

Chipmunks! Chipmunks! Chipmunks!

Chipmunks dipped in ketchup.
Chipmunks topped with cheese.
Chipmunks doused in vinegar,
with fish and mushy peas.
Chunky deep-fried chipmunks.
Chipmunks cooked three ways.
Salty Belgian chipmunks,
served up with mayonnaise.
Chocolate chipmunk cookies
like Grandma used to make.
Chipmunks with a burger,
Chipmunks dipped in shake.
Olé! Tortilla chipmunks –
with salsa and with guac,
Chipmunks soaked in gravy,
or chipmunks in a stack.
Mint choc chipmunk ice cream
on a hot and sunny day,
Chipmunks for school dinners –
Hip hip hip hooray!

P.S.

It's comet to my attention
that my last poem
might have been affected
by auto carrot.
Everyone seems
to have a right chipmunk
on their shoulder about it.
Anyway, many apples.
It won't happy again.
Luckily, I'd already edited out the line
where I said they were suits
for vegetarians.