Elementary

by Hugh Barlow

Elementary

I, an Afghan Wars veteran.
He, a Baker Street orphan,
Was in need of a sturdy safe haven.

I, a disabled doctor,
Gave him a home and a proctor.
Without me, the lad come a cropper.

He, an irregular chap,
Was known for his hat with a flap,
Had fleet feet and a very strong back.

He turned our adventures about,
As I took him along on my route,
And made me to look like a lout.

He cast me as his secretary.
He simply was my functionary.
His stories were premonitory.

Tobacco, not alone in his pipe.
Morphine and cocaine were his vice.
His downfall; a bout on the heights.

To him, a fault was a virtue.
To instill in him ethics anew,
Was an endeavor I tried to pursue.

With his statements find fault,

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Take his prattle with salt.
Take the cellar withal.

He was bright, but deceptive.
I was true and perceptive.
I was ever the better detective.

Elementary, my dear chap:
He distorted the facts.
It was I in the lead, not the sap.