

The dewy soft morning
drapes light on
the hills and valleys,
and the fields are
stretching,
yawning,
opening up to the opaque haze of the world.

In golden green pools of light,
a sag of tumescent seaberries
folding down on the limb of their own weight,
gushing from hearty stalks.
Further a million scepters of cloudberries
flushed with purple collars
Dot the horizon -
Arise,
Abide,
Subside,
into a puddle of golden mush.

Glaucous and swollen
in the white net of the sun,
the rows of grapes
recede into the horizon.

The sour sweat of the air
mixing with the sweat
of the skin,
seeps into fields,
slaking the soil.

Brawny stalks,
jumping the halyard,
hoisting plump
to a sea of birds and flies,
and a hand,
Plucking each fruit
prize-like,
Placing them
in a bowl to be painted.

– Kuba Pieczarski