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Picking Blackberries

Plop. Plop. Plop. Kerplunk. Plop.

Berries drop.

Late summer into fall is the perfect time for blackberries.

Winter and spring are full of no such things,
but late summer into fall—it's the time of plucking and picking and kerplunking.

Not an easy feat for all—berries too high to be reached by the small,
blackberries juicy and sweet, many of the sweetest just out of reach.

Those near the ground, they are for the bugs.

Those near the sky, they are for the birds.

Those in the middle, those, are for girls with pails.

Plop. Plop. Plop.

Picking berries is not as easy as all that,

for you see the jealous vines

give tit for tat--

it's a war between plump fingers and sharp thorns.

Neither giving up. Neither completely satisfied.

OUCH!

That hurt.

Fingers a deep purple-red, blood and berry juice mingled perhaps,

But, aha!

A new perspective and the most unattainable of berries is now just within reach:

Sticky plop.

Sweaty kerplunk.

Sun plays as well, making berry pluckers perspire

tire, tire, tire, tired....

Pail is half-full, dinner bell rings,

Berries ripe, fingers sting--

time to go in.