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THE CHILDHOOD MUSE

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I was small, nice, and naïve,
My mother tells me.
None to strife, nothing to strive,
Used to sleep at pm 9!
My mother tells me.
Used to gawk at parties,
Though loved the dances,
The laughter, the glow—
I loved my reading far more.
Books sung, and never knew
The crowd I stood among.

How is it now—
Thoughts hither and thither,
No felicity, nor stoppage.
Where has my musings gone?
With 13 or 14 years of age,
Or in some experience so savage?

My heart no longer fills, nor dances
with daffodils;
The pleasure once they freely bore
Is taken now by something worth more,
Weightier in its core.

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