

Grandpa's Red Raspberries  
by Mary P. Burkybile

Through fresh cut grass

And up a hill, to the corner

Of the orchard. Beneath the bees

Drifting in the summer sun,

Fence posts bare their grey-skinned

Bones between raspberry bushes.

Crimson clusters hang

Like ruby water drops-

In wrinkled hands of green;

Clutched in veiny fists.

Why do you have so many jewels?

An old, earthy plant like you

Shouldn't be so adorned.

Steady fingers coax velvet fruit

To fall into my palm.

Then, juicy red bursts and melts;

My cheeks suck the last drop

And water for more.

Soon, hands filled with my ruddy

Prize, I wander through lines

Of apples and cherries.