

BLACK MOUNTAINS

By Michael E. Stone

Here we go round the mulberry bush
So quoth T.S. Eliot,
But it's a tree, not a bush,
Grand, spreading, broad-leafed.

At the bottom of the garden
The neighbours' branch grew over
Could be climbed from our side
and we did.

Near broad silk-worm leaves,
and thick trunk branches
small purple berries stained us
black as the mountains.*

[*] Karabakh means "black mountains", so called after the mulberry trees planted there under Persian domination for the production of silk.

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