

Irresistible

by Kathryn Toure, 2012, Dakar

In mango season all partake. Bats ravage in leaves. Mangoes fall, thud, thud at night. An overture to balance on treetop limbs and lower green fruit, in a rice bag, with a string attached. Basins on the ground fill, one after the other. Leaves fall all around, making a pretty painting. In the neighborhood and beyond, the harvest is shared. We relish comments about the juiciness of the fruit. And recommendations – try them in a green mango salad, try them in a beef stew or stir fry.

The day after the harvest, the low hanging fruit still dangles from yellowish upside-down stems. A long metal pole with a hook at the end hugs and gently coaxes a mango from its umbilical cord. Birthed and flying all of a sudden into waiting hands.

This morning birds beat us to a ripe red mango we had overlooked – with ornate bright meat exposed. See how a bird lands on top of the fruit, looks over one wing and the other, then thrusts its rear in the air to indulge in the luxuriousness of life. The chirpy banquet continues all day, with numerous guests perching and flying away, and the pulpy seed, devoured all about, hanging inside the skin of the fruit, bearing witness.

