His bones are soft.  
They still are growing.  
He stoops to pick  
The bright red berries.

It's hot today.  
Some kids are playing.  
I hear their laughter  
Rolling in off Monterey Bay.

He hears it too,  
and pauses,  
and turns toward the sea.  
A look of sadness in his eyes,  
He stoops again  
To pick the bright red berries.

_UFW photo by Cathy Murphy, taken July 5, 1976  Prunedale, California  
Poem by Cathy Murphy_

_During the Christmas Season  
Let us reflect on the lives of children still working in the fields._

_Help end child labor._  
_Support the United Farm Workers Union._