The Tropics in New York
Claude McKay

Bananas ripe and green, and ginger-root,
    Cocoa in pods and alligator pears,
And tangerines and mangoes and grape fruit,
    Fit for the highest prize at parish\(^1\) fairs,

Set in the window, bringing memories
    Of fruit-trees laden by low-singing rills,
And dewy dawns, and mystical blue skies
    In benediction over nun-like hills.

My eyes grew dim, and I could no more gaze;
    A wave of longing through my body swept,
And, hungry for the old, familiar ways,
    I turned aside and bowed my head and wept.

Textual Note
This poem also appeared in:

- *Spring in New Hampshire* (1920)
- *Cambridge Magazine* (Summer, 1920)
- *The Liberator* (May, 1920)

In its appearance in *The Liberator*, this poem did not feature any line indentation.

Editorial Notes
1. Parish: “A division or department of a county or other area... (in some former British Colonies) a local division used for civil purposes, frequently as an electoral district; a civil parish” (OED).