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Banana Tree: 1964

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today,
I live
in a banana
tree

from our heavy
pink
finger tips.

pablo sits at
the balcony
watching
the full mango sun
fall into the trees

with a dog
called pablo.

we are happy.

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,

and still,

the night is so hot
that I drink
more water

we keep
a Spanish radio;

we are happy.

and in our basement,
we keep the Spanish
sea—pablo

we share a sweet
red fish
for lunch.

and pablo drinks
dark wine.

loves the sea.

and when night arrives,

when it is
morning,

we wear it like
a moustache
with a cigarette.

we walk
with
the rainwet fence;

when lunch is over,
we eat
 crackers

and drink water
then wait for night.

the soft
golden
hinges in our bodies
dripping