

Unsung Heroes
by
Robert Rietschel, June 14, 2023

A beetle in its hunger chose to lunch on an oak tree's bark.
The oak in its disdain for being somebody's lunch made tannins dark.
It's what oaks do when provoked.
The beetle repulsed by the tannins sought another lark,
And so it was that oak wood with tannins now reside in the park.

The book club met, and the first order of business was a toast.
The ladies raised their glasses both red and white,
And drank "to us, and whatever book we like most."
The tannin content of their glasses so carefully adjusted,
Their literary concerns now totally busted,
The book club had its attitude well-adjusted.

The vintner his skill did ply,
As the precious grape juice into barrels did lie.
There to age or so they claim.
But really to siphon tannins into a product of fame.
The cellar master once again did reign.

And on Oak Street, the ladies of the book club did meet.
In a house of oak and floral bouquets so sweet.
They toasted literature with praise to the sky,
For the wine had lifted their spirits most high.

The philosopher signed and raised his glass,
Whether red or white, no chance he would pass,
On an opportunity to proclaim
The true hero of our story,
The beetle who pricked an oak into fury.

Click here to email your comments to Bob: rrietschel@aol.com