

**Peter Lugg**

## **UPON EATING A BANANA**

Clumsiest of zippers,  
I crack the stump-end's code  
and peel your truth away in strips.  
Sticky threads yield, others sulk, then snap.  
And then a sudden rush of scent  
which takes me home to steamy tropics,  
run-down fields, all the dialects of heat:  
a dozen worlds within your squishy form.  
Recently there's been a tragic trend —  
citified bananas — gas-ripened,  
are taking over, my friend.