

Bananas

Gabrielle Lee

I should not leave poetry
on my kitchen table. It isn't
meant to be there. When I

open the curtains and the sun
spills in, the bananas on
my kitchen table melt on top

of the poetry. They leave stains
that might pass for coffee but
they're bananas, things that are

practical on a kitchen table
because we can eat them. It is
also practical to have papers for

the job that will make me money
on my kitchen table, because then
I can buy more bananas and even

more coffee. A laptop, my checkbook
are fine on my kitchen table, peppermints
are fine on my kitchen table, pens

are fine on my kitchen table, so long
as they sign unstained papers. Not story drafts
because they, like the poetry, should be

hidden, private, stashed in a folder
I'll bring when we move back
to California but never look at,

because poetry and stories can't
take care of a family or pay
for a house in California.