

# 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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