Objectifying Boxes and Bananas

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Recommended Citation
Available at: http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol13/iss1/8
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OBJECTIFYING BOXES AND BANANAS

ALEXANDER’S BANANA.

He relished it, like relishing relish (the vinegar ginger) on a dog, a foot long.

His southern region was long and well discovered at this point, overgrown, staring and pointing. White is clean on him; clean feels charming. He cleansed her inside out, from the outside in, out, in. Like digging for diamonds.

The change was in the order she requested on her quest for festive bananas, hoping for glitter and sequins. She sewed gold lacing ribbon spinning though the banana, crossed like in gym shoes, new in a box. She tried putting a wig on the banana: black, three inches long, and so curly and deep from the head little things could burrow, lay eggs, hatch eggs, grow, and die inside of it.

“You don’t know that you don’t like the pizza if you’ve never tried it,” said a friend’s mother. She went ahead and tasted the banana, and it wasn’t sweet like they advertised on TV. Just like the pizza. She still preferred identifying with pink and red things: strawberries, erasers, lipstick, watermelon, Hawaiian punch, Elvis’s Cadillac, Victoria Secret Panties, the Cincinnati baseball team, but especially gift boxes dressed in these shades on Christmas or other special occasions.

FLATTENING, FOLDING, OR OPENING BOXES.

In the yellow dirty kitchen, Alexander clacked cardboard boxes into all of the table and counter edges he could find so the tape could snap, bend, tear, peel easily and completely. He was gentle in the depletion and space-saving process, but the loosening is what cut into her.

This was a method of disposal he felt was moral, though abrasive. He braced his patterns into once-a-weeks, once-a-months. Then he quit. This was not cold turkey. He preferred his in the toaster oven.

Opening boxes was different; it still broke things, mostly red things, but these red things were soft in his hands and warm on his banana. She handed red to him anyway, no feeling bad about popping it, though the sound pierced stripes in the air.
BANANA PLANTATIONS.

Men like Alexander would like women to harvest bananas, but know, still, that this is men’s work because they are the ones who want to put their bananas in boxes. But wooden crates with staggering nails in third-grader-teeth panels would take wood from the bananas.

Viscera

He spit out a few
of his systems onto her pillowcase.
From what she could tell,
they were primarily endocrine
and respiratory with shredded
integumentaries on top.

Hormones and breathing
tracts grew into each other
in the white jersey knit
and it was everything that you’d
imagine such meshing
would look like:
broken coral reefs, brain spirals
trying to choke premature
peanuts, and infant potatoes
curled up to rest, but wearing
party hats. They played together
in pools of phlegm, lymph,
and blood with the chest vagina
and sponged palm
tree trunks stuck with sticky
hair roots, the clicking
anorexic moons you could
never quite see through,
and all those different derms
making pictures on the pillows

the way she saw pictures in clouds
when she was small:
Arizona resides
to the right of Florida,
just a fat elbow spooning
Puff the Magic Dragon