**Blackberrying**

Nobody in the lane, and nothing, nothing but blackberries,

Blackberries on either side, though on the right mainly,

A blackberry alley, going down in hooks, and a sea

Somewhere at the end of it, heaving. Blackberries

Big as the ball of my thumb, and dumb as eyes

Ebon in the hedges, fat

With blue-red juices. These they squander on my fingers.

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Please find the rest of the poem in the internet or an anthology and read the rest of the poem. Read at least three times and provide following information for the poem:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Persona: |  |
| Tone: |  |
| Mood: |  |
| Figures of Speech: |  |
| Most striking images: |  |
| Formalistic Properties: |  |

Notes/Questions for You

After reading her bio, what autobiographical elements can we detect in the poem?

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Can we consider this poem confessional?

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Are there political elements in the poem?

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