1. In London, the seat of empire
   (underwear showing through now)
   I eat mangoes, sliced
   see the enzyme
   sprinkled, machine-gunned through row
   honey-coloured
   flesh.
   Then I ride my lover high
   and marvel at my fortune:
   this projection screen of buck
   so white and vacant, so long, capable
   of holding so many of my moments.

   Sun-burnt, I need
   own waxy shine of bum
   shot through with pimples, teeth-marks
   that remind me a mango-splintered smile.
   Smiling bits of yellow applause.

2. I need a new name.
   I'll take back my second
   or maybe just speed it up past my first
   or maybe call myself something else
   that will make people angry.
   Shahani or Giles, or Mango Boy
   I'll grow over-ripe mango messy-day
   offended like an unremovable stain
   mango legacy, mango regret
   Live up to this reputation
   feel for free
   make propositions, lie:
   like my one in the water, so serious...
   and tidy
   or
   squeeze the mango boy and watch
   it all come out - then
   then think of a name - then
   then tell me

3. Maple syrup on mango
   woods, you are
   a Canadian child
   I'm told
   and so
   I dunk it all in yogurt
   pour cardamom
   and pistachio
   (yes, some mint)
   whip it in
definit.
   One clue,
   Cinnamon.

The heat yesterday gets a hold of my head,
becomes an absent presence: the memory of a
- crown. Heat aggravates everything, bully into
- a little less alive. The inverse of an
- echo, the man you are about to become. Heat
- peels back the wild, gusty smell of boy, which
- is always there, waiting like curtains.

Heat erodes the gravely bits that complicate
your voice, that confuses the air—a constant
- static sound. Sound that has scored the last
- angry days with you, our horrible misstepped
dance out of syncs—every expression a glare,
- every touch a threat. And my two hands always
- struggling, working a pocket-sized game.

Nothing I could do was right: the tiny silver
- balls never never in their nooks all at once in
- the heat yesterday.

The heat yesterday I leave you impoverished,
- embarrassed feeling foolish, mispent. (As time
- goes into one of its own long toffee like
- stretches.) I am amazed that I can leave, as if
- this was an early emergence from an afternoon
- film. To turn the corner chased by so much
-Runy yellow noise. So much that had been
- allowed to go on and on now on for so long now
- without me.

The heat yesterday slices through today like
- cellophane. Today is an unused sheathed
- smell. And I am back again still. Still touch
- the complicated bosses of knees that peek out
- from under a sheet. "The heat yesterday...." You
- can not hear me. A love song seeps out from the
- headphones that cup your innermost face....