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At Peace in the Tumult of the World

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At Peace in the Tumult of the World

David Schelhaas

After the late summer rains,
raspberries once again
weight the heads of these rickety canes,
pulling them earthward,
earthward pulling me.

My fingers know
where to grasp the long
bowed necks of the canes.
I tip them up, take, and eat
of the fruit, ignoring the stains,
plucking and plucking the lush
red berries that gush when I crush
the soft flesh with my teeth.

Every berry made up of many
smaller berries wedded into one,
each berry a round red tongue
singing soundless songs,
each a cup that drank the late summer's rain
so I can drink its wine.

My thirst assuaged, I stand
erect again, hands stained, heart healed,
at peace in the tumult of the world.