

Ode to the Cow
By: Kate Centofanti

Holes of joy
Over Swiss mountains
A pile of Mozz
Tops the Italian
Dish with the balls
Of smooth mooing mixes
Plop it and fry
Between yes two pieces
Sizzle or bake
Chop it and shred
Without it no sleep
Just lay in bed
So good on the table
Put it to test
Feel bad for the body
That just can't digest
The taste of goodness
And oh how it drowns
Scrumptiously filling
Without it the frowns

To say we have taken
The girls on the farm
And squeezed from them
Their finest of Charm
We take it with pleasure
And Oh how we know
This gift is a treasure
And swallow it slow
Not only do we
Chew it and scramble
So seriously *.
We cut it in shambles
Brown and drippy
Rare and pink
The Crowley gets sippy'd
And poured down the sink
We order and wait
The meal arrives
Ode to the cow
For our happy lives.