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ODE TO MARMALADE

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*By Scout Heathman*

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On my plate now every morning;  
On my plate eternally,  
Ever just the same to gaze on  
Hanging, clinging, moving never.  
Little dab of yellow sploshee  
Little stringy yellow plaster.  
Bitter, sick'ning yellow substance.  
Where you come from, that we know not,  
What you are and what you're there for.  
Only that we know your presence  
That you, yellow shaky substance  
By some unseen power invaded,  
And presented to our vision  
By a hand so great and mighty.  
By the great hand of our Fathers  
Great unresisting power above us.  
For to feed his many children,  
Calm their cryings, stop their wailings,  
Feed them so they'll rest and care not,  
Build them big, strong and mighty,  
Give them hearts as hard as flint stone  
Not the yellow hearts of chickens.  
Make them fearless from all danger,  
Give them courage—stay their hunger.  
So you yellow worthless plaster,  
To you all our praise we sing.  
Tho' we eat you, ever eat you  
Morning, mid-day, then at night.  
Tho' you are our whole existence  
And without you we should fade,  
But for all that we don't love you,  
Hate and despise you Marmalade.  
Curse your yellow shaking body,  
Curses rest upon your name  
And upon your whole production.  
Marmalade, Oh! Marmalade.