

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