CODENAME: BREADFRUIT

My uncle used to grin and call it *Sky Pudding*
my grandmother with little reserve

*Bread-Wine*

*Bread-Kind*

though it would hardly seem kind
   to sliver off the skin
   cut the heart out with a knife
   and offer up the flesh
   pun the old pinewood palette
   my grandfather saw
   and chisel with his own two hand
   into something

   roughly beautiful

   but for all we pick’ny mouth

   it sacrifice itself
   (hopefully with pork and cucumber)
   to feed
   I say rejoice

   while others might contend

*Cooling-Tea and Balm*

   and how them yellow leaf
   does ensure a good medicinal
   for when the pressure
   mount high
   inside the cranny of you head
Roast Fruit

cause in the grass-piece
when the fellows was just out
to savour the blacken skin
the sweet burn-taste
with a trickle of butter

in them mouth
look at how
it perform the oath of camaraderie
and catch them joker-smoker

by the gist of their belly
and the faculty
of their nose

Who does plant breadfruit tree in a yard
for decoration
local island ambience
though I can assure you
that that is just another bonus

a added respect