

Pulling Brambles

Brambles ruled this insignificant plot
as Columbus suckled at his mother's breast
as Jesus wept
they sheltered bob white quail, rabbits, possums
from bobcat and fox and red men
they survived when bulldozers came thirty years ago
and ran off the quail, rabbits, and possums
they were exiled to an out of the way corner
on my son's fourth birthday
when the Lorna Drive gang played soccer
drank purple bug juice
ate gooey cake and smeared themselves in it all
they are here today twenty years later
as I bend and pull, bend and pull
feeling for roots under dwarf azaleas
feeling under the mulch avoiding stickers
bending and pulling slowly so as to get it all
root and six foot brambled vine
piling them onto the grass before I mow

Brambles will rule this insignificant plot again
will prevail in unforeseen futures when my son
and the sons of his sons are forgotten gone
compost where fresh green brambles prevail

James M. Brewbaker

