

I love a piece of potato to put peace upon the page,

And you'll love to read and eat and get older and to slowly age;

It's plain to see how quick a plane I hear quietly flies to land,

For the baker and the chip is a computed pen from my hand.

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In my mouth the taste of a baked potato which is cold and sweet,

Like the birds sound and chirping canaries and seed they want to eat;

The people bake the chips and the computer component from my seat,

Another plane passes by and I think Dad will buy the chips to eat.

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So it now seems as if the potato on the page is a bit of a pain,

When it's all read electronically and technicians read in vain;

Because I can't really assemble things once I have left school,

But all these lovely potato heads, are on a page and taught to rule.

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A packet of chips would be nice, but there's no way I'm eating them all alone,

I can't throw poetry at you till the cows come home,

But with milk in the mash potato you can add butter in Rome,

And pulp the potato to make paper and give your hair a comb.

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You see when you have got a piece of paper and there is potato on the page,

It really means you're ancient and things aging well with age;

For as nice as a potato is, you don't really want it on the page,

But when it hits you with the paper, the potato is right at its stage.

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Well that is like getting egg on your face and a bubble and squeak would be nice,

To mix up all the veggies with potatoes in an omelet to roll dice;

For when you're chopping up all the veggies and chives to try and stay alive,

You strive to find the potatoes peeled on the page and in the bin, by your wives.

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Signed,

A nice chip.