

WILD BERRIES

"Who you think I am, I'm not,"
she said and blinked.

"Not so sweet as cherries. No,"
smoothed her dress and flashed him another glance.

"May I have a straw?"
the honey flavored words dripped from her mouth.
she looked at him.

"Thank you, Sir."
she drew the straw from between his fingers without
losing his eyes and eased it down into the
red liquid of her glass.

"So you're not a cherry."
he said teasingly.

"No----"
she let the "o" hang there for a second and then
wrapped it around the straw
the red liquid rose and he watched the motion of
her throat as she swallowed.

"What then?"

"I'm more like wild berries."
the words laughed in her throat as she spoke.

"How so?"
he was lost.

"Not so sweet,"
she stroked the edge of the glass for a moment
and then looked at him.

"But a lot more juice."