

CARNIVORE

I had supper with a vegetarian

But I had no beef with that.

She had pasta and I ordered turkey breast

And tried not to make a pig of myself.

I ribbed her, of course, and tried to get her goat.

She was easy-going and fun, a good little chick.

She heckled me back about my meal being slaughtered,

but I never felt hen-pecked.

I hammed it up, trying to charm her,

Knowing that, as a first date, there was a lot at stake.

She was sheepish and didn't re-veal much

Although we did hash over our backgrounds.

She knew how to de-liver a good joke

And I could've talked with her till the cows came home.

She was beautiful too, and I wasn't chicken to show my attraction.

I caressed her and stole glances at her breasts and rump.

But I saved my bacon by not ogling.

She was a sweet dear, but I wasn't in love.

I just wanted to pork her.