

@ Joseph Peschel and Elda Stone, August 18, 2007

Shall I compare thee to a barbecued rib?

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Thou art more lovely and saucy:
Hot juices do cake the edges of the bib,
And the waiter's manner is all too bossy:



Sometime too hot the eye of the grill shines,
And often is one's finger burned;
And every barbecuer sometime dines
At restaurants where the tip is left unearned.

But thy eternal flavor shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that spice thou ownest
Nor shall the trash can claim the love we've made
When our stomachs are full until they groanest.

So long as men love beef, or barbecue,
So long lives this, and this gives life to you.