

# Calabash

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*Bruised Fruit (Pantoun – A variation)*

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*Calabash: A Journal of Caribbean Arts and Letters* is an international literary journal dedicated to publishing works encompassing, but not limited to, the Anglophone, Francophone, Hispanophone and Dutch-speaking Caribbean. The Journal is especially dedicated to presenting the arts and letters of those communities that have long been under-represented within the creative discourse of the region, among them: Aruba and the Netherlands Antilles, Maroon societies, and the Asian and Amerindian societies of the region. Calabash has a strong visual arts component.

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## **BRUISED FRUIT**

(Pantoun -A variation)

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Some say we are tossed aside bruised fruit  
flowers of a generation of men.  
Blackened banana, brown exposed apple core.  
Who would not know us or our beauty?

Flowers of a generation of men.  
Scream of a million sway-back brown women.  
Who would not know us or our beauty?  
Our desires held chaste over abysmal hunger.

Scream of a million sway-back brown women.  
Daughters of moonlight carry love's calabash.  
Our desires held chaste over abysmal hunger.  
Life pulses in us like the knowing in Sula's blue eye.

Daughters of moonlight carry love's calabash.  
Some settle for being second and third wives.  
Life pulses in us like the knowing in Sula's blue eye.  
What love can parch a drought four centuries long.

Some settle for being second and third wives.  
Daughters, mothers, keepers of moonlight.  
What love can parch a drought four centuries long.  
Wise women gather from palmeres to charleston.

Daughters, mothers, owners of moonlight.  
Seeds our men sow in other villages undo us.  
Wise women gather from palmeres to charleston.  
Forgotten, yet open fields of our future billow.

Seeds our men sow in other villages undo us.  
We who own power of plums in full blossom, beckon.  
Forgotten, yet open fields of our future billow.  
Sounding of getupandkkeepthis planet together women.

We who own power of plums in full blossom, beckon.  
Blackened banana, brown exposed apple core.  
Sounding of getupandkkeepthis planet together women.  
Some say we are tossed aside bruised fruit.

(Inspired by "To the Days" by Andrienne Rich)