***Amanda Barker***

**Edgar Lee Masters**

HENRY got me with child,

Knowing that I could not bring forth life

Without losing my own.

In my youth therefore I entered the portals of dust.

Traveler, it is believed in the village where I lived

That Henry loved me with a husband's love,

But I proclaim from the dust

That he slew me to gratify his hatred.

/var/folders/p6/jtx20nn53mb3ygj6vry7nw3r0000gn/T/com.microsoft.Word/WebArchiveCopyPasteTempFiles/line-201.gif

**/var/folders/p6/jtx20nn53mb3ygj6vry7nw3r0000gn/T/com.microsoft.Word/WebArchiveCopyPasteTempFiles/marker2.gif*****Constance Hately***

YOU praise my self-sacrifice, Spoon River,

In rearing Irene and Mary,

Orphans of my older sister!

And you censure Irene and Mary

For their contempt of me!

But praise not my self-sacrifice,

And censure not their contempt;

I reared them, I cared for them, true enough!--

But I poisoned my benefactions

With constant reminders of their dependence.