

---

# BLACKBERRY

MADISON JONES

The wilted lean,  
the bramble blade,  
the perennial crown,  
the willow shade,  
the summer drought,  
the red-clay swath,  
the falling barn,  
the silkworm moth,  
the sinkhole throat,  
the blue window,  
the endless ceil,  
the spring pool flow,  
the yellow leaves,  
the under earth,  
the evening gone,  
the back and forth,  
the dogs at night,  
the echo's peal,  
the arc of light  
across the field.

---

## NOCTURNE

MADISON JONES

A field walks through me  
in the scent trails of sleep,

the long grass and cow paths  
lit by shadows from a blank sky,

past the ancient mulberry  
where you tried to silence

fires of mania as the cab filled  
with carbon monoxide. You saw tracers

in the sky like streamers calling you  
from time's silo full of years.

When it was spring, we  
pulled crawdads and salamanders

out of creek beds we dammed  
with rocks and leaves,

thick as the swallow's nest  
in the corner of the shed.

Once more, the yearling  
sprints into the green treeline,

and you stand, a twitching  
tadpole held between

your thumb and forefinger,  
grinning up at me

as if looking out  
from some distant place.