

# *The Wormwood Review*

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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*