



## **The Quarrel (1908)**

**By Katherine Mansfield**

Our quarrel seemed a giant thing,  
It made the room feel mean and small,  
The books, the lamp, the furniture,  
The very pictures on the wall--

Crowded upon us as we sat  
Pale and terrified, face to face.  
"Why do you stay?" she said, "my room  
Can never be your resting place."

"Katinka, ere we part for life,  
I pray you walk once more with me."  
So down the dark, familiar road  
We paced together, silently.

The sky--it seemed on fire with stars!  
I said:--"Katinka dear, look up!"  
Like thirsty children, both of us  
Drank from the giant loving cup.

"Who were those *dolls*?" Katinka said  
"What were their stupid, vague alarms?"  
And suddenly we turned and laughed  
And rushed into each other's arms.

