

Summer Holidays

The Cherry Tree is heavy with fruit
The birds have gorged themselves
but the branches still full.
gorgeous red turning to fuller richer red black.

Their juice making my hands sticky, juicy
the branches caress my arms
traces of cobwebs tickle my face
the sun beating down on His beautiful creation.

Raspberry picking seems to go on and on
gratefully I pull the tender fruit from their stalks
leaving the little white towers
so many, that I drop the older ones to the hens
or maybe to grow and produce themselves

Arms are gently scratched, hair ruffled and
holding bits of leaves and tiny branches
how fruitful is Scotland in summer
how blessed we are in this corner of the world.