Cherry Tree Avenue

Aga Zaryan

We lived on Cherry Tree Avenue in a house with a garden, filled with my girlish stories. Tadpoles in buckets, secrets buried in the ground. Marbles, ponies, Jammie the rabbit. Childhood memories are sweet as sugar floss. Was careless to climb trees, pick poppies, build sandcastles. Round in circles, riding on my yellow bike. Waiting for the ice-cream mann to stop by. Who lives now in our house? Does the ice-cream man whose face I still remember, play the same melody? Time never lasts but memories are still alive. Picture of the past in fated pastles. Street from my childhood where everything was new. Sister in my mother's arms smiling on Cherry Three Avenue.

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