

Mary, who would not eat her vegetables.

It almost pains me to relate
The story of a girl whose plate
Was never graced by sprout nor bean
Nor anything remotely green.
No cabbage, red, white or savoy
Would this most wretched child enjoy.
The call of spinach she would not heed
She'd even turnip her nose at swede
And finding all things veggy vile
Lived a life of legume self denial

For if asked to embrace an asparagus tip
She'd scrunch her face and screw her lip
And when required to ingest a leek
She wouldn't come out of her room for a week
But would linger devising punishments cruel
To inflict on the next well-meaning fool
Who dared to say: "now really Mary
Vegetables are not that scary".

But oh the tears and streams of phlegm
Brought on by a little gem.
And oh the wild wails and howls
When told that broccoli aids the bowels.
A single streak of runner bean
Would send her to the toilet, green
She'd spray the walls and coat the floor
If made to swallow carrot raw.
And no sooner would she eat a sprout
Than the whole damn thing would come back out
And the merest squeeze of a sun ripened tom
Would bring forth a veritable river of vom –

It made her parents quite distraught
To see her not eat what she ought
In vain they tried each trick and wheeze
To make their princess process peas.
They begged, implored her just to try it
But still she would not change her diet.
Persisting in this wilful fashion
Of subsisting on a meat-only ration.

For livers and kidneys she'd scoff with glee
Whole rabbits spread on toast for tea
All pork and lamb and beef on bone
Would find a warm and welcome home
But offer her a pepper or a sweet courgette
And she'd offer you crudites you wouldn't forget.

And show her the end of a celery stalk
And oh, how she would squeal and squark
And throw her plate upon the floor
And scream "I am a carnivore!
On food my rule is clear and plain
I'll only eat what feels pain!"

But that was all some time ago
And like all plants, we humans grow.
And the taste buds of that rebellious tot
Have now matured and blossomed - not!
For still she resists all vegetation
You'd think colonic irrigation
Would have been needed long before now
And yet she lives, we wonder how.

Perhaps she's getting by some other means
Her five daily portions of carrots and beans.
For we all know love is food for the soul
Maybe Patrick fills another hole
(His marital duty a nutritional role).

But a word of warning to any man who
Might think he can make his girl mange tout.
She may not be a herbivore
But alas you must accept this flaw.
For it is written in the stars
Mary don't do salad bars.
So fail to feed her flesh of creature
And your new wife will surely eat'ya.