

Jonathan Corle – Three Poems

WILD BLUEBERRIES

Toward evening, near summer's end, I search
for high bush blueberries at the edge of our lake.
Branches that a few weeks ago held hundreds offer
only a few, dark navy beads under dusty leaves.
Leaves once bright green returning to undercover
scarlets and maroons: early calling cards of fall.
I heron-walk the shoreline gleaning a meager harvest.
Gone are the pawnbroker-sign clusters. I find five
and let them tumble into the pinch-pot of my palm.
I ponder their deep color and round perfection
then savor the sweetness of each one.

Weather's Kitchen

The natural object is always the adequate symbol

Jane Kenyon

The hailstorm pummeled our garden
with frozen white pellets that bounced
capriciously two feet off the thick grass
like the hot spatter of frying bacon.

They minced Dogwood blossoms,
diced pansies until all that was left
was a *mirepoix* on the stone wall.

We watched the demonstration from
the shelter of our back porch, seasoned
lovers, sated with beauty, captivated by
this rare alchemy from the sky.

When the show ended, hail had accumulated
edging a flower bed: our own miniature glacier.

Ode To The Red Beet

Oh sugar sweet sphere
painter of your friend
the buoyant pickled egg—
Harvard gives you a first name
when you grace our autumn tables

firm and smooth to bite
candy on the tongue we pull
you from rich soil trim your
green top and bathe you in hot
salt water until your earthen

overcoat loosens and slips away
revealing a gown of deep burgundy—
we add spices and vinegar and serve
you at picnics and football tailgates

Jonathan Corle (Jon) is a poet, lifelong resident of Pennsylvania living in Chester County. After retirement from the financial firm he founded, Jon became an adjunct professor in the Close School of Entrepreneurship at Drexel University. His interests include reading and writing, cycling, golf, and travel with his wife, Diane.