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Backyard Grapes

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Backyard Grapes

There's the cartoon of sitting out on a limb
sawing yourself off. You do need to hold
the stem close to the grapes and cut higher up—
don't laugh, I am spatially challenged.

Go in for a colander, then another.
September—the grapes are cobwebbed now,
Each bunch plump at the top
but dangling to a point in moist raisins.

While in the house, answer the phone—
church, where the grapes are bound tomorrow.
The once bright green, leathery leaves
are a lighter green now, half-crackly brown.

So many, the pearl sky turns to night.
Stay up late, rinsing and laying them out
on dish towels spread on cracked kitchen tile.
Ferry striped spiders back to the vine.

JANET NIPPELL