

*Of Food*

*Ode to an Onion*

YOU woo me with your flavour-savour skill:  
Can taste-buds ever hope to know your like?  
Who cares, pre-prandial, that it is your will  
To string along a Frenchman on a bike?

Sweet shudder-sharpness! Uncompared you stand:  
And whether pickled, Spanish, spring or cooked,  
You lift the lifeless and imbue the bland  
With such a bite that I am hapless-hooked.

O tasty, tangy orb, you are the best —  
And yet, with all your charms, 'tis surely death,  
When you've been busy, adding zip and zest,  
To find you're boosting someone else's breath.

And I confess I cannot understand  
Why meeting you is hell at second-hand.

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