**[Banana Death](https://rproctorstories.wordpress.com/2012/03/03/banana-death/)**

*When I die,*

*I want to come back as a banana.*

*Then I’d lie*

*In your fruit bowl and you would feel calmer*

*Knowing I was nearby,*

*On your table.*

*Yellow.*

*Then when you picked me up I’d say “Hello!*

*“It’s me. I’m a banana. Bet you’re surprised!”*

*When I die,*

*I want to come back as a rubber duck.*

*Then I’d sit in your bath and with any luck*

*When you pulled out the plug*

*I’d spin round and round*

*Over the hole.
And watch you dry yourself on a towel.*

*When I die,*

*I want to come back as one of those*

*Little bits of cotton wool they stick*

*In the tops of medicine bottles.*

*Then I’d be the first thing you touch*

*As you grope in agony*

*For soothing relief.*

*When I die,*

*I want to come back as a banana.*

*Anyone can be a pineapple.*

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