



Soup

Something strange is in the kitchen, I think I will call it soup,
My Mother used to make it, Dad called it “loup-the-loup”,
I’ve never tried this thing before, I am in no way a cook,
Just chuck it in, and heat it up, there it is; soup... look!

So how come it is, that I do this now, when so long in my years?
Well the country’s closed, like in the war, no going out for beer.
Improvise, overcome, and make do with what’s in the parlour,
Should have done domestic science and listened to my Mother more.

So, lots of veg, all peeled and diced, with some cubes to make the stock,
Seems like a lot of detailed preparation before it goes into the crock,
But later on, the magic is done, soup served with a big bit of pride,
I can turn my hand to anything it seems when I have to stay inside.

