

Brother Coconut

by

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You are brown, round, and coarse
hair runs all over your husk.
Your outer shell may be hardened
by age, but you crack, with your eyes
and mouth open wide, when I tell
you that you are just white flesh inside.
A far paler murky liquid sits within, far
from that which runs through our roots,
far from the green fibrous covering,
the native soil of a land from which you came.
Yet, you can still bear a green shoot which
will grow into a great tree, but only
if you plant in the proper soil.