

Ode to the Pink Lady

It's 21 years since she came to supper.

Sat at the table without a mutter.

Who was mad enough to invite her again?

Not a fine wine lover, unless insane.

Each year, dressed to the nines

She makes her entrance with this year's lines.

She is left on the shelf by those in the know

But is strangely attractive, winningly so!

Each year's winner faces the curse

Of not just reading the lines but composing more verse.

So now is the time to bring to a close

Her time in the bottle and have a sniff of her `nose`.

So now is the time to draw her cork

Find out whether she's been worth all the talk.

Up to now her bouquet was pure conjecture

But now, at last, we will get the true picture.

Will she have lost her fizz and her zing

Or will she still have something to make us sing.

Step forward all who have won before.

We will open the bottle and finally pour.

A mouthful should do it.

I doubt you need more.

Let`s toast the Pink lady before you sink to the floor.

Bob Reich October 2014