Mango Eating in America

The best way to eat a mango, my father-in law once told me, is in the shower, how juices run down your chin and neck, when the seed slips out of your hands like soap,

and you bite down on the soft meat of a delicious, ripe mango, and I remember the times I went into the mango orchards of a distant neighborhood, climbed the trees, shook a branch or two, knocked down an armful of mangos, then sat to eat them on the stairs of a house previously owned by a doctor who'd left his country, and there in the quiet, between the chirps of birds and the warm, sticky breeze,

I ate the mangos, bit into them with a hunger for sweetness, wondered about a god who created such a delicious tropical fruit, so perfect, and the trees loomed around me like these giants,
friends offering up their gifts;  
its been years now since I've eaten  
a real Cuban mango, but the memory  
comes back not only in dreams,  
but in Miami when the street vendors  
lift their bags of three mangos  
for a dollar, and I am so tempted,  
but decline the offer because I know  
that, like my father who never ate imported  
mangos again in his life, I will one day soon.