

12-1-1990

Murphy's Slaw

Priscilla Eschbach

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Recommended Citation

Eschbach, Priscilla (1990) "Murphy's Slaw," *Forces*: Vol. 1990 , Article 22.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol1990/iss1/22>

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Priscilla Eschbach

Murphy's Slaw

A man named Murphy said one day
“Whatever can go wrong, will.”
I thought that a very negative way
to look at life until.
I went to make a special dish
for my extra special spouse
to make his appetite feverish
when he walked into the house
The grater on the carrots made
a softly, rhythmic, swish
as I scraped off the tip of my finger
and watched blood drip into the dish.
The cabbage, a little less than fresh,
turned to mush inside the bowl.
Now carrots, blood, and cabbage juice
were taking the joy from my soul.
The dressing wouldn't come out right,
lumps were everywhere.
I'm sure that even Julia Child
couldn't save this bill of fare.
My special treat, when all combined,
was the worst mess I ever saw
But it graced the table, and as we ate
I told the family, “It's Murphy's Slaw!”

