

BURNS FOLEY-MACMILLAN

## Easy Pickings

Was it black cherry pop  
From stern, bushy eyebrows  
That

Urged me to the edges of dust  
Biting  
Calcium-treated dirt roads?

(the summer I earned my first two-wheeler, on my stained  
knees picking strawberries, five cents a box, across the bay  
from Ghost Island on old man Thompson's farm)

Lured me up on your metallic scooter?  
Led me beside Diner's Brook?

(where once I'd caught a troutling in a dipper, without even  
knowing, ripples giggling over pebbles; where my dad plucked  
blackberries, juice staining our vision of whitetails  
munching yellow transparents)

Let you see my seven-year skin?

(that loved to be jiggled on Grampy's workclad knee or  
dipped in cool flowing streams and didn't feel shy before  
your large, hairy nakedness)

Did not deny you licence to stroke my bum and cum in your hand?  
(before I knew the stork didn't bring you, before I knew the  
 clichéd ruse of our perverted little secret)

Nesbitt's orange was my favourite  
You know  
What would I have abandoned  
To sizzle my tongue  
In effervescent citrus?