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Megan, Megan the angry vegan

Megan Megan the ANGRY vegan!

Very bloody angry; especially at butchers and delicatessons.
Quit her job and the whole city nine-to-five to go and live
in the Sunshine Coast hills and have permaculture lessons.

No more would she toil for a toxic culture
with its brain-rot television and plastic ecology.
She moved to a property full of hippies and wallabies,
Organic, off-the-grid and lactose free.

Waiting tables in town to pay the rent,
and growing pumpkins out the back by the chicken pen,
where dwells her friend Brooke, the slightly mad chook,
Queen of the gang of rescued poultry hens.

Brooke! Brooke! The slightly mad chook,
rescued from a poultry farm.
Now living with Megan in the forested hills,
in an increasing state of alarm.

For up here, amidst the views of mountain and rainforest,
there are foxes! and goannas! and enourmous snakes!
And with the goshawks dropping in for a snack now and then, well...
Brooke was getting the PTSD shakes.

Brooke! Brooke! The increasingly mad chook,
watching her poultry peers disappear one-by-one.
Until it was just her and Neville, the lecherous Bush Turkey,
sharing the roost as the sun goes down.

Oh Megan Megan, the worried vegan,
Wanted Brooke to have a family again.
*“To the Organic Farmer’s Mart I’ll go and I’ll find someone who knows
how I can rescue my beloved hen.”*

And so it was Megan Megan the DIY vegan
who met Brad the Trady at the Organic Farmer’s Mart.
And with his big shoulders and smile, well, she opted for denial
about the pork sausages in his shopping cart

Megan Megan the love starved vegan
Found herself a bit flattered by Brad’s attention,
Over almond-milk chai they resolved to try
and bring Brooke out of her state of suspension.

They rescued her from the crumbling old hen house,
and built her a new one all safe and tight.
And they evicted Neville, the lecherous bush turkey,
and got her some chicken friends to keep her company at night.

Oh Megan Megan the Grateful vegan!
Made Brad a meal of roast veges and brown rice,
and salads green, made from plants he’d never even seen;
And raw cheesecake, which he thought was very nice.

But big-shouldered Brad liked things that were SO bad!
Pork sausages! Dairy chocolate! Omellettes!
And he didn’t seem to believe in the need for relief
from the tyranny of multinational conglomerates.

But big-shouldered Brad of course wasn’t all bad,
indeed there was one good thing he did with great zeal!
Soon he’d moved in and somehow Megan ended up
cooking Brad his favourite meal.

Megan Megan – the confused vegan -
out of love, cooking meals for her man;
and wondering how she ended up – in her own kitchen -
pushing pork around a sizzling pan?

Meanwhile Brooke! Brooke! the slightly mad chook
was telling all the new chickens exactly what to do.
Whilst big-shouldered Brad tried to fix the solar power batteries,
and sort out the smell from the compost loo.

And Brad Brad, who was becoming less and less bad,
(although there were still pork sausages in the freezer)
found himself less and less at the pub, and more and more at home
looking for his favourite vegan to hold and squeeze her.

Megan Megan the Mellowing Vegan,
hair dreadlocked in ochre and beads,
asks Brad the tie-dyed Trady,
if there's anything from the shops that he needs.

And Brad Brad, who always wanted to be a dad,
looks at her baby bump and smiles contentedly.
Decides he can't be bothered defrosting sausages and says
"Meegz, how about roast veges and brown rice for tea?"

Megan Megan, the Earth Mother Vegan,
and Brad Brad the doting Dad
Prepare for the home birth with mantras and incense
and all in white they're clad.

Megan Megan the hormonally-blissed vegan
watches baby chase Brooke through the pumpkin patch
as she digs and clucks he giggles and struts,
happy and dirty, with the odd bump and scratch.

Up here in the hills, with trees and tankwater,
With Brad and Brooke and baby boy;
Megan Megan the happy Vegan
in her little rainbow bubble of joy.

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