

# RASPBERRY RUMINATIONS

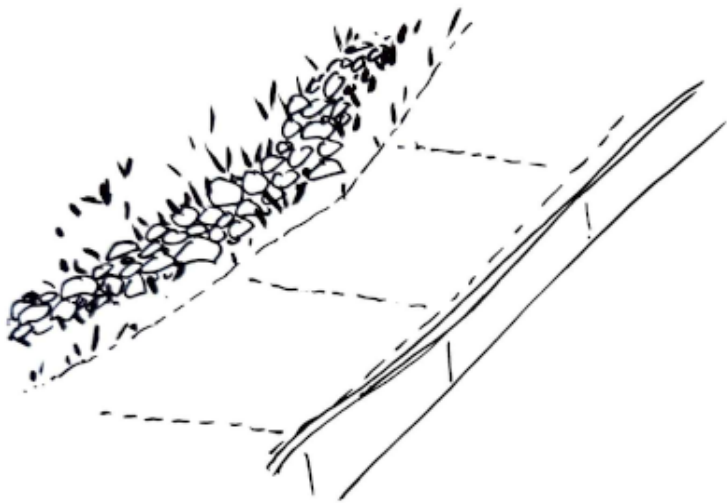


- thoughts on a small green presence -

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.

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.

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 ...

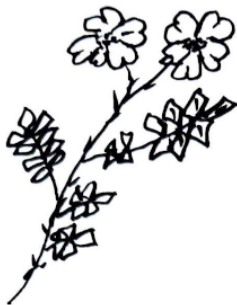


Late this spring I spotted  
something new in the edge of  
the cobbles.

A tiny raspberry bush was  
starting to grow.



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.



Eventually it grew a bunch of creamy-white flowers.

And then the raspberry got  
noticed.

And it was mowed.



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

The universe is cold and  
miserable and crushes you.

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



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

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



*“I’m still here.”*

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.

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.”*

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



*“I’m still here.”*

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.

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.

*“I’m still here.”*



*Fanged Moon 2024*  
*E. A. "taichara" Bisson*