

Plump and Juicy Blackberries

I'm going to pick blackberries
in the red ravine. The road in the
sun glints with mica.
Bumblebees buzz on the
Queen Anne's Lace and the
Golden Rod. The berries are
plump and juicy. They are
delicious. My fingers
are purple. The brown paper
bag is wet on the bottom. So
I carry it in the palm of my
hand. I can't wait to get home
so my wife can cook pie,
fill the house with
that sweet aroma. I know
I'll be in heaven when I bite into
a cool slice with golden crust.—

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