

Fitzgerald Patrik, The Finger Of Lesotho

He smiled with contentment
As he placed the present in the box
Sealing up the wrapping paper
Waiting for the courier
The motorcycle messenger, riding through the rain
To deliver the parcel
To the castle of his latest flame
he now appeared preoccupied
Waiting for the telephone
To confirm the arrival
Of the parcel at her home
The motorcycle messenger, arriving through the rain
Pausing at the doorbell
And studying the names
She smiled to herself
Imagining the surprise
But, then, she wasn't sure
Whether to believe what she saw
Before her eyes
A beautiful ring
Of diamonds and gold
Still attached to the finger
Of the man whose fortune that they'd stole
'The finger of Lesotho'