

How to Eat a Mango

Diane Reid

On a day reminiscent of islands, lie back.
Take the neatest knife in your bra,
and pinch this nipple

of stem and ripening dapple
between your thumb and forefinger.
Feel the give. Don't forget to breathe.

The wrinkled are best: they hint of bird.
Nest in the palm, and then imagine an eye
inside that curved beak of flesh;

slip the blade between the lids. Draw back
amber and sugar maple
wedge by wedge. Hear the violin

of prairie ochre, the camber of skin:
trace the featheredge and play
the clever tongue within.

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