

Picking Grapes with Pèpère

In the crisp overripe air
we pick blue-black grapes with Pèpère
scrambling through brambles
to lighten laden vines

Squirrels dart round us
jaws clamped over acorns
Robins chatter in high branches
sing plans for travel south

Clusters plucked for two kitchens
bunches overflow buckets
not like last month's blueberries
so tiny yet wild too

Plum splotches on old pants
we pick blue-black grapes with Pèpère
Sundays we drink his purple juice
gather he'll live forever

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In B Iskov (Ed.), **The Literary Gourmet Revisited**, p. 56.
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