Blackberry Picking in Polyester

Branden Waugh
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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 glutted 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.

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