

One Egg Is un Oeuf

You put the effort in
Following the current trend.
Delia, Gordon, Nigella
Could hardly quite transcend
The beauty and simplicity,
The style, the *joie de vivre*,
As the souffle puffs up
For diners to receive.

Tension mounts within you,
Cutlery poised and set.
The moment of truth arrives -
This may be your best yet!
Then, seconds from success
Some idiot slams the door.
The souffle sags, collapses,
And triumphs slips once more

This is how your life goes.
You're puffed up for a while
Until the door of fate bangs shut
And all you can do is smile,
And ditch the soggy mess,
And scrape the dirty plate,
And wish you'd done them baked beans
And been thankful for what they ate.

© Alex Barzdo, 2006