

Food for Thought

by [Bill Corden](#) (April 2019)



Dinner Time, Bert Heersema

Pop it in your mouth,
the Cockney's norf an souf.
Incisors slice inside it,
canines rip and tear,
molars masticate it.
The journey starts right there

The ptyalin you produce
turn the starches into mousse—
as the stuff from out your pantry
goes down your alimentary.

Once most of what you got is
past your epiglottis,
it's forced by peristalsis

into the waiting maw.

The the breakdown is quite rapid
when hydrochloric acid
from the lining starts to pour.

After that it's Greek to me—
Endo-crinology,
The brain needs this,
the heart needs that.
What's not used is saved as fat.
The muscles need some glucose;
without it life is otiose.

Now what's left is quite compact
and sent down your digestive tract,
where amoeba like creatures
with specialized features
mine for hidden treasure.

Taking out the nutrients
that make your life a pleasure;
a system so amazing,
that no amount of
navel gazing
can help you work it out.

Molecular reconstruction
turns produce into meat.
Preprogrammed instruction
maintains a constant heat.

When the gut at last disposes,
the vegetation decomposes;
providing strength and sustenance
to tuber, grain and pod.
A circulating providence—
Do you believe in God?

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