

Potato

You're a potato.
You've been rolled on a purple puddle
down to earth it goes.
You've been slammed into the ground face first.
You have a light spot like a star on your
purple face
but you've been damaged since the fall
the dirt ripped scars on your face
but you still grow.
Your ripped face has been grown into you.
All your injuries make you a potato.
I've been starting at the dirt for a
long time...
Boom! There's the light,
Now I'm flying in a bucket of other potatoes.
Ow! I fell on a table ...
Glbubglub!
Chshchshchsh...
Hey I'm clean ...
Now they're putting me in a machine
it's hot in here, ahh, I'm being baked
now I'm being eaten
well, it was bound to happen.

John R.