

America is a Boiling Pot

America is a boiling pot,

Filled with my mother's stew.

The ingredients come from different places,

With different shapes and hues.

When you drop a radish in,

A potato disagrees,

A tomato fights with the peas.

But after time when a boil becomes a simmer,

The fruits and vegetables join together,

And when you taste it, then you'll see.

One delicious taste.

Out of many, one.