

I think that I shall never see
A poem as cute as a cow pea
That blooms in spring, is picked in fall
To become hopping john to feed us all;
Nor find a sonnet that truly means
More to my soul than collard greens
Long cooked and slow in an iron vat
And flavored by some back of fat;
No verse, no matter how well said
Can take the place of crackling bread.
For poems are made by fools like I
But not everyone can make a sweet-potato pie.