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While we were arguing

by Jane Kenyon

The first snow fell,—or should I say
it flew slantwise, so it seemed
it was the house
that moved so heedlessly through space.

Tears splashed and beaded on your sweater.
Then for long moments you did not speak.
No pleasure in the cups of tea
I made distractedly at four . . .

The sky grew dark. I heard the paper come
and went out. The moon looked down
between disintegrating clouds. I said
aloud: “You see, we have done harm.”

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