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Food Poems

Drawn Inward

In a house that smells like baking
Bread dough and of cinnamon,
How am I to keep in check
The thoughts while salivations run
Like a river toward the kitchen,
Hoping for the benison
Of that mystic deep communion
Found in food by everyone?

What Separates Us from the Animals

Hay and fodder, silage, grub, and slop are fine cuisine
For creatures that have never held a fork or spoon between
Their hooves or paws, but I'm not much on troughs' and cribs' appeals,
For I am too enamored of the dining room for meals,
Especially when lovely dishes grace my porcelain plate
And truffles trim the meal, all served with brut champagne at eight;
My manners may be little more impressive than the beasts',
But I still like that we can have our separate kinds of feasts.

Beauty More than Skin Deep

The gleaming glory of this pig
Is, though he's generally big,
Robust and muscular and fine,
Exemplar of supernal swine,
A handsome porcine prince as boasted,
He is *delicious*, now he's roasted.

It's Never Merely a Sip or a Nip

A cup of tea, I think,
Is just the thing to drink,
And then, quick as a wink,
I'm thirsty for a beer—
And hungry for a steak,
Perhaps some pan-fried hake—

Maybe a piece of cake?—
Say, what is happening here??
The thing is, when I wish
A certain drink or dish,
What first sounded delish
Just leads to thoughts of more
Delicious drinks and meats
And greens and fruits and treats
And luscious, luring eats
Than found in any store—
So what began as one
Small inkling that for fun
Under the hungry sun
Grew wildly, sprouted vine
And leaf and stem and bloom
Until I've no more room
To take one bite, and BOOM—
A cup of tea's just fine!

Home Sweet Dangerous Home

I've settled into comfort here
And hunkered down; my only fear
Is that my chosen domicile
Might be a little risky; while
I do love living on desserts,
The bottom line's the one that hurts

Fasting Food

Silly me! I thought Fast Food
meant eating something raw and crude,
Something exotic and delicious,
not appallingly pernicious,
But cooked and primped and sauced to serve
as amuse-bouche, starter, hors-d'oeuvre,
Not some spectacular, emetic
parody of dietetic
And comestible delights—
it seems to me, Fast Food, by rights,
Should be what shows up close to hand
in finished form and on demand,
Unsullied by the attitude
of what we often *call* Fast Food.

Big as All Outdoors

Though she's partial to the taste
Of homely things, she would not shun
A lobster tail or truffle, waste
Fine wine, or insult anyone
Who's made the effort to provide
Her with the best the fecund earth
Produces, so she opens wide,
And so maintains her striking girth

Deadly Delicacies

Cookies for breakfast and ice cream at night
Sufficiently fill me with pleasant delight
And calories, too; if nutrition should lack,
At least I'll have earned my gallbladder attack
With earnest hard work as I gobble the treats,
Admitting I know that I am what I eat.

Playtime Picnic

Both poppycock & peacocks
Are frivolous and fine
Companions for the leisure hour,
But when I want to dine,
Their putative perfections
Lack comestible design;
I would prefer persimmons,
Pomegranates & plum wine.

Delicious Delirium

A pickle tickling my tastebuds
What a piquant treat is that!
Zingy lemonade, fresh squeezed,
And ginger's spicy rat-tat-tat
To shoot through any dull old dishes
Needing help to give them zip—
Lively flavors all, my wish is
To transport from fork to lip
To happy stomach tasty morsels
Bright, alluring, cheering, that
Will leave me sighing, satiated,
If not bouncing off, quite fat!

Juicy

It doesn't have to be the Heart
of summer's Heat for me to Start

to Ruminare & Cogitate
on Things that make me Salivate
For what Fulfills my inner Thrills
is more about the Juicy Part
that food Distills so Smartly Spills
from Nature, makes me Palpitate
& pours from her with Love & Art

Cure for All Ills

O palliative,
O balm of joy
upon my
wounded soul,
you are a succor,
binder-up,
the seal that
makes me whole;
mere mention of you,
even thought,
brings a
contented sigh:
you are the nectar
of the gods,
O fresh-baked
apple pie!

Grand Food

A caramelized shallot,
Frisée, Tarte Tatin,
May tempt the fine palate
Of the high-cultured man,
But fabulous burgers,
Great *frites* and a malt,
Make dining that even
Gourmets shouldn't fault.

Why Yes, of Course, I'll Gladly

Take a Pea with You

Plain peas? Yes, please! to some of these,
But better with butter, perhaps.
Of pods all shorn, and with sweet corn
All nestled in their laps...
An omelet (cheese), to some degrees,
Is better, though, with mushy peas;

A hint of mint, and then, by dint
Of cream, this dream of honeybees
(For honey's yummy in the peas)
Becomes best of realities...

Rose Colored

Rose colored is my life, a candy coated dream;
I sleep on beds of lettuce, quilted with whipped cream,
Lean on a breast of pheasant underneath a mushroom's shade,
Know no delight's more pleasant than fresh calamari's made;
Adrift on Floating Island, I rest easy in that bliss,
When, dined with great contentment, I slide off like this.

And Now, to Retire to the Dining Chamber

Let us retire, old friend of mine, and hie to find us there a
Couple sublime cold cocktails on the gold-baked Riviera,
A sunset stroll off-season on the warm Amalfi coast
Accompanied by pork pâté on points of brioche toast;
Perhaps in Brighton lolling near the breezy, rocky beach
With fish-and-chip perfection and a Guinness within reach,
Some spa-time simmering upon the languid Baltic shore
With sparkling water and a plate of pastries, six or more;
At any rate, though I am pleased as Punch to go retire,
I wouldn't want to spend it only lounging by the fire
Unless something's a-roast on it, and pleasure in a glass,
For that's what flavors years and hours with beauty as they pass

In Praise of English Breakfast

Here's to the English breakfast, dears,
That's brought, for lo these many years
Sustenance to both health and heart
To give the day a proper start,
The source of warmth and vital grace
Beginning the day with our needs in place:
A rasher of bacon, an egg or two,
Some toast, some tea, some tomatoes; who
Wouldn't love some beans, some mushrooms? Nay,
Don't start without English breakfast, pray!

Long-Awaited Benison

The sweetest sound the human ear has heard
Was not a waterfall or splashing brook
To thirsty thoughts; nor thirsty mind, a book
Read out; nor singer's voice, nor whistling bird

In spring's cool song; it wasn't kittens' purr
Or baby's comfortably cooing charms
When resting safely in his mother's arms
—Though it might then seem wildly sweet to *her*—
It wasn't the "I love you" of romance,
Nor was the sweetest sound of clinking gold,
—Though to its owner, *that* cannot grow old—
But rather, barring mystic happenstance,
The miracle of sound most truly sweet
Was Mama's voice announcing, "Come and eat!"

Cold Water

There was a lovely icy drink
Of water, saved my life I think,
One dusty day of heat and dirt
And sweat that soaked right through my shirt,
And if that day should come again
I'll pray for more ice water then!

Ice for the Drinking

Has love grown cold? Didst run too hot?
I'm lost now that I've got it not,
And plunged into a deep abyss
Where everything is dark, amiss;
Neither is it quite blue or green,
But rather some miracle in between,
That diamond shimmer's cold allure
Demands my fealty for sure
When sun sears high and day grows long;
It plies the perfect siren song
Toward leaping in the drink to freeze
My overheated soul with breeze
Tinted with mint or Curaçao . . .
Say, I could use an ice cube now!

Spirited Pleasure

Let us raise a crystal glass of Champagne Brut to toast the passing
Of the weeks and months, the years, to raise resounding shouts of "Cheers!"
We'll ping the flutes *Salut! Cin Cin!*, tip up the stems and drink it in,
For nothing makes it taste so great as bubbly wine to celebrate
(Though if you care not for its pop, I recommend a Lemon Drop)!

Languid Lunches

Sweetly as the day begins,

It cannot reach its finest part
Until that leisured à la carte
Procession of great taste that twins
Fine foods with seasonings and drinks,
With garnish, relish, fetish, fish–
Whatever makes the perfect dish–
'Til everyone at table thinks
He's surfeited (at least, quite near),
Whereon the pace grows slower yet,
Chairs get pushed back and belts made loose,
And everyone's digestive juice
Begins to work on this grand set
Of foods and trimmings at a rate
That makes the luncheon eaters feel
Almost as if another meal
Could fit in with what they just ate–
But since it was so fine, no sweeter
Course could complement the feast,
From boldest spoonful to the least,
So full content is every eater–
So they set down, each one, that spoon,
And smile, and wipe their chins and lips,
And sup no more, not even sips,
Through this delicious afternoon . . .

I Loves Ya, Cupcake!

I kiss your cherry-colored lips
And suddenly, straight over flips
My heart in loping, loopy leaps
As sugared-up as Mallo Peeps
Get kids at Eastertime to fly,
As ice cream piled on apple pie
And candy canes in cocoa make
Our livers strain, gallbladders quake,
Arteries cringe and capillaries
Bloat, collapse, and the Tooth Fairy's
Rounds expand a hundredfold
When molars instantly grow old.
You get my drift: one little kiss
Of your sweet lips can lead to this
Extreme, near-paralytic dose
Of dearness, loveliness, and close-
Encountered expiration date,
But loving you is surely fate,

My cupcake, my delicious sweet,
And death of it the final treat.

Beauty from Birth unto Dying

A spinach leaf, an onion tart,
Perhaps a rich paté to start;
Some rosemary and olive oil,
A glass of Rhône wine for the heart;
Add in a dash of fine sea salt,
Some lemon zest; a hint of malt
To spark the beer that wets the stew;
A warm baguette, and call a halt
As Camembert runs down the crust,
To contemplate it, if you must,
And savor what fills up the day...
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

My Needs are Few

A single oil-cured olive, please,
A sliver of pâté,
Amontillado sherry in
A teaspoon, if I may;
A truffle slivered on a tiny
Poached quail egg; a chive—
You see how little's needed
To keep epicures alive—
But do insist the olive be
Dalmatian (French won't do);
The pâté made with Armagnac
(I like it best, don't you?);
Make sure the teaspoon's made of horn;
The truffle must be fresh,
And do insure the chive is brought
In straight from Bangladesh—
I hardly need a thing to eat
In order to subsist,
As long as it's been well prepared
And served—you get the gist.