



The Mercury  
The Student Art &  
Literary Magazine  
of Gettysburg  
College

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Volume 2020

Article 24

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2020

## Cradled Under the Weeping Cherry

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### Recommended Citation

Fowler, Amanda Ueno () "Cradled Under the Weeping Cherry," *The Mercury*: Year 2020, Article 24.  
Available at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2020/iss1/24>

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## Cradled Under the Weeping Cherry

### Author Bio

Amanda is a student at Gettysburg College from Tokyo, Japan. Her mother is from southern Japan and her father is from Kansas City, Missouri. Amanda is bilingual and likes art and alternative music.

# Cradled Under the Weeping Cherry

AMANDA UENO FOWLER

Staggering through the night,  
The chill of late spring  
Brushes against your cheek,  
But you're not quite ready to sober up  
Just yet, when  
You hear a gentle weeping, and turn to see  
Standing there, under the moonlight  
The weeping cherry tree  
With her head hung low  
Curtains of delicate pink swaying,  
Enticing you to crawl underneath

Rest your head onto the remains  
Of the flowery tears she had shed  
Catch a glimpse of the moon  
Each time the branches make a sway

Somebody once said  
That there must be a body buried  
Under the root of every cherry tree  
Which lends it the color red

But this night, the color blue permeates your mind  
It gives you a headache as it fights to break free  
And it's tempting to let out the blues  
    To heave it all out  
But you hold back, in fear  
Of tainting the flowery refuge

You decide it is time you crawl out  
And leave her to do all the sobbing  
But find that you are unable to move  
As the branches begin to spin,  
And the world caves in  
Your blue blending with her red

Dissolving into a cloud of purple  
Which they will question in the morning  
When you are spotted,  
Curled up by the foot of the weeping cherry.