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SONG

It was spring, with mud. We had to buy water.
We went everywhere we went, hiding.
One night we were especially frightened, and cried.
I gave my love a cherry without a stone.

It was summer. Rain was due, but the weather held.
Fog came down the low hills in long streamers.
We said we had been happy there almost a week.
I gave my love a cherry without a stone.

It is winter. We must walk single file
Down sidewalks piled with drifted snow.
The buses cannot take us where we want to go.
I gave my love a cherry without a stone.

Raeburn Miller