

A PLATE OF CHRISTMAS MEAT

Bob Crew

There was a plate of meat
That grew a pair of feet.
It climbed down from the table
As soon as it was able,
Crossed the kitchen floor
Towards the pantry door,
Giving the rolling pin such a fright
That it rolled right out of sight
While pots and pans just clapped their hands
And a tabby cat took fright.

It was a delicious plate of meat,
A proper Christmas treat,
Chopped up and looking neat,
Prepared with pickles sweet.
Dressed in salad and sour cream,
A Christmas supper of which to dream!
But it walked across the kitchen floor
And opened up the pantry door,
Releasing from that prison
It's friend the boiling chicken.

A bottle of wine and a Christmas pud
Would have joined them if they could,
But not having any feet,
They could not walk like Miss Chicken and Master Meat.
Cold vegetables and pickled onions rolled onto meat's plate,
Determined to escape their suppertime fate,
While a bottle of sauce just laughed
And thought them rather daft.
'Shut up you dummy,' snapped a loaf of bread,
'It's no joke in a person's tummy, so use your head.'

Whereupon the sauce fell down
And cracked its skull upon the ground
While the bread laughed and the others frowned.
Mince pies spilt tear drops from their eyes,
But to meat and chicken this was no surprise
For they were very wise.
'Cry as much and as hard as you can,' they said,
'For on a river of tears you may float the bread

And sail out of here instead.’
The others thought this good advice
From a couple so very nice.

Disappearing through the kitchen door
Chicken and meat were seen no more,
While the others followed, afloat on bread,
Leaving an empty pantry, its contents fled!
And what was even worse,
Someone wrote a nonsense verse.

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