

## **Blackberries**

Poem by Myronn Hardy

## BLACKBERRIES

The sun burned crowns on our heads  
yet I thought nothing of nobility.  
Green vines heavy with blackberries we  
picked enough to fill three ten gallon buckets.

Before noon we carried them into the shed  
as sparrows do souls silent bursts  
of light damp earth. My grandfather  
adds subtracts. World War II

in calluses femur unable to release lead.  
Gray hard city to powder smoke  
liberated the dead.  
Red stripes rose fell.

*Give me your hands.*

He sees saltwater octagons skyscrapers singed  
paper whirling through the body. Magnolias  
distant as poplars walnut.  
My spine is a cypress with jagged bark.

*You are the last of us.*