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| **My Parents kept me from children who were rough**  ***by Stephen Spender***  My parents kept me from children who were rough and who threw words like stones and who wore torn clothes. Their thighs showed through rags. They ran in the street And climbed cliffs and stripped by the country streams.  I feared more than tigers their muscles like iron And their jerking hands and their knees tight on my arms. I feared the salt coarse pointing of those boys Who copied my lisp behind me on the road.  They were lithe, they sprang out behind hedges Like dogs to bark at our world. They threw mud And I looked another way, pretending to smile, I longed to forgive them, yet they never smiled. | **My Parents kept me from children who were rough**  ***by Stephen Spender***  My parents kept me from children who were rough and who threw words like stones and who wore torn clothes. Their thighs showed through rags. They ran in the street And climbed cliffs and stripped by the country streams.  I feared more than tigers their muscles like iron And their jerking hands and their knees tight on my arms. I feared the salt coarse pointing of those boys Who copied my lisp behind me on the road.  They were lithe, they sprang out behind hedges Like dogs to bark at our world. They threw mud And I looked another way, pretending to smile, I longed to forgive them, yet they never smiled. |
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