

ODE TO CARMEN & HER CROWN

C.M. Clifton

A golden spectacle, quite pleasing to the eye,
Bejeweled crown of 'nanners stretching to the sky.
Miranda's fruit tiara, the color of the sun,
Bananas congregated until they weigh a ton.

A sprinkle of strawberries added to the mix.
A tutti frutti junkie's instant fruity fix.
A technicolor fruit bowl atop Miranda's head.
Exotic, scrumptious flavors of what dreams are made.

A whimsical creation to whet your appetite.
Gazing for too long will make you yearn a bite.
How sweet of dear Miranda to sacrifice her neck;
To don a hefty, fruitful (plastic coated?) deck.

One must be an expert in the art of acrobats,
To imitate Miranda in her Tutti Frutti hats.
She had a way of slurring her Portuguese accent,
And had a way of swaying in measured merriment.

Former Queen of Hollywood, Mistress of the samba,
I imagine she'd be proud, today, to dance the lambada,
Smoothing hips from east to west beneath her fruit crown.
Viva Carmencita! of banana fame renown.

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