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 Origami Poetry Project
 Vegetable Family
 By Marty Giovan © 2010

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My Father

My father was a white, Irish potato.
 He mashed easily
 With plenty of cream and butter
 But he'd get lumpy
 When we were late for dinner.
 Then my mother would scrape him
 Off the plate
 For tomorrow's leftovers.

Me

I am a coconut,
 A round ball of hard-headed rust
 But opens nicely when dropped from a tree
 Knocking sense into me
 So I don't end up in frozen piña colada

My Cousin

My cousin was a watermelon
 Full of black, slippery seeds
 That could choke you
 When you slurped her juices.
 Once we poured a fifth of vodka
 Into her pink, ripe roundness.
 We thought it would mellow her.
 That's when she joined A.A.!

My Mother

My mother was an avocado pear,
 A hard, green skin.
 Sometimes when she was ripe
 We made guacamole dip
 Enough for the whole family.
 Sometimes she'd peel herself too soon
 Becoming slippery, tasteless and gooey.
 We were always glad when the
 Avocado season was over.

The prompt:
 Tell us about your family
 with you in it.