Although he loves the sun, the potato must be buried if he is going to live.

The humble potato, at once both a harbinger and savior of death. Like Icarus, too close to the sun and the potato dies, eyes still reaching. If I remove the green can I save it? If I had removed the green could I have saved you?

Who knows death better than the potato, who has ended and caused famines, who is so prone to disease and demise, who feeds the multitudes with its tubers, but can kill you with a taste of its greenery? Green is a symbol of prosperity and growth, but not necessarily for the potato. Green in a potato reveals the development of the toxin solanine, a defense mechanism to ward off pests and disease. Left to develop this mechanism eventually kills the potato, a consequence of light exposure. A potato cannot live in the light; although it tries. Like Icarus, too close to the sun and the potato falls. To live, a potato must be buried.

I grow potatoes above ground in vain, watching the green grow beneath the skin. Eventually they stop turning green and blacken with rot. I replace the dead with fresh tubers with fresh eyes seeking sun knowing I will ultimately get the same result.