

Nature Poem

by Magdalen Powers

Blueberries are like testicles: you have to hold them gently, from underneath. They grow on bushes scarcely six feet high, but if you don't keep up a steady stream of conversation, you can suddenly find that you've lost all your friends. You eat some; you save some; you accidentally drop some, for the birds to pick up; and now and then tiny brown frogs jump past you on the path; and you get back to the car, and the birdshit stains are all purple. Then you find a huge spider in your hair, and things are no longer as beautiful as you thought they were.

