Cucumber Cafe

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Illustration by Luke Watson, Awokenlust Creations

It was the drought of ninety six, to save his family and his pride,
A young Mat turned to cucumbers, not quite sure the reason why.
Could have been he liked the colour green, were they easier to grow?
Still that's when the story began and this is how it goes.

He travelled to good old Queensland for ideas on what to do,
And stumbled across the Giant Pineapple and the Big Banana too.
So he built a giant cucumber, it was fifty feet or more,
And imported tacky trinkets to sell at the door.

Would you like a ruler, a pencil, rubber, a stencil, cuddly cucumber toy,
Big ones, little ones, fat ones, thin ones, sure to bring you joy.

It didn't take him long to use the good old Aussie cue,
In jams and fudge and chocolate and cheese and the odd relish or two.
And he created something special that was sure to make 'em pay,
A slice of a monster cue made from prehistoric DNA.

He opened up a cafe by the summer of ninety nine,
With much todo and fan fare and a fine cucumber wine.
And they came from far and wide to visit the Cucumber Cafe,
And farmer Mat would greet them and this is what he'd say.

Would you like 'em pickled or fried or poached or dried, fresh, pressed, green is best.
Cucumber tea with scones and cream, anyway you please.

Now things were running well but there was still more to do,
The aromatherapy qualities of the good old Aussie Cue.
So he set to work in his tin shed and by the time it was Y2K,
There were lotions, potions, soaps and creams at the Cucumber Cafe.

Old Farmer Mat gained fortune from his Cucumber Cafe,
With Princes, Paupers, Presidents and Queens all coming to stay.
From Darwin to the Alice and from Rio to Timbuktu,
You'll find signposts reading 'This way to The Big Aussie Cue'.