

# A Mango State of Mind

Written and Photographed by Sarah Moore

A few years ago, I spent a month living and working on a permaculture farm in Maui. The land was full of tropical fruit—mangoes, papayas, starfruit, dragon fruit, pineapples, bananas, and passion fruit. Some I had never tasted before, each with its own flavor and charm. It felt like a place where nature provided everything you could need.

Mornings began early on the farm. The air was already warm, and the scent of ripe fruit was thick in the air. My hands would be sticky with mango juice before the sun had fully risen. The mangoes were unforgettable—juicy, sun-warmed, and impossibly sweet, like they had soaked up all the sunlight and held it inside. You could tell they were ripe by the smell—sweet and rich before you even picked them. The scent would guide you to the perfect fruit, and you could feel it in the smooth, warm skin of the mango. Picking them off the tree

*...like they had soaked up all the sunlight and held it inside*

was a simple joy. The juice would drip down your hands as you took the first bite, and everything felt like it was exactly how it should be.

Afternoons were spent at the beach. We'd gather a few mangoes from the farm, putting them in our bags as we made our way down to the shore. We'd sit on the sand, slicing them open with pocket knives,

and letting the juice run down our hands. The scent of the mangoes mixed with the salty air from the ocean, creating a feeling of complete contentment. There was something magical about those moments—the combi-

nation of the sun, the beach, and the taste of fresh mangoes. Everything felt slow and relaxed, like time had stretched out just for us. It was one of those rare times when life felt simple and effortless, and there was no rush to go anywhere or do anything.



Now, back home, I keep searching for that taste. I pick up mangoes at the store, hold them to my nose, hoping for even the faintest hint of sweetness. Nothing. I buy them anyway, just in case. But they're always a letdown. No perfume, no dripping juice, no magic. They don't feel warm in my hands or have that perfect sweetness I remember. Still, I buy them, hoping one day I might find one that takes me back to those perfect days on the farm.

Even though they don't live up to the memory, the mangoes still remind me of that time. Of slow mornings in the sun, of afternoons spent by the ocean, of a life that felt so simple and unhurried. Looking back, that month feels like a dream—a time when my biggest decision was whether to have mangoes or starfruit for breakfast, when the world felt vast and full of possibility, and the only thing I had to worry about was how many mangoes I could eat before the sun set.



AI Reference Photo



My Photo



(expanded in Photoshop)

