

*Rachel Hadas*

In pre-dawn light I climb back into bed  
and wake up on a hill inside my head,  
that ridge where the Briggs farm sits. Deep in snow,  
dead ripe blackberries are peeking through.  
It takes a while to realize I'm awake  
and see afresh the whiteness of that drift,  
the glossy blackness of those berries in  
all their unseasonable lusciousness.  
Both white and black soon shed their oddity,  
fit smoothly into my unfolding day.  
Only when darkness is returning do  
I ask: what did those berries signify,  
or the harsh hill I struggled up through snow?

### Blackberries in the Snow

*Rachel Hadas*

When I tried to think ahead to mourn  
your loss, I would imagine you as free  
of life's productions, having taken wing  
and flown north from your body  
straight as a bird that hears the call of spring.  
You died last summer. Now in March I see  
things differently. You loved performances  
like any actor: costumes, makeup, scenes,  
intrigue, betrayal. In the midst of these,  
with more than half the story still to tell,  
the lights dimmed and went out. The curtain fell.

### The Scenario