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Calabash

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RIDDLE NO. 2

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*Riddle me dis, riddle me dat, guess me dis riddle and p'raps not:*

MOTHERS WILL UNDERSTAND THIS: THE FIRST ONES I SENT INTO THE WORLD did alright, turned out to be human. But this lot! Okay, perhaps I spoil them. Bearing them now not solitary and naked like the first but many together, gift-wrapped in silky down and swaddling clothes of papery layer. I've overdone it, perhaps, in the way of security and comfort. For can I get them to leave? Even when mature they continue to cling for dear life to me and — worse — to each other. Unwrapped, without the light of day, they know they are useless but are still so shy, they are prepared to die — together. To live, they must be forcibly undressed and separated. That's where my human children come in. Skilled at brutality, they will happily rip these children from me, strip off their clothing, pull them apart. Because I know it's for their own good I happily watch as each little one pops out like a pearl. Ivory. Golden. Milky. Not all will stay that way. Some will be dried, popped, parched, ground to be drunk or eaten. But I smile even as I am myself cut down as spent and useless, for I know enough of my progeny will be saved to be planted and nurtured. Become, in their turn, mothers proudly displaying their clinging children in their green array. The little ones still attached to their mother, still clinging to one another; undercover, in the dark. Scared of the single life. Yet dying for exposure. To grow up.

To ripen the germ of Sun Father.

