

Ode to a Wotsit

*Ever since I was two, I would nibble your ends.
You are part of my family.
Wotsit, you are like a new car smell.
I love the way you cheese-up my day.*

*When I taste you, you're like a bomb of cheese to awaken
my taste buds.
You are like a crunchy star, orbiting transiently around
my palate - melting magnificently down my oesophagus,
causing my senses to squirm and squeal.*

*Landing in your final resting place.
I enjoy your flavour,
I savour your taste,
You are mine!*

Oliver Buck F4

