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After a Quarrel

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After a Quarrel

Engloomed with new-pained, sharp despair
I plod the chores despondently,
Amid echoes in the house.
What right had we, once loving pair,
To sound the halls so violently,
Tear at the family's roots?

Small Tim sits on the lowest stair,
His eyes, blue curiosity.
Thumb-comfort in his mouth,
He holds a shredding Teddybear.
Proud in his skill, learned recently,
He sits, prim and secure.