Blueberries

Mary J. Iuppa
St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?
Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/verbum

Part of the English Language and Literature Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/verbum/vol13/iss2/10

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/verbum/vol13/iss2/10 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Blueberries
Blueberries

At the Mennonite auction, flats of blueberries, whole and plump, big as nickels, tempt me. My hand itches to filch one or two off the top-heavy pint closest to me. Just to hold its taste on my tongue; let its sour melt into sweetness, with my eyes closed. I know how to savor stolen fruit from god-fearing farmers whose fingernails hold that trace of dirt like mine. We’ve each had our share. Two lots away, an auctioneer yammers a confusion of dollars and cents, nodding at tickets that bid in a wink, a grunt, a shrug. Someone smiles; another flicks his ticket against his pant leg and purses his lips. A barefoot baby girl in a purple cotton dress has danced on tiptoe over to my lot. She sees what I want and wants it too. One or two blueberries is all she takes before her grandmother notices what she’s done. Best not to make a scene, the grandmother takes the baby’s hand and leads her away, unaware that her blue-eyed girl with honey-straw pigtails looks back over her shoulder and grins at me.