Poem A: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

ODE TO THE SAUSAGE

O, sausage sizzling in your succulent fat.

You disgust humanity’s vegans and vegetarians,

Yet you dissolve in spite of them

Within the depths of my mouth.

Those who say you are nothing but crude fat

In a pigskin casing are blind to your salty sweet taste,

Your crispy softness,

Your fierce fragrance.

Considered impure by many,

You are the devil’s tool of temptation---

A serpent of kielbasa.

Your are flavor incarnate.

Presidents have their nations,

A boot has its confident shine,

A world of imperfection has you.

---Jimmy Morrill

Poem B: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

 ***“Ode to Watermelon”
by Marnie Briggs***
I bite into you
and relish the burst of wild flavor
I haven't tasted all winter.
Your sweet juice
floods my mouth---
buries my tongue
in fresh pinkish flesh.
I swallow your cold fruitiness
and my taste buds smile
with excitement.
Oh, watermelon,
the scent of June wind,
mixed with the heat of August sun,
washes over me
as I take another bite
of summer.