

## 75 Septembers

Cheryl Wheeler

In the year of the yellow cab  
Shadow of the great world war  
The third kid grandmom had  
Came into this world  
On a rolling farm in Maryland  
When Wilson was the president  
As summer blew her goodbye through the trees

A child of changing times  
Growing up between the wars  
Fords rolled off the lines  
And bars all closed their doors  
and I imagine you back then  
With snap brim hat and farmer's tan  
Where horses drew their wagons through the fields

Now the fields are all four lanes  
and the moon's not just a name  
Are you more amazed at how things change  
Or how they stay the same  
And do you sit here on this porch and wonder  
How the time flies by  
Or does it seem to barely creep along  
With 75 Septembers come and gone

Were the fields all gold and fawn  
Was the spring house dark and cool  
Did the rooster crow at dawn  
When they got you up for school  
And would you tell me once again  
The tales of granddad's hired men  
And how they drove the old dirt road to town

Cause now the fields are all four lanes  
And the moon's not just a name  
Are you more amazed at how things change  
Or how they stay the same  
And do you sit here on this porch and wonder  
How the times flies by  
Or does it seem to barely creep along  
With 75 Septembers come and gone

In the year of the yellow cab  
Shadow of the great world war