

# Chokecherries

Anita Tanner

“ . . . though your sins be as scarlet,  
they shall be white as snow . . . ”

Isaiah 1:18

Dark berries abound  
like full moons;  
the sight of ripeness  
in sunstruck orbs  
puckers your mouth.  
Tiny stones blackened  
like clotted blood.

Round wonders borne in spikes,  
what is sacramental  
turned blanch-white with blossom.  
Although the syrup,  
tart for tasting,  
holds a bitterness,  
coloring your lips a deep purple,

all the losses  
laughed and cried about  
from buckets of impulsive berries  
will come back—  
the bits of hate in every love affair,  
the wonder of paradox  
in the anxious throat of spring.

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ANITA TANNER grew up on a farm in Star Valley, Wyoming, attended BYU where she was awakened to poetry, an interest that she says never wanes. Her poetry has appeared in various periodicals, magazines, and anthologies. She and her husband, Leonard, are the parents of six children and reside in Cortez, Colorado.



