

## Sonnet to the Young Capones (all three of 'em)

Dear lads, I know that ye are well aware  
of all the wondrous soups your mom cooks up.  
You thank your lucky stars you get to share  
the savory goodness in every cup.

Yet one, I'm told, you deem beneath the rest  
Although its contents, you would not deny,  
are vegetables and pasta, all the best  
along with ham and grains well-stocked inside.

Ah yes, I've tasted this delightful broth,  
and one question surely now imposes:  
What, pray tell, could bring such folly forth  
and make you turn up your collective noses?

So scorn, dear lads, your mom's minestone,  
yet know ye this: that's all the more for me.

by: Albert Bender