

## ODE TO THE BEETROOT

AS I FLAY YOUR  
SKIN IN PRE PA  
RATION MY GUIL  
TY FIN GERS BEAR  
YOUR CRIM SON STAIN

THOUGH YOUR ASSASSIN, I ANTICIPATE  
YOUR EARTHY FRAGRANCE ON MY PLATE AND  
TONGUE. YOUR LEAVES AND STALKS I STEAM  
AND SERVE WITH MELTED BUTTER, A RIOT OF COLOUR  
ON MY TASTE BUDS. OR PERHAPS YOU COME TO ME  
IN DIFFERENT GUISE, LIGHTLY PICKLED IN A JAR TO  
GRACE MY SALAD WITH YOUR PURPLE FLESH,  
OR ROAST AND DROWNED IN PINK WHITE  
SAUCE; OR BAKED WITH CHOCOLATE  
AND ALMONDS IN A JUICY CAKE.

O BEETROOT ,QUEEN OF ROOTS,  
YOUR CRIMSON SUCCULENCE  
BEATS ALL OTHERS. AND IN  
THE MORNING YOUR STAIN  
IN MY BATHROOM CON  
VICTS ME OF YOUR  
MURDER.