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Sour Mangoes in the Heat of the Day

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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.