

ALLEN QING YUAN

BLUEBERRY PICKING

the young urban lad
dons a snap-back hat rather than straw on his head and
spits city slur rather than hang wheat from his lips

he races through the whips and slap of the bushes
still unable to realize this is far from a true farm
a piece of land measured for markets
growth of work bounded by its own growths

the lad can only fathom this simplicity
of picking fruit with no idea,
this entirety was a fruit of labour, love, and desperation

he sweats from picking rather than planting and
within moments this thrill of the hunt is over
and the young urban lad crosses back over where he feels safe,
where he hears car whizzing instead of trees whistling
while eating blueberries