

## BERRY PICKING

Silently my wife walks on the still wet furze  
Now darkgreen the leaves are full of metaphors  
Now lit up is each tiny lamp of blueberry.  
The white nails of rain have dropped and the sun is free.

And whether she bends or straightens to each bush  
To find the children's laughter among the leaves  
Her quiet hands seem to make the quiet summer hush—  
Berries or children, patient she is with these.

I only vex and perplex her; madness, rage  
Are endearing perhaps put down upon the page;  
Even silence daylong and sullen can then  
Enamour as restraint or classic discipline.

So I envy the berries she puts in her mouth,  
The red and spurting juice that stains her lips;  
I shall never taste that good to her, nor will they  
Displease her with a thousand barbarous jests.

How they lie easily for her hand to take,  
Part of the unoffending world that is hers;  
Here beyond complexity she stands and stares  
And leans her marvellous head as if for answers.

No more the easy soul my childish craft deceives  
Nor the simpler one for whom yes is always yes;  
No, now her voice comes to me from a far way off  
Though her lips are redder than the raspberries.