

Of Food

Code in the Head

WHILE strugglig with a heavy code
That streabs by eyes and blogs by doze,
I dry the café dowd the road —
The one where everybody goes.

I feel the deed to lide by ribs
With subthig for the idder bad.
I sadly order fish and chibs,
Of which I've always beed a fad.

The viddegar's already there,
Od the table, id a jug.
Clearly, id's just goig spare:
Pour id freely, *glug, glug, glug*.

I dowd the lod and whed it's gone,
The waidress says, id sub surprise,
“The vinegar! Ain't you 'ad none?”
I fix her with by watery eyes.

“The viddegar”, I say, “is there,
Id thad sball jug thad I debloyed.”
She says, with disbeliefig stare:
“*Cold coffee's* what you've just enjoyed!”

I wride without exaggeration:
Daste is bure ibagidation.

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