

October 19, 1981

The Boy Made of Meat

Why do they make boys out of meat?
Whenever I sit down to eat
They say, "Sit up. Don't swing your feet.
You'll spill that milk. Here; have some meat."

I say, "I've heard cream puffs taste good
With marmalade; I'll bet they would."
They say, "You know that's much too sweet
For growing young boys. Take some meat."

I say, "Or some cupcakes with these
Dill pickles -- would you pass that, please?"
They say, "Just sit down in that seat
And drop those cookies. Eat that meat!"

I say, "Ice cream with nuts would do;
No candy, though -- not till I'm through."
They jump up; they all stamp their feet:
"No! No!! You need your meat, Meat, MEAT!!!"

"Sweet stuff will make you weak and fat --
You aren't built from things like that.
A growing boy's made out of meat;
Meat's the best thing a boy can eat."

What makes them think boys can't grow strong
Without good meat? That's just plain wrong.
Right now it makes me weak and sick
Seeing my plate piled up so thick

With meat, Meat, MEAT. I'd tell them so
But they'd say, "Get to bed, then," though;
"If you're sick, bed's where you belong."
Well, all the same I know they're wrong.

A growing cow finds all he needs
To get strong just from ~~growing~~ grass and weeds.
I'll say, "Please help yourself, then pass
The weeds; I'd like some nice, fresh grass."

Horses don't eat their meat at all;
They grow up strong and fast and tall.
Just try feeding some meat to one --
You'll find how fast a horse can run!

Or take one look at elephants:
They never eat their meat -- not once.
If I ate peanuts till I got
That Strong, I'd tell them what was what!

Why, they've been mixed up, all along;
Meat isn't how you grow up strong.
Just think about the ones that do
Eat meat -- think what they grow into.

Frogs eat their bugs up -- each last bit;
They don't get big or strong from it.
Cats eat their mice -- raw mice at that;
I'm bigger now than any cat.

And what if boys are made of meat;
We don't turn to the things we eat.
Most every cow I've ever seen
Ate grass; not one of them was green.

Our cat eats birds -- she's got no wings.
Those birds don't help her when she sings!
Mice don't look much like cheese and what's
More, squirrels don't look much like nuts.

Besides, suppose they're right? -- if we
Ate hamburger, think what we'd be!
Next time they say, "Beef's good for you,"
I'll swish my tail up and say, "Moo!"

First they say, "Eat meat and grow big."
But then they say, "Don't be a pig."
Next time we've got pork for a meal
I'll go roll in the mud and squeal.

The way they pile meat on my dish
Why, I could grow scales like a fish,
Horns like a sheep, feet like a hen --
I guess they'd all be sorry then!

Still, here's what they should be afraid of:
If we should eat just what we've made of
and growing boys are made of meat --
People are what we'd ought to eat!

Maybe they're right; maybe I'm wrong;
I'll eat my meat and grow up strong
Like lions or like tigers do --
They couldn't keep me in some zoo.

I'd prowl down every street in town
To see if any meat's around;
To everyone I met I'd say
"My but you do look good today!"

Wouldn't they pat me on the head
And rub my ears while they all said,
"Good boy! You're so big and well-fed.
That's enough meat -- try cake instead."

I'd sniff them over; then I'd roar,
"No sweet stuff! Meat! I want more! MORE!!
Just meat, Meat, MEAT!!! A man-sized steak!
What else could cure my stomach-ache?

I'd eat my meat up till I grew
So big they'd all see who was who;
They'd never say "Please just get finished."
They'd say, "I like you small and thinnish:

If "Why don't you dawdle some?" for fear
~~that~~ I got done, they'd disappear.
I'd eat my meat up till I'd grown
So large that I'd ~~be~~ left alone.

Alone? Wait! Where would I get food?
Who'd fix it? Wait now -- no one would.
Who'd fuss at me till I got done?
This being meat is no darn fun.

Some day a Magic Man will come;
His voice will boom like a bass drum:
"Let everything around here change,
Let everything be good and strange,

"Let kittens chase big dogs up trees;
Let flowers chase the bumble bees;
Let foxes run from hens and hide;
Let rocks catch cold and come inside;

"Let mothers just love lots of noise;
Let fathers grin at naughty boys;
Let grandparents act strict and mean;
Let nothing be the way it's been;

"And boys? Let's make boys from mince pies --
That's what will grow boys the right size;
Let's make boys out of gum and candy --
That's what will grow boys fine and dandy;

"Let boys be made of plum preserves
To build strong muscles and quick nerves
Let boys be made of cakes and tarts
To give them rich blood and stout hearts.

"Let boys be made from popcorn, pickles,
Jelly and **cracker jack**, popsicles,
Ice cream with sauces sweet and sour;
We'll make boys simple bulge with power!"

Then, then, when I sit down to eat
They'll say, "Slide down in your seat;
Don't sit so tall! Please swing your feet;
And don't just sit there looking sweet!

You finish all that candy! Stop!
Don't eat that meat! Now drink your pop!"