

High on Asparagus
Joseph Povolito

Audience Choice Award

Asparagus. Do I need to say more? Yes, you have to say more, one word is not a poem.

Unless of course you are a tree, and then a poem is as lovely as a tree. According to Joyce Kilmer, that is. But is a poem as lovely as asparagus? Tree is sure easier to rhyme than asparagus.

I haven't rhymed anything yet. What are you, high? Are you high?

High on asparagus? High on asparagrass? Devil's lettuce, devil's aspargrass?

How high are you? Hi, how are you? Can you get high from asparagus?

Does asparagus have THC in it? Can you dry it, roll and smoke an asparagus joint?

Can you boil it and mix it with corn syrup and gelatin to make gummies?

Asparagus butter? Asparagus edibles? Asparagus brownies? Oh dear NO! Just NO!

This surely is a trip. A psychedelic asparagus trip. Whoa, that would be a great band name!

Am I tripping out on asparagus? I still haven't rhymed anything. How can I call this an ode to asparagus.

It's more like I OD'ed on asparagus. That's it....I'll call this poem "OD'ed on asparagus." At least I have the title. Now just to rhyme something.

Whoa, what are all you people doing here? Have I been thinking these thoughts or have I been saying these things? I'm feeling a little paranoid. Why are you looking at me like that?

I sure do have the munchies. Why is pizza round, but put in a square box and cut into triangles...? Asparagus on pizza, ohhhh dude, I bet that's rad.

Wow, this fried asparagus is sooooo good. I could eat like 420 pieces of this stuff. What time is it? 4:20, time to eat some asparagus?

I bet asparagus is one of those gateway vegetables your parents warn you about.

Kids might have questions about asparagus. Parents, it may feel awkward at first but talk to your kids about asparagus. They might say things like all the other kids

are eating asparagus, why can't we try it? Don't be one of those parents that say "just say no," say yes to asparagus.

I think I need to sit down. I think I could sit on a couch all day. My mouth is dry. Anyone got any Visine? Dang, I still don't think I rhymed anything. Oh well, green out man!

Asparagus Haiku

Bob Barnes

Green, stringy-stalked
I just want to eat the tips
O, asparagus

Homage to the Noble Spear

Anonymous

Sweet Asparagus
Delicious and nutritious
Always makes me pee

Asparagus Season

After the Empire Asparagus Festival 2024

Kirsten Fedorowicz

It is in the name of loving you that I make all my best decisions.
& yes, maybe all my best decisions involve Lake Michigan,
But it is June & we are young
& you are willing to drive hours so I catch a glimpse of her wild waters.

It is asparagus season, the first harvest,
& we're shoving hardy stalks in our mouths,
bite-by-bite tasting the brilliant joy of the summer to come.

Hello Asparagus

Elleanna Voran

Asparagus. How do!
So nice to meet you.
Shall I put you in a salad?
Or shall I put you in a stew?

Asparagus. Good day!
It seems we're both going this way.
Are you off to join a quiche?
Or a creamy chicken flambé?

Asparagus. What's up!
What a treat to see you up.
Shall I put you on a plate?
Or serve you in a cup?

Asparagus. Good night.
It has truly been a delight.
No matter how I spice, or dice, or if I pair you with rice,
You deserve the full spotlight.

Asparagus, Oh We Adore Thee **Francie Larkin**

Asparagus, oh we adore thee,
Spear of glory, our delight;
Forks dig into green abundance
Most delicious, out of sight!
Melt the cheese to pour upon it;
Dash of pepper, dash of salt;
Giver of delicious flavor,
Yes, your taste we will exalt!

All thy dishes that we make
With you are better than the rest;
Plates and bowls are piled with plenty,
Olive oil and lemon zest.
Fields so verdant, full of splendor,
Flavor teeming, ever-green,
Asparagus, oh jewel of summer,
What a glory to be seen!

Diners, join the happy chorus,
Lift your voice with songs of praise,
Appetizers, brunch and dinner,
Always best with hollandaise;
Ever singing, march we onward,
Through the lines of life's buffet,
Asparagus, oh we adore thee

More than we can ever say!

NOTE:

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee, or Hymn of Joy, was written by Henry van Dyke in 1907. The hymn is set to "Ode to Joy," a theme from the final movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The hymn is considered to be one of the most joyous hymn lyrics in the English language.

Earthy Heralds

Diana Dunn

Until I saw Tom and Anita's patch,

I didn't know.

I thought green beans came in cans,

And mashed potatoes were powdered.

I thought pop-tarts constituted as breakfast

And hot-pockets, lunch.

I didn't understand.

At 6, I accepted Christ and I meant it; a child's soul is crisp and clear before the dulling of canned green beans, powdered potatoes, pop-tarts, and hot pockets.

I thought I needed to try harder.

I needed to be better.

I thought I needed to bludgeon myself until I was more loving.

I thought my body was meant only to carry around my thoughts. Both of which were under strict scrutiny. I didn't know my organs were soft, wise, and sacred.

I didn't know until my 40's that asparagus grew from the ground; straight like an arrow, it's head poking through soil. How does it know? Hear its joyful pleading to look down. Look Down! See first the soil and then look up! Look up!

And then I did.

What goodness springs from the ground.

I, sweetly singing now with those green triumphant heads, so humble in their whispered chorus. "Taste and See that God is good."

Taste and See.

And so I do.

Oh! For soul to be soil in the Creator's great garden!!

Alive!

Alive!

I didn't know. I do today.

Love Me Tender

Mike McCarty

Elvis sang this hit song in the Fifties
And many covers followed swiftly.
Now, Asparagus, the Queen of Green,
Has emerged on the lyrical scene
To offer a new take on this tune,
One that will make foodies swoon.

Love me tender, love me green
Never let me go.
I can make your life so keen
And you'll love me so.

Love me tender, roasted, grilled,
Blanched, sauteed, or raw.
Let your taste buds be fulfilled
And you will say, "Ahhhh."

Love me tender, love me healthy
My benefits are spectacular.
Vitamins, fiber, and I'm earthy,
I can even make you regular.

Love me tender, roasted, grilled,
Blanched, sauteed, or raw.
Let your taste buds be fulfilled
And you will say, "Ahhhh."

Love me tender in the Great Lakes state
Where I'm produced the most.
I'll be great on your dinner plate
I don't mean to boast.

Love me tender, roasted, grilled,
Blanched, sauteed, or raw.
Let your taste buds be fulfilled
And you will say, "Ahhhh."

Ode to The Empire Asparagus Fest 2026

Susan Rife

We drive to Norconk farm on 22
First of the summer season a must
Get it fresh at farmers markets or wayside stands
Don't settle just for frozen or canned

See it growing from the ground
Beautiful green spears surround
Weigh out the fresh cut stalks have your cash ready to pay
Then be on your way

Take it home to prepare
Appetizers, soups, and entrees to compare
There are plenty of recipes to share

Create ice cream, freeze pops for dessert?
Slow down, don't get too ambitious
Sweet or savory it's always delicious

So stock up your freezer
Making a small batch is a teaser
Whether you toss, sauté, grill, bake or broil
Its worth the toil

Asparagus is nutritious
A great source of vitamins
A and C, Folate Potassium Iron and Thiamin
Plus a diuretic and fiber
So be prepared!
Find the bathroom stalls when Mother nature calls!

Plus if you eat too much asparagus adds a funny smell to your urine
We say oui oui!

Do you really need a reason to celebrate the season?
Come to the Empire Asparagus Fest
6 –6 -26
It's the best

Don't fear the crowd it will make you proud
Try the battered and fried asparagus from Art's, yum!
The Plevis sausage or Livley's wrap not to be outdone

Race the race, create new recipes, buy some books, write your ode
and wear your green
Come say all Hail to the Asparagus Queen!
Watch the magic unfold
There is beauty to behold

Have some beer, There is food galore, Share some cheer
Then eat some more
Lets start planning for next year!
See you there!

Ode to our spare Gus
Wendi B. Peake

Oh spare our Gus.
Please spare our Gus
Tall strong and lean
He never meant to be mean
...he was just green

Gus was a friend of mine
He was never one to be seen
But loved his wine
Loved to dine

Oh spare our Gus.
Please spare our Gus
Tall strong and lean
He never meant to be mean
....he was just green

Gus loved the sandy soil spare
As long as the onions and weeds were bare
Everyone knew he was a little temperamental
Angry bouts were often detrimental

Oh spare our Gus.
Please spare our Gus
Tall strong and lean
He never meant to be mean
...he was just green

Gus held the largest spear
Proud and tall, without fear
Bigger than the ladies
his feathery ferns blossomed for babies

Oh spare our Gus.
Please spare our Gus
Tall strong and lean
He never meant to be mean
... he was just green

Oh Spare our Gus.

Michigan in May

Morgan Bergren

As Asparagus poked right out of the soil
And took in the air, he had to recoil.
Cold wind, drizzly rain, the sky cloudy and gray -
Not a cold snap! Ugh, guess that's Michigan in May.
"I thought it was warm, and that it'd be fun
To come up from the ground and bask in the sun.
But now I can see that I've been a fool.
This so-called spring is so wet and cool!
Oh, how I wish I was a late summer crop!
I know - I'll ask Tomato for a harvest-time swap."
But Tomato was nowhere! He couldn't be found!
Turns out, he wasn't yet sown in the ground!
Gus searched the field for more summer friends
To see what solutions they might recommend.
"Hey Peach, you're the greatest late summer delight!
Can you help me grow slow to see August sunlight?
Oh, how I'd love to feel late summer heat
Just once before being ready to eat."
But alas, sweet young Peach disapproved
Of any attempt at a seasonal move.
"Gus, each year, you're an early bloomer
And your arrival brings joy and relief and good humor!
As soon as the snow melts in Leelanau County,
Eager eaters await their asparagus bounty.
You should be grateful for all of their praise

Which you wouldn't get during summer's dog days.
After all, the thing they most love about you
Is your early arrival - that's your virtue!"
Gus couldn't argue with what he had heard.
He started to feel that his dream was absurd.
Then the wind eased, rain stopped, and the sun
Emerged warm and bright - cold weather was done.
A perfect and gorgeous spring day started blooming
And Gus felt perhaps better days were now looming.
"Gus, here's the truth: when the weather's not great,
In Empire, the best thing to do is just wait."