

MAUREEN KOZICKA

COMING READY OR NOT

Father's Boots;
clump
closer,
clearly.

. . . Grind heels
in my heart.
Stamp soil
on my soul . . .

Father's Boots
tread
cleanly
away.

Again.

LES JONES

HAPPY BANANA

Bananas are jolly. I don't know why.
But banana palms are friendly.
Ever notice their sly
uncurling,
pretending they
think you don't notice their growing?

Like a child smug over weight gained
or height?

At certain stages any-
way.

Maybe it's a snicker in their souls
knowing
not so long away are those funny hands,
all green thumbs.
In the end, a rich yellow like a blush . . .
from anticipating
that final hilarity
of the fruit being
able to slip, rocket-like,
out of its skin . . .
oooooooooooooooooze out.

Still more scope for a banana's blushing laugh
if it survives to that
leopard-like spotting:
spots all over!
What a sight.

That's still not all the banana
finds amusing . . .
it's someone slipping on its throw-away skin,
like your boy
somersaulting over the banana's cast-off clothes.
I don't think the kind banana
really understands
your child could break an ankle
or con-
cuss a skull.

From his happy-grow lucky
vegetable point-of-view,
it is acrobatics.
Like his own uncurling feats

and sometimes-shed of leaves
and dropping his over-ripened fingers to the ground.

But I don't think his sense of humour
is further tickled by knowing
people think it
is funny watching monkeys
eat his digits.

So if Johnny's jaw is fractured slipping on his skin,
how is it different from someone
pulling off a banana thumb
and sticking it in his mouth —
man *or* monkey,
ape or Superman?

As sophisticated as he is,
even King Kong
might fancy
a banana split.

Or if they rip off his leaves and use them
to keep the rain out of their
little grass shacks in
Okinawakawahini?

I really think a banana would
go all mushy if he knew
that I am worrying about him,
and I do like to see him jolly.