### Title
Galley proof

### Date
n.d.

### Rights
The use of this image may be subject to the copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) or to site license or other rights management terms and conditions. The person using the image is liable for any infringement.

### Container information
Box 3 | Folder 165

### Generated
2021-02-22 04:50:45 UTC

### Terms of Use
https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access

### View in DL
https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/2053797
TO THE YEAR 1889.

Have I no weapon-word for thee — some message brief and fierce?
Have I fought out and done indeed the battle? Is there no shot left,
For all thy affectations, lisps, scorns, manifold silliness?
Nor for myself — my own rebellious self in thee?

Down, down, proud gorge! — though choking thee;
Thy bearded throat and high-borne forehead to the gutter;
Crouch low thy neck to eleemosynary gifts.

WALT WHITMAN.