

ODE TO AIDA'S FALAFELS*

This is an ode to Aida
'cause her falafel is quite a peach.
And when we'd finished our falafels
we owed Aida four bucks each.

Now, a falafel is very tasty,
but I must warn you before you begin,
that the sum of a falafel's parts
are bound to dribble on your chin.
It will dribble on your hands, your lap,
it will dribble everywhere.
If there's somewhere you've never dribbled,
it will probably dribble there.

But take heart, a falafel's worth it
for the chick peas, parsley, sauce,
stuffed with tomatoes in the pita ...
if you chicken out then it's your loss.
It has energy! It has fibre!
It will put the rosy in your cheeks!
Of course the flavour has a kick
and you'll still taste it for two whole weeks.

And if you've dined with a chick,
and you kiss goodnight at the door,
when you taste falafel on her breath
you might wonder "is that gas mine or yours?"
I'm sure Aida hopes it doesn't matter,
her cuisine forms memories sure to last.
Of how many dates are you likely to say:
we shared some dribbles, then our gas?

So if you ever have a craving
for falafel on which to dine
just take a chick, some mints and napkins
to Aida's, she'll (burp) please you every time.

April 1992

*alternate title: a mild warning to anyone about to try their first falafel, from someone who just did