

Go Round Mary
Evelyn Gardner

An old baby stroller,
Heaped to the sky.
Bags bulged with bottles and cans,
Enough to get by....
For a few days, anyway
she softly sang:
“Go round Mary. Mary, go round.”

Some envied her hard work.
Rough ones cursed her with sneers.
Head bowed, she passed quickly,
Lending only deaf ears.....
For a few days anyway.
she softly sang:
“Go round Mary. Mary, go round.”

She took rest at the market,
Beneath a bright light.
Made a nest with her stroller.
Then welcomed the night.....
For a few days anyway.
she softly sang:
“Go round Mary. Mary, go round.”

The morning was frozen,
She stayed curled and still.
But heard steps approaching,
A sweet voice warmed the chill....
For now anyway.
It sang softly:
“Come round Mary. Mary, come round.”