

Banana Republic

by Phoebe Wilcox

I would love to believe
that this poem
might sell a poetry book,
but I think selling poetry is like
selling banana peels.
Have you ever tried that?
If it's a good day and you
actually happen to have a banana in your peel
that does help pique the public interest a bit,
but still, people (even those who won't admit it)
like Skittles more than bananas
if given the choice.
You might say,
Oh yeah, well, my banana is a *special* banana.
It's bigger and yellower and has twice the potassium
of the next guy's banana,
but then somebody always shows up with chocolate
and you're screwed again.

