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Taters

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Taters

Josey N. Meats

What do I amount to?
noth'n?
Boiled and mashed.
That's all.

I've sat in this drawer for 5 months.
Mother got turn'd into a salad last spring.
...and now it's me turn.

Look at me
So misshapen and starchy
Even on my skin
So heavy it seeps out me pores
And there's a root growing out me heed
This drawer has been stuffy.

We use to amount to something!
T'was the forefathers killed half of Ireland
Now look at us, battlefield of Thanksgiving day.

T'hell with it,
Life is too hard for us potatoes.
Time for me bath.