

[by ChatGPT]

Ode to a Bowl of Chaos

In a bowl so round, with flair and flash,
Sat a soupy mess of orange squash.
It jiggled once, then gave a bounce—
Like it had debts it had to trounce.

Tomatoes plopped in red and ripe,
With drama fit for tabloid hype.
They whispered, "We're the classy type,"
While squirting juice like busted pipe.

Next came spinach, green and bold,
Trying hard not to unfold.
It struck a pose like garden art—
Then wilted fast with soggy heart.

Garbanzo beans, those humble fellas,
Rolled in like awkward Cinderella's.
They tried to dance but mostly clunked—
One even shouted, "I'm feeling punked!"

An avocado made an entrance grand,
With creamy dreams and toast in hand.
He wore a pit like royal bling,
And cried, "I am the salad king!"

The strawberries, confused but sweet,
Jumped in last with dainty feet.
"Are we dessert?" they asked the squash—
Who shrugged and said, "Who's keeping watch?"

They sat together, squished and tight,
A rainbow lunch, a surreal sight.
The spinach sighed, "What are we now?"
The beans just yelled, "We're bean chow-wow!"

Tomato tried to start a speech,
But avocado began to preach:
"We're not just food in mismatched hues—
We're postmodern, veggie news!"

The strawberries tried to start a chant,
But squash began a tribal rant.
They formed a band, called "Fiber Funk,"
And dropped an album—"Blender Junk."

The spinach danced, now slightly braver,
With moves it stole from a rutabaga.
Tomatoes crowd-surfed in delight,
While beans did limbo left and right.

A human peeked inside the bowl—
Then backed away, "Dear God, my soul."
But deep inside, the bowl felt proud,
A funky feast that screamed out loud.

So next time lunch feels kinda bland,
Just toss in what you have on hand.
For joy can rise, both bold and brash,
From strawberries swimming in orange squash.