

# An Ode to the Shamrock Shake

You're green and sweet and such a dream

Far, far exceeding plain ice cream.

With minty sweetness in each sip,

You bring sheer joy to every lip.

With whipped cream top—green sprinkles, too—

You are, indeed, a stunning brew.



Your green cascades from dark to light,

Within the see-through cup so tight.

From whence could come such dazzling taste?

Nutrition facts we've never traced,

But you slide down with velvet sheen,

So smooth, so pure, so emerald green.



Corned beef and cabbage have their hold

On Patrick's feast, so we've been told,

But you, o shake of shamrock fame,  
Upon the season lay your claim.  
You're hard to find; not every store  
Is ready with green shakes to pour.  
"Machine is down." "It's being cleaned."  
You growl and grumble like a fiend  
Who longs for just one Shamrock Shake.  
You pine for it until you ache.  
You'll drive for miles to reach your prize,  
Forgoing burgers, nuggets, fries,  
For like a rainbow's pot of gold,  
A Shamrock Shake you long to hold.

