

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