

# Interurban Trail Berry Pickers

Lynne Ellis

Pretty girls in white denim shorts hold  
milk glass bowls against their pin-pricked thighs.

One lifts her arm towards black fruit  
and leans *en pointe* into the bramble.

Blind to the brush of wine-smack smears  
on her denim, she pulls summer's stems.

Fruit upon fruit fills the curve at her hip.  
She tiptoes on a forgotten campsite flop—

unmindful of the rumpled gray socks and empties  
discarded beneath her coral toenails.