

for writers whose work i have loved

your words are sweet
like my grandmother's blackie mangoes
stewed succulent
with slivers of the skins of limes
green and tart

they fill my mouth
and roll around my tongue
 warm and golden
 flesh heavy with summer

i suck them dry
and one by one plant them in my mind
 seeds stripped bone white
 fibres flat and smooth

patient
anticipating harvest as seeds
give birth bearing fruit
in their own good season
(Soutar-Hynes 2001: 41)ⁱ

ⁱ M.L. Soutar-Hynes. 2001:41.