

# 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.

