

Potato Poem

Potato,
You are
Small,
Peanut-shaped,
Dirty,
Even though I
Washed you well.
Cold
Even though it is
Warm in here.
You have a
Green bottom
The rest
Of you is
Yellow.
You always
Roll in
A circle –
No matter what.
Sometimes I
Wonder
Why you look
Like you do.
What makes a potato
A potato?
What makes
Anything
What it is?