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Blackberry Picking in Polyester

And so I found myself
among thickets of blackberry bushes.
My dumb eyes scanned the thorns
and the dark clots.
The martyr blackberries were hurling themselves
onto my leisure suit.
Ah, what a fine brotherhood.
They obviously loved my outfit.
Do my lapels cover too much
of my velour shirt underneath?
I wandered as I filled my jampot,
wondered of the sea just visible at the end
of the hooked path.
I hooked another berry
and smelled it with my hooked nose.
The sky began to rain, the celestial vomit
covering my protective wrapping.

I became weary of holding my blackberries
which had become covered in gray fungus.
I tossed them to the wind
and they spread like glutton flies
with no desire to fly.

What appeared ahead to be
a full wardrobe of angelic laundry
was disappointingly old ragged clothes
hanging on the thorns
void of occupants.

The ocean beckoned
beyond the thicket of bushes
and I leapt like a brash spoon
headed for the tantalizing broth.
The thorns caught me though,
and I was stuck in the middle,
watching the waves.

I waited there for hours, days, perhaps years.
I sat there, lounging on my threads,
watching a rather amusing sheep path nearby.
Occasionally a sheep would come up to me
and give me a look of indifference.
I would return the look
and we would be comfortable
in our casual apathy.
A rat once scurried by
collecting ripe blackberries.
I think some people even walked by,
chattering about the ocean.
Funny thing that they didn't stop for me.
But then again,
I was wearing polyester.

Immediately aware of my ridiculous entrapments,
I carefully stepped out of my clothes
and the thorns scraped at my nakedness.
Or was it nudeness?
Naked, I thought, as I cleared the bushes
with minimal difficulty.

I stood on the sandy beach,
reminiscing of my blackberries.
Once over that I tested the incoming water
with a long foot.
I immediately longed for my polyester warmth,
but remembered
that my phantom had already been hung.
The waves looked exciting.

A watching sheep said effortlessly
that it wasn't that great.
"You'll just start sinking,"
he said in my direction.
"That's all right," I thought,
"I believe in heaven."
And with that I hurled myself

into the waves.

Swimming for my life was futile
and I eventually let the sea
take control of me.
As I began descending into the sea life below,
I grew gills and fins.

I found the fish
to be of a delightful nature,
more active than the sheep
and more intelligent than the blackberries.
I found my adjustment to be quite complete.

And the fish had no need for polyester suits
which would only be ripped by their gills and fins,
weigh wet and heavy on their fish souls,
and get in the way when they eat each other.

Branden Waugh
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