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INNOCENCE

by
Francis Komla Aggor

When I was but little,
What things amusing I did not do,
At home confusion I brought,
Treading on red-hot coal . . .
How frequent I broke the two day old chimney,
Only Heaven knows!

In the sweet by-and-by
I remember how I dreaded grass,
Papa weeded, always imitate him I would,
But mere havoc I caused the plants,
For no difference between plant and weed, to me, existed;
A thin snake did I grasp taking it for the lizard.

Soon I was to believe in being Invisible,
How could this be! Well . . .
On Sunday I was embellished, ready for church;
There, when silence held all still
Mine cry the air filled. Confusion again!
Out Mama would go squeezing my lips in silent torture.

Great Aunt in the city we were to visit;
In the boneshaker mine eyes did see trees move!
"Look, Mother, the telegraph poles are running".
Nature, resplendent Nature,
In the soft vista of years
When one remembers childhood, children our love win.