

TROUBLE'S CHILD

Trouble's child is a beast so wild that none can tame him,
Or if they could, with whip and wood, who'd claim him?
Would you take a colt to shy and bolt into your house
Where (you boast) would havoc's host be, the slightest mouse,
Where there's not a chance of a dust-mote's dance in a stray sun-ray,
For each speck of dust or bit of rust is hurriedly swept away,
Nor does stain mar, not unconformity jar the trigonometric angularity
Of the regulated life of happy man and wife (as you can see with clarity).

In the concise time and precise rhyme of the ticking clock-days
And the measured beat of the plodding feet in the regulated life-ways.
Could you tear away from there and give away your heart?
Would you take it like a cake or tasty cherry-tart,
Place it in your palm, give without a qualm, and without a bitter pain
To the wind and rain of a gone-and-never-come-again-trouble-making-hurricane?
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Or if they could, with whip and wood, who'd claim him ?



