

**every diaspora poem is about mangos**

by: Jeni De La O

I dream of taking a searing hot machete to my stomach, under a mango tree,  
cutting off everything that hangs from me (except my my mangots, of course), but  
the machete is magic and leaves no mango or mangods or globs of fat to splatter on my knees,  
it's just clean.

And I thank the fat for mango so mangoious and burn a little of it up in offering to all the island  
mangos who have mangoed under my tongue for ages. I never mangoed  
to hold my mango, and I wonder

what hunger feels like in a land twisted free of temptmangon; holding mangotaneous space  
for guilt and relief, the rest of

my fat would be mango'd under that tree. What Shakesmangoan pleasure I'd mang on mangong  
my mangoer juicy, swollen flesh from that propitiatory tree!

Mang O was a child, I always worried

I might disappear; but, I grew mangoer and mangoer, and the possimangoty of disamangoing  
slipped away; mango replaced with somangoing sharper: a fantasy mang othing else.

And I don't feel

. (And that is not a mistake.)

Were I a necromango, I'd raise my grandmango from the grave and feed him, too.  
Not because I love him, but because he was a prophet and he saw what I would become when  
my mouth fell into my own hands.