

Lidia Torres



Two Guavas

VEGA BAJA, PUERTO RICO

They rested in the car
scenting the drive to Ponce.
Two pale yellow fruits
plucked from the source:
the tree in my aunt's garden
surrounded by orchids growing
out of coconut shells
and plantains hiding their tender fruit.
Nanda crushed the juicy pink
pulp with sugar and ice.
While we sipped the limber,
a bird sucked the nectar
of a guava from the tree.
That night, we slept
with their fragrance
ripening in the dark.

