

## **The Last Onion**

I the last onion

Plucked a day before 2019 blight

Sold with others packed in a mesh bag

Managed to survive, shedding my outer coats

Slipping thru, while my kindred go under knife

I the last onion survived until today

I the last onion

Mature and yellow, best of my kind

Acid in my veins, make you cry when cut

Mouth water in a fry

I the last onion survived until today

I the last onion

In my prime, pungent is my juice

Full of prejudice of kindred of mine

Puny green one, spineless Vidalia

Colorless white, stinky garlic, shrunken shallot

All dead with blight

I the last onion survived until today

I the last onion

Wondering how it will be when

I kick the bucket, hating

The midget the pickled onion

Bar mongers favorite, shed his identity

Sold his soul to be eaten whole

I the last onion survived until today

I the last onion

Wonder if extinct onions make  
The Indians mourn death of their curry  
Italians the shriveled shallot, French my stinky cousin  
None the colorless white, apple wanna be Vidalia  
I the last onion my time's running out

I the last onion  
Survived until today  
I feel the man coming knife in hand  
I am the only one, no escape now  
I know my fate, sliced in salad  
Diced in curry, fried on rice  
How will it end, I know soon  
I the last onion  
Counting my minutes.