



B-123 Soupçon Soup  
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Soupçon Soup  
Fl@ubert Duck



## Now We are Sixty



# Soupçon Soup



*for J.D.F.*

*with love from your admiring bro'*

*July 31, 2012*

## Now We Are Sixty



When we were ten we sharpened our pen  
And confident, entered the lions' den  
When we turned twenty we had views aplenty,  
And lashed out with Shakespeare wherever we went.  
Though world and its foibles seemed very contrary  
We pursued with abandon a life literary.  
In decade the third quite apart from the herd  
We studied the law, found lots there absurd.  
The law though brought with it a wide group of friends  
Who for grave deficiencies made some amends.  
Then turning forty the world seemed quite dotty,  
With stunning behaviour of the haughty and the naughty.  
In decade the fifth the 'mod' seemed less nift  
Returning to classics we made further shift.  
But now reaching sixty we're trenchant and clever.



O do let's stay sixty  
forever and ever.







### ***Soupçon Soup à la J. D. F.***

*Great chefs in hyper active mode,  
Oft condescend to bitchin'  
So squeamish guest should hit the road  
And shun heat of the kitchen.  
For pressures of most haut cuisine  
Make many tempers fray  
Great art is often not serene  
Anxiety rules the day.  
While jealous chefs stay coy and mute  
Not so is famed J.D.  
Enjoining others follow suit  
He reveals this recipe:*

## **Soupçon Soup:**

*Improvising is the worst!  
Important to assemble first  
Pots and pans and colanders  
Polish and test drive the blenders.*

*A cauliflower then you'll need  
To be parboiled in aniseed  
Pulverise this with due care  
Before you toss in juggéd hare.*



*Then add a cup of well diced borage  
Which always lends the palate courage.  
Carefully peel the poppy seed  
(a lengthy process all agreed)*

*Take some cress, a hearty bunch  
And blend with peach pits to add crunch  
This clarify atop a candle  
While some baby figs you dandle.*

*Add sautéed clump of hearty leeks  
And douse in yogurt from the Greeks  
Two dozen seeds of cardamom  
Toasted to a crisp well done.*

*Add dollops of sharp Caerphilly  
(Including wrapper if you're silly)  
And don't forget a pot of mustard  
Botritus figs, all closely clustered*

*Now slice and dice a rock hard tun  
Add flambéed toadstools just for fun  
Sawdust though deemed poor humectant  
Will challenge tastes of o'er expectant.*

*Dump all this in giant pot  
Then with firm wrist just whisk the lot  
Until it forms consistent peaks  
At crucial point, toss in the leeks*

*Then with flourish of a master chef  
Serve Soupçon Soup -  
à la J. D. F.*



## **Ode to the Wood-Bug**

*Other foolish insects try  
To emulate lepidopterae*

*But Blattae in league of its own  
Reclines in state on lordly throne*



*This Wood-Bug will not deign to broach  
A conversation with cockroach.*

*It spends its hours a-hotly strifin'  
Such effort to live up to hyphen!*

*He chooses only the best homes  
With gourmet food, improving tomes.*

*Such intelligence so cultivated  
Is often sadly underrated*

*Reluctant hosts must learn endure  
The tantrums of this epicure.*



*Fastidious and ever clean  
Presides o'er dishwashing machine.*

*Refinements to resist encroach  
Of crass, un-pedigreed cockroach.*

## ***Mags-Mags Westerland-Westerland***

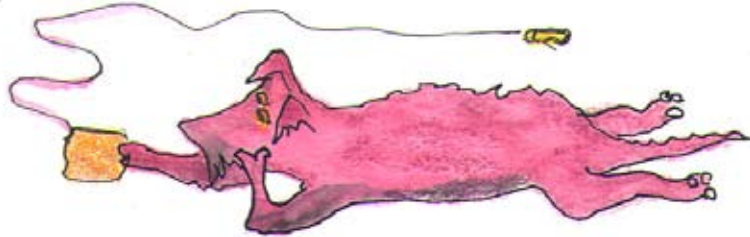
*Mags Mags Westerland-Westerland  
Scottie de Melange de Cairn  
Took great care of her master,  
Though she was only a bairn.*

*Mags Mags Westerland-Westerland  
Said to her master said she  
If you must be seen, down in the ravine  
You mustn't go down without me.*



*Mags Mags Westerland-Westerland  
Knew it was time for her walk  
When clock has struck four she awaited by door  
To resist all diverting small talk*

*Mags Mags Westerland-Westerland  
Is stickler for all daily rituals  
Utterly keen on a proper routine,  
Especially regarding her victuals.*



*Mags Mags Westerland-Westerland  
Knows the exact timing for dinner  
She engages the service with mind bending vibes  
And always emerges the winner.*

*Mags Mags Westerland-Westerland  
Is entitled to lick up the plates  
She counts them with care and assessing the fare,  
Her appetite never abates.*

*Mags Mags Westerland-Westerland  
Has a predilection for islands  
Though her emigrant boat set off eons ago  
She remembers her blood in the highlands.*



## ***Eau to Champagne***

*The night they invented champagne!*

*It's plain as it can be*

*They thought of our J. D.*

*The night they invented champagne!*

*The brew set mouths agape*

*Veritas within the grape!*

*The night they invented champagne!*

*They absolutely knew*

*Who'd love ambrosia brew*



*The night they invented champagne!*

*It's plain as plain can be*

*They had in mind J. D.*

*The night they invented champagne!*



## ***The LawMan***

*The lawman in these parts is the Sherriff J. Da'id  
Whose tongue is as sharp as a new stropped knife blade.  
When malfeasance is rampant, so many will turn  
To his sense of justice, he'll never them spurn.*

*In face of adversity others might run,  
J. Daid stands on principle, and his own sense of fun.  
In forced confrontation against dull and distraight,  
He levels six shooter and blows them away.*

*His tastes they are lit'ry, he's writin' a tome,  
And focussin' on the defects of his home.  
His friends, they are legion, with intensity rare,  
For none but the foolish will counter that stare.*



### ***Bears and Squares and Countin' Stairs***

*When I was young to breach a crack  
Bode disaster for a mother's back*

*To stave off fate at its most dire  
Best propitiate all those up Higher  
For good luck, healthy life habitual  
You must adhere to daily ritual*

*Boswell with his Samuel J.  
Observed such habits day by day.  
So let's forget the bears in squares  
And concentrate on countin' stairs.*



## **Oh! Them Old Books**

*Some feel a knowledge of the classics  
Is better left to the Jurassics  
Those fossils found in shale embedded  
So evidently bone-headed.*

*For what wisdom is in Plutarch found?  
Or Suetonius on a great rebound?  
What earthly purpose lives long lost  
And stories of the tempest tost?*

*Perhaps because it's tried and true  
It ultimately relates to you.*