Getting the Grape

Paula Jones
Getting the Grape by Paula Jones

In summer
I picked grapes
in the Swan Valley.
Rows of vines
like green veins
along dry fields-
weighing the bunches
in thick palms,
pressing the berries
between rough fingers,
looking for colour-
opaque changes.
Plucking plump fruit,
pushing against them
in the roof of my mouth,
waiting to collect juice
beneath the tongue.

Beneath the tongue-
waiting to collect juice
in the roof of my mouth,
pushing against them.
Plucking plump fruit,
opaque changes-
looking for colour
between rough fingers.
Pressing the berries
in thick palms,
weighing the bunches
along dry fields,
like green veins-
rows of vines.
In the Swan Valley
I picked grapes
in summer.