

Mango Tree

Amelia Rhett

Her Mother's mango tree was sacred,
reminding this Mother of her

childhood in Havana.
She laughed for the mango tree

panicked in the California wind
and snapped in the November storm.

The marigold-stained mangoes
struck the emerald blades,

unwillingly rolling themselves
down the Topanga driveway.

She laughed for she knew
her Mother would weep,

seeing what was once adored
is now destroyed.

She laughed for she wished
her Mother would have wept

when watching her roll
down the driveway,

into the margins of life,
while her Mother watched her rot.