What a puzzle, do we guzzle? No fear!

The miserable brew remains untasted its true,
For who would dare pop the cork?
We've resisted the notion
To drink the foul potion
Very cold, with ice and a slice

Perhaps we thought
We could replace her with port
Which at least would be nice and mature

During our year of possession
We have felt no obsession
But now comes the moment of truth

How to cunningly conceal her
So as not to reveal
Her charms to anyone else

At last she has gone
A year's over and done
Thank God she's with somebody else

Bob Reich, October 2000