

# 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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