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The Seven Ages of the Christmas Turkey

Unknown writer

All the world's a platter,
And all the men and women merely eaters.
They have with them always their appetites,
And one turk in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the roast,
Reposing grandly on the groaning board,
Then the warmed-over bird, served up next day,
Lest we forget the Yuletide's merry meal;
Then the cold cuts, at luncheon and at tea;
Next comes the stew, yclept a fricassee,
Which forsooth, do cause us many groans
And pangs of indigestion;
The croquettes,
Garnished with parsley cunningly and mixed
With what suspiciously doth taste like veal,
And so they play their part.
The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and languid turkey hash.
Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history:
A skeleton, a rack of clean-picked bones,
That finds its dismal way into the soup —
Sans breast, sans legs, sans wings, sans everything.



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