

The Cranberry Juice

As children, they would fall,
Get a scrape, get a cut,
Their mother would say
Don't touch **The Cranberry Juice**

Her brother and she knew,
It indeed was not cranberry juice.
It was their blood,
Now outside instead of in.

As they grew, older and older.
A scratch here,
And road rash there.
Always, don't touch **The Cranberry Juice**

She always noticed,
Her brother's curiosity with The juice.
Against what their mother said
He always looked and touched.

High school came and passed so fast,
Scrapes came that mother didn't see.
Now off to the real world,
Don't touch **The Cranberry Juice**

As time went on,
years went by,
They fell out of touch.
Just like how they used to fall too much.

Their careers began.,
Time went on.,
She never forgot the days of
Don't touch **The Cranberry Juice.**

Her birthdays,
Would come and then go,
Over and over,
Always without her brother.

A mom now.

She tells the kids,
Stories
Of Uncle and **The Cranberry Juice**

The years pass,
Without him,
But the pain,
Fails to lessen.

Now turning 30,
Not knowing about her brother.
A husband, or a Dad
All she knew, she missed him.

His caring ways,
His love for fun,
But she never understood,
The intrigued for **The Cranberry Juice**.

One day,
While at mom's.
Juicy by Benjamin Rock
Sit on the table.

A smile helps her open.
Finally, her brother.
The page read, "I was always told,
Don't touch **The Cranberry Juice**"

She never forgot,
The name given.
Neither did he forget,
The Cranberry Juice.

Her brother wrote a book.
Their childhood,
All fun times,
All scratches and scrapes.

Never for publicity,
For her,
He sent to mom's.
Where **The Cranberry Juice** started.

She's wondering,
"Where is Ben?"
He's thinking,
"Where is Julie?"

Into the fridge,
Not for food,
But for a drink,
Of *Cranberry Juice*.