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8-20-1895

## To Arthur R. Gledhill - August 20, 1895

Edwin Arlington Robinson

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TO ARTHUR R. GLEDHILL

Gardiner, Maine.  
20 August '95.

My dear Gledhill,

Your letter came last evening and I was mightily<sup>a</sup> glad to get it, as you may know. If I remember rightly, I wrote to you som{e} time ago and failed to get an answer. That fact however would make no difference; the reason for my not writing is that I hav{e} been so miserable and down at the heel generally this summer on account of my ear, which has been going like the devil, and some toher things which hav{e} not been going at all, that I hav{e} had small heart for letter writing or writing of any sort. I am beginning to pull myself together now, howev{er}, and feel pretty sure than that {sic} I shall do a fair winter's work It makes me sick to look back upon the life that I hav{e} lived in the past, and almost so toø look into the future, that is, sometimes. I hav{e} faith

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in myself—too much of it, I think, but I was sent into this world without the strength to stand up under my ambitions. I always cam{e} home “tuckered” when I was a kid with the rest of the boys and am afraid that it wil{l} always be the case. I hav{e} never been able to think of myself as more than 30 or 35 years old and I am not sure that I ~~ev-d~~<sup>b</sup> desire to be more than that. I hav{e} presentiments, and have always had them, but I am very glad to say that they are not all gloomy.

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<sup>a</sup> WA reads “mighty”.

<sup>b</sup> WA transcribes the error as “even d”.

One of them is that the fellows who know me best are not going to forget me and another is that I am going to do something befor<sup>e</sup> I get through.—There is, I think, nothing morbid in my condition. My common sense just tells me that there is not enough of me, and never was, to last a great many years. This thought is no new thing with me and it does not scare me in the least. I am not

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suicidal, nor am I a vegetarian. I am not a pessimist, or anything of the sort. My optimism and chronic appreciation of a  
are

joke, if it be a good one, ~~is~~ what will sav<sup>e</sup> me. I hav<sup>e</sup> no conception of discouragement and am not altogether lazy. I shall never be a Prominent Citizen and I thank God for it, but I shall be something just as good perhaps and possibly a little more permanent.

I regret that your cordial invitation must still remain open. I cannot get to Plymouth this summer, and would only be a bore to you if I were there. Some time whe<sup>n</sup> I get straightened out and feel that I can show up half dec<sup>e</sup>ntly I shall surely come. I hav<sup>e</sup> a corn-cob pipe that is doing me a world of good, and a fund of good feeling for the world and pretty much every body in it. What more does a man need?—Except tobacco. I am out this morning and must go down town after some. It make[s] me think of the days when each and every man &c.

Most sincerely,  
E.A.R.

HCL SL in part, 11-12.

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<sup>c</sup> Written vertically.