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