

Mango

Slippery and smooth,
a pleasant leech that melts sour sweet

on the wheels of the tongue. I love to entertain
mango
as the flavor of an ancient persian duvet.

The sour syrup raindrops dripping down the walls of my glass,
swirled with the honeyed boba flowing out of the straw's spout

I loathe apples.

The lion may be the king of the jungle,
but the lion is no match for the tiger.

It bites and soothes.
The mango is not eaten, for the mango eats me.

When I die, let me be buried
in mangoes.

To be engulfed in that creamy flesh.
To discover the fuzzy treasure at its core.

The Dissolving Trees

Green Eggs and Ham, Dr. Seuss

Seven trees emerge from the clean green
and shed their terrible leaves that formed
from the smoke. I scrounge
for the round mounds of mango.

Who would dare attempt to tear my delicacies
away from me? To eat
away at them until they rot
in a sweet heap of stink,
living in love with three little pigs,
a mystery. And I would eat them in a boat.

But who would move to the lagoons
and smooth a mango that was rotten?
I would.

The white light of the night
would invite me to eat
the fruit of loot, of soot, of decay.
Smoke still covers them.
They still rot while I'm in thought
wondering what to do
with my dead lover: A Ghost.
And I would eat them with a goat...

From the Ceiling

At the Folies Bergere, Manet

Is it because of the wine?
Is her blunt sword because of me?
My boots of grass.
Oh mirror of chaos,
why cant you see from the other chandeliers?
Can't you see the torment of lifeless ligaments
bobbing from the shining crystals of light?

Where is Jesus in the corner?
The glowing woman with a scythe,
gloves soiled with tears?

Why can't the tangerines,
the oranges,
the mandarins in the bowl—
Why couldn't they be mangoes?

Apologies

I bet you want me to say sorry
for crunching on the claws of crabs,
chewing like an open basin.
It's my fault I spun my eyes west
to pinpoint the noise of your nagging.
It's my fault my hair is behind my ears
for I know you like it better
when I cover the sides of my face...
For I know you like me better when I am slimmer.

Forgive me for ogling the woman in the mirror.
Forgive her honeyed skin:
bare and dejected.
I'm sorry I cannot look at you, sir.
Your dirt-covered,
mud-littered,
bloodied body of pork
reminds me of the bile that bubbles up
my throat when I use my salted fingers to push
down the back of my tongue.

I'm desperately sorry.
I beg you for your forgiveness.
I've learned, I promise.
I cannot believe I had been so stupid.
I cannot believe I had neglected to include,
In this letter of confession,
my disgust for fibrous mangoes.

Red Pebble

I yield to my creator.

A crater torn from the blood
of myth that would wish for a spoon
of mango, wet and golden from my mother

who used to smell
too well, who baked pie and confetti
on my cloud of heat and houses of snow-filled
ostriches: archaic yet beautiful

for their astute sense of gravity and ability
to calm the tsunami of fear that crashed
into my village, destroying the cabbages
of corruption: rotten mango farms

run by Sylvester, the pebble of sorrow
who learned to breathe, and listen to the crickets
dancing on blades of grass; too small
to think, too hard to possibly breathe.