

*Jose B. Gonzalez*



## Caribbean Fresco in New England

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No pure Caribbean tree grows  
In my New England backyard  
Full of hickories with Puritan bark.

Capes grow here, sowing  
Colonials and Frost fences  
In Yankee farms never visited  
By palms of the tropics,  
But subdivided by apples  
And Thanksgiving veggies.

Museums of whales,  
Watered by fountains  
Of Gloucester watches,  
Meet museums of witches,  
Filled with trials  
Of Salem wizards,  
But no museums or wintry greenhouses  
Hold Caribbean frescoes.

Still lives of mangoes and guavas,  
Uneaten,  
Unrecognized,  
Unsold,  
Sit at farmers' markets,

Grown by hungry and nostalgic curators.

