



His loving gaze at her across the
 candle-lit dinner table, after broiled-rare
 steak, asparagus with hollandaise from
 the freezer, and apple pie with slightly
 soggy crust from her new cookbook,
 is intense and alive like

A brown smooth egg, nest-warm from
 under a hen in the barnyard,
 And fried sunny-side-up on a bright
 lazy Sunday morning.

With the sparkle and vigor of well-fed
 health in their eyes,

The slight flush on her face, as she
 accepts his quick-spoken invitation
 to "grab a 'burger," is

The delicate blush of a cherry
 blossom in early spring,

And the tart pretty meat of a pink
 grapefruit just cut and sugared
 for breakfast.

A spreading happy glow in a mother,
 looking at a young boy's mouth
 stuffed with potato salad, a baby girl

Food IS Love

with baked beans from ear to ear,
 and a husband's comfortably
 satisfied sleep on the grass
 in the open air, is

The warmth to the touch of a ripe
 tomato new-picked in the hot August
 afternoon sun,

And the just-uncovered rush of heat
 and smell from a pot of chili
 simmering on the stove.

The soft comfort of a family looking
 at each other and talking of when
 they were all together,

While passing steaming bowls of
 mashed potatoes, green beans, hot rolls
 and platters of turkey at
 Thanksgiving is

The smooth heavy lowing of cattle
 slowly herded into a warm barn
 at twilight,

And the friendly sweet consistency of
 ice cream on a hot night.

Food is love.



Eat the basic 4 foods every day.



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