

# Much Ado About a Cup of Soup

Am I an oats and cornflakes fan,  
An advocate of well-advertised foreign bran  
Addicted to toast, butter, marmalade or strawberry jam?  
No indeed! For years I've been a convert to our local gram  
To indigenous lentils, legumes, grain and yam  
Liquidized not by human hand  
But a modern machine of an alien brand.

But wait! I here detect a somewhat mad confusion  
worst confounded by aggression  
Identifying bourgeois practices  
As corrupting influences  
Infiltrating the country's native vegetable soup.

As for me, I love a cosmopolitan cream of vegetable soup  
Topped with cheese  
And parsley, if you please, finely chopped  
But this item in our menu has been roundly condemned  
As a self-convicting case  
Of having a neo-colonial base.

Oh what a storm in a cup of soup!  
What complex antipathies brew in a cup of soup?  
Well then, is it a homely *Tambun Hodi* you want or *rasam*?  
No! We like a plain, indigenous country vegetable soup  
Without all that jazz of foreign flotsam and jetsam!  
But what, pray, is an indigenous country vegetable soup  
When 'soup' itself is a loan resonating colonialism  
Perhaps even imperialism?

Oh what a storm in a cup of soup!  
What internecine divergences in a cup of soup!  
What a veritable tsunami in a cup of soup!  
A much ado about a cup of soup!