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(other) aunt came. "Who did that there?" She grabbed my tree. She walked it out of the door, through the field as far as she could throw it. I think I broke my heart. And another thing was, I had learned a poem about the church. And my uncle told the minister about it. And he brought me down--I wasn't very old then, 8 or 9--a beautiful wax doll. So, I just adored that doll. I never had anything like that. An? other aunt came down from Louisbourg with her little boy. She didn't mean it, to do anything. But anyhow, he was just begin? ning to cut his teeth. She took (the doll), showed--he took up the doll, and he bit both cheeks out of my doll! (You did not write poetry till you got older. But you were interested in poetry, even when you were a child.) Oh, my, I loved poetry. I'll tell you the first thing that made me interested in poetry. I was looking around--there was an old house being torn down. And I happened to go into it. And I found a couple leaves of a song, that I hadn't heard before. So I'm going to tell you that I was no more than 10 years old, if I was that. And I'll tell you the poem, the song. "Far away above the hills of old New Hampshire,/ Many years ago we parted, Ruth and I./ Through Your Nova Scotia Government Bookstore Outlet in Cape Breton Cape Breton Books First-Rate Literature A Wide Range of Bool