



Chicken Soup
By Richard Marcus

Sent to 516ads.com in honor of "The Story of the Everything Bagel"

Chicken soup is more than just soup.
Chicken soup is more than a meal.
Chicken soup is religion you eat with a spoon.
Chicken soup is a very big deal.

It is comfort and warmth, "home" in a bowl;
The Bouillon of Gods, poultry scented.
The manna from heaven would have been chicken soup,
But matzoth balls had not been invented.

Chicken soup's made with kreplach, udon and veggies,
Alphabets, egg drop and rice.
Sometimes it's made without chicken at all,
In those cubes which can double as dice.

Chicken soup was created when the first hen
Walked by the first mom with a ladle.
From that encounter came this life giving broth.
(Of course, for the bird it was fatal.)

It's served with wontons, noodles and flanken,
From China to Chile to Thailand.
From Delhi to delis, it fills the world's bellies,
In Paris, Bombay and Long Island.

It's been called an elixir, the poultry Prozac,
And of course: Jewish penicillin.
But it transcends all nations
When viral invasions
and bacilli are the villains.

It's usually best when it is brought to your sick bed,
Straight from a steamy warm kitchen.
Nose runny, bones shaking, your body all aching,
Eyes teary and red rimmed from itching.

It helps if you hear the chicken soup prayer,
"Be careful, don't burn your lips."
And you bow your head and gratefully slurp...
And you're healed with just the first sips .

So now, if asked why that chicken crossed that road,
You won't be thrown for a loop.
You can answer with the faith of the miraculously cured:
It did it to make chicken soup.

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