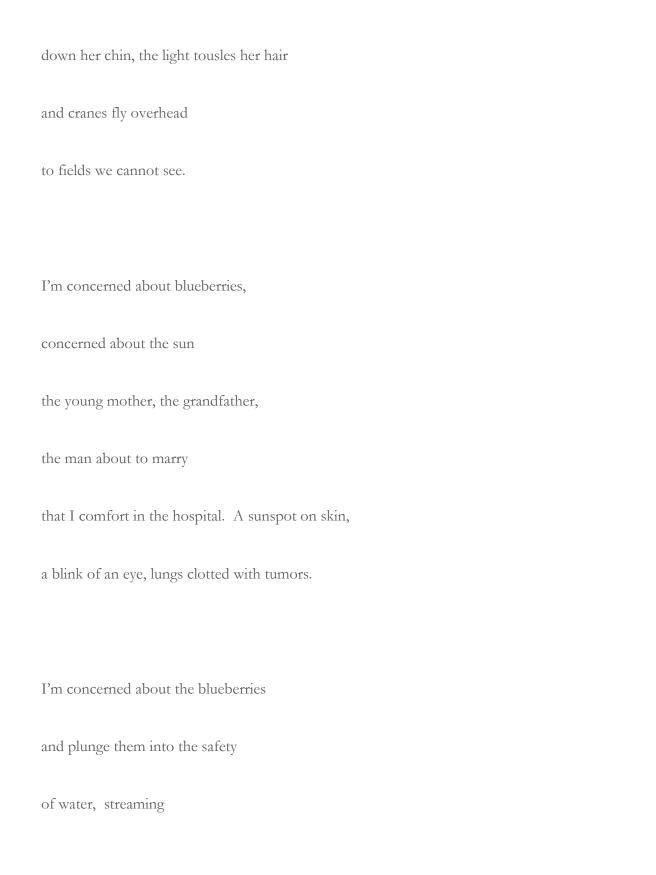


POETRY | FALL 2016

Berry Picking

By Sara Adler
I'm concerned about blueberries,
about global warming frost that nips
spring buds, the water underground
spreading its dioxin fingers into wells.
I'm concerned about blueberries,
and chickadees that twitch and flit
through the Dexter farm, the plink
of berries into bottom of plastic pail.
On the dirt road there, a raccoon's bloated body
was a micro-climate, a gathering front of flies,

storm of buzzing cloud.
I'm concerned about blueberries
as sun spills its light onto the back
of my toddler's neck, grime of sunscreen
smeared into creases of dimpled arms.
"Don't eat those, yet! Let's wait
until we're home to wash them."
Wash away the spray,
wash away
the danger.
But the purple juice
drips



curative and cold		
from my faucet.		
Comp OlD consult A House consults		

Sara O'Donnell Adler is a rabbi and serves as a hospital chaplain at the University of Michigan Health System. Her poetry has appeared in Poetica Magazine, The Bear River Review, and is forthcoming in The Broadkill Review. She lives with her family in Ann Arbor, MI, where even the birds in the backyard wear the colors maize and blue.

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