

# 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,

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.

