

THE TENTH IBC FOUNDER'S TRIBUTE

Hail Pale Ale! and all who prevail. Listen as I endeavor to expound,
On misbehavings, theft of savings, and skullduggery most profound.

Ten years ago five men with no dough, embarked on their shadow lit crimes.
Pilfering the ranks of their kid's piggy banks, robbing their pennies and dimes.

Their monies collected found them connected as they purchased a keg of beer.
An investment they said, but was a lie was instead, as each convinced his peer.

Drinking to the sediment, it became evident they lacked the means for another.
'What can we do to acquire more brew? It's imperative we find a new "Brother".

And so they recruited someone reputed with more money than brains in his pocket.
It turns out the ideal, was a Frogman Seal and "The Plumber" was added to the docket.

As more beer was swallowed, others soon followed gaining momentum on it's own.
Until we see it today reeking foul play, hoarding more money than a savings and loan.

Launched in 2004 by five guys who were poor, simply as a means to survive.
"More beer for the few and less for the new", thus allowing beer ponzi to thrive.

Now, the Island Beer Club is a gentlemen's pub, even though we drink in the alley.
The overhead's low allowing more beer to flow, so "Bones" can maintain the tally.

Skimming from the top from each and every drop, just like the God Father's controller.
With all of your indulging, the coffers are bulging. Bones even paid cash for his solar.

Who'd have conceded such growth unimpeded from beginnings nefarious and stealthy,
The five skinny guys who concocted those lies would be famous, paunchy and wealthy?

These men are protected, they're loved and respected and given the benefit of the law.
No one remembers, now they're Rotary Club members and Coronado's New Bourgeois.

And so the ponzi continues weaving it's sinews deeper into the fabric of the elite.
I myself was purloined on the day that I joined when I purchased my keg of deceit.

I find it worthwhile, as I'm drinking in style, rubbing elbows with influence and power.
The beer's more expensive, but I'm less apprehensive there's no better Happy Hour.

So I say we decree it, if its a ponzi, so be it. Show all our Founders we don't care.
If I'm gonna be fleeced, at least its with yeast. Hoist all your glasses into the air.

Poem Stranger