

Potato

Cheryl Wheeler

They're red, they're white, they're brown
They get that way underground
There can't be much to do
So now they have blue ones too.

We don't care what they look like, we'll eat them
Any way they can fit on our plate
Any way we can conjure to heat them
We're delighted to think they're just great.

PotaTo potaTo potaTo
Potato Potato Potato Potato
PoTato poTato poTato
PotaTo potaTo potaTo

Sometimes you ditch the skin
To eat what it's holding in
Sometimes you'd rather, please,
Have just the outside with cheese.

They have eyes but they do not have faces
I don't know if their feeling get hurt
By just hanging around in dark places
Where they only can stare at the dirt.

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I guess the use is scant
For other parts of the plant
But that which grows in view
Is eating potato too.

I imagine them under their acres
Out in Idaho or up in Maine
They'll be wondering if they'll be bakers
Or new, deep-fried, boiled or plain.

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