

Horseradish

By Matthias Reisen

Is there an ode  
    To this old soul  
None that is around  
    None that I have found  
So let us begin, lets make a sound  
    So lets begin, right from the ground  
No seed is needed  
    Just plant a crown  
And it will be around, around  
    It will grow  
Regardless of the snow  
    It will grow  
Regardless of your frown  
    What will it do to heal your soul  
That is up to you, that is yet to all be told  
    It is say it will clear your head  
Others say it will make you see red  
    If you want to stay trimmer and slimmer  
Just put it on your back  
    And you will soon react  
Don't take a whiff  
    Just a sniff  
It will make your eyes water  
    An open them as big as a quarter  
Open your nose  
    Oh yea, as big as a hose  
Curl your toes  
    And Lord only knows  
What this plant holds  
    But as we ponder  
Let us put it in a place of honor  
    For it has stories to tell  
If only we could dwell  
    Within its secret well.

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