

Meat or Veggies?

My conscience is changing with each passing year,
And threatens to vanquish all pleasures once dear.
For as vice and bad habits all flee in retreat,
I now ponder the morals of eating red meat.

T-bones and lamb chops and sizzling pork roasts,
Are haunting my palate like barbecued ghosts,
For no matter how tender the cut, or its size,
It once had four legs, a cute tail and brown eyes.

Yet broccoli sprigs hold such little appeal.
It's like—scrap the banana and just eat the peel.
And as to those carrots and turnips and peas,
Even when spicy they're naught but a tease.

You can't grill your okra or spuds medium rare,
And freshly boiled cabbage just doesn't compare.
All of these veggies have a nose twitching lack
When placed side by side with a roasted lamb rack.

Still,

I wrestle that conscience and one day will give in,
And banish the shame of my mouthwatering sin.
I'll become a good Vegan—one doubtless well fed,
With mushy green peas on a nursing home bed.