

MITCH MILLER

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Mitch Miller by Edgar Lee Masters

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EDGAR LEE MASTERS

MITCH MILLER

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STARVED ROCK
TOWARDS THE GULF
THE GREAT VALLEY
SONGS AND SATIRES
SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY
WITH ADDITIONAL POEMS

MITCH MILLER

BY

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

AUTHOR OF
STARVED ROCK, SPOON RIVER
ANTHOLOGY, ETC., ETC.



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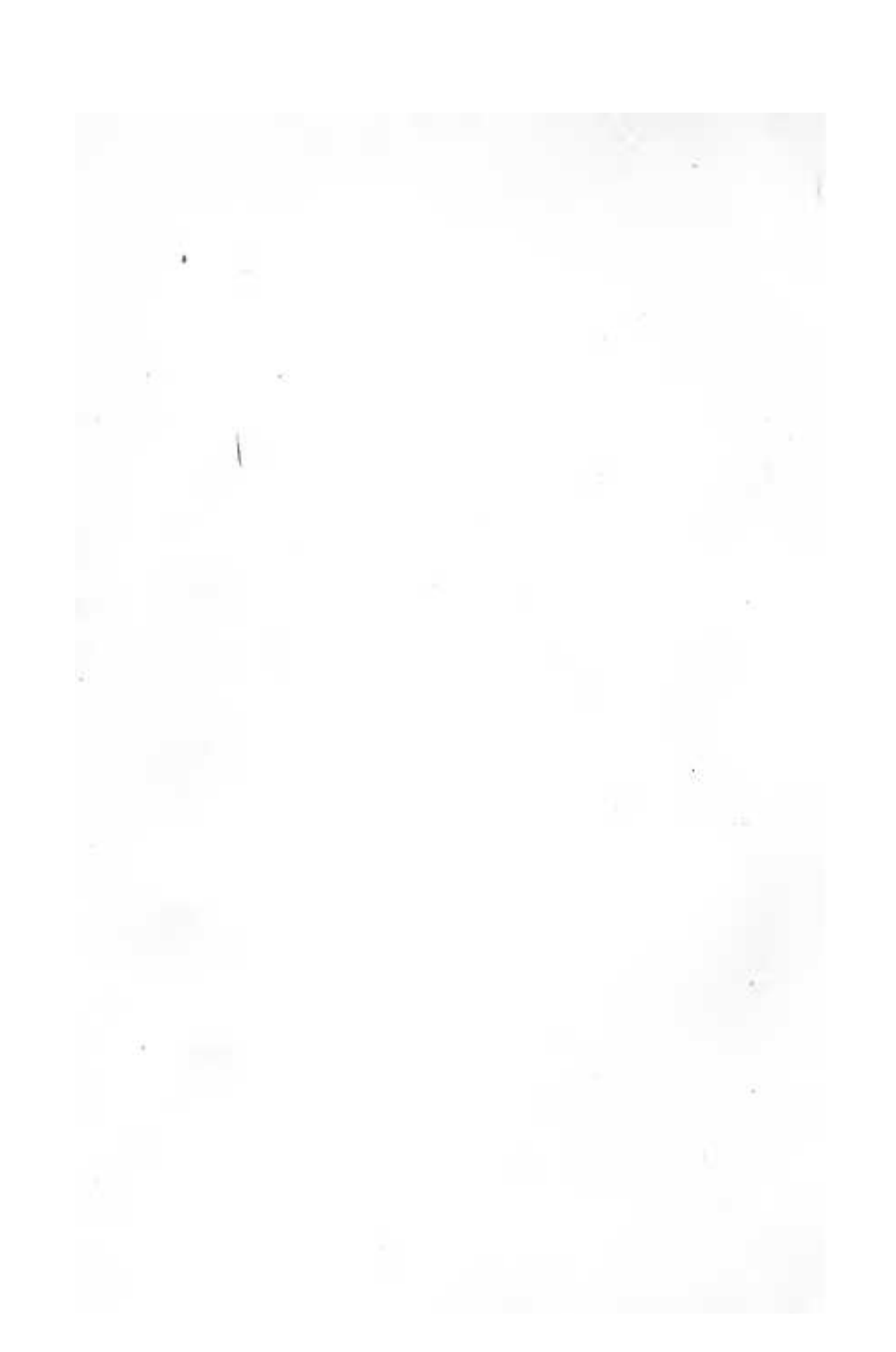
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TO WHOM
IT MAY COME

TO
MY LITTLE DAUGHTERS
MADELINE AND MARCIA



MITCH MILLER

SUPPOSIN' you was lyin' in a room and was asleep or pretty near asleep; and bein' asleep you could hear people talkin' but it didn't mean nothin' to you — just talk; and you kind of knew things was goin' on around you, but still you was way off in your sleep and belonged to yourself as a sleeper, and what was goin' on didn't make no difference to you; and really, supposin' you was tryin' to get back into deeper sleep before you heard these things. And then, supposin' now and then as your eyes rolled back into your head while sleepin' you saw through the lids — not tryin' to look, but your eyes just saw as they rolled past the open place between the lids — and you saw squares of light and dark, or maybe roundish blurs. And then supposin' sometimes you heard a noise, and as it turned out it was somebody goin' in and out of the room, or somebody closin' or openin' a door. And supposin' these here people were not tip-toein' exactly, but were kind of watchin' and laughin' a little maybe to see what you would do when you woke up. And finally one of your eyes kind of opened and you saw your ma sittin' in the corner, sewin', or peelin' apples maybe; and you saw your pa goin' out



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