

## *Of Food*

# *Asparagus Aftershock*

ASPARAGUS, this is thy sting:  
After heaven on a plate,  
Comes postscript you don't fail to bring –  
A pre-planned post-digestive fate.

Sly and slender, unsuspected,  
Planning your post-prandial *coup*,  
Your wicked whim stays undetected,  
While your victim's eating you.

Soft-tipped spears with wondrous taste,  
When bladder-processed, yield a stench  
That will ensure my liquid waste  
Evokes an open sewer trench.

How can such harmless, placid prongs –  
Submissive sweetness that's divine –  
Create an odour that belongs  
Mainly where the sun don't shine?

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