

Mussels for muscles

by Jennifer Herron, N. Ireland

“Well, mum – I have a hot date and I don’t know what to cook,
And there’s nothing really suitable in any cookery book!
It needs to be romantic and will set his mind agog,
And if I’m really lucky I should end up with a snog!”

“Well, love,” says she, “Don’t panic - or you’ll end up in a tussle,
What you need is simple – a big fat plate of mussels!”
“But Mum,” says I, “I can’t! I just don’t do seafood!”
“But love,” says she, “You will – cos they’ll put you in the mood!”

“Just go down to the fishmonger and buy yourself a sack,
And in your hands you’re sure to have an aphrodisiac!”
So off I went to market for these briny little gems,
Which according to my mother, are irresistible to men.

And when I brought them home I was almost brought to tears,
To find them covered in barnacles and bushy little beards.
It took me hours to scrub them, those filthy little buggers,
And when I saw my broken nails, I could have cursed my mother.

But soon the house was all prepared for this romantic dinner,
With garlic mussels and French bread I was surely on a winner,
A bottle of fine white wine should complement the food,
If this did not impress him, then nothing surely could!

And then my date, he did arrive, he certainly looked well!
“Hello,” says he, “My lovely – what is that gorgeous smell?”
I ushered him to the cooking pot to show him my salty treasure,
And when I opened the steamy lid his eyes lit up with pleasure!

It just so happened that seafood was his favourite dish,
This night was going better than I could ever wish!
I poured him a glass of wine and the table I did set,
This would be a date that we would never ever forget!

But he lifted up his knife and fork and sat down on the settee,
He kicked off his smelly shoes and turned on the TV,
“I don’t drink wine,” he said, “I’d rather have a beer,
And I don’t like sitting at a table, I’ll eat my dinner here”.

I handed him his mussels and these he started to slurp,
Sauce dribbled down his chin and he began to burp,
He suddenly did not seem like the hunk I had dreamed up,
And when he downed a bottle of beer I’d simply had enough.

He began to scratch his backside with those well-toned arms,
But even though he was good looking, he hadn’t an ounce of charm,
He flicked it on to the football and began to shout and yell,
He lent to the side, let out a rip, and there rose an awful smell.

He began to laugh and snigger he thought that he was funny,
He told me just how great he was and called me ‘babe’ and ‘honey,’
He then sat down beside me and I was horrified,
When he said he liked me even though I had such chunky thighs.

He looked at me suggestively as his belly burst over his slacks,
“You know,” says he, “that mussels - are an aphrodisiac!”
This night wasn’t what I’d planned, this guy just made me sick,
“No more mussels for me,” says I, “I think I’ll stick with chips”.