

Crumble surprise

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Jon Harvey, who recently let me publish his poem entitled [Ten Poets](#), has also submitted this to the blog. I share it because I like it

Crumble surprise

Don't be fooled
Blackberries are tasty fruits
to be enjoyed but a few weeks each year
but meanwhile for the rest of the time
the prambles are spreading and growing
their thorns multiplying
harsh hedges of hate
becoming ever larger
flattening all other plants in their wake
wider faster
wider wider
taller taller
stronger stronger
their barbs pierce, protrude and penetrate
there will be blindness
there will be blindness
Beware those who promise sweet fruit and succulent crumbles
look through and past these promises
to see the mailed mesh of pointed pain and spiteful spikes
And keep your secateurs and pencils close

¡No Passaran!