

Morning strawberries*
(it's dawn)

Arise at the temple of dawn!
The sacrament is prepared on the earth's floor.
Refractory: we robe, white clogs and shorts.
The tabernacle of leaves holds the Eucharistic delight - find it - ruby strawberry wine with plates of vine.
Ornate as god designs.
Genuflect at the presence of the altar - stoop to procure the divine.
Ontological epistemological parochial congregation of sweet, sweetness, delight.
Intoxicating, indoctrinating, Eden's bounty of red mines, planted, alluring, baited.

-

A tithe taken must be repaid unduly.
Slugs don't feast here.
Thorn-free, easy reach - what stops their hermaphroditic tongues a taste?
The fee, the toll.
The yoke of red.
Implicit contract of mouth and flesh.
(what do we owe to each other?)
(what of our own have we sold?)

There is always an exchange.

The transaction is complete,
The psalms are sung,
Hosanna has returned to her highest.
Judgement weights a fiery sun to smite and smote, under its benevolence.
Residuals digested, ascension absorbed.

Evening o
(the raspberries)

Dusty clusters in spiky nests.
Spot & reach, a pricked thumb, exchange your own berry of bleeding blood.
After work, play, and school, with crepuscular company (starting their prow),
The earth releasing the heat from the day (gentle outbreath).
The exsiccated evening so different from the damp of the dawn!

Twin cat eyes, stalking in the dim
Dry branches cracking underpaw.
It's time to hunt, and we do.

A softer fruit, more delicate, violently protected.
(where the strawberry requires ritual for its sacrament, the raspberry holds itself apart to be kidnapped?_)
Returning to our basest being in the dimming purple light.
Forgive me! I'm a hunter in twilight, a gatherer in the morn.
I have stalked the berries, pulled them from their stalks.
(Seeds reticulated, sections articulated)
Bruised and cut and bleeding under slightest strain,
It's a dark and bloody match.

However, in the end, we can be assured of our victories.
My conquest on a paper towel;
My companions' of squeaking fur and tail.
The gruesome pillage is over - we have both lain waste.

-

During this time, the heat absorbed in the earth is placidly, steadily, released.
With the sun retreating, we are heated from the ground below.
I thoughtlessly plunder from the bushes - I am the scourge of the fruit!
Crushing lightly with tongue against the pate - a tender but inevitable release.
A sharpness exists in this prey.
A weak shadow of the moon watched baleful, judgemental, in ire of the deed.
In the beginning, I received my communion - yet this night, I've sinned again with carnal rage,
feasting on the soft flesh 'til lips stain red.

-

Still, the repentances have been made, the debt has been cleared, as the rosary beads are counted,
devoured.
Redemption! redemption before the night comes.
Then we can slink indoors, dried red in our teeth.
Carnation, funeral roses, the ritual of grief. Under no illusions, the crime was clear.
Diana in her limbic state - forgive, forgive!
Mother blessed moon, she knows the tired repentance of the hunter - and bleeds cold light.

-

The difference between earning & taking (there's always a price).
Between prayer and prey,
The night and the day,
The simple exchanges,
The flow of the way.