

Breakfast

Continental Crumbs

GO to work on an egg, as they say!
An egg is a joy, and it comes
On a bacon-lined plate at a quarter-past eight,
With sausage and mushrooms and makes Britain great,
And must not be compared to that prissy-like fare
They favour in France, which should stay over there,
That's frail and fragmental
And so continental;
Largely unspreadable,
More or less edible;
Splinters and shatters
All over their platters —
Which the poor *hoi polloi* all affect to enjoy
With *un soupçon de confiture*, coffee that's black:
They know nothing better, poor Claudette and Jacques.
They crumble their *croissants*, then what can occur?
They've done it before, so now, *faute de mieux*,
Hélas, mais après le petit déjeuner,
Go to work on a million crumbs.
