

# customs declaration

Mel Edden

It began with a banana.  
No, a wedding, I suppose.  
Well, friendship, actually.

Sniffer dogs found it  
at BWI late one night.  
A CBP officer in blue

escorted me, somberly,  
to 'Secondary Inspection'.  
Honesty was my downfall:

*Do you have any other food?  
Um, I have some Oxo cubes?  
We'll have to take those...*

No mad cows allowed  
(even in cute little cubes  
of crumbly bouillon).

Thank the gourmet gods  
I thought to extract the  
recipe, lovingly printed

and packaged with Oxo  
- such a fitting favor  
from a couple who cook.

I make that casserole  
every year, in tribute  
of my night of crime

