

Sonnet Scroll

To Pabst Blue Ribbon

By G. R. Tomaini

Dedicated to John Foy

O Pabst, thou art the finest of the beers
That grace the shelves of liquor stores and bars.
Thy blue-ribb'd can, a sight that always cheers
The thirsty souls who seek thee near and far.
Thy taste is smooth and crisp, thy foam is white,
Thy bubbles sparkle like the stars above.
Thou quenchest every thirst and calmest every fright:
Thou art the drink that I most dearly love!
But oh, how cruel is fate that keeps us twain,
For I have not the means to buy thee now.
My wallet empty and my heart in pain.
I sigh and dream of thee and wonder how
To taste thy sweet and golden nectar soon
And drink until I reach the blissful moon.