**On watching a lemon sail the sea** *by Maggie Harris*

and I’m singing ‘You are my sunshine’ thinking

of my childhood across the sea of incubation

*go Honey go*

*you self-contained cargo ship you*

with your sealed citrus juices and pitted panacea of seeds

braving the collision of tankers and illicit submarines

 .they called me *scurvy.*  the lemonade

 my mother made was iced and sprinkled with

 Demerara

 (of course)

and I’m wondering, did they grow you there, o lemon mine

you

for your juices

a lemon plantation not to be confused with

a plantain plantation even a banana just don’t mention sugar

stack you in the gloom like hereto mentioned bananas

green and curtailed in their growing or even

those force-ripe mangoes with girls’ names

nobody knows here and who leave their sweetness behind

bare-assed on the beaches

come

to the marketplace

comatose .

I do not remember lemons, but limes.

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L S.

Piled high in their abundance. Limes.

Acid green pyramids on market pavements

holding their secrets beneath their reptilian skins.

And there is my aunt, her arms thin as bamboo

gathering the fallen from the yard, sweeping

their dried leaves into the remembrance of herself

whilst the black maid slips slivers of lemon into a split

-bellied fish whose eyes glaze up at the sun.

Gauguin, you can come in now, remember Martinique

hue the *native* in all her harnessed beauty

the slack –jawed fish, browning blood

the textured landscape in shades of pawpaw and indigo.

But, *liming* is what my lemon is doing now,

(in the West Indian sense), hey ho.

over the waves at Aberporth, there he blows.