

Bananas
Peter J. Donnelly

There were never bananas
like those we had
sliced on our cereals
for breakfast each morning,
washed down with gunpowder tea.
Bran flakes for me
have since tasted
of my nineteenth year.
You both ate three rounds
of wholemeal toast and marmalade,
couldn't understand how
I would just have one.
You didn't find it odd
that I ate my cereals without milk,
my toast without butter,
or if you did you never said so,
never forgot. You think
you introduced me to gunpowder tea
and you did, but what you really started in me
was the idea of bananas for breakfast.

Peter J. Donnelly lives in York where he works as a hospital secretary. He has degrees in English and creative writing from the University of Wales Lampeter. He has been published in several magazines including *Dreich*, *Writer's Egg*, *South Bank*, *Southlight*, *The Beach Hut* and *Poetry Village*. He has also appeared in several anthologies including Folklore Prize's "Secret Chords." He was a joint runner up in the Buzzwords Open Poetry Competition and commended in the Poetry Kit International Competition.