

While Picking Wild Blackberries

We carried woven baskets
to hold our wild blackberries
The sweetest clusters
grew across the common
where few people went
close to high walls
edged with jagged broken glass
enslaving the grey barred
hospital for the insane

As we went back and forth
among the whips of thorny brambles
plucking fruit
we heard their screechings
like cries of dying animals
crushed in the steel
teeth of traps

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