

JORDI HAMILTON
WISH CHIP

Ahh my thin potato piece
Covered in salt and spiced just right
What gives you power is a mystery
But something must fuel the wishes
you bring

We know the joy of eating you
But not much else is known
Of the reasons that you do these
things
Or the secret magical power you hold

We know of wishes brought to those
who seek
But first into the bag they peek
Scanning for that lone chip
Inverted like the mouth of a sock
puppet

When they finally find you
Joy glows in their heart
They open their maws and chew
Wishing with all their might on you

Then they gulp the mash
Looking up and left and right
Hoping their wish will come to sight
But that's for you to decide

Oh, my thin potato piece
Grant my wish if you please
I know the power resides within the
folds
Of salty, crispy, crunchy potatoes.