

# Ditty Birds

by Matthew Haughton

Four sisters lived  
up the road,  
we called them  
Ditty Birds.  
Four girls, always  
in white,  
we loved one.  
She'd run under  
the branches,  
unafraid to show  
us her tongue  
or the briar cuts  
on her knees;  
how she dreamt  
of being kissed,  
mocked  
on the backs  
of our hands.  
She'd run under  
the branches,  
while our ideas  
of love came  
from hopscotch  
and wheelies.  
Four girls, always  
in white.  
We loved one,  
a tomboy.