

## Your Birthday in Wisconsin You Are 140

'One of the wits of the school' your chum would say — Hot diggity! — What the hell went wrong for you, Miss Emily, — besides the 'pure & terrible' Congressman your paralyzing papa, — and Mr Humphrey's dying & Benjamin's (the other reader)? . . .

Fantastic at 32 outpour, uproar, 'terror since September, I could tell to none' after your 'Master' moved his family West and timidly to Mr Higginson:

'say if my verse is alive.'

Now you wore only white, now you did not appear, till frantic 50 when you hurled your heart down before Otis, who would none of it thro' five years for 'Squire Dickinson's cracked daughter' awful by months, by hours...