

The Inconstant (Vegetarian) Lover

Aubergine, my Aubergine
I really want to love you.
I hardly ever fool around,
I put no fruit above you.

But if an orange
should pass my lips;
if mushrooms should waylay me,
you'll know it wasn't
my false heart,
but my false tongue
betrayed thee.

Please, do not hold
yourself aloof, deny me
your soft fleshies.



Photo: Gordon E. McCaw

Do not divorce me, Aubergine,
for choosing strange caresses.

It's in my nature
to consume, to eat,
to swallow madly,
and if I had it all
to do again,
I'd do it badly.

Your pear-shaped form
suggests to me
your woman's heart's forgiving;
forgive me, Aubergine, these
snacks,
and let us go on living!