

Marjorie Kowalski Cole

Raspberry Canes Along the Fence

It took me a week or so to discover they'd gone.
Enroute to the lawn, you, my beloved,
pushed a roaring mower along the fence
where last year I picked a quart
of thumb-sized berries in fruit-starved Alaska.
When you heard out of me, "Pat did you..."
I suppose you said the husband's prayer while I turned aside
and let fall one tear for labor lost. Spilt milk

and we're on to other things. Canes
rebound, and hair grows back. My doctor
expects me to lose my own this spring. I'm told
it grows back curly. Okay by me
to be curlyheaded, when next I leap
to trade a row of berries for your kiss.