

“A GRIEVANCE”

BY

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Wen de snow 's a-fallin'
An' de win' is col'.
Mammy 'mence a-callin',
Den she 'mence to scol',
“Lucius Lishy Brackett,
Don't you go out do's,
Button up yo' jacket,
Les'n you 'll git froze.”

I sit at de windah
Lookin' at de groun',
Nuffin nigh to hindah,
Mammy ain' erroun';
Wish 't she would n' mek me
Set down in dis chaih;
Pshaw, it would n't tek me
Long to git some aih.

So I jump down nimble
Ez a boy kin be,
Dough I 's all a-trimble
Feahed some one 'll see;
Bet in a half a minute
I fly out de do'
An' I 's knee-deep in it,
Dat dah blessed snow.

Den I hyeah a pattah
Come acrost de flo'.
Den dey comes a clattah
At de cabin do';
An' my mammy holler
Spoilin' all my joy,
"Come in f'om dat waller,
Don't I see you, boy?"

Wen de snow 's a-sievin'
Down ez sof ez meal,
Whut 's de use o' livin'
'Cept you got de feel
Of de stuff dat's fallin'
'Roun' an' white an' damp,

‘Dout some one a–callin’,
“Come in hyeah, you scamp!”