

On Cheese

*Poets have been mysteriously
silent on the subject of cheese.
—G.K. Chesterton*

I bet not everyone agrees
that a subject of poetic neglect is cheese.

There must be someone who's descanted a solfeggio
exulting in the aroma of a ripe Taleggio.
And can it be true no one's penned a paeon to extol a
pear sandwiching a full, runny, green Gorgonzola?
Or loudly declaimed and invited crowds to toast a
melty, gooey, sharp Fontina, Val d'Aosta?

No, I may not be a poet, but I have to take exception
to this blanket statement of G.K. Chesterton.

*David A. Buchsbaum
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