

Do Tell

Lee Nelson

Reach between the eager thorns
to squeeze-test, then pick your choice –
your blackberry – and have it bleed
red-purple
on rubus fingers

Let taste burst, spread and linger
sharp and sweet (could go either way)
stain your lips
fill your nose

It tastes so true!
Direct connect
– earth to you

Not one thing other stands between
to tell you what your senses do

do tell
Do tell:

Tell what it means
to eat without packaging or price
Tell now what it means
to taste it the way it was made
or just grew

belief won't change
what's real to you

Take it
feel it
eat it
you – just you
fruit – just fruit

so sharp-sweet
just

just all you need
feel free to feed

the gut
the mind
the fruit
the taste

and ideas too
on which to feast

Who is the land?
Whose is the land?

Who walks it, tastes it, occupies
– serves it better?

Who owns it, counts it, incloses
– serves it better?

The juice-drip-lipped bold hedgerow scrumpers
The berry-feasters in the wood

The notice-posting 4x4ers
The mouse-slick-clicking hedgefund swindlers

What is the land?

Asset listed on a sheet
A line on chart –
grey-green background
for grey-green heart

What is the land?

Human-clouds that drift across
that puddle-jump
that berry-scoff
that slide and wonder on the mud
with eyes a-wide and hearts a-thump

Which one includes?
Which one includes?
Which one be you?

Which one be you?