

Ode to Asparagus: May 18, 2019

1st place

Gerald Langworthy

Do Asparagus Dream In Winter Sleep - or - Ode To A Spare Gus

The oracle in Root Town, that long, cold winter night,
had passed along a vision, that filled poor Gus with fright.

For in this dream, that made him scream, Gus stood with all the others.
And hand in hand, from rubber band, he'd be fried with his brothers.

But Gus was bold, though shivering cold. He would stand, no question.
He'd fight his fate from farm to plate that ended in digestion!

When warm earth came, he felt the flame, the first sprout sprung that Spring.
He reached up high, to grab the sky, what glories life would bring.

But, buzzed a bee, from nearby tree, and landed on his shoulder.
He froze and stared, she hardly cared, she wanted him to hold her.

She'd noticed him, so tall, so slim, and not like all those drones.
Despite his stiff reaction, he'd held a strange attraction. She felt in her bee bones.

"Melissa's my name, I'm glad I came." She whispered in his ear.
"I'm just called Gus, and between us, I'll always be right here."

Day after day, she flew his way, to just spend time together.
With happy talk, the bee and stalk, would just enjoy the weather.

Then late one day, in middle May, the farmer came collecting.
She thought to fly, take to the sky, instead she sat protecting.

Big hands reached out, but with a shout, the farmer pulled them back.
And he did go, moved down the row, avoiding her attack.

Love changed his fate, he'd dodged the plate! He'd never end up eaten!
His life transformed, as weather warmed. He dared for life to sweeten.

One afternoon in late, late June, the weather, fine and sunny,
said Gus to her, with mellow purr, "Will you please bee mine, honey?"

With her sweet, "Yes," as you may guess his passions started burning.
Then over night, to his delight, our Gus opened up ferning.

As days turned chill, the bee sat still, but barely stayed alive.
"You'll have to go hide from the snow. Go back and join the hive."

"When we see spring, back to me bring, your love so sweet and maybe
If God should bless, I will confess that we may have a baby."

“They’ll take our name and we’ll proclaim a new Gus or Melissa.
A girl or boy to prove our joy, I’ll quickly hug and kissya.”

“I will return!” Her tears did burn. She slowly flew away.
Back to his roots, and tender shoots, he’d sleep until that day.

Then as he dreamed, the future seemed already to prepare us.
A baby boy, oh what a joy we soon will have a spare Gus.

2nd place: Tie **Diane Stier**

White to Green
We’ve arrived
It’s Spring

Winter is past
A new season is here
Hail the the Green
That lovely Spear

***The Beloved Asparagus of Empire* / Ron Stier**

Ah, Empire. A place like no other.
We love this place, this place we call home.
We love Empire and its majestic Bluff,
We love Empire with its pristine beach
We love this quaint little town with so much history,
and the hope of some bright new beginnings.
A beautiful expanded library, a brand new mercantile
A new season of hope is ahead for us all.
Life will go on. Life must go on.
Spring is the season we love, a season of hope.
All of Empire endures winter and its challenges
We all look anxiously forward to the big melt,
January, February, March and yes even on into April
the last disappearing pile of winter.
We love this season, this day, Spring.
Snow is gone, green arrives, old friends return
And to announce the arrival, Standing straight and tall
We all run out to welcome the majestic
Sentry of spring in our little town of Empire,
Our beloved Asparagus.
Celebrate Spring, celebrate this new season
Celebrate the arrival of our dear old friend once again
Celebrate Asparagus.
A sign of new life
A new sign of old hope.
Asparagus, welcome back to Empire once again.

3rd Place

Alan Blair

Who calls this Choir
Speaking to the sun?
Who tells the snow to begin its run?

Awaiting your smile
We move the earth
Pulling at Spring for another Birth.

We
Are Asparagus.

How Difficult / Jan Shoemaker

How difficult it is to write
A poem that will not incite
The censors with antenna out
For children who may be about
Who may, if poems run to blue,
Pick up a racy thing or two.

But perfect is as perfect rhymes
And in these wanton, vernal times--
When we find no void or dearth
On a much excited earth,
Of stamen straining in its hour
For the pistil of a flower--

How not to see in nature's palace:
In each asparagus, a phallus.

Redacted Asparagus / Joseph Povolito

If you are wondering about all the fuss,
this is the case of the people vs. asparagus.
The matter should clearly be heard in court,
I've read all 448 pages of the report.
It supposedly states in the conclusion,
there was no obstruction, and no collusion.

Still some wonder if the spears interfered,
we must investigate until the spears can be cleared.
Believe what you will about opposing views,
but asparagus simply calls it, fake news.
Evidence of asparagus growing in long rows,
much to the chagrin of those who oppose.
Green and slender about a foot tall,
you won't find it at the border, or at the wall.
It goes great with beer, wine or tea,
but I've never tired it with covfefe.
Always sweet and never bitter,
I think I'll tweet about it incessantly on twitter.
Asparagus is fantastic, it's (y)huge, it's the best,
it's sure to satisfy your hunger quest.
Put it on the grill or boil it until it's wiggly,
some people might even call it bigly.

How many people have been impacted,
when asparagus is eaten, is it therefore redacted?
How could asparagus ever be trusted,
seems someone at the top should surely be busted.
But to our surprise the spears had no fear,
the four page summary made it perfectly clear.
Two years of investigation indeed had not,
found clear evidence of an evil plot.
So asparagus is exonerated and out of reach,
yet there still are some that want to impeach.
While friends of asparagus remain good and plenty,
just wait to see what happens in twenty twenty.
Asparagus won the hearts of women and men,
they wore hats that said, "make asparagus great again!"

Asparagus and a Cable Fable / Rick Sanok

There once was asparagus who hated TV,
Especially on cable, you plainly see,
Shows like Chopped,
Could have flopped,
With collard greens, cactus, and peas.

But, once there was basket trickery,
Four ingredients without synergy,
In the final round,
What was found?
Jelly, duck, black garlic, and a green mystery.

With only minutes to go,
There was chef named Perot,
He laid out his plan,
As a mad man,
It was time to make it a show.

So appetizers were created,
Though ingredients weren't related,
Cut, mixed, and peeled,
New tastes were revealed,
A minute left to be plated.

Perot worked in a frenzy,
He wasn't Gordon Ramsey,
He loaded his dish,
Making a final wish,
Gazed and said "Whoa, let's go."

Two contestants had no luck,
Judges exclaimed "your dish is yuck,"
Asparagus was buried,
Tastes weren't married,
And the pork was hard as a puck.

Then there was the final dish

The first judge said "Yum,"
The second filled his tum,
The asparagus did amaze,
The room filled with praise,
But, the third judge was just mum.

Ten thousand dollars were at stake,
The judge pondered Perot's fate,
He smiled and stewed,
It was time to choose,
Then, yelled the dish was "Great."

So, the episode was done,
The judges had some fun,
And the ten thousand dollar win,
Made Chef Perot grin,
But, it was the asparagus that really won!!!

***Ode to Asparagus* / Marci Cook-Fine**

O, spears of spires
to heaven rise
To feed our souls
and soothe our eyes
O, spears of Spring
such joy you bring
To you whose
earthy essence clings
To you from
whom aroma wings
O, sweet Asparagus
to you we sing!

***Asparagusto* / Lucia M. Elden**

I wanted you warm.
He made you cold.
I wanted you buttery-sweet.
He made you soy-sauce-salty.
It was a sign
of him not listening
of narcissistic grilling
of over-refrigerating.
Each spring
your shoots unite us
as we go into the cold spring air
to find you;
then you finally divide us,
as we go our separate ways.

Diane Hackman

Please spare us, Asparagus
From your sulphuric, mercaptan smell
Although your stalks are tasty,
They make my urine reek like hell
Regardless of the outcome,
I'll still ingest your green.
I'll just squat a little lower,
To discard your odorous stream.

Asparagus: a poem / Greg Badal

The spring time sun warms the ground up high,
I awaken and push my shoots toward the sky.

I don't know what's all the fuss,
As I'm just a little tender asparagus.

Steamed, sautéed or with butter over rice,
Any way you prepare me would be just nice.

But if you dare to eat me you will see
I will surely give you stinky pee.

Asparagus Twilight / Tom Durkin

Asparagus in the field
Like hippies in the park
The best time to harvest
Is between sunset and dark.

Empire on the beach
A Sleeping Bear on the Dune
Tell me which is closer to heaven
The Sun or the Moon?

Hunger Games (Ode to the Asparagus) / Sarah Marossy

They rose as victors of the sand
Shrouded warriors, final stand
Guised in scaly armor green
Spears were readied for the scene

They grew to stand in columns straight
Tall, with battle-hardened face
Bravest soldiers, sought no fame
Requital was the highest gain

The died as tributes from the north
Sacrificed with knife and fork
Warriors grew, but life snapped short
Those Hunger Games were not for sport!