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Lychee and Black Beans

Jenny Silva
Denison University

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Lychee and Black Beans

My toes cling
to the green moss carpet
covering the gray skinned lychee tree.
Lychee in my hands, hair, and mouth,
little red golf balls balancing on brown chopsticks,
dense juicy planets wedged
between my fingers
and the universe of my palm.

I take a fruit and bite
breaking the blood spiked leather petal skin
to reveal a naked purity of its flesh water,
the meat, clear white like my new wedding
diamond floating on my left hand.

Sucking the cool flesh,
a tsunami, no a hurricane of its juices twirl my tongue,
sweet like the sent of a plumeria blossom
and warm like my lover's smile,
that shines like a moon on my face.

He watches me
as he lies on the new born mountain soil.
His mouth dances in a grin and says that *those fruits are
as red* as my lips.

*

I eat the fruit and surf down the tree on a breeze,
my teeth bite deep, reaching the pit,
in a child's laugh I spit it
and the pregnant seed lands
under teh right eye of his Cuban dust face,
sitting like an oblong plump black tear,
succulent and solid,
unable to give life to the mysteries within.

Are lychee lips sweet to kiss? My lover asks.

His black Bronx eyes echo my face, my vine hair, my red planets,
he leans in and blesses my face with sort finger tips
kiss my sticky lips.
His lips are soft like the petals of red orchids

but warm,
like the black beans that his mother made for our wedding feast.

*

I wonder if he remembers those bland black beans,
that tasted like dirt and water,
that smelled like baby diapers,
that looked like the primordial much that borne earth's first bacteria.

Does he remember?

He leans into the air of my body,
brushes my hair with his fingers,
and lets his lips dance over the lychee juice membrane
on my lips with tongue singing a silent melody with mine,
his eyes are closed, not dreaming about my lychee and me, but
dreaming of himself writing a book about a little lost boy who
dreams about a little boy who
eats black beans and rice every night for dinner who
wants to tell his daddy

that when he grows up he wants to be a scientist.

*

he got them empty black bean cans right here with a bunch of string
he wants to make a telephone and get him an A+.
He tells his daddy:

Help me

Daddy says okay

Help me

not now

Help me

I'm tired

Help me

shut up! eat your beans

Help me...please someone

(but no one would).

Daddy, I got an F.

F! Daddy yelled, unlatching the brown leather snake around his waist,

F is for failure

F is for fault

F is for failure you little fuck, his mom would say,
after he failed the language test for the sixth tiem.
The white kids at school called him *stupid pussy sniffer*
and he couldn't spell or understand
English. is a stupid language,
he can't understand the word
stupid

slow

sorry

that you're a stupid bastard
who got beaten with your trombone that Dad broke.
Practice doesn't make perfect, it makes noise
a lot of noise like hitting and banging and screaming.
Eat your stupid beans

Stupid

Asshole how could draw but Mom and Dad thought it was a waste
of money,
only stupid kids did that.

Stupid, stupid, stupid

Stupid like the empty can of beans that couldn't make that A+

Stupid like the high heel shoe that mom would throw

Stupid screaming back that wouldn't stop the crying when the belt's
big voice snapped.

Stupid fuck, damn failure

who chose to marry some girl
away from home.

Black dark home,
polluted air home,

stink like bums and shit home,
all stuffed into those little black beans,
smothering that Latino long rice

when he wishes he could have cotten candy.

*

Open your eyes my love,
do you like my lychee candy

Kiss

Here taste the fruit

I peel of fthe red scales and

place the purified body in your mouth.

Sweet waters must be bathing your tongue,
cleaning your soul.

But you

cough choke spit

Are you all right? If you choke, I'll save you
and breath life into your dying
body. is swollen with sour sweetness,
like a dying flower flooded with too much of a rainstorm,
or a starving child force-fed until he needs to vomit.
You say, *darling lychee's too sweet to eat,*
please make some rice and beans.

*

I love you so
I will

cook black beans on the stove, in the early summer evening.
Through the open door, I see the
sun's fingers play with the planets in the lychee tree's green dome umbrella
and I play, the sweet juice with my lips and tongue
as I salt my raw fish with the salt I harvested today,
the same salt I used to flavor the black beans and rice
you eat as you watch me create worlds in my kitchen
through the cracked glass window
of the little closet you like to call
a living room.

—Jenny Silva '02