Ode To My Pizza Essay, Research Paper

Ode to my Pizza

A pizza cannot be looked at as a separate piece of perfection. Only when you look at each savory ingredient can you fully understand the peace, serenity and beauty that comes when eating a slice of pizza.

The sausage:

The gorgeous meat that is processed by a large German woman named Helga. That smell of grease and meat is heaven to a person like me, and hell to a vegan.

Smelly mushrooms:

Being grown in the mushroom composts of England is what gives a mushroom his/her distinguishable aroma. Most people hate mushrooms, but to me, they are just another addition to my fantasy pizza.

Hot and spicy pepperoni:

Made by an Italian store owner in Little Italy, New York. The red color gives thee a ?come hither? look. I weep for those old fogies who cannot eat thee because of the threat of a heart burn or two.

Sexy green peppers:

Sometimes you can by spicy, but when cooked, that consumer gets nothing but a gush of your saturated skin, you fine vegetable, you.

The dreaded onion:

The sour aroma can make ones eyes burn and water if sliced incorrectly. Why are ye so temperamental? When being accompanied by several other succulent ingredients, onions can be a delightful partner on a slice of ?pie?.

The roof over the head over the pizza, Le Fromage:

The product of lovable Bessie; A cow grazing in the pastures of Wisconsin. You cover the pizza and protect the tomato sauce from the burden of being jostled by the pizza box lid. And tis you who scarifies itself to be plastered upon the lid if that lurid act must take place. Lastly, If you are cooked falsely, too long or not long enough, you become a rubbery mess of bliss.

Tomato Sauce:

Grown, mashed, and canned by a friendly Iowa farmer. That rich paste concoction perfectly compliments any combination of toppings.

Note: This is meant to be funny, in no way do I actually feel this way about pizza toppings. Just thought you?s like to know.