

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 pf 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!