

## **“Blackberry Picking” by Seamus Heaney**

Late August, given heavy rain and sun  
for a full week, the blackberries would ripen.  
At first, just one, a glossy purple clot  
among others, red, green, hard as a knot.  
You ate that first one and its flesh was sweet  
like thickened wine: summer's blood was in it  
leaving stains upon the tongue and lust for  
picking. Then red ones inked up and that hunger  
sent us out with milk-cans, pea-tins, jam-pots  
where briars scratched and wet grass bleached our boots.  
Round hayfields, cornfields and potato-drills  
we trekked and picked until the cans were full,  
until the tinkling bottom had been covered  
with green ones, and on top big dark blobs burned  
like a plate of eyes. Our hands were peppered  
with thorn pricks, our palms sticky as Bluebeard's.  
We hoarded the fresh berries in the byre.

But when the bath was filled we found a fur,  
A rat-grey fungus, glutting on our cache.  
The juice was stinking too. Once off the bush  
the fruit fermented, the sweet flesh would turn sour.  
I always felt like crying. It wasn't fair  
that all the lovely canfuls smelt of rot.  
Each year I hoped they'd keep, knew they would not.