## To Andrew: at Two

Professor of blackberry science, maestro of the sink, taste-tester who holds the blackberry to the light, you are the foreman of the blackberry line, the trench-coated inspector. You reach for another and your mouth is a blackberry and your chin is a blackberry, and it's then I know when you walk by the pond you will bestow your beneficence to the mice and the squirrels and proclaim the preeminence of blackberries to the birds. You eat another and your two wet eyes and your belly is a blackberry and when you go to sleep you will sleep the sleep of blackberries, of black stars and black moons, of paths so brambly that one day, when you enter the parlors of heaven, you will find them, as Whitman says, adorned with the running blackberry.