

Potato

Maybe it used to be round.
Maybe it's trying.
Hell, maybe it is
round, and we're all just absolute idiots
when it comes to the miracle of circles.
When it comes to *Solanum*
tuberosum, tuber of nightshade.

Its eyes
are yellowish, mangled things.
Maybe they were hurt
by what they saw, as soon as opened.
Maybe they recoiled
in terror or shame
at earth which was all
they could see.

Its skin will never get clean. If you rub,
if you rub firmly, if you rub randily
or ferociously or crazy
with tenderness, it will not come clean
until it just comes off.

It is my hand, ever so slightly olive,
lumpy with knuckles and aghast
at myriad encroaching
spots and flaws, like a text which everything
has been writing on me.