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## Sunday Mangoes

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# Sunday Mangoes

by Deborah Byrne

My room was your room.  
Never empty. Still  
overflowing today. The room  
where we watched old movies,  
read the Sunday paper until two  
in the afternoon, and ate mangoes  
naked. Waking over  
and over again after uncivilized  
sex we stumbled around,  
twin Franksteins exhausted  
from an electrifying courtship. Lurching  
into the hallway we renewed vows  
of lust as we migrated like  
amorous rabbits into a cramped bathroom,  
or to the kitchen table and counters.  
All this to get to the phone.  
Those days we didn't have money  
and the only phone was in the kitchen  
with last night's dirty dishes  
that had exploded into an *Oh, my God*  
disarray. That phone was our contact  
with the outside world. Not the real world—  
The phone meant the delivery  
of chinese, middle eastern, or pizza.  
We snaked our hands  
outside the door and exchanged cash  
for food. We were naked  
and mangoes had been involved.  
Sunday was the day we looked  
at each other long enough.  
It was like going to the lost and found  
after a week and finding  
a favorite pair of socks  
beloved flannel shirt,  
or the words we forgot to say.

