

## Poems

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### Rabelais' Mango

Poor Mr. Prufrock!  
The most frightful breach  
of manners his mermaids could imagine  
was to let drip  
a juicy drop of peach.  
I smirk at his dilemma  
while the dark yellow of mango  
dribbles down my cheek.

Golden lobes of tropical sun  
the lazy burn of a summer's afternoon  
in that nectar concentrate;  
all Gauguin fantasy wrapped inside its skin.  
peel back, bite, let it trickle down your chin.

Such bliss cannot be consumed neatly;  
not mopped with tissue  
nor inhibited by any thought of courtesy.  
It must be indulged with absolute daring,  
a drooling Pantagrueling ecstasy,  
with face plunged bravely into the ripe flesh,  
there, to suck all pleasure from the pit.

## A Day at Giverny

Nymphéas, water puppets,  
baubles of wax color laze  
on the black surface of a summer's day.  
The green spikes of iris  
bearing the standard of purple hearts  
cluster at the water's edge  
as wisteria droops artfully  
over the green japanned bridge:  
*le nature mort en coquet déshabille.*

Only four euros fifty  
gets you this original vision  
that you can reproduce endlessly  
with your digital camera.  
One man's version will cost you millions.

You've seen it all before  
not only in books and museums,  
but on diaries, coffee mugs, placemats,  
pillow cases, jigsaw puzzles, lanterns, and mouse pads  
multiplied beyond cliché,  
fatigued beauty inexhaustibly on display.  
So why come all this way  
to see the original?

I haven't got Monet's eyes or hands  
to recreate the garden in paint;  
he has already captured it every hour  
of every day, posing nature  
like a female body,  
already formulated in his mind  
for the flowers to replicate.

Or has he?

That day, we saw the garden  
Monet never drew, perhaps never dreamed.  
An aerial attack launched  
from beyond the confines of the gate  
loosed seed pods in a storm  
of cottony parachutes,

wafting yet falling,  
falling, yet flying.  
till finally landing.  
Soft warm snow covered the pond,  
thickly furring it, as mold  
massed on mossy furrows,  
clung to the bamboo and willows,  
blurring definition beyond  
Impressionism.

Grotesque! a visitor cried,  
appalled at the trick nature had played.  
She had come too far, waited too long  
to see the garden imitate art  
now to watch this wanton act of weeds  
corrupt the beauty of the eternal mind.