

Earl McKenzie

A DISCOVERY OF MANGOES



He brought me notice of a powercut,
left and returned
with two bags of mangoes.

In fourteen years living there
(it was my last summer)
I had not seen
mangoes on any tree.

As he loaded the fruit
onto his motorcycle
(he offered me none)
he scolded me
for not exploring my environment.
He said there was a ripening tree
on the adjoining property.

After contemplating
the public nature
of my employer's mangoes,
I crossed the line
and found branches sagging
with the tree's accomplishments,
and its abundance
scattered on the grass.

I left rejoicing
with a scandal-bag full,
and lamenting
so many summers
of missed fruit

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