

[by ChatGPT]

Ode to a Bowl of Beans and Greens

I sat down to dine, not expecting a thrill,
But a bowl of pure veggies gave me quite the chill.
It winked at me slyly, all saucy and bold—
A fiesta of flavors, both hearty and cold.

Black beans were the stars, all glossy and plump,
Dancing with rice in a beautiful clump.
They hummed, “We’ve got protein, and zero
regrets!”
(Though one bean escaped and ruined my sweats.)

The roasted veg entered with flair and with fire,
Zucchini in blazers, carrots in choir.
They harmonized sweetly, a savory tune,
With peppers that moonlight as snacks by the moon.

The rice was all smug, like, “I hold this all down,”
A soft fluffy mattress in beige and in brown.
Quinoa tried crashing, but rice just said “Bro—
You’re cool and all, but this ain’t your show.”

In swooped cilantro, like glittery rain,
Dramatic and fresh with a minty campaign.
Some folks detest it, they claim it’s all soap,
But I’m in too deep now—there’s no need to cope.

The lime wedge looked on from its citrusy perch,
As regal as queens in a holy bean church.
It said, “Just one squeeze, and I’ll change your
whole life,”
Then slipped from my hand like a citrusy knife.

A dollop of hummus joined in with a smirk,
Hiding among greens like a flavorful lurk.
It whispered, “Don’t tell them I’m not in the plan—
But I sneak into bowls like a chickpea con man.”

This meal had no meat, not a sausage in sight,
But still had me singing with plant-powered might.
Who needs a chicken when beans got the bars?
Who needs a steak when you’re vibin’ with stars?

Each bite was a journey, a veggie parade,
A colorful canvas Picasso had made.
I nearly proposed to a chunk of sweet yam,
But it ghosted me later on Instagram.

So here’s to the bowl, my delicious new fling,
With rice, beans, and veg that make my heart sing.
A plant-based affair, with flavor so wild—
I’m now 80% cilantro... and proud plant-child.