

The Poor Little

by Laurel Snyder

Wow. I'm just going to say it--
That's one ugly little girl you've

Made for yourself. But now someone
Will miss you when you're dead.

No energy is every truly wasted.
But nobody needs to

Look that much like a potato.
No, no, I don't think I want to hold her.

Should I tell you she looks like
you? Or that she doesn't? That she

takes after her mom, who also
resembles a tuber? I'm sorry, but.

Genes are cruel, will continue
To be cruel. That's the nice

Thing about genes. You know
Where you stand. Your chances.

It doesn't look good for your little
Potato. I predict she will

Either settle, or diet. Neither
is much fun, though both work.

Poor little potato. Can I hold her?
Poor little potato. Never mind.

