

Breakfast

Marmalade

THE day has dawned. I'm fit and able.
See unseemly haste displayed,
Colonising breakfast table
And its dish of marmalade.

Its *dish*? I've quickly rectified it!
Should etiquette proceed so far?
With a damn' great spoon beside it,
Marmalade's now in a jar!

It may be jellied, peel sliced finely,
Chunky-chopped — well, who's to say?
I can't find a more benignly
Seville start to any day.

It doesn't matter what the date is,
Or the place: I get engrossed.
Once it's sitting on my plate, is
Bread-and-butter due, or toast?

Who cares? Though soft bread is a pleasure,
Equal joy's in toast instead —
Buttered, browned, a buried treasure,
When assiduously spread.

I taste the tart and tangy topping!
What a start for any day!
Whether I'm in Wells or Wapping,
If deprived, there's disarray.

When it's there, O jubilation!
First objective's not delayed.
See the three-way combination:
Morning, man and marmalade!