

A Year Without Summer

Peter Broderick

This has been
A year without summer
A year with laughter
A year without you
A year shook by winter winds
A year of December
A year to remember
The summers we knew

This has been
A year of the killing frost
A year of the wandering lost
A year of pain
A year of summer rain
Stand at that window
With no one beside you
Walk through dark mirrors

Down streets of fear

Feel the seed of despair
Grow as weeds high inside you
Blooming in darkness
Nourished by tears

This has been
A year of the locusts
Whirling their wings inside mind
And eating my soul
Leaving my fields bare
Darkening my summer air

And here I stand
On the edge of nowhere
With nowhere to go
In the summer snow