

# Iceman

Sean Ahern

Iceman I heard your truck diesel down the dirt  
into the strawberry lands  
Brother was perched on a pallet  
yelling at the top of his little lungs  
Grandfather far ahead  
his fingers wed which berries were next,  
another week more  
*The big ones sell better*  
Sister agrees  
*Not ripe yet, she can tell by the smell*  
of stems and leaves  
Mother loads another box full  
and watched your wake cut through the field  
Father thought he was fast  
in his white rusted pickup with gypsy wheels  
loaded red and spilling out  
crashed in a ditch  
Iceman you picked them  
the very best ones  
piled high on your plate.