

# On An Unsociable Family

By Elizabeth Hands

O what a strange parcel of creatures are we,  
Scarce ever to quarrel, or even agree;  
We all are alone, though at home altogether,  
Except to the fire constrained by the weather;  
Then one says, "Tis cold', which we all of us know,  
And with unanimity answer, "Tis so':  
With shrugs and with shivers all look at the fire,  
And shuffle ourselves and our chairs a bit nigher;  
Then quickly, preceded by silence profound,  
A yawn epidemical catches around:  
Like social companions we never fall out,  
Nor ever care what one another's about;  
To comfort each other is never our plan,  
For to please ourselves, truly, is more than we can.