Sour Mangoes in the Heat of the Day

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Recommended Citation
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TAMARA KNEUTZ

Sour Mangoes in the Heat of the Day

The pregnant sun presses upon the jungle
adding a thickness to the sticky air.
We perch in the tree plucking mangos;
eating them still green.

Children's laughter tumbles
from the hill as they tease, shouting
"only monkeys climb trees!"
But we don't care.

Floating and blurring, noontime haze
mixes with the smell
of things growing to leave us
sluggish, comfortable.

We rest side by side, watching a chicken
peck and scratch. My head of curls,
white as corn silk, against his,
shining in the sun, black as coffee.