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Banana Tree: 1964

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TAYLOR CHRISTENSEN

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today, I live in a banana tree	from our heavy pink finger tips. we are happy.	pablo sits at the balcony watching the full mango sun fall into the trees
with a dog called pablo.	our hearts are full of Spanish but our mouths are full of stones,	while I drift in a rocking chair with the radio.
in our attic, we keep a Spanish radio;	and still,	the night is so hot that I drink more water
and in our basement, we keep the Spanish sea—pablo loves the sea.	we are happy. we share a sweet red fish for lunch.	and pablo drinks dark wine. when night arrives,
when it is morning,	when lunch is over, we eat crackers	we wear it like a moustache with a cigarette.
we walk with the rainwet fence;	and drink water then wait for night.	
the soft golden hinges in our bodies dripping		