

Senior Division, Poetry
Sarah Harris, St. John's
Litany for Berry Pickers

The good people
 fell from heaven
The good people
 once were angels
The good people
 rooted in soil
The good people
 roam the earth
The good people
 live in the rub
The good people
 on the cusp
The good people
 led Martha astray

Martha
 picking cloudberry
Martha
 lost the time
Martha
 fourteen days
Martha
 fourteen nights
Martha
 broken ribs; bruised arms
Martha
 wouldn't leave bed
Martha
 couldn't remember

tie a bag of salt
to the baby at night
wear odd socks
on your walk home
turn your sweater
inside out
pick twelve twigs
of yarrow; leave one behind
put a nickel
in your pocket
while picking
on that berry-bank