

The Blackberry Bush

Angela Johnson

Don't give in to the blackberry bush.
Silken threads of doubt caress and bind.
While thorns of pleasure dig into flesh,
ebony and amethyst saps bleeding.

Gracious moaning from tender lips.
Thorns dig deeper into them.
Rise with the brush of feathered dreams.
Don't lick the blackberry blood.

Too much poison in the core.
Pulse beats like moth wings,
flutter and flutter and sigh.
Don't get caught in its deception.

Throbbing tender soul bits in teeth.
Quivering senses screaming life,
muffling the taste of sweet misery.
No thickness can compare to it.

If you should pray to the blackberry bush
wrists bound within its playground.
Cry your tears of woven pain and pleasure
so the blackberries taste all the sweeter.