

Ave Atque Vale

Rex went to Paradise:
That was only fair.
Puffing Gilbert met him first,
And led him up the stair.
Allingham and Sayers,
Wilkie and Sir Arthur,
Stood with Edgar at the top,
Creators of the slayers:
While those who prowl to seek them out,
Philip, Perry, Peter,
Poirot and the others bowed
To welcome Stout--

Took him to a brownstone house.
Archie let them in:
Nero surged out of his chair,
Huge and wise as sin:
Set him on the yellow chair
Rang the bell for beer,
Sent out to the Precinct
For Cramer to be here.
Fritz smiled at Lily Rowan,
Lily smiled at him;
Theo Horstmann scratched his head
--Saul looked grim,

For Nero Wolfe was speaking now:
'Here is not for you,
Scholar, sailor, banker, gardener:
Go somewhere new.'
So they showed him a wooded height,
And there he built a home
Twin to one in Tunis--
There he turned the loam
For strawberries and irises;
And there he lives for aye,
Where simple flowers, not orchids,
Fling their perfume to the sky.

Edmund Crispin, London Sunday
Times

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High Meadow, Brewster, N.Y.



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