

TAYLOR CHRISTENSEN

Banana Tree: 1964

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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 | | |