Vegetarian Poem

"Don't you know that meat is murder?",
The dippy hippy cried.
So, I hit him with a leg of lamb –
And sure enough,
he died.

Vegan Poem

He said he had a mortal fear of getting heart disease,
And wouldn't harm a thing that walked, or flew or swam the seas;
He ate no beef or bacon, no butter, eggs or cheese,
Just stuck to basic cereals, polenta, rice and peas. . .

So, imagine how I sniggered,
When I heard he'd met his maker
Choking on his porridge oats –
(and he was a Quaker).

Dinner Date

She said she'd be taking him out for some dinner;
That she would get fatter and he would get thinner;
Intrigued, he agreed – but was somewhat surprised
When he was sedated, then cannibalised.