

## Two Poems · *William Heyen*

### BLACKBERRIES

Once more, before the patch disappeared  
into the last months of winter,  
I walked across glazed snowcrust to their bed.  
Teeth had gnawed the cane tips, etched  
white-on-white ice micetracks ringed them.

My western mind's middle eye, trying  
not to notice nothing, noticed a scatter  
of rabbit pellets, an insect's egg-  
sac impaled on one thorn, even chlorophyll dots  
on the single leaf remaining.

Then, somehow, nothing. No  
body in its boots. Emptiness. White time  
or white lightning flash. . . . Then, again,  
the canes. I knelt to pick this  
mysterious gift, blackberries.