

## Death by Fruit

After Victor Hernández Cruz and his poem, *Problems with Hurricanes*.

In the land of *hurricanes*, flying mangos are assassins  
and a speeding banana bores a hole in your breast.

I don't care.  
Let crimson flesh papaya  
warp speeding, take me out.

Or *mamey*, brown skin exploding sweet orange  
fiber followed, of course, by obsidian stone.

Yes, there is peril. The pineapple still prickly,  
the cocoanut uncompromised –

but also regulation: a *coco*-carrying  
permit, a license to pack pineapple.

Consider the benefits: swimming in moonlight  
the color of guayaba, seduced to sleep by jasmine.

Mornings I tame the enchanted adversary,  
squeeze oranges, pluck ruby pomegranate seeds,

aware that in the time of typhoons, fruit  
amputates my passion. Leaves me still –  
but sated.