

The Mango Tree in the Neighbor's Yard

All my choices have not been choices
A good daughter makes.

And the pit is the shape of my eye, seeing
Being the hard center of life. Don't cry

For what you can't reach;
All fruit falls eventually—

That's what I learned by watching
The tree. And when no one was watching

Me, I waded into the sweet
Reek and bees, stepping

Around split gold hemispheres, smashed seeds—
Ready to take the fallen world into me.

Kirun Kapur