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Blackberries

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Two Poems · *William Heyen*

BLACKBERRIES

Once more, before the patch disappeared
into the last months of winter,
I walked across glazed snowcrust to their bed.
Teeth had gnawed the cane tips, etched
white-on-white ice micetracks ringed them.

My western mind's middle eye, trying
not to notice nothing, noticed a scatter
of rabbit pellets, an insect's egg-
sac impaled on one thorn, even chlorophyll dots
on the single leaf remaining.

Then, somehow, nothing. No
body in its boots. Emptiness. White time
or white lightning flash. . . . Then, again,
the canes. I knelt to pick this
mysterious gift, blackberries.