

# Four Summers

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Nicholas Campbell

In summer we used to gather  
around the tall gate and watch.  
Her black and white coat seemed to us  
some whim of weather. When she galloped to the fence  
it was as if a little storm had blown up  
to the gate to meet us, the grass green around her.

Three summers had gone,  
and here we stood again calling her to the gate,  
our arms through offering apples.

If we had known then another year would come  
and take her away, we would have climbed on her back  
and let her fly, the wind in our hands.  
But this dream unlike our little storm would not come to us,  
let us believe a tall wish.

We would never feel the four strong winds of her legs,  
never know sky from the back of a horse,  
never know Four Summers could go so fast.