Nothing is perfect
Until you come across
A perfectly shaped momo.
Then you realize,
Your life has been incomplete all along.
And the missing piece,
Was that buttery wrap of goodness.

The momo and the chili chutney Just the right mix of spice and subtlety.
The burst of flavors,
Satiates your unsatiated hunger
But leaves you wanting for more.

None can compare
To the eternal bliss
Experienced whilst relishing
The invincibly scrumptious Momo.

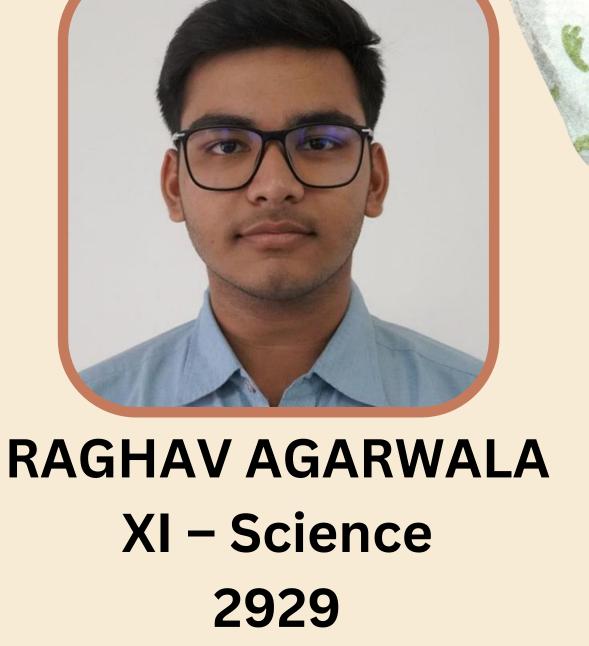


KRISHNABHAMA P NAIR
XI – Science
3936



There is one thing i desire It is better straight out of fire Prepare from the love filled Slices of the chef It will give cadence to the deaf Food is what i am talking about Also the reason why i am stout Let the chappati be with or without Ghee Any kind of food will give me glee

That is why food is my fantasy.





The delectable strands Drenched in creamy delight The spaghetti fantasy, Is all I dream about at night How can we forget The toasty bread Lathered in Garlic Butter Making me forget all the dread To top off this dream With something scrumptious and sweet

The flavor makes me wiggle my feet!



I awoke at night, Twisting and turning,
My stomach in utter plight, For food I was yearning.
Battered and fried, Delicious and how,
At night I was reminded,
Of my favorite vada pav.

The stinging spice, Pav soft as pillows,
One could never suffice,
For now, I had put on kilos.
A diet I set out on, On a night so serene,
Go run a marathon, How long has it been?

I ran and ran, Across the seven seas,
But then I began, To desire some cheese.
Clarity struck and secrets revealed,
The fantasy of food was opened and peeled,
It was an endless illusion, With no real solution,
All it does, is leave you in confusion.



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