

Of several books against the world in general.  
To take them as against a special state  
Or even nation's to restrict my meaning.  
I'm what is called a sensibilitist,  
Or otherwise an environmentalist.  
I refuse to adapt myself a mite  
To any change from hot to cold, from wet  
To dry, from poor to rich, or back again.  
I make a virtue of my suffering  
From nearly everything that goes on round me.  
In other words, I know wherever I am,  
Being the creature of literature I am,  
I shall not lack for pain to keep me awake.  
Kit Marlowe\*\*\* taught me how to say my prayers:  
"Why, this is Hell, nor am I out of it."  
Samoa, Russia, Ireland I complain of,  
No less than England, France, and Italy.  
Because I wrote my novels in New Hampshire  
Is no proof that I aimed them at New Hampshire.  
When I left Massachusetts years ago  
Between two days, the reason why I sought  
New Hampshire, not Connecticut,  
Rhode Island, New York, or Vermont was this:  
Where I was living then, New Hampshire offered  
The nearest boundary to escape across.  
I hadn't an illusion in my handbag  
About the people being better there  
Than those I left behind. I thought they weren't.  
I thought they couldn't be. And yet they were.  
I'd sure had no such friends in Massachusetts  
As Hall of Windham\*\*, Gay of Atkinson\*\*,  
Bartlett of Raymond\*\* (now of Colorado),  
Harris of Derry\*\*, and Lynch of Bethlehem\*\*.

The glorious bards of Massachusetts seem  
To want to make New Hampshire people over.  
They taunt the lofty land with little men.