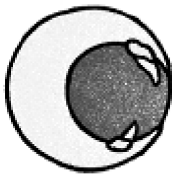
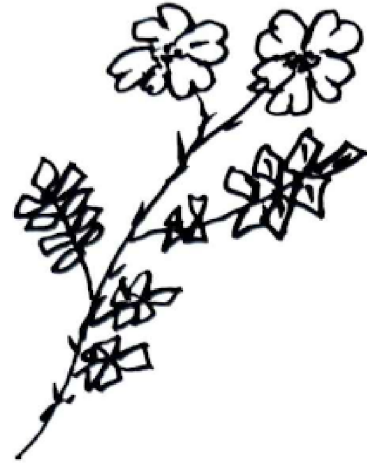


RASPBERRY RUMINATIONS



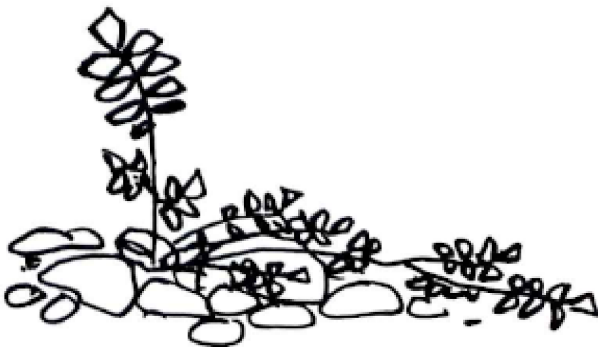
Fanged Moon 2024
E. A. "taichara" Bisson



- thoughts on a small green presence -

One stem still stands, broken in
half but still leafy,
like a mocking middle finger,
half defiance and half
distraction.

Why a raspberry? No idea --
maybe a bird dropped a berry (or
squelched out the seeds, more
like) -- but it was there, and I
watched it grow day by day
while I waited for the bus.



"I'm still here."



Eventually it grew a bunch of
creamy-white flowers.

The bus stop I use to get to
work
(and nearly everywhere else)
is at the bottom of a hill,
where sidewalk and pavement
wraps around it.

"I'm still here."

The slope is "grass" --
which is some grass but mostly
clover and dandelions and
hawkweed and similar small
greeny things --
and it gets mowed all summer
with annoying regularity.

And then the raspberry got
noticed.

And it was mowed.



And now it's sending out its
canes along
the middle of the cobbles
where the mower can't reach,
close to the stones.

"I'm still here."

"You haven't stopped me."

Grow low across the stones
where the mowers can't reach.

Grow smaller leaves, if we have
to --

But keep growing,
as long as we can.

And hang on.

It's been mown several times
more since then:

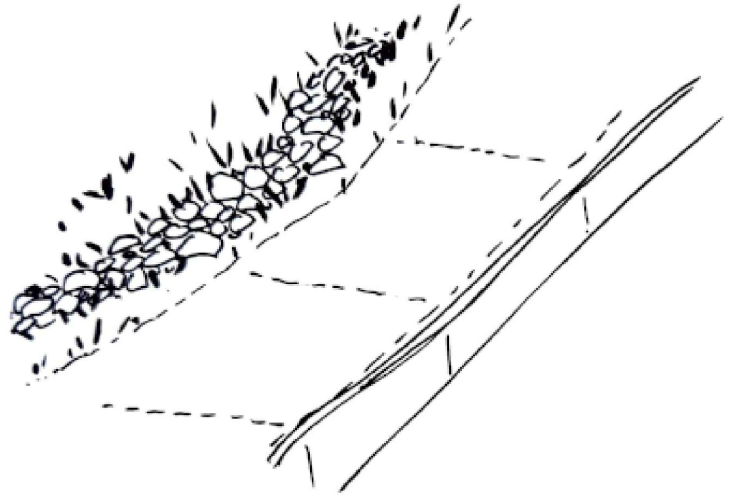
The tiny raspberry grows, and
the city mows it down.

There's been no more flowers,
and its leaves are smaller --

But the raspberry still keeps
growing.

It's still alive, if getting
ragged.

At the bottom of the slope is a
trench filled with cobblestones,
to stop runoff from flooding the
sidewalk that wraps around the
bottom of the hill ...

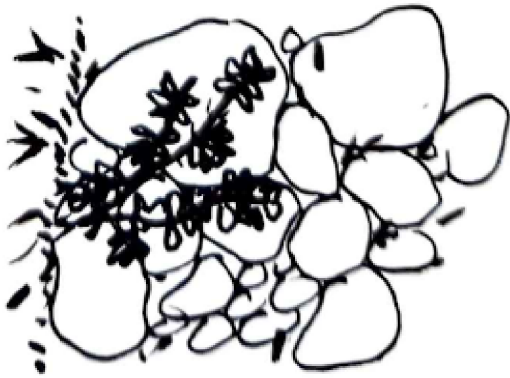


This had to be
deliberate effort
because most of it grew over the
cobblestones, not the grass,
but they did it

and I was upset at how
it all really was a microcosm of
the world, wasn't it --
this cutting down of something
"out of place", "messy", etc

Late this spring I spotted
something new in the edge of
the cobbles.

A tiny raspberry bush was
starting to grow.



I don't know
if it'll outlast the mower
and the lack of rain
and the heat in the end;

but I look at this little
raspberry at the bus stop and I
keep thinking:

I should try to do that.

Maybe we could all try to do
that.

A few days later I was back at
the bus stop.

The raspberry was sending up
new shoots amidst its dry
broken canes.



A tiny reflection of the world
and how my own life has felt
for a long time.

"I'm still here."