

How to Poach and Egg
by tb mcglone

To make an egg that comes out poached
You'll have to be directly coached
About the pot, the pan, the mess!
And about the trifle from the nest.

The egg, the EGG! The yolk. The white.
The ovum laid down in the night,
By dim-wit fowl who has no hunch
Her mother's love is our Sunday brunch.

She sits and sleeps on bedded perch,
Upon her young, our egg and nourish,
While we sleep, too, with coffee pots
Timed to perk at six o'clock.

No paltry poultry can compel
Our nose to run and feet to smell.
Yet when its papa crows at dawn,
The Béarnaise will soon be born!

A hand so cold to end her slumber
Unto the nest of squab, it plunders.
And mom has no idea her young
Will soon be cracked and served on bun.

And who could blame the mother if
She pecked the hand that nailed her chick?
For birds, like humans, frown upon
Consuming embryonic spawn.

But we must do what we must do
So we can dab our toast in goo
And savor eggs with juice and ham,
(A bird in the bush can't beat two in the pan!)

The rest I'm sure you'll figure out,
(Can't think above my stomach's growl.)
So, here's my wish for a hearty sup:
Enjoy your eggs, and please... *clean up!*