

Gilding the Gravy

by Nancy Martz

As a newly wed cook, I never knew
A sprig from a bunch when I made the roux:
Chicken with butter, flour and cream;
Asparagus dumplings atop to steam
Before lunch was due. Finally I threw
The parsley in
That I had chopped so fine and thin.
We welcomed our guests who gave a toast
To me, the chef, and Tom, the host.
The first to lay a spoon to his bowl
And take a taste grabbed quickly a roll
And without buttering, ate it whole.
The next who lifted her spoon for a bite
Turned instantly white and smiled in spite
Of a gob of parsley stuck to her lip--
So green and thick it didn't drip.
A cough came from the guest to her right;
He grabbed the table and held on tight.
Across from him, eyes bugging out,
My husband threw down his spoon with a shout:
"Come on everyone, we're ordering out
For pizza, I'll treat ya."
We threw out the dumplings and washed the bowls clear,
We opened a keg and drank pitchers of beer,
Hoping the taste of the parsley would drown
We drank and we laughed 'till we all fell down.
I now can determine a sprig from a bunch
And never again will serve parsley for lunch.