

# THE (MOSTLY) VEGETARIAN

*Leland Jamieson*

On-stage or off, Lib's veggies are her shtick.  
We never say, "Eat up your broccoli, now."  
Italian parsley she eats double-quick,  
and come zucchini, she's no time for "Ciao."  
You'd think she was Italian by descent,  
when you consider what she loves to eat—  
but she's a Scot (by hell or heaven sent),  
come home with us, with bitters, yet so sweet.

Retired, we bought our cairn when just a pup,  
yanked off Mum's teat, put on a puppy farm's.  
Though she's a child to raise (keeps us keyed-up),  
our guarded hearts she every day disarms.  
How did her eating habits get this way . . . ?  
At least we do not slip her crème brûlée.

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