

# PRAYER/ODE TO THE ANYWHERE SUN OR, FUN WITH FRUITS

*Oke Mbachu*

You fiery peach (without the pit):  
blaze on, ember-end of a fat, lit

cigar. (Let's say your tip  
resides between god's lips.)

All-season fruit, color of skinned mango,  
gravity and you locked in a mystic tango,

abandon not your nine offspring,  
swung round on unseen strings

(For daily you sink, like warships do;  
in dim Iceland, do they worship you?).

...Ah, stern guardian, beating down pitiless  
on the desert's parched tongue... yet, pretty, this  
calm shimmer you've lain over the bayou...  
—Overripe apple of my sky, you.

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