

Question

Blackberrying

WHAT sort of teasing mind designed
The bramble, and then undermined
The black temptation of its fruit
By putting spikes on every shoot?
A sense of humour surely loomed,
When it decreed a harvest doomed
To lacerations, pricks and pain –
Sustained to great degree in vain.

Those prickled tentacles defy
The lust for sweetness in the eye.
As berries beckon, arms are scratched
And hands are torn and clothing snatched
And foolish fingers are defied
By mocking treasures deep inside
A thorny thicket which denies
The most insistent hand its prize.

The few you reach are hard-won gains,
For there assuredly remains
Foolhardy hand in red ebbed flood –
A joyless mix of juice and blood.
What is this bush which can combine
A fruit that heaven made divine
With demon fronds that you can tell
Were fashioned by the hounds of hell?
