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.