

2025 Ode to Asparagus Entries

Winner!

**I've Been Eating Asparagus
by Caroline Smith**

*To the tune of "I've been working on the Railroad"

I've been eating my asparagus
All the livelong day!

I've been eating up asparagus,
just so I can be excused.

Oh please, Mom!
Can't I just clear my plate?
I really just want to
give it to the dog.

Please, Mom!
Please, Dad?
Please, please, please can't I be
excused?
Please, please, please can't I be
excused?

Someone's in the kitchen with Mom?
Who could it be?
Someone's in the kitchen with Mom?
Stirring up asparagus.

Fee fie fiddle eelo
Creamed asparagus and corn
Fee fie fiddle eelo
Cooking up asparagus!

2 hours later...

May I be excused now?

The Asparagus Poem

By Elleanna Voran

Oh the asparagus you'll eat,
When you eat in the street,
It's a very neat treat to eat fried asparagus in the street.
For fried asparagus in the street tastes much better than meat.
And Carson Van Vleet, who makes neat asparagus in the street,
Fries it in garlic and butter.
A better combination of food no one ever did utter.

Except for the ice cream made from these lovely green stalks!
Which is sold in a shop,
On the main street walk.
And this vegetable cream is such a lovely shade of green,
With its mouth watering shiny sheen,
That it would be utterly mean,
To end a meal with anything other than this shiny green vegetable cream.

Unless you have asparagus truffles you know,
Because I am certainly telling you so.
Their delicate crust is as white as the snow,
And interior ganache as bright as a Flibberfanflew,
Whose lime green coat is especially not blue,
In the early morning dew,
Except for in the far corners of Zamboo.
But unlike the wildly obscure Flibberfanflew,
These truffles are not exotic and new,
In fact, they can be found in a chocolate shop near you.

So my dear friend
If you happen to be,
In a wonderful little town that is not by the sea,
But instead on a bed, made of sand, by a lake,
And not a fake lake that would quake and shake and break should anyone find out it is
not a real lake,
But a great lake, so majestic and blue,
On a day like today, in the middle of June,
Then inquire and see
And there just may be,
Two thousand two hundred and twenty two,
Asparagus recipes waiting for you.
They are such a delectable, inventive, breakthrough,
That no other vegetable will ever do.
So you really must try one.
I beg you,

Please do.

The Ballad of Spare Gus **by Therese Povol**

There was a spare Gus in our town,
We had Gus Jones, when this new Gus came around.
He was spare Gus you see, since Gus Jones was Gus
So we called him "Spare Gus", which has the same sound
as the vegetable which this town is renowned.

He was trained in the technical arts,
and in plumbing, and baking, and building fun stuff from spare parts.
He was kind and well read,
He even made his own bed.

We thought he would try to woo, the lovely Miss Sue,
Which is exactly what he did try to do.
Sue was impressed with his talent and charm,
But alas he did something that caused her alarm.

It was the 31st of May,
For the first time he'd be cooking her dinner that day.
There were tall green spears in his garden,
Just begging to be picked and eaten.
But instead he served with his meat
sprouting potatoes, and an old mealy beet.

She looked at her plate and said, "Good by."
He said, "You're leaving? Please tell me why."
She said, "I could never get serious
With a man so oblivious."
He said, "I don't understand, please explain
Are you saying you won't date me again?"

As she walked towards the door all she had to say,
Was, "It's the vegetables you served today.
I can't respect one who would serve old roots
while they had luscious asparagus shoots;
therefore Spare Gus,
I must call an end to us."

Two by Two
By John Dennis Murphey

It's two by two, the story goes
And where we're headed, no one knows

We get in line outside the Arc
There's lots of us but it's getting dark

And there's old Noah, he's handlin' check-in
We made the guest list, our bunkbed's waitn'

Hey on your right, just look at these
A couple of beetles, and a pair of bees

That Noah's thought of everything
And now the lunchroom's in full swing

Bring it on, we all call louder
He rings the bell, out comes the chowder

But what's the problem, what's all the fuss
Man! He's serving us - asparagus!

Says he, it may not be our cat's meow
But you'll have to eat it anyhow

We get in line, no shoving please
We'll sit with you, but not you fleas,

I rather like this long green stalk
What do you call it? Ah, but you don't talk

We lounge a bit, then take a nap
Walk the deck, check out the map

Now ol' man Noah yeah, he had some insight
Plus, a big assist from a darn good shipwright

Some say it was luck, I just don't know
It's all kind fuzzy, it was a while ago

But we had it down, yeah, we saved the planet
There weren't no monkey business, not 'til we landed

We kept our cool, no heebie jeebies

And by doing so, **we saved all us species**

But we're not that proud, **not any of the pair of us**
Cuz we couldn't 'a done it....

Without Noah's **asparagus**

An Asparagus Tale
By Steve Bergmans

Seems it wasn't long ago,
When I was just a lad,
I was sitting at the table,
Along with dear old Dad.

Mom was serving dinner and
To my great surprise,
She plunked a dish in front of us –
I couldn't believe my eyes!

There sat something funny,
Or at least it was to me.
A dish piled full of something
That was a mystery!

They were long and green and stringy,
And some looked kinda white,
The kinda thing a Mom would serve
To give her kids a fright!

And as I stared in horror,
Dad put some on his plate,
And he began to wolf it down.
He said it tasted great!

Well, maybe I'm a sucker,
Or gullible as heck,
But if my Dad was eatin it,
I thought I'd try a speck.

So, I reached and grabbed a little one
And sat and stared a bit,
Then gnawed the pointy end off and
Got ready to then spit.

But suddenly, to my surprise,
This vegetable was good!
It didn't taste like how it looked,
Or how I thought it would!

And so I grabbed another one and
A plateful after that,
And finished it right then and there –

No need to feed the cat!

When I was finished eating,
This mystery delight,
I turned and smiled at dear old Dad
And laughed with all my might!

“Hey Dad!”

“What do you call these long green spears
That Mom served up for dinner?”
Dad smiled and said, “Asparagus!”
“To me it is a winner!”

And though I usually disagree,
I said I liked it, too.
That is, until I left the room
And visited the loo!

Asparagus Adore
By Tina Piotrowski

I spare no words
I spare no love
My affection for you goes beyond and above.
Your tender stalks
in so many ways
Never fail to give me praise.
Be it roasted, sautéed, grilled or steamed
Your presence in recipes
is truly a dream.
Whether orzo, or quiche, or on the side
Lovely asparagus steals the show
every time.
I long for your arrival,
a sure sign of Spring.
Then savor you like gold
being gifted to a king.
When your days are numbered
and your bounty is through,
I cherish the time
I had with you.
Then lovingly preserve
for a mid-winter treat
To tide over until next Spring
when we again meet.

Aspara-ku
By Marty Goers

young thin fleshy shoots
frolicking in the garden
a springtime delight

stringy sprout for thee
veggie treat grilled with heat
makes for stinky pee

emerge in the spring
long green straight up from cold earth
the asparagus

Ode To "A. Spear Gus"
By Mary Breen

There once lived in a furrow on a Leelanau farm
A verdant spear named Gus.
Gus' short life began with trauma
That is rather quite sad to discuss.

For when he began as a small black seed.
Gus was shoved into the mound,
And with dirt and water dumped atop
Gus became stuck completely underground.

Yet, despite his rough beginning
Into a seedling Gus grew.
He got taller and firmer to become a fine shoot.
Really, the best stalk his friends knew!

But Gus was restless because he longed to live
Amidst the wildflowers in the meadow nearby,
Beside the butterflies as company in his day.
"A more fulfilled life," Gus would sigh.

One day, a rumor was circulating among the rows.
There were talks about destruction of all Gus had known.
Gossip of trunks being snapped at their knees,
And upon monstrous trucks they all would be thrown.

"Not possible," thought Gus,
In this uneventful space.
"Every day is quite boring!
Nothing ever happens in this place!"

Alas, the very next day workers came
To this northern Michigan farm in force.
They fractured, and cracked, as the harvest occurred
While Gus warned his friends until he was hoarse.

There was carnage that awful day,
But somehow there Gus stood!
He was skipped by those enemy hands,
And hence, would live to see Fatherhood!

A Sentinel Spear on the now empty farm,
With a show of red berries on his feathery fronds,
Birds plucked them excitedly and gave Gus a nod

While dispersing his seeds over the fields and ponds.

Gus wrinkled and yellowed but felt more content.
For beyond the farm's edge his progeny would grow,
Bearing witness to a world--
More than Gus would ever know.

The following Spring in the grasslands nearby,
Gus' offsprings grew forth, and thus
Thrived in this vibrant place
Known now as WILD A. Spear Gus.

Asparagus the Beautiful
By Roger Dewey (with apologies to Katherine Lee Bates and Samuel A. Ward)

Oh, beautiful, those luscious spears,
That wave o'er Empire's plain,
The purple kind, or pale kind,
They all taste just the same.
Asparagus! Asparagus!
How cheddar goes with thee.
Or crown thy tips with some rose hips,
And serve with sweetened tea.

Oh beautiful, the farmer's feet,
Whose sweet and calm caress
A thoroughfare of green completes
To bring us such harvest.
Asparagus! Asparagus!
We even eat you raw.
A creamy bowl and steamy roll -
Best lunch you ever saw!

Oh beautiful, for we have proved
The one thing in this life –
Although we know thy heads are grooved,
We still must use our knife!
Asparagus! Asparagus!
Prosciutto's great with thee.
Or crown some sprays with Hollandaise
And serve with sweetened tea.

Oh beautiful, asparagus dream
Sees green in all your spears.
Thy carbonara dishes steam'd
Could bring us all to tears.
Asparagus! Asparagus!
How bacon goes with thee.
Or crown thy tips with some rose hips,
And serve with sweetened tea.

Asparagus the Beautiful
By Francie Larkin (with apologies to lyricist Katherine Lee Bates)

O scrumptious are your verdant spears
In every way prepared
For all who love our vegetables
There's nothing that compares!
Asparagus! Asparagus!
We shred some cheese on thee
And drown thy spikes in hollandaise
To eat our fill with glee!

O beautiful, you vegetables
In every meal we make,
For brunch, for apps, and dinner too
We always will partake!
Asparagus! Asparagus!
To you we now decree
You always go down easily
You're even worth that pee!

Blunt the Asparagrit
By Jennifer Gross

Yo, I'm the spear in your fridge, fresh, green and legit,
Blunt the Asparagrit, snappin' savage with wit.
I don't swim in no sauce—don't dip, don't drip,
I stay sharp on the plate with that crispy zip.

Born in the dirt where the sun don't shine,
Rose up solo—no trellis, no vine.
I'm lean, I'm clean, with my vitamins tight,
Snack game is weak? I'm the nutri-ent fight.

GotB-six blastin', and fiber in flow,
Folate so bold, it'll steal your show.
Steam me, roast me, blaze me sky-high,
But mash me? Nah, that's a veggie lie.

I don't bend, I don't break—I'm the stalk with soul,
Bars so raw, they put dents in the bowl.
Don't sleep on green, get facts instead—
Fuel the brain, feed the beast, keep your body fed.

Asparagus Benefits
By Jeanette Stepanek

Push and scratch dirt around.
Plant asparagus in the ground

Vitamins A, B, C, E, and K,
Protein, potassium, phosphorous, fiber

In spring, a bit of heaven
All year, add to the leaven

Ode to Asparagus 2025
By Chuck Bond

I sleep under winter's
bliss
An then...a warm spring
kiss
Then an
Urge
I push upward with a
Surge
At first one segment at a
Time
Success will soon be
Mine
Warmer days will now
Prevail
Yet I grow to no
Avail
Only to be snapped off and put in a pail

Asparagus
By Cecelia View

Asparagus, asparagus
I don't care for you
Asparagus, asparagus
You make my pee smell too

Asparagus, asparagus
I've tried you all sorts of ways
Asparagus, Asparagus
I wish you'd just go away

Ode to Asparagus
By Nick

Oh asparagus, so delish and so green
You truly turn me into a fiend

Your so amazing and so delicious
Your one thing I'll never leave on my dishes,

I'll gobble you up and fill my belly
Even though you make my pee smelly

I will grow you every season
The type of veggie that keeps on pleasing

I'll love you asparagus and your beautiful colors even
Though you were never a fan of my brothers

Asparagus will always rain supreme
You can bet your bottom dollar I'm on the asparagus team

Oh, Beautiful Asparagus
By Alta Dobrzyosky

Who needs corn, beans, or lettuce?
They do nothing for me, they cure no fetish.
Give me long green stalks with flowering tips
Grill 'em or fry 'em and shoved through my lips!

Me and asparagus have a deal in place,
They keep growing, I keep stuffing my face.
A little salt, a little pepper and sprinkled with love,
The best part of dinner, far and above!

Asparagus has my heart and also my tummy,
So, toss the salad, pass the carrots and eat something yummy!
If you don't like asparagus, that's wrong, but okay
Because I hear it doesn't like you anyway!

Ode to Asparagus
By Claire Clark

Asparagus, Asparagus
I love thee, 'tis true
A Michigan green vegetable
That's purplish in hue
Your flavor stands out
From others we know
In veggie contests
You steal the show!

Od-or to Asparagus
By Jeff Rose

With asparagus what fascination,
God blessed us with his green creation,
So awesome and pure,
And you'll know for sure,
If you ate some, when urination.

**A Limerick
By Jan Bond**

There was a stalk of asparagus
Over which was made a lot of fuss
To cook it or eat it now
Got them in a row
As for the stalk, it was superfluous