

# Blackberries

by: Evyan Roberts

Bored of dodging bees coming to inspect,  
I dare them, smearing blackened red  
over my knees. Bringing to life scars  
of eleven and ten. Two berries

for skimming the air above, twenty steps  
and pummeling kneecaps at the bottom.  
Leaving pinkish white hue, like a pineberry kiss  
Red seeds bleeding down my shins,

I can hear the yellow and black  
spies searching scars. Emulsifying  
combinations in my mouth, juice and saliva.  
Deepen my spittle, lighten the berries.

Tiny brown seeds disturb my process,  
piercing the pink between my teeth. Licking  
the inside of my wrists, tracing  
redder than the juice on my knees, imagine

this time, the pastime of eyeing blood.  
I am wiping wrists on my thighs, watching  
a bee climb the last blackberry.

