

EATING STRAWBERRIES IN NOVEMBER

Our ancestors couldn't have done it you know.
We take so much for granted.
Picture a rose in December
cultivated or carelessly planted.
A cat barking:
a butterfly that slithers:
a snail with wings.
Comical? Wondrous? Obscene?
Reflect on these things.
Reflect the journey of a lifetime,
Many lifetimes, mixing thoughts
Making labels, evolving minds,
Packing boxes, filling empty spaces,
Being selfish, being kind,
Everything in its place.

Remarkable, this progression
Praise the human race.
This hierarchy of fools,
Chasing each other to the top –
Top of what?
A ladder? A mountain?
Jump, skip, hop.
Monitoring the cost
And most importantly of all
Everything we have lost.

It has taken much imagination
And many falls from decency
To arrive at a junction
On the super highway frequency
A strange and often baffling time
For eating strawberries in November.
Pauline Heathcote