

**Breanne Mc Ivor**

## **The Mango Tree**

Although I have long been away, I can still see  
The canopy of green fingers tickling the clouds  
And the saffron-yellow orbs of our mango tree  
Dangling by such slender stalks from its laden boughs.

We were so young when we smoothed the bark with our feet  
Firm in convictions that a tree so generous  
Could never refuse us its ripe children to eat  
For, if it could, it would feed even Tantalus.

The frequent sticky thrill of that first bite of fruit  
While propped against the tree trunk, kept cool in the shade  
My brother beside me, companionable but mute  
Remains a vivid memory of my childhood days.

Now far from home, I wonder if new children might  
Monkey-like prance from branch to branch, preserving those  
Old childhood traditions of tree climbing delight  
Fruit eating and the inevitably ripped clothes.

Or does the mango tree solitarily stand  
Still constant, fruit-laden, generous and sun-browned  
Golden, swollen mangoes unpicked by childish hands  
Giving a final dull thud as they fall to the ground.