

Cherry

I love cherries.

The fruit, juice, jam,
blossoms, prints on a summer
dress, in a black forest cake,
the street named Cherry,
in Denver, Colorado,
where we lived

its fruits small, sour,
and bright with life. There,
my mom stopped beating me,
after learning that children could
call the police. But I was more
scared of being taken away,
when I was only five.

for three years when I was five
with a cherry tree in the park nearby