

# 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.

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

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.

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