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Blackberry Summer

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BLACKBERRY SUMMER

by Laurel Ann Lowe Kennesaw State University

Under that lazy fly sun
we run across rows
and through patches,
scattering lucky cottontails
and rust-necked hens,
toward wild brambles
of black-beaded treasure.

The mousers stay closer to the house with its clickitat box fans or on the creaky porch with its threadbare chairs and chipped Ball jars of tepid water.

Auntie has retreated to her boudoir, glassy-eyed Uncle into himself.
Our clay-caked soles fly us down the hill where our thorn-burned fingers bleed the same purpled red.