

with wind & with snow
 And frost on the windows
 And the below.

Worry.

The weary mind, engulfed with dread
 Was to her intimates, as dead.
 The very soul, her very heart
 Was in a cage & caged out part.
 The worry in its worst degree
 Had just obsessed her bodily.

The Change

I lived in the town, I repressed,
 And I lived in the house, I despair,
 When I came home in the evening
 I know sorrow was waiting there.

'Joy always went out to parties
 with And took 'Smiles' as a companion,
 But 'Fanny' would be always with me
 with a dull, sad note in her tone.

'Discontent' would sit by the fireplace
 And tell all the tales that he knew.