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Banana Tree: 1964

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Banana Tree: 1964

today, I live in a banana tree with a dog called pablo. in our attic, we keep a Spanish radio; and in our basement, we keep the Spanish sea—pablo loves the sea.

when it is morning, we walk with the rainwet fence; the soft golden hinges in our bodies dripping from our heavy pink finger tips.

we are happy. our hearts are full of Spanish but our mouths are full of stones, and still, we are happy. we share a sweet red fish for lunch.

pablo sits at the balcony watching the full mango sun fall into the trees while I drift in a rocking chair with the radio. the night is so hot that I drink more water and pablo drinks dark wine. when night arrives, we wear it like a moustache with a cigarette.

when lunch is over, we eat crackers and drink water then wait for night.