

Imported Beers of the Romantic Poets

by Con Chapman



She is a thing of beauty. Stella Artois ad, depicting woman drinking beer



A Thing of Beauty is a Beer Forever, John Keats

A thing of beauty is a beer forever:
Its foamy head increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will leave
A residue upon the glass, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, belches, and late-night peeing.



She Burps in Beauty, Like a Frog, Lord Byron
She burps in beauty, like a frog
Who sits on lily pad so green,
Resounding nightly in his bog
But to my beery eyes unseen;
Thus mellow'd by a Stella Artois
I urge her not to make a scene.



My Luve's Like a Cold, Cold Beer, Robert Burns

O my Luve's like a cold, cold beer
That's newly poured for me;
O my Luve's like an I.P.A.
A barkeep gives to me for free.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
Another to me is more dear:
I drink you in with thirsty eyes
But still I need imported beer.

