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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.