**Waltzing Wild West**

‘Twas a quiet mild morning

at the Waltzing Wild West.

Everyone was getting ready

and preparing to impress.

They were showered, cleanly shaven,

all their rough spots buffed away.

Dressed in colors of the rainbow,

not a one of them was gray.

They waited still and somber

anticipation on their skin.

But the carrots, feeling’ antsy,

twitched their noses with a grin -

button ‘shrooms sensed the silly

and they spun upon their caps -

tomatoes tried the two-step

until their insides did collapse -

cauliflower did the cha-cha

two real slow, then three more fast -

fresh spinach stepped a salsa -

and the broccoli had a blast -

avocado mastered mamba -

as young radish rocked and rolled -

bold beetroot braved bachata -

and the Jello broke the mold.

The saloon was surely hopping,

veggies danced upon the floor.

But the party soon was halted

when those cowboys entered the door.

They stared in wide-eyed wonder

at the scene with much surprise,

for they preferred their meat and

potatoes to these healthy guys.

The ranchers came for supper

hungry - yes - but never rude,

so they tossed among that salad

and started waltzing with their food.