

Strawberries that in gardens grow
Are plump and juicy fine,
But sweeter far as wise men know
Spring from the woodland vine.
No need for bowl or silver spoon,
Sugar or spice or cream,
Has the wild berry plucked in June
Beside the trickling stream.
One such to melt at the tongue's root,
Confounding taste with scent,
Beats a full peck of garden fruit:
Which points my argument.

~ Robert Graves



You can count
on me
in a jam!

Life is short ~
make it sweet!

You stand out
like a
strawberry
in a
bowl of peas.

A taste of summer...

I'd pick
you!