

The Ballad of Emma & Her Tofu Turkey Bird

I shall tell of the dilemma
Which was facing Jim and Emma
As they wondered what to do for Christmas lunch.
For though fairly libertarian,
They were *strictly* vegetarian
"Should they cook their guests a turkey?" was the crunch.

For our Emma's doting mother
And her pa and his twin brother
Were a-coming for to join the merry throng;
But a meal without a turkey
They would think not merely quirky
But insulting, rude and altogether wrong.

"We could cook it but not eat it,"
Said our Jimmy. "But, my sweet, it
"Would but compromise the tenets we hold dear,"
Said his wife, "So let's together
Pool ideas, examine whether
There's a way to solve our problem that is clear."

"I will google for solutions,"
Said our Jim who had delusions
That the Internet was like a mighty god,
Which omniscient, ever knowing,
And enlightenment bestowing
Would give answer true to every questi'ning bod.

And our Jim got quite excited
"Oh do see where I've alighted
"On this page of veggie turkey substitutes!"
He exclaimed. "Oh see, dear Emma,
"This has solved our great dilemma;
"For I'm sure that here we'll find something that suits."

"Do but see the 'Gardine' turkey,
"See the Field Roast and Tofurky,"
Said our Jim; but Emma sighed and did respond:
"It's not 'Gardine', Jim, it's Gardein
"And it's short for 'Garden protein';
"And they sell it tother side of th' Atlantic Pond."

"Don't you see," said Emma smiling,
"That the things the site's compiling
"Are for US folk on *their* Thanksgiving Day?"
"Oh I see," said Jim, "I've blundered;
"And indeed I really wondered
"Why we'd never seen these things *here* on display."

"So I guess we're back to square one,
"And I really don't know where one
"Should look next," said Jim, a-clicking on his mouse.
"Oh come cheer up," said his Emma,
"For I'll solve our great dilemma.
"Oh come cheer up, Jim, and don't be such a grouse."

"But my love, how will you do it?"
Asked our Jim, "for no way through it
"Do I see unless you fly across the Pond."
"Oh don't bother with Tofurky,
"For I'll make my *own* faux-turkey,"
Did our Emma most emphatic'ly respond.

"But my Emma," Jim said, "Can you?
"Won't you find it harder than you
"Will be able to achieve within the time?"
"Oh dear Jim, I'm more than able
"To make sure the Christmas table
"Will have everything prepared and look sublime."

"This is well within my power;
"And I'll buy some gluten flour
"And some extra firm tofu, soy sauce, red wine
"And some vinegar balsamic;
"I've got stacks of herbs organic;
"And my home-made Dijon mustard will be fine."

"Though you get," said Jim, "what's needed;
"Can you say we have succeeded
"If our guests don't see the roasted turkey bird?"
"I'm a sculptress, Jim, remember.
"In these four weeks of December
"Twill be made and shaped and ready - take my word!"

"You're a marvel, Emma sweetie,
"Though if nothing's really meaty
Said our Jim, "how will our guests react to it?"
"Oh don't fret so, Jim; stop huffing;
"For I'm sure my veggie stuffing
"And my home-made sausages will be a hit."

So our Emma, with no blunders,
Worked so hard, performing wonders,
And the table groaned beneath the festive weight;
As the guests they were delighted
And their taste buds were excited
By the parsnips, sprouts and tatties looking great.

But what really set them gazing -
What they truly found amazing
Was the turkey bird with trimmings all around.
And the bird was full of flavor,
And the guests did praise its savor;
And they said a better bird could not be found.

And our Emma's pa, excited,
Did exclaim he was delighted
And to Emma's ma he turned and said, "My word!
"That's the moistest turkey ever
"I have tasted; and I've never
"Known a more delicious and more tender bird."

"And the stuffing was delightful,"
He continued, "Not the frightful
"Mush that Mabel served us up with last Yuletide.
"And those sausages so toothsome,
"Oh so meaty - not the gruesome
"Things the supermarket sells with junk inside."

And our Emma's ma, replying,
Said "Excuse me if I'm prying
"But I thought that Jim and Emma ate no meat."
"Oh that's right," said Jim, "the turkey
"You're enjoying is so quirky
"That it turns to tofu for us both to eat."

And the room was filled with laughter,
As both parents said: "Hereafter
"You'll be telling us the sausages are hexed."
"Oh my, no, not hexed," said Emma,
"But they've solved our own dilemma;
"So good cheer to all; be merry, not perplexed!"

So they feasted and made merry,
As flowed ale and port and sherry,
And though vegetarian meat seemed so absurd,
Yet they toasted Jim and Emma,
And they toasted their dilemma
And they toasted Emma's tofu turkey bird.