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In the Garden of Banana and Coconut Trees

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can't you tell me the truth now it's done?
Just once, tell me

how you put me in that field
knowing he'd come,
that you made snow fall
everywhere to cover your tracks,

that the leaves die still
because you can't punish him
for confirming your suspicions:
not wanting you,

he took me instead.
Of course I ate those seeds.
Who wouldn't have
exchanged one hell for another?

IN THE GARDEN OF BANANA AND COCOANUT TREES

Before the woman's hips
would come to sashay
to other rhythms,
before the man's hands
would grow still, leave
the hollowed-out wood body,
before she would take lovers
over her children,
before his mind would lose
itself to songs
of angels and demons,
before the gospel and herb,

there was my mother,
cooking cornmeal porridge,
plantains and callaloo for later,

my father's guitar notes,
streaming in from the garden
to hold her singing,
his music, breathing,
lifting leaves
that would collect and stir
at his feet, my mother's
clapping hands, bells jingling
on her ankles.

APPLE

Father,
watching you peel the fruit,
knife flat against flesh,
your fingers taut, white at the knuckles,
strips of skin flayed and falling
to the ground,
I think I love you
as Eve must have loved her father
when He turned her out
with the man who only knew
how to follow,
while He sat in the garden,
eating the white meat
with the serpent