

*Of Food*

*Once More Unto the  
Peach*

WILL someone somewhere sometime teach  
The world the way to eat a peach?  
(Not sliced or diced and in a tin,  
But wild, untamed and in its skin).

Such a fruit became my foe –  
And soon the juice began to flow.  
It dripped and squirted, bathed my chin  
In sticky goo: I couldn't win.

I tried to reach a friendly door,  
While sweetness splattered on the floor.  
Scarcely having time to think,  
I targeted the kitchen sink,  
Where my tricky, sticky role  
Became to aim juice at the hole.

And so unto the breach once more,  
With brimming mouth and dripping jaw,  
And fruity flesh still on the stone,  
I sought to claim it as my own.

The moon is not beyond man's reach –  
But can he beat an untamed peach?

\*\*\*