

about more than blackberries, I can't work out the underlying message.

Rain sits next to me. She grabs the poem and reads it aloud very slowly. 'Are you learning about fruit?' she asks.

'Poems,' I say.

'Poems are boring.'

'But you liked writing the nonsense poem.'

'Yeah, but that wasn't a real poem. That was silly.'

'Poems are good if you think about them a bit like a puzzle. You have to pick all the words apart until you understand the meaning,' I tell her.

'Well, I can tell that the meaning of this one is bad. Whatever it is, it's a very bad meaning,' she says.

'How can you tell?'

'I don't know. A feeling.'

'A feeling?'

'Yeah. Anyway, there's all bad words in it like "rat" and "stinking". It's yucky.'

I read the poem over again in my head. Rain's right. The poem is gloomy, especially at the end where the blackberries get all grey and mouldy. It's sad because the person tries to save the berries but they get ruined anyway. And the worst part about it is, he does the same thing every year and never seems to learn his lesson.