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**Emily Dickinson**  
**- poems -**

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# Emily Dickinson(10 December 1830 – 15 May 1886)

Emily Elizabeth Dickinson was an American poet. Born in Amherst, Massachusetts, to a successful family with strong community ties, she lived a mostly introverted and reclusive life. After she studied at the Amherst Academy for seven years in her youth, she spent a short time at Mount Holyoke Female Seminary before returning to her family's house in Amherst. Thought of as an eccentric by the locals, she became known for her penchant for white clothing and her reluctance to greet guests or, later in life, even leave her room. Most of her friendships were therefore carried out by correspondence.

Although Dickinson was a prolific private poet, fewer than a dozen of her nearly eighteen hundred poems were published during her lifetime. The work that was published during her lifetime was usually altered significantly by the publishers to fit the conventional poetic rules of the time. Dickinson's poems are unique for the era in which she wrote; they contain short lines, typically lack titles, and often use slant rhyme as well as unconventional capitalization and punctuation. Many of her poems deal with themes of death and immortality, two recurring topics in letters to her friends.

Although most of her acquaintances were probably aware of Dickinson's writing, it was not until after her death in 1886—when Lavinia, Emily's younger sister, discovered her cache of poems—that the breadth of Dickinson's work became apparent. Her first collection of poetry was published in 1890 by personal acquaintances Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd, both of whom heavily edited the content. A complete and mostly unaltered collection of her poetry became available for the first time in 1955 when *The Poems of Emily Dickinson* was published by scholar Thomas H. Johnson. Despite unfavorable reviews and skepticism of her literary prowess during the late 19th and early 20th century, critics now consider Dickinson to be a major American poet

## <b>Family and Childhood</b>

Emily Elizabeth Dickinson was born at the family's homestead in Amherst, Massachusetts, on December 10, 1830, into a prominent, but not wealthy, family. Two hundred years earlier, the Dickinsons had arrived in the New World—in the Puritan Great Migration—where they prospered. Emily Dickinson's paternal grandfather, Samuel Dickinson, had almost single-handedly founded Amherst College. In 1813 he built the homestead, a large mansion on the town's Main Street, that became the focus of Dickinson family life for the better part of a century. Samuel Dickinson's eldest son, Edward, was treasurer of Amherst

College for nearly forty years, served numerous terms as a State Legislator, and represented the Hampshire district in the United States Congress. On May 6, 1828, he married Emily Norcross from Monson. They had three children:

William Austin (1829–1895), known as Austin, Aust or Awe;  
Emily Elizabeth; and  
Lavinia Norcross (1833–1899), known as Lavinia or Vinnie.

By all accounts, young Emily was a well-behaved girl. On an extended visit to Monson when she was two, Emily's Aunt Lavinia described Emily as "perfectly well & contented—She is a very good child & but little trouble." Emily's aunt also noted the girl's affinity for music and her particular talent for the piano, which she called "the moosic".

Dickinson attended primary school in a two-story building on Pleasant Street. Her education was "ambitiously classical for a Victorian girl". Her father wanted his children well-educated and he followed their progress even while away on business. When Emily was seven, he wrote home, reminding his children to "keep school, and learn, so as to tell me, when I come home, how many new things you have learned". While Emily consistently described her father in a warm manner, her correspondence suggests that her mother was regularly cold and aloof. In a letter to a confidante, Emily wrote she "always ran Home to Awe [Austin] when a child, if anything befell me. He was an awful Mother, but I liked him better than none."

On September 7, 1840, Dickinson and her sister Lavinia started together at Amherst Academy, a former boys' school that had opened to female students just two years earlier. At about the same time, her father purchased a house on North Pleasant Street. Emily's brother Austin later described this large new home as the "mansion" over which he and Emily presided as "lord and lady" while their parents were absent. The house overlooked Amherst's burial ground, described by one local minister as treeless and "forbidding".

### <b>Teenage Years</b>

Dickinson spent seven years at the Academy, taking classes in English and classical literature, Latin, botany, geology, history, "mental philosophy," and arithmetic. Daniel Taggart Fiske, the school's principal at the time, would later recall that Dickinson was "very bright" and "an excellent scholar, of exemplary deportment, faithful in all school duties". Although she had a few terms off due to illness—the longest of which was in 1845–1846, when she was only enrolled for eleven weeks—she enjoyed her strenuous studies, writing to a friend that the

Academy was "a very fine school".

Dickinson was troubled from a young age by the "deepening menace" of death, especially the deaths of those who were close to her. When Sophia Holland, her second cousin and a close friend, grew ill from typhus and died in April, 1844, Emily was traumatized. Recalling the incident two years later, Emily wrote that "it seemed to me I should die too if I could not be permitted to watch over her or even look at her face." She became so melancholic that her parents sent her to stay with family in Boston to recover.

With her health and spirits restored, she soon returned to Amherst Academy to continue her studies. During this period, she first met people who were to become lifelong friends and correspondents, such as Abiah Root, Abby Wood, Jane Humphrey, and Susan Huntington Gilbert (who later married Emily's brother Austin).

In 1845, a religious revival took place in Amherst, resulting in 46 confessions of faith among Dickinson's peers. Dickinson wrote to a friend the following year: "I never enjoyed such perfect peace and happiness as the short time in which I felt I had found my savior." She went on to say that it was her "greatest pleasure to commune alone with the great God & to feel that he would listen to my prayers." The experience did not last: Dickinson never made a formal declaration of faith and attended services regularly for only a few years. After her church-going ended, about 1852, she wrote a poem opening: "Some keep the Sabbath going to Church – / I keep it, staying at Home".

During the last year of her stay at the Academy, Emily became friendly with Leonard Humphrey, its popular new young principal. After finishing her final term at the Academy on August 10, 1847, Dickinson began attending Mary Lyon's Mount Holyoke Female Seminary (which later became Mount Holyoke College) in South Hadley, about ten miles (16 km) from Amherst. She was at the seminary for only ten months.

Although she liked the girls at Holyoke, Dickinson made no lasting friendships there. The explanations for her brief stay at Holyoke differ considerably: either she was in poor health, her father wanted to have her at home, she rebelled against the evangelical fervor present at the school, she disliked the discipline-minded teachers, or she was simply homesick. Whatever the specific reason for leaving Holyoke, her brother Austin appeared on March 25, 1848, to "bring [her] home at all events". Back in Amherst, Dickinson occupied her time with household activities. She took up baking for the family and enjoyed attending local events and activities in the budding college town.

## <b>Early Influences and Writing</b>

When she was eighteen, Dickinson's family befriended a young attorney by the name of Benjamin Franklin Newton. According to a letter written by Dickinson after Newton's death, he had been "with my Father two years, before going to Worcester – in pursuing his studies, and was much in our family." Although their relationship was probably not romantic, Newton was a formative influence and would become the second in a series of older men (after Humphrey) that Dickinson referred to, variously, as her tutor, preceptor or master.

Newton likely introduced her to the writings of William Wordsworth, and his gift to her of Ralph Waldo Emerson's first book of collected poems had a liberating effect. She wrote later that he, "whose name my Father's Law Student taught me, has touched the secret Spring". Newton held her in high regard, believing in and recognizing her as a poet. When he was dying of tuberculosis, he wrote to her, saying that he would like to live until she achieved the greatness he foresaw. Biographers believe that Dickinson's statement of 1862—"When a little Girl, I had a friend, who taught me Immortality – but venturing too near, himself – he never returned"—refers to Newton.

Dickinson was familiar not only with the Bible but also with contemporary popular literature. She was probably influenced by Lydia Maria Child's Letters from New York, another gift from Newton (after reading it, she gushed "This then is a book! And there are more of them!"). Her brother smuggled a copy of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's Kavanagh into the house for her (because her father might disapprove) and a friend lent her Charlotte Brontë's Jane Eyre in late 1849. Jane Eyre's influence cannot be measured, but when Dickinson acquired her first and only dog, a Newfoundland, she named him "Carlo" after the character St. John Rivers' dog. William Shakespeare was also a potent influence in her life. Referring to his plays, she wrote to one friend "Why clasp any hand but this?" and to another, "Why is any other book needed?"

## <b>Adulthood and Seclusion</b>

In early 1850 Dickinson wrote that "Amherst is alive with fun this winter ... Oh, a very great town this is!" Her high spirits soon turned to melancholy after another death. The Amherst Academy principal, Leonard Humphrey, died suddenly of "brain congestion" at age 25. Two years after his death, she revealed to her friend Abiah Root the extent of her depression: "... some of my friends are gone, and some of my friends are sleeping – sleeping the churchyard sleep – the hour of evening is sad – it was once my study hour – my master has gone to rest, and

the open leaf of the book, and the scholar at school alone, make the tears come, and I cannot brush them away; I would not if I could, for they are the only tribute I can pay the departed Humphrey".

During the 1850s, Emily's strongest and most affectionate relationship was with Susan Gilbert. Emily eventually sent her over three hundred letters, more than to any other correspondent, over the course of their friendship. Sue was supportive of the poet, playing the role of "most beloved friend, influence, muse, and adviser" whose editorial suggestions Dickinson sometimes followed, Susan played a primary role in Emily's creative processes." Sue married Austin in 1856 after a four-year courtship, although their marriage was not a happy one. Edward Dickinson built a house for him and Sue called the Evergreens, which stood on the west side of the Homestead.

There is controversy over how to view Emily's friendship with Sue; according to a point of view first promoted by Mabel Loomis Todd, Austin's longtime mistress, Emily's missives typically dealt with demands for Sue's affection and the fear of unrequited admiration. Todd believed that because Sue was often aloof and disagreeable, Emily was continually hurt by what was mostly a tempestuous friendship. However, the notion of a "cruel" Sue—as promoted by her romantic rival—has been questioned, most especially by Sue and Austin's surviving children, with whom Emily was close.

Until 1855, Dickinson had not strayed far from Amherst. That spring, accompanied by her mother and sister, she took one of her longest and farthest trips away from home. First, they spent three weeks in Washington, where her father was representing Massachusetts in Congress. Then they went to Philadelphia for two weeks to visit family. In Philadelphia, she met Charles Wadsworth, a famous minister of the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, with whom she forged a strong friendship which lasted until his death in the only seeing him twice after 1855 (he moved to San Francisco in 1862), she variously referred to him as "my Philadelphia", "my Clergyman", "my dearest earthly friend" and "my Shepherd from 'Little Girl'hood".

From the mid-1850s, Emily's mother became effectively bedridden with various chronic illnesses until her death in 1882. Writing to a friend in summer 1858, Emily said that she would visit if she could leave "home, or mother. I do not go out at all, lest father will come and miss me, or miss some little act, which I might forget, should I run away – Mother is much as usual. I know not what to hope of her". As her mother continued to decline, Dickinson's domestic responsibilities weighed more heavily upon her and she confined herself within the Homestead. Forty years later, Lavinia stated that because their mother was

chronically ill, one of the daughters had to remain always with her. Emily took this role as her own, and "finding the life with her books and nature so congenial, continued to live it".

Withdrawing more and more from the outside world, Emily began in the summer of 1858 what would be her lasting legacy. Reviewing poems she had written previously, she began making clean copies of her work, assembling carefully pieced-together manuscript books. The forty fascicles she created from 1858 through 1865 eventually held nearly eight hundred poems. No one was aware of the existence of these books until after her death.

In the late 1850s, the Dickinsons befriended Samuel Bowles, the owner and editor-in-chief of the Springfield Republican, and his wife, Mary. They visited the Dickinsons regularly for years to come. During this time Emily sent him over three dozen letters and nearly fifty poems. Their friendship brought out some of her most intense writing and Bowles published a few of her poems in his journal. It was from 1858 to 1861 that Dickinson is believed to have written a trio of letters that have been called "The Master Letters". These three letters, drafted to an unknown man simply referred to as "Master", continue to be the subject of speculation and contention amongst scholars.

The first half of the 1860s, after she had largely withdrawn from social life, proved to be Dickinson's most productive writing period. Modern scholars and researchers are divided as to the cause for Dickinson's withdrawal and extreme seclusion. While she was diagnosed as having "nervous prostration" by a physician during her lifetime, some today believe she may have suffered from illnesses as various as agoraphobia and epilepsy.

**<b>Is "my Verse... alive?"</b>**

In April 1862, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a literary critic, radical abolitionist, and ex-minister, wrote a lead piece for The Atlantic Monthly entitled, "Letter to a Young Contributor". Higginson's essay, in which he urged aspiring writers to "charge your style with life", contained practical advice for those wishing to break into print. Dickinson's decision to contact Higginson suggests that by 1862 she was contemplating publication and that it may have become increasingly difficult to write poetry without an audience. Seeking literary guidance that no one close to her could provide, Dickinson sent him a letter which read in full

Mr Higginson,

Are you too deeply occupied to say if my Verse is alive? The Mind is so near itself

– it cannot see, distinctly – and I have none to ask – Should you think it  
breathed – and had you the leisure to tell me, I should feel quick gratitude –

If I make the mistake – that you dared to tell me – would give me sincerer honor  
– toward you – I enclose my name – asking you, if you please – Sir – to tell me  
what is true? That you will not betray me – it is needless to ask – since Honor is  
it's [sic] own pawn –

This highly nuanced and largely theatrical letter was unsigned, but she had  
included her name on a card and enclosed it in an envelope, along with four of  
her poems. He praised her work but suggested that she delay publishing until  
she had written longer, being unaware that she had already appeared in print.  
She assured him that publishing was as foreign to her "as Firmament to Fin", but  
also proposed that "If fame belonged to me, I could not escape her". Dickinson  
delighted in dramatic self-characterization and mystery in her letters to  
Higginson.

She said of herself, "I am small, like the wren, and my hair is bold, like the  
chestnut bur, and my eyes like the sherry in the glass that the guest leaves."  
She stressed her solitary nature, stating that her only real companions were the  
hills, the sundown, and her dog, Carlo. She also mentioned that whereas her  
mother did not "care for Thought", her father bought her books, but begged her  
"not to read them – because he fears they joggle the Mind".

Dickinson valued his advice, going from calling him "Mr. Higginson" to "Dear  
friend" as well as signing her letters, "Your Gnome" and "Your Scholar". His  
interest in her work certainly provided great moral support; many years later,  
Dickinson told Higginson that he had saved her life in 1862. They corresponded  
until her death, but her difficulty in expressing her literary needs and a  
reluctance to enter into a cooperative exchange left Higginson nonplussed; he did  
not press her to publish in subsequent correspondence. Dickinson's own  
ambivalence on the matter militated against the likelihood of any critic Edmund  
Wilson, in his review of Civil War literature, surmised that "with encouragement,  
she would certainly have published".

<b> The Woman in White</b>

In direct opposition to the immense productivity that she displayed in the early  
1860s, Dickinson wrote fewer poems in 1866. Beset with personal loss as well as  
loss of domestic help, it is possible that Dickinson was too overcome to keep up  
her previous level of writing. Carlo died during this time after providing sixteen  
years of companionship; Dickinson never owned another dog. Although the



household servant of nine years, Margaret O'Brien, had married and left the Homestead that same year, it was not until 1869 that her family brought in a permanent household servant, Margaret Maher, to replace the old one. Emily once again was responsible for chores, including the baking, at which she excelled.

Around this time, Dickinson's behavior began to change. She did not leave the Homestead unless it was absolutely necessary and as early as 1867, she began to talk to visitors from the other side of a door rather than speaking to them face to face. She acquired local notoriety; she was rarely seen, and when she was, she was usually clothed in white. Dickinson's one surviving article of clothing is a white cotton dress, possibly sewn circa 1878–1882. Few of the locals who exchanged messages with Dickinson during her last fifteen years ever saw her in person.

Austin and his family began to protect Emily's privacy, deciding that she was not to be a subject of discussion with outsiders. Despite her physical seclusion, however, Dickinson was socially active and expressive through what makes up two-thirds of her surviving notes and letters. When visitors came to either the Homestead or the Evergreens, she would often leave or send over small gifts of poems or flowers. Dickinson also had a good rapport with the children in her life. Mattie Dickinson, the second child of Austin and Sue, later said that "Aunt Emily stood for indulgence." MacGregor (Mac) Jenkins, the son of family friends who later wrote a short article in 1891 called "A Child's Recollection of Emily Dickinson", thought of her as always offering support to the neighborhood children.

When Higginson urged her to come to Boston in 1868 so that they could formally meet for the first time, she declined, writing: "Could it please your convenience to come so far as Amherst I should be very glad, but I do not cross my Father's ground to any House or town". It was not until he came to Amherst in 1870 that they met. Later he referred to her, in the most detailed and vivid physical account of her on record, as "a little plain woman with two smooth bands of reddish hair ... in a very plain & exquisitely clean white pique & a blue net worsted shawl." He also felt that he never was "with any one who drained my nerve power so much. Without touching her, she drew from me. I am glad not to live near her."

<b>Posies and Poesies</b>

Scholar Judith Farr notes that Dickinson, during her lifetime, "was known more widely as a gardener, perhaps, than as a poet". Dickinson studied botany from

the age of nine and, along with her sister, tended the garden at Homestead.

During her lifetime, she assembled a collection of pressed plants in a sixty-six page leather-bound herbarium. It contained 424 pressed flower specimens that she collected, classified, and labeled using the Linnaean system. The Homestead garden was well-known and admired locally in its time. It has not survived, and Dickinson kept no garden notebooks or plant lists, but a clear impression can be formed from the letters and recollections of friends and family. Her niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi, remembered "carpets of lily-of-the-valley and pansies, platoons of sweetpeas, hyacinths, enough in May to give all the bees of summer dyspepsia. There were ribbons of peony hedges and drifts of daffodils in season, marigolds to distraction—a butterfly utopia". In particular, Dickinson cultivated scented exotic flowers, writing that she "could inhabit the Spice Isles merely by crossing the dining room to the conservatory, where the plants hang in baskets". Dickinson would often send her friends bunches of flowers with verses attached, but "they valued the posy more than the poetry".

### <b>Later Life</b>

On June 16, 1874, while in Boston, Edward Dickinson suffered a stroke and died. When the simple funeral was held in the Homestead's entrance hall, Emily stayed in her room with the door cracked open. Neither did she attend the memorial service on June 28. She wrote to Higginson that her father's "Heart was pure and terrible and I think no other like it exists." A year later, on June 15, 1875, Emily's mother also suffered a stroke, which produced a partial lateral paralysis and impaired memory. Lamenting her mother's increasing physical as well as mental demands, Emily wrote that "Home is so far from Home".

Otis Phillips Lord, an elderly judge on the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court from Salem, in 1872 or 1873 became an acquaintance of Dickinson's. After the death of Lord's wife in 1877, his friendship with Dickinson probably became a late-life romance, though as their letters were destroyed, this is surmise. Dickinson found a kindred soul in Lord, especially in terms of shared literary interests; the few letters which survived contain multiple quotations of Shakespeare's work, including the plays Othello, Antony and Cleopatra, Hamlet and King Lear. In 1880 he gave her Cowden Clarke's Complete Concordance to Shakespeare (1877).

Dickinson wrote that "While others go to Church, I go to mine, for are you not my Church, and have we not a Hymn that no one knows but us?" She referred to him as "My lovely Salem" and they wrote to each other religiously every Sunday. Dickinson looked forward to this day greatly; a surviving fragment of a letter

written by her states that "Tuesday is a deeply depressed Day".

After being critically ill for several years, Judge Lord died in March 1884. Dickinson referred to him as "our latest Lost". Two years before this, on April 1, 1882, Dickinson's "Shepherd from 'Little Girl'hood", Charles Wadsworth, also had died after a long illness.

### <b>Decline and Death</b>

Although she continued to write in her last years, Dickinson stopped editing and organizing her poems. She also exacted a promise from her sister Lavinia to burn her papers. Lavinia, who also never married, remained at the Homestead until her own death in 1899.

The 1880s were a difficult time for the remaining Dickinsons. Irreconcilably alienated from his wife, Austin fell in love in 1882 with Mabel Loomis Todd, an Amherst College faculty wife who had recently moved to the area. Todd never met Dickinson but was intrigued by her, referring to her as "a lady whom the people call the Myth". Austin distanced himself from his family as his affair continued and his wife became sick with grief. Dickinson's mother died on November 14, 1882. Five weeks later, Dickinson wrote "We were never intimate ... while she was our Mother – but Mines in the same Ground meet by tunneling and when she became our Child, the Affection came." The next year, Austin and Sue's third and youngest child, Gilbert—Emily's favorite—died of typhoid fever.

As death succeeded death, Dickinson found her world upended. In the fall of 1884, she wrote that "The Dyings have been too deep for me, and before I could raise my Heart from one, another has come." That summer she had seen "a great darkness coming" and fainted while baking in the kitchen. She remained unconscious late into the night and weeks of ill health followed. On November 30, 1885, her feebleness and other symptoms were so worrying that Austin canceled a trip to Boston. She was confined to her bed for a few months, but managed to send a final burst of letters in the spring.

What is thought to be her last letter was sent to her cousins, Louise and Frances Norcross, and simply read: "Little Cousins, Called Back. Emily". On May 15, 1886, after several days of worsening symptoms, Emily Dickinson died at the age of 55. Austin wrote in his diary that "the day was awful ... she ceased to breathe that terrible breathing just before the [afternoon] whistle sounded for six." Dickinson's chief physician gave the cause of death as Bright's disease and its duration as two and a half years.

Dickinson was buried, laid in a white coffin with vanilla-scented heliotrope, a Lady's Slipper orchid, and a "knot of blue field violets" placed about it. The funeral service, held in the Homestead's library, was simple and short; Higginson, who had only met her twice, read "No Coward Soul Is Mine", a poem by Emily Brontë that had been a favorite of Dickinson's. At Dickinson's request, her "coffin [was] not driven but carried through fields of buttercups" for burial in the family plot at West Cemetery on Triangle Street.

### <b>Publication</b>

Despite Dickinson's prolific writing, fewer than a dozen of her poems were published during her lifetime. After her younger sister Lavinia discovered the collection of nearly eighteen hundred poems, Dickinson's first volume was published four years after her death. Until the 1955 publication of Dickinson's Complete Poems by Thomas H. Johnson, her poems were considerably edited and altered from their manuscript versions. Since 1890 Dickinson has remained continuously in print.

### <b>Contemporary</b>

A few of Dickinson's poems appeared in Samuel Bowles' Springfield Republican between 1858 and 1868. They were published anonymously and heavily edited, with conventionalized punctuation and formal titles. The first poem, "Nobody knows this little rose", may have been published without Dickinson's permission. The Republican also published "A narrow Fellow in the Grass" as "The Snake"; "Safe in their Alabaster Chambers –" as "The Sleeping"; and "Blazing in the Gold and quenching in Purple" as "Sunset"

In 1864, several poems were altered and published in Drum Beat, to raise funds for medical care for Union soldiers in the war. Another appeared in April 1864 in the Brooklyn Daily Union.

In the 1870s, Higginson showed Dickinson's poems to Helen Hunt Jackson, who had coincidentally been at the Academy with Dickinson when they were girls. Jackson was deeply involved in the publishing world, and managed to convince Dickinson to publish her poem "Success is counted sweetest" anonymously in a volume called A Masque of Poets. The poem, however, was altered to agree with contemporary taste. It was the last poem published during Dickinson's lifetime.

### <b>Posthumous</b>

After Dickinson's death, Lavinia Dickinson kept her promise and burned most of

the poet's correspondence. Significantly though, Dickinson had left no instructions about the forty notebooks and loose sheets gathered in a locked chest. Lavinia recognized the poems' worth and became obsessed with seeing them published. She turned first to her brother's wife and then to Mabel Loomis Todd, her brother's mistress, for assistance. A feud ensued, with the manuscripts divided between the Todd and Dickinson houses, preventing complete publication of Dickinson's poetry for more than half a century.

The first volume of Dickinson's Poems, edited jointly by Mabel Loomis Todd and T. W. Higginson, appeared in November 1890. Although Todd claimed that only essential changes were made, the poems were extensively edited to match punctuation and capitalization to late 19th-century standards, with occasional rewordings to reduce Dickinson's obliquity. The first 115-poem volume was a critical and financial success, going through eleven printings in two years. Poems: Second Series followed in 1891, running to five editions by 1893; a third series appeared in 1896. One reviewer, in 1892, wrote: "The world will not rest satisfied till every scrap of her writings, letters as well as literature, has been published".

Nearly a dozen new editions of Dickinson's poetry, whether containing previously unpublished or newly edited poems, were published between 1914 and 1945. Martha Dickinson Bianchi, the daughter of Susan and Edward Dickinson, published collections of her aunt's poetry based on the manuscripts held by her family, whereas Mabel Loomis Todd's daughter, Millicent Todd Bingham, published collections based on the manuscripts held by her mother. These competing editions of Dickinson's poetry, often differing in order and structure, ensured that the poet's work was in the public's eye.

The first scholarly publication came in 1955 with a complete new three-volume set edited by Thomas H. Johnson. Forming the basis of later Dickinson scholarship, Johnson's variorum brought all of Dickinson's known poems together for the first time. Johnson's goal was to present the poems very nearly as Dickinson had left them in her manuscripts. They were untitled, only numbered in an approximate chronological sequence, strewn with dashes and irregularly capitalized, and often extremely elliptical in their language. Three years later, Johnson edited and published, along with Theodora Ward, a complete collection of Dickinson's letters, also presented in three volumes.

In 1981, *The Manuscript Books of Emily Dickinson* was published. Using the physical evidence of the original papers, the poems were intended to be published in their original order for the first time. Editor Ralph W. Franklin relied on smudge marks, needle punctures and other clues to reassemble the poet's

packets. Since then, many critics have argued for thematic unity in these small collections, believing the ordering of the poems to be more than chronological or convenient.

Dickinson biographer Alfred Habegger wrote in his 2001 work *My Wars Are Laid Away in Books: The Life of Emily Dickinson* that "The consequences of the poet's failure to disseminate her work in a faithful and orderly manner are still very much with us".

## <b>Poetry</b>

Dickinson's poems generally fall into three distinct periods, the works in each period having certain general characters in common.

Pre-1861. These are often conventional and sentimental in style. Samuel Johnson, who later published *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*, was able to date only five of Dickinson's poems before 1858. Two of these are mock valentines done in an ornate and humorous style, and two others are conventional lyrics, one of which is about missing her brother Austin. The fifth poem, which begins "I have a Bird in Spring", conveys her grief over the feared loss of friendship and was sent to her friend Sue Gilbert.

1861–1865. This was her most creative period—these poems are more vigorous and emotional. Johnson estimated that she composed 86 poems in 1861, 366 in 1862, 141 in 1863, and 174 in 1864. He also believed that this is when she fully developed her themes of life and death.

Post-1866. It is estimated that two-thirds of the entire body of her poetry was written before this year.

## <b>Structure and Syntax</b>

The extensive use of dashes and unconventional capitalization in Dickinson's manuscripts, and the idiosyncratic vocabulary and imagery, combine to create a body of work that is "far more various in its styles and forms than is commonly supposed".

Dickinson avoids pentameter, opting more generally for trimeter, tetrameter and, less often, dimeter. Sometimes her use of these meters is regular, but oftentimes it is irregular. The regular form that she most often employs is the ballad stanza, a traditional form that is divided into quatrains, using tetrameter for the first and third lines and trimeter for the second and fourth, while rhyming the second and

fourth lines (ABCB). Though Dickinson often uses perfect rhymes for lines two and four, she also makes frequent use of slant rhyme. In some of her poems, she varies the meter from the traditional ballad stanza by using trimeter for lines one, two and four, while only using tetrameter for line three.

Since many of her poems were written in traditional ballad stanzas with ABCB rhyme schemes, some of these poems can be sung to fit the melodies of popular folk songs and hymns that also use the common meter, employing alternating lines of iambic tetrameter and iambic trimeter. Familiar examples of such songs are "O Little Town of Bethlehem" and "Amazing Grace".

Dickinson scholar and poet Anthony Hecht finds resonances in Dickinson's poetry not only with hymns and song-forms but also with psalms and riddles, citing the following example: "Who is the East? / The Yellow Man / Who may be Purple if he can / That carries the Sun. / Who is the West? / The Purple Man / Who may be Yellow if He can / That lets Him out again."

### <b>Major Themes</b>

Dickinson left no formal statement of her aesthetic intentions and, because of the variety of her themes, her work does not fit conveniently into any one genre. She has been regarded, alongside Emerson (whose poems Dickinson admired), as a Transcendentalist. However, Farr disagrees with this analysis saying that Dickinson's "relentlessly measuring mind ... deflates the airy elevation of the Transcendental". Apart from the major themes discussed below, Dickinson's poetry frequently uses humor, puns, irony and satire.

Flowers and gardens; Farr notes that Dickinson's "poems and letters almost wholly concern flowers" and that allusions to gardens often refer to an "imaginative realm ... wherein flowers [are] often emblems for actions and emotions". She associates some flowers, like gentians and anemones, with youth and humility; others with prudence and insight. Her poems were often sent to friends with accompanying letters and nosegays. Farr notes that one of Dickinson's earlier poems, written about 1859, appears to "conflate her poetry itself with the posies": "My nosegays are for Captives – / Dim – long expectant eyes – / Fingers denied the plucking, / Patient till Paradise – / To such, if they sh'd whisper / Of morning and the moor – / They bear no other errand, / And I, no other prayer".

The Master poems; Dickinson left a large number of poems addressed to "Signor", "Sir" and "Master", who is characterized as Dickinson's "lover for all eternity". These confessional poems are often "searing in their self-inquiry" and

"harrowing to the reader" and typically take their metaphors from texts and paintings of Dickinson's day. The Dickinson family themselves believed these poems were addressed to actual individuals but this view is frequently rejected by scholars. Farr, for example, contends that the Master is an unattainable composite figure, "human, with specific characteristics, but godlike" and speculates that Master may be a "kind of Christian muse".

Morbidity; Dickinson's poems reflect her "early and lifelong fascination" with illness, dying and death. Perhaps surprisingly for a New England spinster, her poems allude to death by many methods: "crucifixion, drowning, hanging, suffocation, freezing, premature burial, shooting, stabbing and guillotinage". She reserved her sharpest insights into the "death blow aimed by God" and the "funeral in the brain", often reinforced by images of thirst and starvation. Dickinson scholar Vivian Pollak considers these references an autobiographical reflection of Dickinson's "thirsting-starving persona", an outward expression of her needy self-image as small, thin and frail. Dickinson's most psychologically complex poems explore the theme that the loss of hunger for life causes the death of self and place this at "the interface of murder and suicide".

Gospel poems. Throughout her life, Dickinson wrote poems reflecting a preoccupation with the teachings of Jesus Christ and, indeed, many are addressed to him. She stresses the Gospels' contemporary pertinence and recreates them, often with "wit and American colloquial language". Scholar Dorothy Oberhaus finds that the "salient feature uniting Christian poets ... is their reverential attention to the life of Jesus Christ" and contends that Dickinson's deep structures place her in the "poetic tradition of Christian devotion" alongside Hopkins, Eliot and Auden. In a Nativity poem, Dickinson combines lightness and wit to revisit an ancient theme: "The Savior must have been / A docile Gentleman – / To come so far so cold a Day / For little Fellowmen / The Road to Bethlehem / Since He and I were Boys / Was leveled, but for that twould be / A rugged billion Miles –".

The Undiscovered Continent. Academic Suzanne Juhasz considers that Dickinson saw the mind and spirit as tangible visitable places and that for much of her life she lived within them. Often, this intensely private place is referred to as the "undiscovered continent" and the "landscape of the spirit" and embellished with nature imagery. At other times, the imagery is darker and forbidding—castles or prisons, complete with corridors and rooms—to create a dwelling place of "oneself" where one resides with one's other selves. An example that brings together many of these ideas is: "Me from Myself – to banish – / Had I Art – / Impregnable my Fortress / Unto All Heart – / But since myself—assault Me – / How have I peace / Except by subjugating / Consciousness. / And since We're



mutual Monarch / How this be / Except by Abdication – / Me – of Me?".

## <b>Reception</b>

The surge of posthumous publication gave Dickinson's poetry its first public exposure. Backed by Higginson and with a favorable notice from William Dean Howells, an editor of Harper's Magazine, the poetry received mixed reviews after it was first published in 1890. Higginson himself stated in his preface to the first edition of Dickinson's published work that the poetry's quality "is that of extraordinary grasp and insight", albeit "without the proper control and chastening" that the experience of publishing during her lifetime might have conferred. His judgment that her opus was "incomplete and unsatisfactory" would be echoed in the essays of the New Critics in the 1930s.

Maurice Thompson, who was literary editor of The Independent for twelve years, noted in 1891 that her poetry had "a strange mixture of rare individuality and originality". Some critics hailed Dickinson's effort, but disapproved of her unusual non-traditional style. Andrew Lang, a British writer, dismissed Dickinson's work, stating that "if poetry is to exist at all, it really must have form and grammar, and must rhyme when it professes to rhyme. The wisdom of the ages and the nature of man insist on so much".

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a poet and novelist, equally dismissed Dickinson's poetic technique in The Atlantic Monthly in January 1892: "It is plain that Miss Dickinson possessed an extremely unconventional and grotesque fancy. She was deeply tinged by the mysticism of Blake, and strongly influenced by the mannerism of Emerson ... But the incoherence and formlessness of her — versicles are fatal ... an eccentric, dreamy, half-educated recluse in an out-of-the-way New England village (or anywhere else) cannot with impunity set at defiance the laws of gravitation and grammar".

Critical attention to Dickinson's poetry was meager from 1897 to the early 1920s. By the start of the 20th century, interest in her poetry became broader in scope and some critics began to consider Dickinson as essentially modern. Rather than seeing Dickinson's poetic styling as a result of lack of knowledge or skill, modern critics believed the irregularities were consciously artistic. In a 1915 essay, Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant called the poet's inspiration "daring" and named her "one of the rarest flowers the sterner New England land ever bore". With the growing popularity of modernist poetry in the 1920s, Dickinson's failure to conform to 19th-century poetic form was no longer surprising nor distasteful to new generations of readers. Dickinson was suddenly referred to by various critics as a great woman poet, and a cult following began to form.

In the 1930s, a number of the New Critics – among them R. P. Blackmur, Allen Tate, Cleanth Brooks and Yvor Winters – appraised the significance of Dickinson's poetry. As critic Roland Hagenbüchle pointed out, their "affirmative and prohibitive tenets turned out to be of special relevance to Dickinson scholarship". Blackmur, in an attempt to focus and clarify the major claims for and against the poet's greatness, wrote in a landmark 1937 critical essay: "... she was a private poet who wrote as indefatigably as some women cook or knit. Her gift for words and the cultural predicament of her time drove her to poetry instead of antimacassars ... She came... at the right time for one kind of poetry: the poetry of sophisticated, eccentric vision."

The second wave of feminism created greater cultural sympathy for her as a female poet. In the first collection of critical essays on Dickinson from a feminist perspective, she is heralded as the greatest woman poet in the English language.

Biographers and theorists of the past tended to separate Dickinson's roles as a woman and a poet. For example, George Whicher wrote in his 1952 book *This Was a Poet: A Critical Biography of Emily Dickinson*, "Perhaps as a poet [Dickinson] could find the fulfillment she had missed as a woman." Feminist criticism, on the other hand, declares that there is a necessary and powerful conjunction between Dickinson being a woman and a poet. Adrienne Rich theorized in *Vesuvius at Home: The Power of Emily Dickinson* (1976) that Dickinson's identity as a woman poet brought her power: "[she] chose her seclusion, knowing she was exceptional and knowing what she needed...She carefully selected her society and controlled the disposal of her time...neither eccentric nor quaint; she was determined to survive, to use her powers, to practice necessary economics."

Some scholars question the poet's sexuality, theorizing that the numerous letters and poems that were dedicated to Susan Gilbert Dickinson indicate a lesbian romance, and speculating about how this may have influenced her poetry. Critics such as John Cody, Lillian Faderman, Vivian R. Pollak, Paula Bennett, Judith Farr, Ellen Louise Hart, and Martha Nell Smith have argued that Susan was the central erotic relationship in Dickinson's life.

### <b>Legacy</b>

In the early 20th century, Dickinson's legacy was promoted in particular by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Millicent Todd Bingham. Bianchi, who had inherited *The Evergreens* as well as the copyright for her aunt's poetry from her parents,

published works such as *Emily Dickinson Face to Face* and *Letters of Emily Dickinson*, which stoked public curiosity about her aunt. Her books perpetrated the myths surrounding her aunt, while combining family tradition, personal recollections, and pieces of correspondence. In comparison, Millicent Todd Bingham's works provided a more distant and realistic perspective of the poet.

Emily Dickinson is now considered a powerful and persistent figure in American culture. Although much of the early reception concentrated on Dickinson's eccentric and secluded nature, she has become widely acknowledged as an innovative, pre-modernist poet. As early as 1891, William Dean Howells wrote that "If nothing else had come out of our life but this strange poetry, we should feel that in the work of Emily Dickinson, America, or New England rather, had made a distinctive addition to the literature of the world, and could not be left out of any record of it." Twentieth-century critic Harold Bloom has placed her alongside Walt Whitman, Wallace Stevens, Robert Frost, T. S. Eliot, and Hart Crane as a major American poet

Dickinson is taught in American literature and poetry classes in the United States from middle school to college. Her poetry is frequently anthologized and has been used as texts for art songs by composers such as Aaron Copland, Nick Peros, John Adams and Michael Tilson Thomas. Several schools have been established in her name; for example, two Emily Dickinson Elementary Schools exist in Bozeman, Montana, and Redmond, Washington. A few literary journals—including *The Emily Dickinson Journal*, the official publication of the Emily Dickinson International Society—have been founded to examine her work. An 8-cent commemorative stamp in honor of Dickinson was issued by the United States Postal Service on August 28, 1971 as the second stamp in the "American Poet" series. A one-woman play entitled *The Belle of Amherst* first appeared on Broadway in 1976, winning several awards; it was later adapted for television.

Dickinson's herbarium, which is now held in the Houghton Library at Harvard University, was published in 2006 as *Emily Dickinson's Herbarium* by Harvard University Press. The original work was compiled by Dickinson during her years at Amherst Academy, and consists of 424 pressed specimens of plants arranged on 66 pages of a bound album. A digital facsimile of the herbarium is available. The Amherst Jones Library's Special Collections department has an Emily Dickinson Collection consisting of approximately seven thousand items, including original manuscript poems and letters, family correspondence, scholarly articles and books, newspaper clippings, theses, plays, photographs and contemporary artwork and prints.

The Archives and Special Collections at Amherst College has substantial holdings

of Dickinson's manuscripts and letters as well as a lock of Dickinson's hair and the original of the only positively identified image of the poet. In 1965, in recognition of Dickinson's growing stature as a poet, the Homestead was purchased by Amherst College. It opened to the public for tours, and also served as a faculty residence for many years. The Emily Dickinson Museum was created in 2003 when ownership of the Evergreens, which had been occupied by Dickinson family heirs until 1988, was transferred to the college.

# "Faith" Is A Fine Invention

185

"Faith" is a fine invention  
When Gentlemen can see&mdash;  
But Microscopes are prudent  
In an Emergency.

Emily Dickinson

# "Heaven" Has Different Signs—;To Me

575

"Heaven" has different Signs—;to me—;  
Sometimes, I think that Noon  
Is but a symbol of the Place—;  
And when again, at Dawn,

A mighty look runs round the World  
And settles in the Hills—;  
An Awe if it should be like that  
Upon the Ignorance steals—;

The Orchard, when the Sun is on—;  
The Triumph of the Birds  
When they together Victory make—;  
Some Carnivals of Clouds—;

The Rapture of a finished Day—;  
Returning to the West—;  
All these—;remind us of the place  
That Men call "paradise"—;

Itself be fairer—;we suppose—;  
But how Ourselves, shall be  
Adorned, for a Superior Grace—;  
Not yet, our eyes can see—;

Emily Dickinson

# "Heaven"&mdash;Is What I Cannot Reach!

239

"Heaven"&mdash;is what I cannot reach!  
The Apple on the Tree&mdash;  
Provided it do hopeless&mdash;hang&mdash;  
That&mdash;"Heaven" is&mdash;to Me!

The Color, on the Cruising Cloud&mdash;  
The interdicted Land&mdash;  
Behind the Hill&mdash;the House behind&mdash;  
There&mdash;Paradise&mdash;is found!

Her teasing Purples&mdash;Afternoons&mdash;  
The credulous&mdash;decoy&mdash;  
Enamored&mdash;of the Conjuror&mdash;  
That spurned us&mdash;Yesterday!

Emily Dickinson

# "Houses"—So The Wise Men Tell Me

127

"Houses"—so the Wise Men tell me—  
"Mansions"! Mansions must be warm!  
Mansions cannot let the tears in,  
Mansions must exclude the storm!

"Many Mansions," by "his Father,"  
I don't know him; snugly built!  
Could the Children find the way there—  
Some, would even trudge tonight!

Emily Dickinson



# "I Want"—It Pleaded—All Its Life

731

"I want"—it pleaded—All its life—  
I want—was chief it said  
When Skill entreated it—the last—  
And when so newly dead—

I could not deem it late—to hear  
That single—steadfast sigh—  
The lips had placed as with a "Please"  
Toward Eternity—

Emily Dickinson

# "Nature" Is What We See

668

"Nature" is what we see&mdash;  
The Hill&mdash;the Afternoon&mdash;  
Squirrel&mdash;Eclipse&mdash;the Bumble bee&mdash;  
Nay&mdash;Nature is Heaven&mdash;  
Nature is what we hear&mdash;  
The Bobolink&mdash;the Sea&mdash;  
Thunder&mdash;the Cricket&mdash;  
Nay&mdash;Nature is Harmony&mdash;  
Nature is what we know&mdash;  
Yet have no art to say&mdash;  
So impotent Our Wisdom is  
To her Simplicity.

Emily Dickinson

# "Unto Me?" I Do Not Know You

964

"Unto Me?" I do not know you&mdash;  
Where may be your House?

"I am Jesus&mdash;Late of Judea&mdash;  
Now&mdash;of Paradise"&mdash;

Wagons&mdash;have you&mdash;to convey me?  
This is far from Thence&mdash;

"Arms of Mine&mdash;sufficient Phaeton&mdash;  
Trust Omnipotence"&mdash;

I am spotted&mdash;"I am Pardon"&mdash;  
I am small&mdash;"The Least  
Is esteemed in Heaven the Chiefest&mdash;  
Occupy my House"&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# "Why Do I Love" You, Sir?

480

"Why do I love" You, Sir?

Because&mdash;

The Wind does not require the Grass

To answer&mdash;Wherefore when He pass

She cannot keep Her place.

Because He knows&mdash;and

Do not You&mdash;

And We know not&mdash;

Enough for Us

The Wisdom it be so&mdash;

The Lightning&mdash;never asked an Eye

Wherefore it shut&mdash;when He was by&mdash;

Because He knows it cannot speak&mdash;

And reasons not contained&mdash;

&mdash;Of Talk&mdash;

There be&mdash;preferred by Daintier Folk&mdash;

The Sunrise&mdash;Sire&mdash;compelleth Me&mdash;

Because He's Sunrise&mdash;and I see&mdash;

Therefore&mdash;Then&mdash;

I love Thee&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

## "470"

How good—to be alive!

How infinite—to be

Alive—two-fold—The Birth I had

And this—besides, in—Thee!

Emily Dickinson

# A Bird Came Down

A bird came down the walk:  
He did not know I saw;  
He bit an angle-worm in halves  
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew  
From a convenient grass,  
And then hopped sidewise to the wall  
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes  
That hurried all abroad,-  
They looked like frightened beads, I thought;  
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger; cautious,  
I offered him a crumb,  
And he unrolled his feathers  
And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,  
Too silver for a seam,  
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,  
Leap, splashless, as they swim.

Emily Dickinson

# A Book

There is no frigate like a book  
To take us lands away,  
Nor any coursers like a page  
Of prancing poetry.  
This traverse may the poorest take  
Without oppress of toll;  
How frugal is the chariot  
That bears a human soul!

Emily Dickinson

# A Burdock—Clawed My Gown

229

A Burdock—clawed my Gown—  
Not Burdock's—blame—  
But mine—  
Who went too near  
The Burdock's Den—

A Bog—affronts my shoe—  
What else have Bogs—to do—  
The only Trade they know—  
The splashing Men!  
Ah, pity—then!

'Tis Minnows can despise!  
The Elephant's—calm eyes  
Look further on!

Emily Dickinson



# A Charm Invests A Face

421

A Charm invests a face  
Imperfectly beheld—  
The Lady dare not lift her Veil  
For fear it be dispelled—

But peers beyond her mesh—  
And wishes—and denies—  
Lest Interview—annul a want  
That Image—satisfies—

Emily Dickinson

# A chilly Peace infests the Grass

A chilly Peace infests the Grass  
The Sun respectful lies -  
Not any Trance of industry  
These shadows scrutinize -

Whose Allies go no more astray  
For service or for Glee -  
But all mankind deliver here  
From whatsoever sea -

Emily Dickinson

# A Clock Stopped -- Not The Mantel's

A clock stopped -- not the mantel's  
Geneva's farthest skill  
Can't put the puppet bowing  
That just now dangled still.

An awe came on the trinket!  
The figures hunched with pain,  
Then quivered out of decimals  
Into degreeless noon.

It will not stir for doctors,  
This pendulum of snow;  
The shopman importunes it,  
While cool, concernless No

Nods from the gilded pointers,  
Nods from seconds slim,  
Decades of arrogance between  
The dial life and him.

Emily Dickinson

# A Cloud Withdrew From The Sky

895

A Cloud withdrew from the Sky  
Superior Glory be  
But that Cloud and its Auxiliaries  
Are forever lost to me

Had I but further scanned  
Had I secured the Glow  
In an Hermetic Memory  
It had availed me now.

Never to pass the Angel  
With a glance and a Bow  
Till I am firm in Heaven  
Is my intention now.

Emily Dickinson

## A Coffin—is A Small Domain

A Coffin—is a small Domain,  
Yet able to contain  
A Citizen of Paradise  
In it diminished Plane.

A Grave—is a restricted Breadth—  
Yet ampler than the Sun—  
And all the Seas He populates  
And Lands He looks upon

To Him who on its small Repose  
Bestows a single Friend—  
Circumference without Relief—  
Or Estimate—or End—

Emily Dickinson

# A Counterfeit - a Plated Person -

A Counterfeit - a Plated Person -  
I would not be -  
Whatever strata of Iniquity  
My Nature underlie -  
Truth is good Health - and Safety, and the Sky.  
How meagre, what an Exile - is a Lie,  
And Vocal - when we die -

Emily Dickinson

# A Darting Fear&Mdash;A Pomp&Mdash;A Tear

87

A darting fear&mdash;a pomp&mdash;a tear&mdash;  
A waking on a morn  
To find that what one waked for,  
Inhales the different dawn.

Emily Dickinson

# A Day! Help! Help! Another Day!

42

A Day! Help! Help! Another Day!  
Your prayers, oh Passer by!  
From such a common ball as this  
Might date a Victory!  
From marshallings as simple  
The flags of nations swang.  
Steady—my soul: What issues  
Upon thine arrow hang!

Emily Dickinson



# A Death Blow Is A Life Blow To Some

816

A Death blow is a Life blow to Some  
Who till they died, did not alive become&mdash;  
Who had they lived, had died but when  
They died, Vitality begun.

Emily Dickinson

# A Door Just Opened On A Street

A door just opened on a street--  
I, lost, was passing by--  
An instant's width of warmth disclosed  
And wealth, and company.

The door as sudden shut, and I,  
I, lost, was passing by,--  
Lost doubly, but by contrast most,  
Enlightening misery.

Emily Dickinson

# A Doubt If It Be Us

859

A doubt if it be Us  
Assists the staggering Mind  
In an extremer Anguish  
Until it footing find.

An Unreality is lent,  
A merciful Mirage  
That makes the living possible  
While it suspends the lives.

Emily Dickinson

# A Drop Fell On The Apple Tree

A drop fell on the apple tree  
Another on the roof;  
A half a dozen kissed the eaves,  
And made the gables laugh.

A few went out to help the brook,  
That went to help the sea.  
Myself conjectured, Were they pearls,  
What necklaces could be!

The dust replaced in hoisted roa  
The birds jocoser sung;  
The sunshine threw his hat away,  
The orchards spangles hung.

The breezes brought dejected  
And bathed them in the glee;  
The East put out a single flag,  
And signed the fete away.

Emily Dickinson

# A Dying Tiger—;Moaned For Drink

566

A Dying Tiger—;moaned for Drink—;  
I hunted all the Sand—;  
I caught the Dripping of a Rock  
And bore it in my Hand—;

His Mighty Balls—;in death were thick—;  
But searching—;I could see  
A Vision on the Retina  
Of Water—;and of me—;

'Twas not my blame—;who sped too slow—;  
'Twas not his blame—;who died  
While I was reaching him—;  
But 'twas—;the fact that He was dead—;

Emily Dickinson

# A Feather From The Whippoorwill

161

A feather from the Whippoorwill  
That everlasting&mdash;sings!  
Whose galleries&mdash;are Sunrise&mdash;  
Whose Opera&mdash;the Springs&mdash;  
Whose Emerald Nest the Ages spin  
Of mellow&mdash;murmuring thread&mdash;  
Whose Beryl Egg, what Schoolboys hunt  
In "Recess"&mdash;Overhead!

Emily Dickinson

# A First Mute Coming

702

A first Mute Coming&mdash;  
In the Stranger's House&mdash;  
A first fair Going&mdash;  
When the Bells rejoice&mdash;

A first Exchange&mdash;of  
What hath mingled&mdash;been&mdash;  
For Lot&mdash;exhibited to  
Faith&mdash;alone&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# A Fuzzy Fellow, Without Feet

173

A fuzzy fellow, without feet,  
Yet doth exceeding run!  
Of velvet, is his Countenance,  
And his Complexion, dun!

Sometime, he dwelleth in the grass!  
Sometime, upon a bough,  
From which he doth descend in plush  
Upon the Passer-by!

All this in summer.  
But when winds alarm the Forest Folk,  
He taketh Damask Residence&mdash;  
And struts in sewing silk!

Then, finer than a Lady,  
Emerges in the spring!  
A Feather on each shoulder!  
You'd scarce recognize him!

By Men, yclept Caterpillar!  
By me! But who am I,  
To tell the pretty secret  
Of the Butterfly!

Emily Dickinson



# A Great Hope Fell

A great Hope fell  
You heard no noise  
The Ruin was within  
Oh cunning wreck that told no tale  
And let no Witness in

The mind was built for mighty Freight  
For dread occasion planned  
How often foundering at Sea  
Ostensibly, on Land

A not admitting of the wound  
Until it grew so wide  
That all my Life had entered it  
And there were troughs beside

A closing of the simple lid  
That opened to the sun  
Until the tender Carpenter  
Perpetual nail it down -

Emily Dickinson

# A Happy Lip—Breaks Sudden

353

A happy lip—breaks sudden—  
It doesn't state you how  
It contemplated—smiling—  
Just consummated—now—  
But this one, wears its merriment  
So patient—like a pain—  
Fresh gilded—to elude the eyes  
Unqualified, to scan—

Emily Dickinson

# A House Upon The Height

399

A House upon the Height&mdash;  
That Wagon never reached&mdash;  
No Dead, were ever carried down&mdash;  
No Peddler's Cart&mdash;approached&mdash;

Whose Chimney never smoked&mdash;  
Whose Windows&mdash;Night and Morn&mdash;  
Caught Sunrise first&mdash;and Sunset&mdash;last&mdash;  
Then&mdash;held an Empty Pane&mdash;

Whose fate&mdash;Conjecture knew&mdash;  
No other neighbor&mdash;did&mdash;  
And what it was&mdash;we never lisped&mdash;  
Because He&mdash;never told&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# A Lady Red—Amid The Hill

74

A Lady red—amid the Hill  
Her annual secret keeps!  
A Lady white, within the Field  
In placid Lily sleeps!

The tidy Breezes, with their Brooms—  
Sweep vale—and hill—and tree!  
Prithee, My pretty Housewives!  
Who may expected be?

The Neighbors do not yet suspect!  
The Woods exchange a smile!  
Orchard, and Buttercup, and Bird—  
In such a little while!

And yet, how still the Landscape stands!  
How nonchalant the Hedge!  
As if the "Resurrection"  
Were nothing very strange!

Emily Dickinson

## A lane of Yellow led the eye

A lane of Yellow led the eye  
Unto a Purple Wood  
Whose soft inhabitants to be  
Surpasses solitude  
If Bird the silence contradict  
Or flower presume to show  
In that low summer of the West  
Impossible to know -

Emily Dickinson

# A Light Exists In Spring

A light exists in spring  
Not present on the year  
At any other period.  
When March is scarcely here

A color stands abroad  
On solitary hills  
That science cannot overtake,  
But human nature feels.

It waits upon the lawn;  
It shows the furthest tree  
Upon the furthest slope we know;  
It almost speaks to me.

Then, as horizons step,  
Or noons report away,  
Without the formula of sound,  
It passes, and we stay:

A quality of loss  
Affecting our content,  
As trade had suddenly encroached  
Upon a sacrament.

Emily Dickinson

# A Little Bread—A Crust—A Crumb

159

A little bread—a crust—a crumb—  
A little trust—a demijohn—  
Can keep the soul alive—  
Not portly, mind! but breathing—warm—  
Conscious—as old Napoleon,  
The night before the Crown!

A modest lot—A fame petite—  
A brief Campaign of sting and sweet  
Is plenty! Is enough!  
A Sailor's business is the shore!  
A Soldier's—balls! Who asketh more,  
Must seek the neighboring life!

Emily Dickinson

# A Little Dog That Wags His Tail

A little Dog that wags his tail  
And knows no other joy  
Of such a little Dog am I  
Reminded by a Boy

Who gambols all the living Day  
Without an earthly cause  
Because he is a little Boy  
I honestly suppose -

The Cat that in the Corner dwells  
Her martial Day forgot  
The Mouse but a Tradition now  
Of her desireless Lot

Another class remind me  
Who neither please nor play  
But not to make a 'bit of noise'  
Beseech each little Boy -

Emily Dickinson



# A Little East Of Jordan

59

A little East of Jordan,  
Evangelists record,  
A Gymnast and an Angel  
Did wrestle long and hard&mdash;

Till morning touching mountain&mdash;  
And Jacob, waxing strong,  
The Angel begged permission  
To Breakfast&mdash;to return&mdash;

Not so, said cunning Jacob!  
"I will not let thee go  
Except thou bless me"&mdash;Stranger!  
The which acceded to&mdash;

Light swung the silver fleeces  
"Peniel" Hills beyond,  
And the bewildered Gymnast  
Found he had worsted God!

Emily Dickinson

# A little Madness in the Spring

A little Madness in the Spring  
Is wholesome even for the King,  
But God be with the Clown -  
Who ponders this tremendous scene -  
This whole Experiment of Green -  
As if it were his own!

Emily Dickinson

## A Little Road Not Made Man

A little road not made of man,  
Enabled of the eye,  
Accessible to thill of bee,  
Or cart of butterfly.

If town it have, beyond itself,  
'T is that I cannot say;  
I only sigh,--no vehicle  
Bears me along that way.

Emily Dickinson

# A Little Snow Was Here And There

A little Snow was here and there  
Disseminated in her Hair -  
Since she and I had met and played  
Decade had gathered to Decade -

But Time had added not obtained  
Impregnable the Rose  
For summer too indelible  
Too obdurate for Snows -

Emily Dickinson

# A Long, Long Sleep, A Famous Sleep

A long, long sleep, a famous sleep  
That makes no show for dawn  
By stretch of limb or stir of lid, --  
An independent one.

Was ever idleness like this?  
Within a hut of stone  
To bask the centuries away  
Nor once look up for noon?

Emily Dickinson

# A Loss Of Something Ever Felt I

959

A loss of something ever felt I&mdash;  
The first that I could recollect  
Bereft I was&mdash;of what I knew not  
Too young that any should suspect

A Mourner walked among the children  
I notwithstanding went about  
As one bemoaning a Dominion  
Itself the only Prince cast out&mdash;

Elder, Today, a session wiser  
And fainter, too, as Wiseness is&mdash;  
I find myself still softly searching  
For my Delinquent Palaces&mdash;

And a Suspicion, like a Finger  
Touches my Forehead now and then  
That I am looking oppositely  
For the site of the Kingdom of Heaven&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# A Man May Make A Remark

952

A Man may make a Remark&mdash;  
In itself&mdash;a quiet thing  
That may furnish the Fuse unto a Spark  
In dormant nature&mdash;lain&mdash;

Let us deport&mdash;with skill&mdash;  
Let us discourse&mdash;with care&mdash;  
Powder exists in Charcoal&mdash;  
Before it exists in Fire.

Emily Dickinson

# A Mien To Move A Queen

283

A Mien to move a Queen&mdash;  
Half Child&mdash;Half Heroine&mdash;  
An Orleans in the Eye  
That puts its manner by  
For humbler Company  
When none are near  
Even a Tear&mdash;  
Its frequent Visitor&mdash;

A Bonnet like a Duke&mdash;  
And yet a Wren's Peruke  
Were not so shy  
Of Goer by&mdash;  
And Hands&mdash;so slight&mdash;  
They would elate a Sprite  
With Merriment&mdash;

A Voice that Alters&mdash;Low  
And on the Ear can go  
Like Let of Snow&mdash;  
Or shift supreme&mdash;  
As tone of Realm  
On Subjects Diadem&mdash;

Too small&mdash;to fear&mdash;  
Too distant&mdash;to endear&mdash;  
And so Men Compromise  
And just&mdash;revere&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# A Moth The Hue Of This

841

A Moth the hue of this  
Haunts Candles in Brazil.  
Nature's Experience would make  
Our Reddest Second pale.

Nature is fond, I sometimes think,  
Of Trinkets, as a Girl.

Emily Dickinson

# A Murmur In The Trees—;To Note

416

A Murmur in the Trees—;to note—;  
Not loud enough—;for Wind—;  
A Star—;not far enough to seek—;  
Nor near enough—;to find—;

A long—;long Yellow—;on the Lawn—;  
A Hubbub—;as of feet—;  
Not audible—;as Ours—;to Us—;  
But dapperer—;More Sweet—;

A Hurrying Home of little Men  
To Houses unperceived—;  
All this—;and more—;if I should tell—;  
Would never be believed—;

Of Robins in the Trundle bed  
How many I espy  
Whose Nightgowns could not hide the Wings—;  
Although I heard them try—;

But then I promised ne'er to tell—;  
How could I break My Word?  
So go your Way—;and I'll go Mine—;  
No fear you'll miss the Road.

Emily Dickinson

# A Narrow Fellow In The Grass

A narrow fellow in the grass  
Occasionally rides;  
You may have met him,--did you not,  
His notice sudden is.

The grass divides as with a comb,  
A spotted shaft is seen;  
And then it closes at your feet  
And opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre,  
A floor too cool for corn.  
Yet when a child, and barefoot,  
I more than once, at morn,

Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash  
Unbraiding in the sun,--  
When, stooping to secure it,  
It wrinkled, and was gone.

Several of nature's people  
I know, and they know me;  
I feel for them a transport  
Of cordiality;

But never met this fellow,  
Attended or alone,  
Without a tighter breathing,  
And zero at the bone.

Emily Dickinson

# A Nearness To Tremendousness

963

A nearness to Tremendousness—  
An Agony procures—  
Affliction ranges Boundlessness—  
Vicinity to Laws

Contentment's quiet Suburb—  
Affliction cannot stay  
In Acres—Its Location  
Is Illocality—

Emily Dickinson

# A Night—There Lay The Days Between

471

A Night—there lay the Days between—  
The Day that was Before—  
And Day that was Behind—were one—  
And now—'twas Night—was here—

Slow—Night—that must be watched away—  
As Grains upon a shore—  
Too imperceptible to note—  
Till it be night—no more—

Emily Dickinson

# A Pang is more conspicuous in Spring

A Pang is more conspicuous in Spring  
In contrast with the things that sing  
Not Birds entirely - but Minds -  
Minute Effulgencies and Winds -  
When what they sung for is undone  
Who cares about a Blue Bird's Tune -  
Why, Resurrection had to wait  
Till they had moved a Stone -

Emily Dickinson

# A Planted Life—Diversified

806

A Planted Life—diversified  
With Gold and Silver Pain  
To prove the presence of the Ore  
In Particles—'tis when

A Value struggle—it exist—  
A Power—will proclaim  
Although Annihilation pile  
Whole Chaoses on Him—

Emily Dickinson

# A Poor—Torn Heart—A Tattered Heart

78

A poor—torn heart—a tattered heart—  
That sat it down to rest—  
Nor noticed that the Ebbing Day  
Flowed silver to the West—  
Nor noticed Night did soft descend—  
Nor Constellation burn—  
Intent upon the vision  
Of latitudes unknown.

The angels—happening that way  
This dusty heart espied—  
Tenderly took it up from toil  
And carried it to God—  
There—sandals for the Barefoot—  
There—gathered from the gales—  
Do the blue havens by the hand  
Lead the wandering Sails.

Emily Dickinson



# A Precious—mouldering Pleasure

371

A precious—mouldering pleasure—'tis—  
To meet an Antique Book—  
In just the Dress his Century wore—  
A privilege—I think—

His venerable Hand to take—  
And warming in our own—  
A passage back—or two—to make—  
To Times when he—was young—

His quaint opinions—to inspect—  
His thought to ascertain  
On Themes concern our mutual mind—  
The Literature of Man—

What interested Scholars—most—  
What Competitions ran—  
When Plato—was a Certainty—  
And Sophocles—a Man—

When Sappho—was a living Girl—  
And Beatrice wore  
The Gown that Dante—deified—  
Facts Centuries before

He traverses—familiar—  
As One should come to Town—  
And tell you all your Dreams—were true—  
He lived—where Dreams were born—

His presence is Enchantment—  
You beg him not to go—  
Old Volume shake their Vellum Heads  
And tantalize—just so—

Emily Dickinson

# A Prison Gets To Be A Friend

652

A Prison gets to be a friend&mdash;  
Between its Ponderous face  
And Ours&mdash;a Kinsmanship express&mdash;  
And in its narrow Eyes&mdash;

We come to look with gratitude  
For the appointed Beam  
It deal us&mdash;stated as our food&mdash;  
And hungered for&mdash;the same&mdash;

We learn to know the Planks&mdash;  
That answer to Our feet&mdash;  
So miserable a sound&mdash;at first&mdash;  
Nor ever now&mdash;so sweet&mdash;

As plashing in the Pools&mdash;  
When Memory was a Boy&mdash;  
But a Demurer Circuit&mdash;  
A Geometric Joy&mdash;

The Posture of the Key  
That interrupt the Day  
To Our Endeavor&mdash;Not so real  
The Check of Liberty&mdash;

As this Phantasm Steel&mdash;  
Whose features&mdash;Day and Night&mdash;  
Are present to us&mdash;as Our Own&mdash;  
And as escapeless&mdash;quite&mdash;

The narrow Round&mdash;the Stint&mdash;  
The slow exchange of Hope&mdash;  
For something passiver&mdash;Content  
Too steep for looking up&mdash;

The Liberty we knew  
Avoided&mdash;like a Dream&mdash;

Too wide for any Night but Heaven&mdash;  
If That&mdash;indeed&mdash;redeem&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# A Route Of Evanescence

A Route of Evanescence  
With a revolving Wheel--  
A Resonance of Emerald--  
A Rush of Cochineal--  
And every Blossom on the Bush  
Adjusts its tumbled Head--  
The mail from Tunis, probably,  
An easy Morning's Ride--

Emily Dickinson

# A Science—So The Savants Say

100

A science—so the Savants say,  
"Comparative Anatomy"—  
By which a single bone—  
Is made a secret to unfold  
Of some rare tenant of the mold,  
Else perished in the stone—

So to the eye prospective led,  
This meekest flower of the mead  
Upon a winter's day,  
Stands representative in gold  
Of Rose and Lily, manifold,  
And countless Butterfly!

Emily Dickinson

# A Secret Told

381

A Secret told&mdash;  
Ceases to be a Secret&mdash;then&mdash;  
A Secret&mdash;kept&mdash;  
That&mdash;can appal but One&mdash;

Better of it&mdash;continual be afraid&mdash;  
Than it&mdash;  
And Whom you told it to&mdash;beside&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# A Sepal, Petal, And A Thorn

19

A sepal, petal, and a thorn  
Upon a common summer's morn&mdash;  
A flask of Dew&mdash;A Bee or two&mdash;  
A Breeze&mdash;a caper in the trees&mdash;  
And I'm a Rose!

Emily Dickinson

# A Shade Upon The Mind There Passes

882

A Shade upon the mind there passes  
As when on Noon  
A Cloud the mighty Sun encloses  
Remembering

That some there be too numb to notice  
Oh God  
Why give if Thou must take away  
The Loved?

Emily Dickinson



# A Shady Friend For Torrid Days

A shady friend for torrid days  
Is easier to find  
Than one of higher temperature  
For frigid hour of mind.

The vane a little to the east  
Scares muslin souls away;  
If broadcloth breasts are firmer  
Than those of organdy,

Who is to blame? The weaver?  
Ah! the bewildering thread!  
The tapestries of paradise!  
So notelessly are made!

Emily Dickinson

# A Sickness Of This World It Most Occasions

A Sickness of this World it most occasions  
When Best Men die.  
A Wishfulness their far Condition  
To occupy.

A Chief indifference, as Foreign  
A World must be  
Themselves forsake - contented,  
For Deity.

Emily Dickinson

# A Single Screw Of Flesh

263

Is all that pins the Soul  
That stands for Deity, to Mine,  
Upon my side the Veil&mdash;

Once witnessed of the Gauze&mdash;  
Its name is put away  
As far from mine, as if no plight  
Had printed yesterday,

In tender&mdash;solemn Alphabet,  
My eyes just turned to see,  
When it was smuggled by my sight  
Into Eternity&mdash;

More Hands&mdash;to hold&mdash;These are but Two&mdash;  
One more new-mailed Nerve  
Just granted, for the Peril's sake&mdash;  
Some striding&mdash;Giant&mdash;Love&mdash;

So greater than the Gods can show,  
They slink before the Clay,  
That not for all their Heaven can boast  
Will let its Keepsake&mdash;go

Emily Dickinson

# A Slash Of Blue

204

A slash of Blue&mdash;  
A sweep of Gray&mdash;  
Some scarlet patches on the way,  
Compose an Evening Sky&mdash;  
A little purple&mdash;slipped between&mdash;  
Some Ruby Trousers hurried on&mdash;  
A Wave of Gold&mdash;  
A Bank of Day&mdash;  
This just makes out the Morning Sky.

Emily Dickinson

# A Sloop of Amber slips away

A Sloop of Amber slips away  
Upon an Ether Sea,  
And wrecks in Peace a Purple Tar,  
The Son of Ecstasy -

Emily Dickinson

# A Solemn Thing Within The Soul

483

A Solemn thing within the Soul  
To feel itself get ripe&mdash;  
And golden hang&mdash;while farther up&mdash;  
The Maker's Ladders stop&mdash;  
And in the Orchard far below&mdash;  
You hear a Being&mdash;drop&mdash;

A Wonderful&mdash;to feel the Sun  
Still toiling at the Cheek  
You thought was finished&mdash;  
Cool of eye, and critical of Work&mdash;  
He shifts the stem&mdash;a little&mdash;  
To give your Core&mdash;a look&mdash;

But solemnest&mdash;to know  
Your chance in Harvest moves  
A little nearer&mdash;Every Sun  
The Single&mdash;to some lives.

Emily Dickinson

# A Solemn Thing—It Was—I Said

271

A solemn thing—it was—I said—  
A woman—white—to be—  
And wear—if God should count me fit—  
Her blameless mystery—

A hallowed thing—to drop a life  
Into the purple well—  
Too plummetless—that it return—  
Eternity—until—

I pondered how the bliss would look—  
And would it feel as big—  
When I could take it in my hand—  
As hovering—seen—through fog—

And then—the size of this "small" life—  
The Sages—call it small—  
Swelled—like Horizons—in my vest—  
And I sneered—softly—"small"!

Emily Dickinson

# A Something In A Summer's Day

122

A something in a summer's Day  
As slow her flambeaux burn away  
Which solemnizes me.

A something in a summer's noon&mdash;  
A depth&mdash;an Azure&mdash;a perfume&mdash;  
Transcending ecstasy.

And still within a summer's night  
A something so transporting bright  
I clap my hands to see&mdash;

Then veil my too inspecting face  
Lets such a subtle&mdash;shimmering grace  
Flutter too far for me&mdash;

The wizard fingers never rest&mdash;  
The purple brook within the breast  
Still chafes it narrow bed&mdash;

Still rears the East her amber Flag&mdash;  
Guides still the sun along the Crag  
His Caravan of Red&mdash;

So looking on&mdash;the night&mdash;the morn  
Conclude the wonder gay&mdash;  
And I meet, coming thro' the dews  
Another summer's Day!

Emily Dickinson



# A South Wind—Has A Pathos

719

A South Wind—has a pathos  
Of individual Voice—  
As One detect on Landings  
An Emigrant's address.

A Hint of Ports and Peoples—  
And much not understood—  
The fairer—for the farness—  
And for the foreignhood.

Emily Dickinson

# A Spider sewed at Night

A Spider sewed at Night  
Without a Light  
Upon an Arc of White.

If Ruff it was of Dame  
Or Shroud of Gnome  
Himself himself inform.

Of Immortality  
His Strategy  
Was Physiognomy.

Emily Dickinson

# A Still—volcano—life

601

A still—Volcano—Life—  
That flickered in the night—  
When it was dark enough to do  
Without erasing sight—

A quiet—Earthquake Style—  
Too subtle to suspect  
By natures this side Naples—  
The North cannot detect

The Solemn—Torrid—Symbol—  
The lips that never lie—  
Whose hissing Corals part—and shut—  
And Cities—ooze away—

Emily Dickinson

# A Thought Went Up My Mind To-Day

A thought went up my mind to-day  
That I have had before,  
But did not finish,--some way back,  
I could not fix the year,

Nor where it went, nor why it came  
The second time to me,  
Nor definitely what it was,  
Have I the art to say.

But somewhere in my soul, I know  
I've met the thing before;  
It just reminded me--'t was all--  
And came my way no more.

Emily Dickinson

# A Throe Upon The Features

71

A throe upon the features&mdash;  
A hurry in the breath&mdash;  
An ecstasy of parting  
Denominated "Death"&mdash;

An anguish at the mention  
Which when to patience grown,  
I've known permission given  
To rejoin its own.

Emily Dickinson

# A Toad Can Die Of Light!

A toad can die of light!  
Death is the common right  
Of toads and men,--  
Of earl and midge  
The privilege.  
Why swagger then?  
The gnat's supremacy  
Is large as thine.

Emily Dickinson

# A Tongue—to Tell Him I Am True!

400

A Tongue—to tell Him I am true!  
Its fee—to be of Gold—  
Had Nature—in Her monstrous House  
A single Ragged Child—

To earn a Mine—would run  
That Interdicted Way,  
And tell Him—Charge thee speak it plain—  
That so far—Truth is True?

And answer What I do—  
Beginning with the Day  
That Night—begun—  
Nay—Midnight—'twas—  
Since Midnight—happened—say—

If once more—Pardon—Boy—  
The Magnitude thou may  
Enlarge my Message—If too vast  
Another Lad—help thee—

Thy Pay—in Diamonds—be—  
And His—in solid Gold—  
Say Rubies—if He hesitate—  
My Message—must be told—

Say—last I said—was This—  
That when the Hills—come down—  
And hold no higher than the Plain—  
My Bond—have just begun—

And when the Heavens—disband—  
And Deity conclude—  
Then—look for me. Be sure you say—  
Least Figure—on the Road—





# A Tooth Upon Our Peace

459

A Tooth upon Our Peace  
The Peace cannot deface&mdash;  
Then Wherefore be the Tooth?  
To vitalize the Grace&mdash;

The Heaven hath a Hell&mdash;  
Itself to signalize&mdash;  
And every sign before the Place  
Is Gilt with Sacrifice&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# A train went through a burial gate

A train went through a burial gate,  
A bird broke forth and sang,  
And trilled, and quivered, and shook his throat  
Till all the churchyard rang;

And then adjusted his little notes,  
And bowed and sang again.  
Doubtless, he thought it meet of him  
To say good-by to men.

Emily Dickinson

# A Transport One Cannot Contain

184

A transport one cannot contain  
May yet a transport be&mdash;  
Though God forbid it lift the lid&mdash;  
Unto its Ecstasy!

A Diagram&mdash;of Rapture!  
A sixpence at a Show&mdash;  
With Holy Ghosts in Cages!  
The Universe would go!

Emily Dickinson

# A Visitor In Marl

391

A Visitor in Marl&mdash;  
Who influences Flowers&mdash;  
Till they are orderly as Busts&mdash;  
And Elegant&mdash;as Glass&mdash;

Who visits in the Night&mdash;  
And just before the Sun&mdash;  
Concludes his glistening interview&mdash;  
Caresses&mdash;and is gone&mdash;

But whom his fingers touched&mdash;  
And where his feet have run&mdash;  
And whatsoever Mouth be kissed&mdash;  
Is as it had not been&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# A Weight With Needles On The Pounds

264

A Weight with Needles on the pounds&mdash;  
To push, and pierce, besides&mdash;  
That if the Flesh resist the Heft&mdash;  
The puncture&mdash;coolly tries&mdash;

That not a pore be overlooked  
Of all this Compound Frame&mdash;  
As manifold for Anguish&mdash;  
As Species&mdash;be&mdash;for name&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# A Wife—At Daybreak I Shall Be

461

A Wife—at daybreak I shall be—  
Sunrise—Hast thou a Flag for me?  
At Midnight, I am but a Maid,  
How short it takes to make a Bride—  
Then—Midnight, I have passed from thee  
Unto the East, and Victory—

Midnight—Good Night! I hear them call,  
The Angels bustle in the Hall—  
Softly my Future climbs the Stair,  
I fumble at my Childhood's prayer  
So soon to be a Child no more—  
Eternity, I'm coming—Sire,  
Savior—I've seen the face—before!

Emily Dickinson

# A Wind That Rose

A Wind that rose  
Though not a Leaf  
In any Forest stirred  
But with itself did cold engage  
Beyond the Realm of Bird -  
A Wind that woke a lone Delight  
Like Separation's Swell  
Restored in Arctic Confidence  
To the Invisible -

Emily Dickinson

# A Word dropped careless on a Page

A Word dropped careless on a Page  
May stimulate an eye  
When folded in perpetual seam  
The Wrinkled Maker lie

Infection in the sentence breeds  
We may inhale Despair  
At distances of Centuries  
From the Malaria -

Emily Dickinson



# A Wounded Deer—Leaps Highest

165

A Wounded Deer—leaps highest—  
I've heard the Hunter tell—  
'Tis but the Ecstasy of death—  
And then the Brake is still!

The Smitten Rock that gushes!  
The trampled Steel that springs!  
A Cheek is always redder  
Just where the Hectic stings!

Mirth is the Mail of Anguish  
In which it Cautious Arm,  
Lest anybody spy the blood  
And "you're hurt" exclaim!

Emily Dickinson

# Abraham To Kill Him

Abraham to kill him  
Was distinctly told—  
Isaac was an Urchin—  
Abraham was old—

Not a hesitation—  
Abraham complied—  
Flattered by Obeisance  
Tyranny demurred—

Isaac—to his children  
Lived to tell the tale—  
Moral—with a mastiff  
Manners may prevail.

Emily Dickinson

# Absence Disembodies—so Does Death

860

Absence disembodies—so does Death  
Hiding individuals from the Earth  
Superposition helps, as well as love—  
Tenderness decreases as we prove—

Emily Dickinson

# Absent Place—An April Day

927

Absent Place—an April Day—  
Daffodils a-blow  
Homesick curiosity  
To the Souls that snow—

Drift may block within it  
Deeper than without—  
Daffodil delight but  
Him it duplicate—

Emily Dickinson

# Adrift! A Little Boat Adrift!

30

Adrift! A little boat adrift!  
And night is coming down!  
Will no one guide a little boat  
Unto the nearest town?

So Sailors say&mdash;on yesterday&mdash;  
Just as the dusk was brown  
One little boat gave up its strife  
And gurgled down and down.

So angels say&mdash;on yesterday&mdash;  
Just as the dawn was red  
One little boat&mdash;o'erspent with gales&mdash;  
Retrimmed its masts&mdash;redecked its sails&mdash;  
And shot&mdash;exultant on!

Emily Dickinson

# Afraid! Of Whom Am I Afraid?

608

Afraid! Of whom am I afraid?  
Not Death&mdash;for who is He?  
The Porter of my Father's Lodge  
As much abasheth me!

Of Life? 'Twere odd I fear [a] thing  
That comprehendeth me  
In one or two existences&mdash;  
As Deity decree&mdash;

Of Resurrection? Is the East  
Afraid to trust the Morn  
With her fastidious forehead?  
As soon impeach my Crown!

Emily Dickinson

# After A Hundred Years

After a hundred years  
Nobody knows the place,--  
Agony, that enacted there,  
Motionless as peace.

Weeds triumphant ranged,  
Strangers strolled and spelled  
At the lone orthography  
Of the elder dead.

Winds of summer fields  
Recollect the way,--  
Instinct picking up the key  
Dropped by memory.

Emily Dickinson

## After Great Pain, A Formal Feeling Comes

After great pain, a formal feeling comes--  
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs--  
The stiff Heart questions was it He, that bore,  
And Yesterday, or Centuries before?

The Feet, mechanical, go round--  
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought--  
A Wooden way  
Regardless grown,  
A Quartz contentment, like a stone--

This is the Hour of Lead--  
Remembered, if outlived,  
As Freezing persons recollect the Snow--  
First--Chill--then Stupor--then the letting go--

Emily Dickinson



# Again—;His Voice Is At The Door

663

Again—;his voice is at the door—;  
I feel the old Degree—;  
I hear him ask the servant  
For such an one—;as me—;

I take a flower—;as I go—;  
My face to justify—;  
He never saw me—;in this life—;  
I might surprise his eye!

I cross the Hall with mingled steps—;  
I—;silent—;pass the door—;  
I look on all this world contains—;  
Just his face—;nothing more!

We talk in careless—;and it toss—;  
A kind of plummet strain—;  
Each—;sounding—;shyly—;  
Just—;how—;deep—;  
The other's one—;had been—;

We walk—;I leave my Dog—;at home—;  
A tender—;thoughtful Moon—;  
Goes with us—;just a little way—;  
And—;then—;we are alone—;

Alone—;if Angels are "alone"—;  
First time they try the sky!  
Alone—;if those "veiled faces"—;be—;  
We cannot count—;on High!

I'd give—;to live that hour—;again—;  
The purple—;in my Vein—;  
But He must count the drops—;himself—;  
My price for every stain!



# Ah, Moon—and Star!

240

Ah, Moon—and Star!  
You are very far—  
But were no one  
Farther than you—  
Do you think I'd stop  
For a Firmament—  
Or a Cubit—or so?

I could borrow a Bonnet  
Of the Lark—  
And a Chamois' Silver Boot—  
And a stirrup of an Antelope—  
And be with you—Tonight!

But, Moon, and Star,  
Though you're very far—  
There is one—farther than you—  
He—is more than a firmament—from Me—  
So I can never go!

Emily Dickinson

# Ah, Teneriffe!

666

Ah, Teneriffe!

Retreating Mountain!

Purples of Ages—pause for you—

Sunset—reviews her Sapphire Regiment—

Day—drops you her Red Adieu!

Still—Clad in your Mail of ices—

Thigh of Granite—and thew—of Steel—

Heedless—alike—of pomp—or parting

Ah, Teneriffe!

I'm kneeling—still—

Emily Dickinson

## Air has no Residence, no Neighbor

Air has no Residence, no Neighbor,  
No Ear, no Door,  
No Apprehension of Another  
Oh, Happy Air!

Ethereal Guest at e'en an Outcast's Pillow -  
Essential Host, in Life's faint, wailing Inn,  
Later than Light thy Consciousness accost me  
Till it depart, persuading Mine -

Emily Dickinson

# All But Death, Can Be Adjusted

749

All but Death, can be Adjusted—  
Dynasties repaired—  
Systems—settled in their Sockets—  
Citadels—dissolved—

Wastes of Lives—resown with Colors  
By Succeeding Springs—  
Death—unto itself—Exception—  
Is exempt from Change—

Emily Dickinson

# All Circumstances Are The Frame

820

All Circumstances are the Frame  
In which His Face is set&mdash;  
All Latitudes exist for His  
Sufficient Continent&mdash;

The Light His Action, and the Dark  
The Leisure of His Will&mdash;  
In Him Existence serve or set  
A Force illegible.

Emily Dickinson

# All Forgot For Recollecting

966

All forgot for recollecting  
Just a paltry One&mdash;  
All forsook, for just a Stranger's  
New Accompanying&mdash;

Grace of Wealth, and Grace of Station  
Less accounted than  
An unknown Esteem possessing&mdash;  
Estimate&mdash;Who can&mdash;

Home effaced&mdash;Her faces dwindled&mdash;  
Nature&mdash;altered small&mdash;  
Sun&mdash;if shone&mdash;or Storm&mdash;if shattered&mdash;  
Overlooked I all&mdash;

Dropped&mdash;my fate&mdash;a timid Pebble&mdash;  
In thy bolder Sea&mdash;  
Prove&mdash;me&mdash;Sweet&mdash;if I regret it&mdash;  
Prove Myself&mdash;of Thee&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# All I May, If Small

819

All I may, if small,  
Do it not display  
Larger for the Totalness&mdash;  
'Tis Economy

To bestow a World  
And withhold a Star&mdash;  
Utmost, is Munificence&mdash;  
Less, tho' larger, poor.

Emily Dickinson

# All Men For Honor Hardest Work

All men for Honor hardest work  
But are not known to earn -  
Paid after they have ceased to work  
In Infamy or Urn -

Emily Dickinson

# All Overgrown By Cunning Moss

148

All overgrown by cunning moss,  
All interspersed with weed,  
The little cage of "Curren Bell"  
In quiet "Haworth" laid.

Gathered from many wanderings&mdash;  
Gethsemane can tell  
Thro' what transporting anguish  
She reached the Asphodel!

Soft falls the sounds of Eden  
Upon her puzzled ear&mdash;  
Oh what an afternoon for Heaven,  
When "Bronte" entered there!

Emily Dickinson

# All The Letters I Can Write

334

All the letters I can write  
Are not fair as this&mdash;  
Syllables of Velvet&mdash;  
Sentences of Plush,  
Depths of Ruby, undrained,  
Hid, Lip, for Thee&mdash;  
Play it were a Humming Bird&mdash;  
And just sipped&mdash;me&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# All These My Banners Be

22

All these my banners be.  
I sow my pageantry  
In May&mdash;  
It rises train by train&mdash;  
Then sleeps in state again&mdash;  
My chancel&mdash;all the plain  
    Today.

To lose&mdash;if one can find again&mdash;  
To miss&mdash;if one shall meet&mdash;  
The Burglar cannot rob&mdash;then&mdash;  
The Broker cannot cheat.  
So build the hillocks gaily  
Thou little spade of mine  
Leaving nooks for Daisy  
And for Columbine&mdash;  
You and I the secret  
Of the Crocus know&mdash;  
Let us chant it softly&mdash;  
"There is no more snow!"

To him who keeps an Orchis' heart&mdash;  
The swamps are pink with June.

Emily Dickinson

# Alone, I Cannot Be

298

Alone, I cannot be—  
For Hosts—do visit me—  
Recordless Company—  
Who baffle Key—

They have no Robes, nor Names—  
No Almanacs—nor Climes—  
But general Homes  
Like Gnomes—

Their Coming, may be known  
By Couriers within—  
Their going—is not—  
For they've never gone—

Emily Dickinson

# Alter! When The Hills Do

729

Alter! When the Hills do&mdash;  
Falter! When the Sun  
Question if His Glory  
Be the Perfect One&mdash;

Surfeit! When the Daffodil  
Doth of the Dew&mdash;  
Even as Herself&mdash;Sir&mdash;  
I will&mdash;of You&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Although I Put Away His Life

366

Although I put away his life&mdash;  
An Ornament too grand  
For Forehead low as mine, to wear,  
This might have been the Hand

That sowed the flower, he preferred&mdash;  
Or smoothed a homely pain,  
Or pushed the pebble from his path&mdash;  
Or played his chosen tune&mdash;

On Lute the least&mdash;the latest&mdash;  
But just his Ear could know  
That whatsoe'er delighted it,  
I never would let go&mdash;

The foot to bear his errand&mdash;  
A little Boot I know&mdash;  
Would leap abroad like Antelope&mdash;  
With just the grant to do&mdash;

His weariest Commandment&mdash;  
A sweeter to obey,  
Than "Hide and Seek"&mdash;  
Or skip to Flutes&mdash;  
Or all Day, chase the Bee&mdash;

Your Servant, Sir, will weary&mdash;  
The Surgeon, will not come&mdash;  
The World, will have its own&mdash;to do&mdash;  
The Dust, will vex your Fame&mdash;

The Cold will force your tightest door  
Some February Day,  
But say my apron bring the sticks  
To make your Cottage gay&mdash;

That I may take that promise



To Paradise, with me&mdash;  
To teach the Angels, avarice,  
You, Sir, taught first&mdash;to me.

Emily Dickinson

# Always Mine!

839

Always Mine!  
No more Vacation!  
Term of Light this Day begun!  
Failless as the fair rotation  
Of the Seasons and the Sun.

Old the Grace, but new the Subjects&mdash;  
Old, indeed, the East,  
Yet upon His Purple Programme  
Every Dawn, is first.

Emily Dickinson

# Ambition Cannot Find Him

68

Ambition cannot find him.  
Affection doesn't know  
How many leagues of nowhere  
Lie between them now.

Yesterday, undistinguished!  
Eminent Today  
For our mutual hone, Immortality!

Emily Dickinson

# Ample Make This Bed.

Ample make this bed.  
Make this bed with awe;  
In it wait till judgment break  
Excellent and fair.

Be its mattress straight,  
Be its pillow round;  
Let no sunrise' yellow noise  
Interrupt this ground.

Emily Dickinson

# An Altered Look About The Hills

140

An altered look about the hills&mdash;  
A Tyrian light the village fills&mdash;  
A wider sunrise in the morn&mdash;  
A deeper twilight on the lawn&mdash;  
A print of a vermillion foot&mdash;  
A purple finger on the slope&mdash;  
A flippant fly upon the pane&mdash;  
A spider at his trade again&mdash;  
An added strut in Chanticleer&mdash;  
A flower expected everywhere&mdash;  
An axe shrill singing in the woods&mdash;  
Fern odors on untravelled roads&mdash;  
All this and more I cannot tell&mdash;  
A furtive look you know as well&mdash;  
And Nicodemus' Mystery  
Receives its annual reply!

Emily Dickinson

# An Antiquated Tree

An Antiquated Tree  
Is cherished of the Crow  
Because that Junior Foliage is disrespectful now  
To venerable Birds  
Whose Corporation Coat  
Would decorate Oblivion's  
Remotest Consulate.

Emily Dickinson

# An Awful Tempest Mashed The Air

198

An awful Tempest mashed the air&mdash;  
The clouds were gaunt, and few&mdash;  
A Black&mdash;as of a Spectre's Cloak  
Hid Heaven and Earth from view.

The creatures chuckled on the Roofs&mdash;  
And whistled in the air&mdash;  
And shook their fists&mdash;  
And gnashed their teeth&mdash;  
And swung their frenzied hair.

The morning lit&mdash;the Birds arose&mdash;  
The Monster's faded eyes  
Turned slowly to his native coast&mdash;  
And peace&mdash;was Paradise!

Emily Dickinson

# An English Breeze

UP with the sun, the breeze arose,  
Across the talking corn she goes,  
And smooth she rustles far and wide  
Through all the voiceful countryside.

Through all the land her tale she tells;  
She spins, she tosses, she compels  
The kites, the clouds, the windmill sails  
And all the trees in all the dales.

God calls us, and the day prepares  
With nimble, gay and gracious airs:  
And from Penzance to Maidenhead  
The roads last night He watered.

God calls us from inglorious ease,  
Forth and to travel with the breeze  
While, swift and singing, smooth and strong  
She gallops by the fields along.

Emily Dickinson



# An Everywhere Of Silver

An everywhere of silver,  
With ropes of sand  
To keep it from effacing  
The track called land.

Emily Dickinson

# An Hour Is A Sea

825

An Hour is a Sea  
Between a few, and me&mdash;  
With them would Harbor be&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# An Ignorance A Sunset

552

An ignorance a Sunset  
Confer upon the Eye&mdash;  
Of Territory&mdash;Color&mdash;  
Circumference&mdash;Decay&mdash;

Its Amber Revelation  
Exhilarate&mdash;Debase&mdash;  
Omnipotence' inspection  
Of Our inferior face&mdash;

And when the solemn features  
Confirm&mdash;in Victory&mdash;  
We start&mdash;as if detected  
In Immortality&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# And This Of All My Hopes

913

And this of all my Hopes  
This, is the silent end  
Bountiful colored, my Morning rose  
Early and sere, its end

Never Bud from a Stem  
Stepped with so gay a Foot  
Never a Worm so confident  
Bored at so brave a Root

Emily Dickinson

## And with what body do they come

'And with what body do they come?' -  
Then they do come - Rejoice!  
What Door - What Hour - Run - run - My Soul!  
Illuminate the House!

'Body!' Then real - a Face and Eyes -  
To know that it is them!  
Paul knew the Man that knew the News -  
He passed through Bethlehem -

Emily Dickinson

# Angels, In The Early Morning

94

Angels, in the early morning  
May be seen the Dews among,  
Stooping&mdash;plucking&mdash;smiling&mdash;flying&mdash;  
Do the Buds to them belong?

Angels, when the sun is hottest  
May be seen the sands among,  
Stooping&mdash;plucking&mdash;sighing&mdash;flying&mdash;  
Parched the flowers they bear along.

Emily Dickinson

# Answer July

386

Answer July&mdash;  
Where is the Bee&mdash;  
Where is the Blush&mdash;  
Where is the Hay?

Ah, said July&mdash;  
Where is the Seed&mdash;  
Where is the Bud&mdash;  
Where is the May&mdash;  
Answer Thee&mdash;Me&mdash;

Nay&mdash;said the May&mdash;  
Show me the Snow&mdash;  
Show me the Bells&mdash;  
Show me the Jay!

Quibbled the Jay&mdash;  
Where be the Maize&mdash;  
Where be the Haze&mdash;  
Where be the Bur?  
Here&mdash;said the Year&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Apology For Her

852

Apology for Her  
Be rendered by the Bee&mdash;  
Herself, without a Parliament  
Apology for Me.

Emily Dickinson



# Apparently With No Surprise

Apparently with no surprise,  
To any happy flower,  
The frost beheads it at its play,  
In accidental power.  
The blond assassin passes on,  
The sun proceeds unmoved,  
To measure off another day,  
For an approving God.

Emily Dickinson

# Arcturus

"Arcturus" is his other name—  
I'd rather call him "Star."  
It's very mean of Science  
To go and interfere!

I slew a worm the other day—  
A "Savant" passing by  
Murmured "Resurgam"—"Centipede"!  
"Oh Lord—how frail are we"!

I pull a flower from the woods—  
A monster with a glass  
Computes the stamens in a breath—  
And has her in a "class"!

Whereas I took the Butterfly  
Aforetime in my hat—  
He sits erect in "Cabinets"—  
The Clover bells forgot.

What once was "Heaven"  
Is "Zenith" now—  
Where I proposed to go  
When Time's brief masquerade was done  
Is mapped and charted too.

What if the poles should frisk about  
And stand upon their heads!  
I hope I'm ready for "the worst"—  
Whatever prank betides!

Perhaps the "Kingdom of Heaven's" changed—  
I hope the "Children" there Won't be "new fashioned" when I come—  
And laugh at me—and stare—

I hope the Father in the skies  
Will lift his little girl—  
Old fashioned—naught—everything—  
Over the stile of "Pearl."

Emily Dickinson

# 'Arcturus' Is His Other Name

70

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Will lift his little girl—

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Emily Dickinson

# Are Friends Delight Or Pain

Are Friends Delight or Pain?  
Could Bounty but remain  
Riches were good -

But if they only stay  
Ampler to fly away  
Riches are sad.

Emily Dickinson

# Artists Wrestled Here!

110

Artists wrestled here!  
Lo, a tint Cashmere!  
Lo, a Rose!  
Student of the Year!  
For the easel here  
Say Repose!

Emily Dickinson

# As By The Dead We Love To Sit

88

As by the dead we love to sit,  
Become so wondrous dear&mdash;  
As for the lost we grapple  
Tho' all the rest are here&mdash;

In broken mathematics  
We estimate our prize  
Vast&mdash;in its fading ration  
To our penurious eyes!

Emily Dickinson



# As Children Bid The Guest "Good Night"

133

As Children bid the Guest "Good Night"  
And then reluctant turn&mdash;  
My flowers raise their pretty lips&mdash;  
Then put their nightgowns on.

As children caper when they wake  
Merry that it is Morn&mdash;  
My flowers from a hundred cribs  
Will peep, and prance again.

Emily Dickinson

# As Everywhere Of Silver

884

As Everywhere of Silver  
With Ropes of Sand  
To keep it from effacing  
The Track called Land.

Emily Dickinson

# As Far From Pity, As Complaint

496

As far from pity, as complaint&mdash;  
As cool to speech&mdash;as stone&mdash;  
As numb to Revelation  
As if my Trade were Bone&mdash;

As far from time&mdash;as History&mdash;  
As near yourself&mdash;Today&mdash;  
As Children, to the Rainbow's scarf&mdash;  
Or Sunset's Yellow play

To eyelids in the Sepulchre&mdash;  
How dumb the Dancer lies&mdash;  
While Color's Revelations break&mdash;  
And blaze&mdash;the Butterflies!

Emily Dickinson

# As from the earth the light Balloon

As from the earth the light Balloon  
Asks nothing but release -  
Ascension that for which it was,  
Its soaring Residence.  
The spirit looks upon the Dust  
That fastened it so long  
With indignation,  
As a Bird  
Defrauded of its song.

Emily Dickinson

# As Frost Is Best Conceived

951

As Frost is best conceived  
By force of its Result&mdash;  
Affliction is inferred  
By subsequent effect&mdash;

If when the sun reveal,  
The Garden keep the Gash&mdash;  
If as the Days resume  
The wilted countenance

Cannot correct the crease  
Or counteract the stain&mdash;  
Presumption is Vitality  
Was somewhere put in twain.

Emily Dickinson

# As If I Asked A Common Alms

323

As if I asked a common Alms,  
And in my wondering hand  
A Stranger pressed a Kingdom,  
And I, bewildered, stand—  
As if I asked the Orient  
Had it for me a Morn—  
And it should lift its purple Dikes,  
And shatter me with Dawn!

Emily Dickinson

# As If Some Little Arctic Flower

180

As if some little Arctic flower  
Upon the polar hem&mdash;  
Went wandering down the Latitudes  
Until it puzzled came  
To continents of summer&mdash;  
To firmaments of sun&mdash;  
To strange, bright crowds of flowers&mdash;  
And birds, of foreign tongue!  
I say, As if this little flower  
To Eden, wandered in&mdash;  
What then? Why nothing,  
Only, your inference therefrom!

Emily Dickinson

# As If The Sea Should Part

695

As if the Sea should part  
And show a further Sea&mdash;  
And that&mdash;a further&mdash;and the Three  
But a presumption be&mdash;

Of Periods of Seas&mdash;  
Unvisited of Shores&mdash;  
Themselves the Verge of Seas to be&mdash;  
Eternity&mdash;is Those&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# As Imperceptibly As Grief

1540

As imperceptibly as Grief  
The Summer lapsed away&mdash;  
Too imperceptible at last  
To seem like Perfidy&mdash;  
A Quietness distilled  
As Twilight long begun,  
Or Nature spending with herself  
Sequestered Afternoon&mdash;  
The Dusk drew earlier in&mdash;  
The Morning foreign shone&mdash;  
A courteous, yet harrowing Grace,  
As Guest, that would be gone&mdash;  
And thus, without a Wing  
Or service of a Keel  
Our Summer made her light escape  
Into the Beautiful.

Emily Dickinson

# As old as Woe

As old as Woe -  
How old is that?  
Some eighteen thousand years -  
As old as Bliss  
How old is that  
They are of equal years

Together chiefest they are found  
But seldom side by side  
From neither of them tho' he try  
Can Human nature hide

Emily Dickinson

# As One Does Sickness Over

957

As One does Sickness over  
In convalescent Mind,  
His scrutiny of Chances  
By blessed Health obscured&mdash;

As One rewalks a Precipice  
And whittles at the Twig  
That held Him from Perdition  
Sown sidewise in the Crag

A Custom of the Soul  
Far after suffering  
Identity to question  
For evidence't has been&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# As Plan For Noon And Plan For Night

960

As plan for Noon and plan for Night  
So differ Life and Death  
In positive Prospective&mdash;  
The Foot upon the Earth

At Distance, and Achievement, strains,  
The Foot upon the Grave  
Makes effort at conclusion  
Assisted faint of Love.

Emily Dickinson

# As Sleigh Bells Seem In Summer

981

As Sleigh Bells seem in summer  
Or Bees, at Christmas show&mdash;  
So fairy&mdash;so fictitious  
The individuals do  
Repealed from observation&mdash;  
A Party that we knew&mdash;  
More distant in an instant  
Than Dawn in Timbuctoo.

Emily Dickinson

# As subtle as tomorrow

As subtle as tomorrow  
That never came,  
A warrant, a conviction,  
Yet but a name.

Emily Dickinson

# As The Starved Maelstrom Laps The Navies

872

As the Starved Maelstrom laps the Navies  
As the Vulture teased  
Forces the Broods in lonely Valleys  
As the Tiger eased

By but a Crumb of Blood, fasts Scarlet  
Till he meet a Man  
Dainty adorned with Veins and Tissues  
And partakes&mdash;his Tongue

Cooled by the Morsel for a moment  
Grows a fiercer thing  
Till he esteem his Dates and Cocoa  
A Nutrition mean

I, of a finer Famine  
Deem my Supper dry  
For but a Berry of Domingo  
And a Torrid Eye.

Emily Dickinson

# As Watchers Hang Upon The East

121

As Watchers hang upon the East,  
As Beggars revel at a feast  
By savory Fancy spread&mdash;  
As brooks in deserts babble sweet  
On ear too far for the delight,  
Heaven beguiles the tired.

As that same watcher, when the East  
Opens the lid of Amethyst  
And lets the morning go&mdash;  
That Beggar, when an honored Guest,  
Those thirsty lips to flagons pressed,  
Heaven to us, if true.

Emily Dickinson



# At Last, To Be Identified!

174

At last, to be identified!  
At last, the lamps upon thy side  
The rest of Life to see!

Past Midnight! Past the Morning Star!  
Past Sunrise!  
Ah, What leagues there were  
Between our feet, and Day!

Emily Dickinson

# At Least—to Pray—is Left—is Left

502

At least—to pray—is left—is left—  
Oh Jesus—in the Air—  
I know not which thy chamber is—  
I'm knocking—everywhere—

Thou settest Earthquake in the South—  
And Maelstrom, in the Sea—  
Say, Jesus Christ of Nazareth—  
Hast thou no Arm for Me?

Emily Dickinson

# Autumn—Overlooked My Knitting

748

Autumn—overlooked my Knitting—  
Dyes—said He—have I—  
Could disparage a Flamingo—  
Show Me them—said I—

Cochineal—I chose—for deeming  
It resemble Thee—  
And the little Border—Dusker—  
For resembling Me—

Emily Dickinson

# Awake Ye Muses Nine, Sing Me A Strain Divine

1

Awake ye muses nine, sing me a strain divine,  
Unwind the solemn twine, and tie my Valentine!

Oh the Earth was made for lovers, for damsel, and hopeless swain,  
For sighing, and gentle whispering, and unity made of twain.  
All things do go a courting, in earth, or sea, or air,  
God hath made nothing single but thee in His world so fair!  
The bride, and then the bridegroom, the two, and then the one,  
Adam, and Eve, his consort, the moon, and then the sun;  
The life doth prove the precept, who obey shall happy be,  
Who will not serve the sovereign, be hanged on fatal tree.  
The high do seek the lowly, the great do seek the small,  
None cannot find who seeketh, on this terrestrial ball;  
The bee doth court the flower, the flower his suit receives,  
And they make merry wedding, whose guests are hundred leaves;  
The wind doth woo the branches, the branches they are won,  
And the father fond demandeth the maiden for his son.  
The storm doth walk the seashore humming a mournful tune,  
The wave with eye so pensive, looketh to see the moon,  
Their spirits meet together, they make their solemn vows,  
No more he singeth mournful, her sadness she doth lose.  
The worm doth woo the mortal, death claims a living bride,  
Night unto day is married, morn unto eventide;  
Earth is a merry damsel, and heaven a knight so true,  
And Earth is quite coquettish, and beseemeth in vain to sue.  
Now to the application, to the reading of the roll,  
To bringing thee to justice, and marshalling thy soul:  
Thou art a human solo, a being cold, and lone,  
Wilt have no kind companion, thou reap'st what thou hast sown.  
Hast never silent hours, and minutes all too long,  
And a deal of sad reflection, and wailing instead of song?  
There's Sarah, and Eliza, and Emeline so fair,  
And Harriet, and Susan, and she with curling hair!  
Thine eyes are sadly blinded, but yet thou mayest see  
Six true, and comely maidens sitting upon the tree;  
Approach that tree with caution, then up it boldly climb,  
And seize the one thou lovest, nor care for space, or time!

Then bear her to the greenwood, and build for her a bower,  
And give her what she asketh, jewel, or bird, or flower&mdash;  
And bring the fife, and trumpet, and beat upon the drum&mdash;  
And bid the world Goodmorrow, and go to glory home!

Emily Dickinson

# Away From Home Are Some And I—

821

Away from Home are some and I—  
An Emigrant to be  
In a Metropolis of Homes  
Is easy, possibly—

The Habit of a Foreign Sky  
We—difficult—acquire  
As Children, who remain in Face  
The more their Feet retire.

Emily Dickinson

# Baffled For Just A Day Or Two

17

Baffled for just a day or two&mdash;  
Embarrassed&mdash;not afraid&mdash;  
Encounter in my garden  
An unexpected Maid.

She beckons, and the woods start&mdash;  
She nods, and all begin&mdash;  
Surely, such a country  
I was never in!

Emily Dickinson

# Banish Air From Air&Mdash;

854

Banish Air from Air&mdash;  
Divide Light if you dare&mdash;  
They'll meet  
While Cubes in a Drop  
Or Pellets of Shape  
Fit  
Films cannot annul  
Odors return whole  
Force Flame  
And with a Blonde push  
Over your impotence  
Flits Steam.

Emily Dickinson



# Be Mine The Doom&Mdash;

845

Be Mine the Doom&mdash;  
Sufficient Fame&mdash;  
To perish in Her Hand!

Emily Dickinson

# Beauty—;Be Not Caused—;It Is

516

Beauty—;be not caused—;It Is—;  
Chase it, and it ceases—;  
Chase it not, and it abides—;

Overtake the Creases

In the Meadow—;when the Wind  
Runs his fingers thro' it—;  
Deity will see to it  
That You never do it—;

Emily Dickinson

# Because I Could Not Stop For Death

Because I could not stop for Death-  
He kindly stopped for me-  
The Carriage held but just Ourselves-  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove- He knew no haste  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure too,  
For His Civility-

We passed the School, where Children strove  
At Recess- in the Ring-  
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain-  
We passed the Setting Sun-

Or rather- He passed us-  
The Dews drew quivering and chill-  
For only Gossamer, my Gown-  
My Tippet- only Tulle-

We paused before a House that seemed  
A Swelling of the Ground-  
The Roof was scarcely visible-  
The Cornice- in the Ground-

Since then- 'tis Centuries- and yet  
Feels shorter than the Day  
I first surmised the Horses' Heads  
Were toward Eternity-

Emily Dickinson

# Because The Bee May Blameless Hum

869

Because the Bee may blameless hum  
For Thee a Bee do I become  
List even unto Me.

Because the Flowers unafraid  
May lift a look on thine, a Maid  
Always a Flower would be.

Nor Robins, Robins need not hide  
When Thou upon their Crypts intrude  
So Wings bestow on Me  
Or Petals, or a Dower of Buzz  
That Bee to ride, or Flower of Furze  
I that way worship Thee.

Emily Dickinson

# Beclouded

The sky is low, the clouds are mean,  
A travelling flake of snow  
Across a barn or through a rut  
Debates if it will go.

A narrow wind complains all day  
How some one treated him;  
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught  
Without her diadem.

Emily Dickinson

# Bee! I'M Expecting You!

1035

Bee! I'm expecting you!  
Was saying Yesterday  
To Somebody you know  
That you were due&mdash;

The Frogs got Home last Week&mdash;  
Are settled, and at work&mdash;  
Birds, mostly back&mdash;  
The Clover warm and thick&mdash;

You'll get my Letter by  
The seventeenth; Reply  
Or better, be with me&mdash;  
Yours, Fly.

Emily Dickinson

# Before He Comes We Weigh The Time!

834

Before He comes we weigh the Time!  
'Tis Heavy and 'tis Light.  
When He depart, an Emptiness  
Is the prevailing Freight.

Emily Dickinson

# Before I Got My Eye Put Out

327

Before I got my eye put out  
I liked as well to see&mdash;  
As other Creatures, that have Eyes  
And know no other way&mdash;

But were it told to me&mdash;Today&mdash;  
That I might have the sky  
For mine&mdash;I tell you that my Heart  
Would split, for size of me&mdash;

The Meadows&mdash;mine&mdash;  
The Mountains&mdash;mine&mdash;  
All Forests&mdash;Stintless Stars&mdash;  
As much of Noon as I could take  
Between my finite eyes&mdash;

The Motions of the Dipping Birds&mdash;  
The Morning's Amber Road&mdash;  
For mine&mdash;to look at when I liked&mdash;  
The News would strike me dead&mdash;

So safer&mdash;guess&mdash;with just my soul  
Upon the Window pane&mdash;  
Where other Creatures put their eyes&mdash;  
Incautious&mdash;of the Sun&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# Before The Ice Is In The Pools

37

Before the ice is in the pools&mdash;  
Before the skaters go,  
Or any check at nightfall  
Is tarnished by the snow&mdash;

Before the fields have finished,  
Before the Christmas tree,  
Wonder upon wonder  
Will arrive to me!

What we touch the hems of  
On a summer's day&mdash;  
What is only walking  
Just a bridge away&mdash;

That which sings so&mdash;speaks so&mdash;  
When there's no one here&mdash;  
Will the frock I wept in  
Answer me to wear?

Emily Dickinson

## Before You Thought Of Spring,

Before you thought of spring,  
Except as a surmise,  
You see, God bless his suddenness,  
A fellow in the skies  
Of independent hues,  
A little weather-worn,  
Inspiring habiliments  
Of indigo and brown.

With specimens of song,  
As if for you to choose,  
Discretion in the interval,  
With gay delays he goes  
To some superior tree  
Without a single leaf,  
And shouts for joy to nobody  
But his seraphic self!

Emily Dickinson

# Behind Me Dips Eternity

721

Behind Me—dips Eternity—  
Before Me—Immortality—  
Myself—the Term between—  
Death but the Drift of Eastern Gray,  
Dissolving into Dawn away,  
Before the West begin—

'Tis Kingdoms—afterward—they say—  
In perfect—pauseless Monarchy—  
Whose Prince—is Son of None—  
Himself—His Dateless Dynasty—  
Himself—Himself diversify—  
In Duplicate divine—

'Tis Miracle before Me—then—  
'Tis Miracle behind—between—  
A Crescent in the Sea—  
With Midnight to the North of Her—  
And Midnight to the South of Her—  
And Maelstrom—in the Sky—

Emily Dickinson

# Bereaved Of All, I Went Abroad

784

Bereaved of all, I went abroad—  
No less bereaved was I  
Upon a New Peninsula—  
The Grave preceded me—

Obtained my Lodgings, ere myself—  
And when I sought my Bed—  
The Grave it was reposed upon  
The Pillow for my Head—

I waked to find it first awake—  
I rose—It followed me—  
I tried to drop it in the Crowd—  
To lose it in the Sea—

In Cups of artificial Drowse  
To steep its shape away—  
The Grave—was finished—but the Spade  
Remained in Memory—

Emily Dickinson

# Bereavement In Their Death To Feel

645

Bereavement in their death to feel  
Whom We have never seen&mdash;  
A Vital Kinsmanship import  
Our Soul and theirs&mdash;between&mdash;

For Stranger&mdash;Strangers do not mourn&mdash;  
There be Immortal friends  
Whom Death see first&mdash;'tis news of this  
That paralyze Ourselves&mdash;

Who, vital only to Our Thought&mdash;  
Such Presence bear away  
In dying&mdash;'tis as if Our Souls  
Absconded&mdash;suddenly&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Besides The Autumn Poets Sing

131

Besides the Autumn poets sing  
A few prosaic days  
A little this side of the snow  
And that side of the Haze&mdash;

A few incisive Mornings&mdash;  
A few Ascetic Eves&mdash;  
Gone&mdash;Mr. Bryant's "Golden Rod"&mdash;  
And Mr. Thomson's "sheaves."

Still, is the bustle in the Brook&mdash;  
Sealed are the spicy valves&mdash;  
Mesmeric fingers softly touch  
The Eyes of many Elves&mdash;

Perhaps a squirrel may remain&mdash;  
My sentiments to share&mdash;  
Grant me, Oh Lord, a sunny mind&mdash;  
Thy windy will to bear!

Emily Dickinson

# Besides This May

977

Besides this May  
We know  
There is Another—  
How fair  
Our Speculations of the Foreigner!

Some know Him whom We knew—  
Sweet Wonder—  
A Nature be  
Where Saints, and our plain going Neighbor  
Keep May!

Emily Dickinson

# Best Gains—must Have The Losses' Test

684

Best Gains—must have the Losses' Test—  
To constitute them—Gains—

Emily Dickinson



# Best Things Dwell Out Of Sight

998

Best Things dwell out of Sight  
The Pearl&mdash;the Just&mdash;Our Thought.

Most shun the Public Air  
Legitimate, and Rare&mdash;

The Capsule of the Wind  
The Capsule of the Mind

Exhibit here, as doth a Burr&mdash;  
Germ's Germ be where?

Emily Dickinson

# Best Witchcraft is Geometry

Best Witchcraft is Geometry  
To the magician's mind -  
His ordinary acts are feats  
To thinking of mankind.

Emily Dickinson

# Better—than Music! For I—who Heard It

503

Better—than Music! For I—who heard it—  
I was used—to the Birds—before—  
This—was different—'Twas Translation—  
Of all tunes I knew—and more—

'Twasn't contained—like other stanza—  
No one could play it—the second time—  
But the Composer—perfect Mozart—  
Perish with him—that Keyless Rhyme!

So—Children—told how Brooks in Eden—  
Bubbled a better—Melody—  
Quaintly infer—Eve's great surrender—  
Urging the feet—that would—not—fly—

Children—matured—are wiser—mostly—  
Eden—a legend—dimly told—  
Eve—and the Anguish—Grandame's story—  
But—I was telling a tune—I heard—

Not such a strain—the Church—baptizes—  
When the last Saint—goes up the Aisles—  
Not such a stanza splits the silence—  
When the Redemption strikes her Bells—

Let me not spill—its smallest cadence—  
Humming—for promise—when alone—  
Humming—until my faint Rehearsal—  
Drop into tune—around the Throne—

Emily Dickinson

# Between My Country—and The Others

Between My Country—and the Others—  
There is a Sea—  
But Flowers—negotiate between us—  
As Ministry.

Emily Dickinson

# Bird

A bird came down the walk:  
He did not know I saw;  
He bit an angle-worm in halves  
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew  
From a convenient grass,  
And the hopped sideways to the wall  
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes  
That hurried all abroad, -  
They looked like frightened beads, I thought  
He stirred his velvet head.

Like one in danger; cautious,  
I offered him a crumb,  
And he unrolled his feathers  
And rolled him softer home

Then oars divide the ocean,  
Too silver for a seam,  
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,  
Leap, plashless, as they swim.

Emily Dickinson

# Blazing In Gold And Quenching In Purple

228

Blazing in Gold and quenching in Purple  
Leaping like Leopards to the Sky  
Then at the feet of the old Horizon  
Laying her spotted Face to die  
Stooping as low as the Otter's Window  
Touching the Roof and tinting the Barn  
Kissing her Bonnet to the Meadow  
And the Juggler of Day is gone

Emily Dickinson

# Bless God, He Went As Soldiers

147

Bless God, he went as soldiers,  
His musket on his breast—  
Grant God, he charge the bravest  
Of all the martial blest!

Please God, might I behold him  
In epaulettes white—  
I should not fear the foe then—  
I should not fear the fight!

Emily Dickinson

# Bloom Upon The Mountain—stated

667

Bloom upon the Mountain—stated—  
Blameless of a Name—  
Efflorescence of a Sunset—  
Reproduced—the same—

Seed, had I, my Purple Sowing  
Should endow the Day—  
Not a Topic of a Twilight—  
Show itself away—

Who for tilling—to the Mountain  
Come, and disappear—  
Whose be Her Renown, or fading,  
Witness, is not here—

While I state—the Solemn Petals,  
Far as North—and East,  
Far as South and West—expanding—  
Culminate—in Rest—

And the Mountain to the Evening  
Fit His Countenance—  
Indicating, by no Muscle—  
The Experience—

Emily Dickinson



# Bound&Mdash;A Trouble

269

Bound&mdash;a trouble&mdash;  
And lives can bear it!  
Limit&mdash;how deep a bleeding go!  
So&mdash;many&mdash;drops&mdash;of vital scarlet&mdash;  
Deal with the soul  
As with Algebra!

Tell it the Ages&mdash;to a cypher&mdash;  
And it will ache&mdash;contented&mdash;on&mdash;  
Sing&mdash;at its pain&mdash;as any Workman&mdash;  
Notching the fall of the Even Sun!

Emily Dickinson

# Bring Me The Sunset In A Cup

128

Bring me the sunset in a cup,  
Reckon the morning's flagons up  
And say how many Dew,  
Tell me how far the morning leaps&mdash;  
Tell me what time the weaver sleeps  
Who spun the breadth of blue!

Write me how many notes there be  
In the new Robin's ecstasy  
Among astonished boughs&mdash;  
How many trips the Tortoise makes&mdash;  
How many cups the Bee partakes,  
The Debauchee of Dews!

Also, who laid the Rainbow's piers,  
Also, who leads the docile spheres  
By withes of supple blue?  
Whose fingers string the stalactite&mdash;  
Who counts the wampum of the night  
To see that none is due?

Who built this little Alban House  
And shut the windows down so close  
My spirit cannot see?  
Who'll let me out some gala day  
With implements to fly away,  
Passing Pomposity?

Emily Dickinson

# But Little Carmine Hath Her Face

558

But little Carmine hath her face&mdash;  
Of Emerald scant&mdash;her Gown&mdash;  
Her Beauty&mdash;is the love she doth&mdash;  
Itself&mdash;exhibit&mdash;Mine&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

## By A Flower—by A Letter

109

By a flower—By a letter—  
By a nimble love—  
If I weld the Rivet faster—  
Final fast—above—

Never mind my breathless Anvil!  
Never mind Repose!  
Never mind the sooty faces  
Tugging at the Forge!

Emily Dickinson

# By Chivalries As Tiny

55

By Chivalries as tiny,  
A Blossom, or a Book,  
The seeds of smiles are planted&mdash;  
Which blossom in the dark.

Emily Dickinson

# By homely gift and hindered Words

By homely gift and hindered Words

The human heart is told

Of Nothing -

'Nothing' is the force

That renovates the World -

Emily Dickinson

# By My Window Have I For Scenery

797

By my Window have I for Scenery  
Just a Sea&mdash;with a Stem&mdash;  
If the Bird and the Farmer&mdash;deem it a "Pine"&mdash;  
The Opinion will serve&mdash;for them&mdash;

It has no Port, nor a "Line"&mdash;but the Jays&mdash;  
That split their route to the Sky&mdash;  
Or a Squirrel, whose giddy Peninsula  
May be easier reached&mdash;this way&mdash;

For Inlands&mdash;the Earth is the under side&mdash;  
And the upper side&mdash;is the Sun&mdash;  
And its Commerce&mdash;if Commerce it have&mdash;  
Of Spice&mdash;I infer from the Odors borne&mdash;

Of its Voice&mdash;to affirm&mdash;when the Wind is within&mdash;  
Can the Dumb&mdash;define the Divine?  
The Definition of Melody&mdash;is&mdash;  
That Definition is none&mdash;

It&mdash;suggests to our Faith&mdash;  
They&mdash;suggest to our Sight&mdash;  
When the latter&mdash;is put away  
I shall meet with Conviction I somewhere met  
That Immortality&mdash;

Was the Pine at my Window a "Fellow  
Of the Royal" Infinity?  
Apprehensions&mdash;are God's introductions&mdash;  
To be hallowed&mdash;accordingly&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# By Such And Such An Offering

38

By such and such an offering  
To Mr. So and So,  
The web of live woven&mdash;  
So martyrs albums show!

Emily Dickinson



# By The Sea

I started early, took my dog,  
And visited the sea;  
The mermaids in the basement  
Came out to look at me.

And frigates in the upper floor  
Extended hempen hands,  
Presuming me to be a mouse  
Aground, upon the sands.

But no man moved me till the tide  
Went past my simple shoe,  
And past my apron and my belt,  
And past my bodice too,

And made as he would eat me up  
As wholly as a dew  
Upon a dandelion's sleeve -  
And then I started too.

And he - he followed close behind;  
I felt his silver heel  
Upon my ankle, - then my shoes  
Would overflow with pearl.

Until we met the solid town,  
No man he seemed to know;  
And bowing with a mighty look  
At me, the sea withdrew.

Emily Dickinson

# Chartless

I never saw a moor,  
I never saw the sea;  
Yet now I know how the heather looks,  
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,  
Nor visited in Heaven;  
Yet certain am I of the spot  
As if the chart were given.

Emily Dickinson

# Civilization—Spurns—The Leopard!

492

Civilization—spurns—the Leopard!  
Was the Leopard—bold?  
Deserts—never rebuked her Satin—  
Ethiopia—her Gold—  
Tawny—her Customs—  
She was Conscious—  
Spotted—her Dun Gown—  
This was the Leopard's nature—Signor—  
Need—a keeper—frown?

Pity—the Pard—that left her Asia—  
Memories—of Palm—  
Cannot be stifled—with Narcotic—  
Nor suppressed—with Balm—

Emily Dickinson

# Cocoon Above! Cocoon Below!

129

Cocoon above! Cocoon below!  
Stealthy Cocoon, why hide you so  
What all the world suspect?  
An hour, and gay on every tree  
Your secret, perched in ecstasy  
Defies imprisonment!

An hour in Chrysalis to pass,  
Then gay above receding grass  
A Butterfly to go!  
A moment to interrogate,  
Then wiser than a "Surrogate,"  
The Universe to know!

Emily Dickinson

# Color—caste—denomination

970

Color—Caste—Denomination—  
These—are Time's Affair—  
Death's diviner Classifying  
Does not know they are—

As in sleep—All Hue forgotten—  
Tenets—put behind—  
Death's large—Democratic fingers  
Rub away the Brand—

If Circassian—He is careless—  
If He put away  
Chrysalis of Blonde—or Umber—  
Equal Butterfly—

They emerge from His Obscuring—  
What Death—knows so well—  
Our minuter intuitions—  
Deem unplausible—

Emily Dickinson

# Come Slowly

Come slowly,  
Eden  
Lips unused to thee.  
Bashful, sip thy jasmines,  
As the fainting bee,  
Reaching late his flower,  
Round her chamber hums,  
Counts his nectars -alights,  
And is lost in balms!

Emily Dickinson

# Conjecturing A Climate

562

Conjecturing a Climate  
Of unsuspended Suns&mdash;  
Adds poignancy to Winter&mdash;  
The Shivering Fancy turns

To a fictitious Country  
To palliate a Cold&mdash;  
Not obviated of Degree&mdash;  
Nor erased&mdash;of Latitude&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Conscious Am I In My Chamber

679

Conscious am I in my Chamber,  
Of a shapeless friend&mdash;  
He doth not attest by Posture&mdash;  
Nor Confirm&mdash;by Word&mdash;

Neither Place&mdash;need I present Him&mdash;  
Fitter Courtesy  
Hospitable intuition  
Of His Company&mdash;

Presence&mdash;is His furthest license&mdash;  
Neither He to Me  
Nor Myself to Him&mdash;by Accent&mdash;  
Forfeit Probity&mdash;

Weariness of Him, were quainter  
Than Monotony  
Knew a Particle&mdash;of Space's  
Vast Society

Neither if He visit Other&mdash;  
Do He dwell&mdash;or Nay&mdash;know I&mdash;  
But Instinct esteem Him  
Immortality&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# Could Hope Inspect Her Basis

Could Hope inspect her Basis  
Her Craft were done -  
Has a fictitious Charter  
Or it has none -

Balked in the vastest instance  
But to renew -  
Felled by but one assassin -  
Prosperity -

Emily Dickinson

# Could I But Ride Indefinite

661

Could I but ride indefinite  
As doth the Meadow Bee  
And visit only where I liked  
And No one visit me

And flirt all Day with Buttercups  
And marry whom I may  
And dwell a little everywhere  
Or better, run away

With no Police to follow  
Or chase Him if He do  
Till He should jump Peninsulas  
To get away from me&mdash;

I said "But just to be a Bee"  
Upon a Raft of Air  
And row in Nowhere all Day long  
And anchor "off the Bar"

What Liberty! So Captives deem  
Who tight in Dungeons are.

Emily Dickinson

# Could I—then—shut The Door

220

Could I—then—shut the door—  
Lest my beseeching face—at last—  
Rejected—be—of Her?

Emily Dickinson

# Could Live—did Live

43

Could live—did live—  
Could die—did die—  
Could smile upon the whole  
Through faith in one he met not,  
To introduce his soul.

Could go from scene familiar  
To an untraversed spot—  
Could contemplate the journey  
With unpuzzled heart—

Such trust had one among us,  
Among us not today—  
We who saw the launching  
Never sailed the Bay!

Emily Dickinson

## Could mortal lip divine

Could mortal lip divine  
The undeveloped Freight  
Of a delivered syllable  
'Twould crumble with the weight.

Emily Dickinson

# Could—i Do More—for Thee

447

Could—I do more—for Thee—  
Wert Thou a Bumble Bee—  
Since for the Queen, have I—  
Nought but Bouquet?

Emily Dickinson

# Crisis Is A Hair

889

Crisis is a Hair  
Toward which the forces creep  
Past which forces retrograde  
If it come in sleep

To suspend the Breath  
Is the most we can  
Ignorant is it Life or Death  
Nicely balancing.

Let an instant push  
Or an Atom press  
Or a Circle hesitate  
In Circumference

It&mdash;may jolt the Hand  
That adjusts the Hair  
That secures Eternity  
From presenting&mdash;Here&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Crumbling Is Not An Instant's Act

997

Crumbling is not an instant's Act  
A fundamental pause  
Dilapidation's processes  
Are organized Decays.

'Tis first a Cobweb on the Soul  
A Cuticle of Dust  
A Borer in the Axis  
An Elemental Rust&mdash;

Ruin is formal&mdash;Devil's work  
Consecutive and slow&mdash;  
Fail in an instant, no man did  
Slipping&mdash;is Crash's law.

Emily Dickinson



# Dare You See A Soul At The White Heat?

365

Dare you see a Soul at the White Heat?  
Then crouch within the door&mdash;  
Red&mdash;is the Fire's common tint&mdash;  
But when the vivid Ore  
Has vanquished Flame's conditions,  
It quivers from the Forge  
Without a color, but the light  
Of unanointed Blaze.  
Least Village has its Blacksmith  
Whose Anvil's even ring  
Stands symbol for the finer Forge  
That soundless tugs&mdash;within&mdash;  
Refining these impatient Ores  
With Hammer, and with Blaze  
Until the Designated Light  
Repudiate the Forge&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Dear March - Come in

DEAR March, come in!□  
How glad I am!□  
I looked for you before.□  
Put down your hat—□  
You must have walked—□  
How out of breath you are!□  
Dear March, how are you?□  
And the rest?□  
Did you leave Nature well?□  
Oh, March, come right upstairs with me,□  
I have so much to tell!□

I got your letter, and the bird's;□  
The maples never knew□  
That you were coming,—I declare,□  
How red their faces grew!□  
But, March, forgive me—□  
And all those hills□  
You left for me to hue;□  
There was no purple suitable,□  
You took it all with you.□

Who knocks? That April!□  
Lock the door!□  
I will not be pursued!□  
He stayed away a year, to call□  
When I am occupied.□  
But trifles look so trivial□  
As soon as you have come,□  
That blame is just as dear as praise□  
And praise as mere as blame.□

Emily Dickinson

# Death Is A Dialogue Between

976

Death is a Dialogue between

The Spirit and the Dust.

"Dissolve" says Death&mdash;The Spirit "Sir

I have another Trust"&mdash;

Death doubts it&mdash;Argues from the Ground&mdash;

The Spirit turns away

Just laying off for evidence

An Overcoat of Clay.

Emily Dickinson

# Death is like the insect

Death is like the insect  
Menacing the tree,  
Competent to kill it,  
But decoyed may be.

Bait it with the balsam,  
Seek it with the saw,  
Baffle, if it cost you  
Everything you are.

Then, if it have burrowed  
Out of reach of skill -  
Wring the tree and leave it,  
'Tis the vermin's will.

Emily Dickinson

# Death Is Potential To That Man

548

Death is potential to that Man  
Who dies&mdash;and to his friend&mdash;  
Beyond that&mdash;unconspicuous  
To Anyone but God&mdash;

Of these Two&mdash;God remembers  
The longest&mdash;for the friend&mdash;  
Is integral&mdash;and therefore  
Itself dissolved&mdash;of God&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Death Leaves Us Homesick, Who Behind

Death leaves Us homesick, who behind,  
Except that it is gone  
Are ignorant of its Concern  
As if it were not born.

Through all their former Places, we  
Like Individuals go  
Who something lost, the seeking for  
Is all that's left them, now—

Emily Dickinson

# Death Sets A Thing Of Significant

Death sets a thing significant  
The eye had hurried by,  
Except a perished creature  
Entreat us tenderly

To ponder little workmanships  
In crayon or in wool,  
With 'This was last her fingers did,'  
Industrious until

The thimble weighed too heavy,  
The stitches stopped themselves,  
And then 't was put among the dust  
Upon the closet shelves.

A book I have, a friend gave,  
Whose pencil, here and there,  
Had notched the place that pleased him,--  
At rest his fingers are.

Now, when I read, I read not,  
For interrupting tears  
Obliterate the etchings  
Too costly for repairs.

Emily Dickinson

# Declaiming Waters None May Dread

Declaiming Waters none may dread -  
But Waters that are still  
Are so for that most fatal cause  
In Nature - they are full -

Emily Dickinson



# Defrauded I A Butterfly

730

Defrauded I a Butterfly—  
The lawful Heir—for Thee—

Emily Dickinson

# Delayed Till She Had Ceased To Know

58

Delayed till she had ceased to know&mdash;  
Delayed till in its vest of snow  
Her loving bosom lay&mdash;  
An hour behind the fleeting breath&mdash;  
Later by just an hour than Death&mdash;  
Oh lagging Yesterday!

Could she have guessed that it would be&mdash;  
Could but a crier of the joy  
Have climbed the distant hill&mdash;  
Had not the bliss so slow a pace  
Who knows but this surrendered face  
Were undefeated still?

Oh if there may departing be  
Any forgot by Victory  
In her imperial round&mdash;  
Show them this meek appareled thing  
That could not stop to be a king&mdash;  
Doubtful if it be crowned!

Emily Dickinson

# Delight Becomes Pictorial

Delight becomes pictorial  
When viewed through pain,--  
More fair, because impossible  
That any gain.

The mountain at a given distance  
In amber lies;  
Approached, the amber flits a little,--  
And that's the skies!

Emily Dickinson

# Delight Is As The Flight

257

Delight is as the flight&mdash;  
Or in the Ratio of it,  
As the Schools would say&mdash;  
The Rainbow's way&mdash;  
A Skein  
Flung colored, after Rain,  
Would suit as bright,  
Except that flight  
Were Aliment&mdash;

"If it would last"  
I asked the East,  
When that Bent Stripe  
Struck up my childish  
Firmament&mdash;  
And I, for glee,  
Took Rainbows, as the common way,  
And empty Skies  
The Eccentricity&mdash;

And so with Lives&mdash;  
And so with Butterflies&mdash;  
Seen magic&mdash;through the fright  
That they will cheat the sight&mdash;  
And Dower latitudes far on&mdash;  
Some sudden morn&mdash;  
Our portion&mdash;in the fashion&mdash;  
Done&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Denial—Is The Only Fact

965

Denial— is the only fact  
Perceived by the Denied—  
Whose Will—a numb significance—  
The Day the Heaven died—

And all the Earth strove common round—  
Without Delight, or Beam—  
What Comfort was it Wisdom—was—  
The spoiler of Our Home?

Emily Dickinson

## Departed To The Judgment,

Departed to the judgment,  
A mighty afternoon;  
Great clouds like ushers leaning,  
Creation looking on.

The flesh surrendered, cancelled  
The bodiless begun;  
Two worlds, like audiences, disperse  
And leave the soul alone.

Emily Dickinson

# Deprived Of Other Banquet

773

Deprived of other Banquet,  
I entertained Myself&mdash;  
At first&mdash;a scant nutrition&mdash;  
An insufficient Loaf&mdash;

But grown by slender addings  
To so esteemed a size  
'Tis sumptuous enough for me&mdash;  
And almost to suffice

A Robin's famine able&mdash;  
Red Pilgrim, He and I&mdash;  
A Berry from our table  
Reserve&mdash;for charity&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Despair's Advantage Is Achieved

799

Despair's advantage is achieved  
By suffering&mdash;Despair&mdash;  
To be assisted of Reverse  
One must Reverse have bore&mdash;

The Worthiness of Suffering like  
The Worthiness of Death  
Is ascertained by tasting&mdash;

As can no other Mouth

Of Savors&mdash;make us conscious&mdash;  
As did ourselves partake&mdash;  
Affliction feels impalpable  
Until Ourselves are struck&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# Did Our Best Moment Last

393

Did Our Best Moment last&mdash;  
'Twould supersede the Heaven&mdash;  
A few&mdash;and they by Risk&mdash;procure&mdash;  
So this Sort&mdash;are not given&mdash;

Except as stimulants&mdash;in  
Cases of Despair&mdash;  
Or Stupor&mdash;The Reserve&mdash;  
These Heavenly Moments are&mdash;

A Grant of the Divine&mdash;  
That Certain as it Comes&mdash;  
Withdraws&mdash;and leaves the dazzled Soul  
In her unfurnished Rooms

Emily Dickinson

# Did The Harebell Loose Her Girdle

213

Did the Harebell loose her girdle  
To the lover Bee  
Would the Bee the Harebell hallow  
Much as formerly?

Did the "Paradise"&mdash;persuaded&mdash;  
Yield her moat of pearl&mdash;  
Would the Eden be an Eden,  
Or the Earl&mdash;an Earl?

Emily Dickinson

# Did We Disobey Him?

267

Did we disobey Him?  
Just one time!  
Charged us to forget Him—  
But we couldn't learn!

Were Himself—such a Dunce—  
What would we—do?  
Love the dull lad—best—  
Oh, wouldn't you?

Emily Dickinson

# Did You Ever Stand In A Cavern's Mouth

590

Did you ever stand in a Cavern's Mouth—  
Widths out of the Sun—  
And look—and shudder, and block your breath—  
And deem to be alone

In such a place, what horror,  
How Goblin it would be—  
And fly, as 'twere pursuing you?  
Then Loneliness—looks so—

Did you ever look in a Cannon's face—  
Between whose Yellow eye—  
And yours—the Judgment intervened—  
The Question of "To die"—

Extemporizing in your ear  
As cool as Satyr's Drums—  
If you remember, and were saved—  
It's liker so—it seems—

Emily Dickinson

# Distrustful Of The Gentian

20

Distrustful of the Gentian&mdash;  
And just to turn away,  
The fluttering of her fringes  
Child my perfidy&mdash;  
Weary for my&mdash;&mdash;&mdash;&mdash;&mdash;  
I will singing go&mdash;  
I shall not feel the sleet&mdash;then&mdash;  
I shall not fear the snow.

Flees so the phantom meadow  
Before the breathless Bee&mdash;  
So bubble brooks in deserts  
On Ears that dying lie&mdash;  
Burn so the Evening Spires  
To Eyes that Closing go&mdash;  
Hangs so distant Heaven&mdash;  
To a hand below.

Emily Dickinson

# Do People Moulder Equally

432

Do People moulder equally,  
They bury, in the Grave?  
I do believe a Species  
As positively live

As I, who testify it  
Deny that I&mdash;am dead&mdash;  
And fill my Lungs, for Witness&mdash;  
From Tanks&mdash;above my Head&mdash;

I say to you, said Jesus&mdash;  
That there be standing here&mdash;  
A Sort, that shall not taste of Death&mdash;  
If Jesus was sincere&mdash;

I need no further Argue&mdash;  
That statement of the Lord  
Is not a controvertible&mdash;  
He told me, Death was dead&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Don'T Put Up My Thread And Needle

617

Don't put up my Thread and Needle&mdash;  
I'll begin to Sew  
When the Birds begin to whistle&mdash;  
Better Stitches&mdash;so&mdash;

These were bent&mdash;my sight got crooked&mdash;  
When my mind&mdash;is plain  
I'll do seams&mdash;a Queen's endeavor  
Would not blush to own&mdash;

Hems&mdash;too fine for Lady's tracing  
To the sightless Knot&mdash;  
Tucks&mdash;of dainty interspersion&mdash;  
Like a dotted Dot&mdash;

Leave my Needle in the furrow&mdash;  
Where I put it down&mdash;  
I can make the zigzag stitches  
Straight&mdash;when I am strong&mdash;

Till then&mdash;dreaming I am sewing  
Fetch the seam I missed&mdash;  
Closer&mdash;so I&mdash;at my sleeping&mdash;  
Still surmise I stitch&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Doom Is The House Without The Door

475

Doom is the House without the Door—  
'Tis entered from the Sun—  
And then the Ladder's thrown away,  
Because Escape—;is done—;

'Tis varied by the Dream  
Of what they do outside—  
Where Squirrels play—and Berries die—  
And Hemlocks—;bow—to God—;

Emily Dickinson



# Doubt Me! My Dim Companion!

275

Doubt Me! My Dim Companion!  
Why, God, would be content  
With but a fraction of the Life&mdash;  
Poured thee, without a stint&mdash;  
The whole of me&mdash;forever&mdash;  
What more the Woman can,  
Say quick, that I may dower thee  
With last Delight I own!

It cannot be my Spirit&mdash;  
For that was thine, before&mdash;  
I ceded all of Dust I knew&mdash;  
What Opulence the more  
Had I&mdash;a freckled Maiden,  
Whose farthest of Degree,  
Was&mdash;that she might&mdash;  
Some distant Heaven,  
Dwell timidly, with thee!

Sift her, from Brow to Barefoot!  
Strain till your last Surmise&mdash;  
Drop, like a Tapestry, away,  
Before the Fire's Eyes&mdash;  
Winnow her finest fondness&mdash;  
But hallow just the snow  
Intact, in Everlasting flake&mdash;  
Oh, Caviler, for you!

Emily Dickinson

## Down Time's quaint stream

Down Time's quaint stream  
Without an oar  
We are enforced to sail  
Our Port a secret  
Our Perchance a Gale  
What Skipper would  
Incur the Risk  
What Buccaneer would ride  
Without a surety from the Wind  
Or schedule of the Tide -

Emily Dickinson

# Drab Habitation Of Whom?

893

Drab Habitation of Whom?  
Tabernacle or Tomb&mdash;  
Or Dome of Worm&mdash;  
Or Porch of Gnome&mdash;  
Or some Elf's Catacomb?

Emily Dickinson

# Drama's Vitallest Expression Is The Common Day

741

Drama's Vitallest Expression is the Common Day  
That arise and set about Us&mdash;  
Other Tragedy

Perish in the Recitation&mdash;  
This&mdash;the best enact  
When the Audience is scattered  
And the Boxes shut&mdash;

"Hamlet" to Himself were Hamlet&mdash;  
Had not Shakespeare wrote&mdash;  
Though the "Romeo" left no Record  
Of his Juliet,

It were infinite enacted  
In the Human Heart&mdash;  
Only Theatre recorded  
Owner cannot shut&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Dreams—Are Well—But Waking's Better

450

Dreams—are well—but Waking's better,  
If One wake at morn—;  
If One wake at Midnight—better—;  
Dreaming—of the Dawn—;

Sweeter—the Surmising Robins—;  
Never gladdened Tree—;  
Than a Solid Dawn—confronting—;  
Leading to no Day—;

Emily Dickinson

# Dropped Into The Ether Acre

665

Dropped into the Ether Acre&mdash;  
Wearing the Sod Gown&mdash;  
Bonnet of Everlasting Laces&mdash;  
Brooch&mdash;frozen on&mdash;

Horses of Blonde&mdash;and Coach of Silver&mdash;  
Baggage a strapped Pearl&mdash;  
Journey of Down&mdash;and Whip of Diamond&mdash;  
Riding to meet the Earl&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Drowning is not so pitiful

Drowning is not so pitiful  
As the attempt to rise.□  
Three times, 't is said, a sinking man□  
Comes up to face the skies,□  
And then declines forever□  
To that abhorred abode□

Where hope and he part company,—□  
For he is grasped of God.□  
The Maker's cordial visage,□  
However good to see,□  
Is shunned, we must admit it,□  
Like an adversity.

Emily Dickinson

# Dust Is The Only Secret

153

Dust is the only Secret&mdash;  
Death, the only One  
You cannot find out all about  
In his "native town."

Nobody know "his Father"&mdash;  
Never was a Boy&mdash;  
Hadn't any playmates,  
Or "Early history"&mdash;

Industrious! Laconic!  
Punctual! Sedate!  
Bold as a Brigand!  
Stillier than a Fleet!

Builds, like a Bird, too!  
Christ robs the Nest&mdash;  
Robin after Robin  
Smuggled to Rest!

Emily Dickinson



# Dying At My Music

Dying at my music!  
Bubble! Bubble!  
Hold me till the Octave's run!  
Quick! Burst the Windows!  
Ritardando!  
Phials left, and the Sun!

Emily Dickinson

# Dying! Dying In The Night!

158

Dying! Dying in the night!  
Won't somebody bring the light  
So I can see which way to go  
Into the everlasting snow?

And "Jesus"! Where is Jesus gone?  
They said that Jesus—always came—  
Perhaps he doesn't know the House—  
This way, Jesus, Let him pass!

Somebody run to the great gate  
And see if Dollie's coming! Wait!  
I hear her feet upon the stair!  
Death won't hurt—now Dollie's here!

Emily Dickinson

# Dying! To Be Afraid Of Thee

831

Dying! To be afraid of thee  
One must to thine Artillery  
Have left exposed a Friend&mdash;  
Than thine old Arrow is a Shot  
Delivered straighter to the Heart  
The leaving Love behind.

Not for itself, the Dust is shy,  
But, enemy, Beloved be  
Thy Batteries divorce.  
Fight sternly in a Dying eye  
Two Armies, Love and Certainty  
And Love and the Reverse.

Emily Dickinson

# Each Life Converges To Some Centre

Each life converges to some centre  
Expressed or still;  
Exists in every human nature  
A goal,

Admitted scarcely to itself, it may be,  
Too fair  
For credibility's temerity  
To dare.

Adored with caution, as a brittle heaven,  
To reach  
Were hopeless as the rainbow's raiment  
To touch,

Yet persevered toward, surer for the distance;  
How high  
Unto the saints' slow diligence  
The sky!

Ungained, it may be, by a life's low venture,  
But then,  
Eternity enables the endeavoring  
Again.

Emily Dickinson

# Each Scar I'll Keep For Him

877

Each Scar I'll keep for Him  
Instead I'll say of Gem  
In His long Absence worn  
A Costlier one

But every Tear I bore  
Were He to count them o'er  
His own would fall so more  
I'll mis sum them.

Emily Dickinson

# Each Second Is The Last

879

Each Second is the last  
Perhaps, recalls the Man  
Just measuring unconsciousness  
The Sea and Spar between.

To fail within a Chance&mdash;  
How terribler a thing  
Than perish from the Chance's list  
Before the Perishing!

Emily Dickinson

# Elysium Is As Far As To

Elysium is as far as to  
The very nearest Room  
If in that Room a Friend await  
Felicity or Doom--

What fortitude the Soul contains  
That it can so endure  
The accent of a coming Foot--  
The opening of a Door--

Emily Dickinson

# Emancipation

No rack can torture me,  
My soul's at liberty  
Behind this mortal bone  
There knits a bolder one

You cannot prick with saw,  
Nor rend with scymitar.  
Two bodies therefore be;  
Bind one, and one will flee.

The eagle of his nest  
No easier divest  
And gain the sky,  
Than mayest thou,

Except thyself may be  
Thine enemy;  
Captivity is consciousness,  
So's liberty.

Emily Dickinson



# Embarrassment Of One Another

662

Embarrassment of one another  
And God  
Is Revelation's limit,  
Aloud  
Is nothing that is chief,  
But still,  
Divinity dwells under a seal.

Emily Dickinson

# Empty My Heart, Of Thee

587

Empty my Heart, of Thee—  
Its single Artery—  
Begin, and leave Thee out—  
Simply Extinction's Date—

Much Billow hath the Sea—  
One Baltic—They—  
Subtract Thyself, in play,  
And not enough of me  
Is left—to put away—  
"Myself" meanth Thee—

Erase the Root—no Tree—  
Thee—then—no me—  
The Heavens stripped—  
Eternity's vast pocket, picked—

Emily Dickinson

## Ended, ere it begun -

Ended, ere it begun -  
The Title was scarcely told  
When the Preface perished from Consciousness  
The Story, unrevealed -

Had it been mine, to print!  
Had it been yours, to read!  
That it was not Our privilege  
The interdict of God -

Emily Dickinson

# Endow The Living—with The Tears

521

Endow the Living—with the Tears—  
You squander on the Dead,  
And They were Men and Women—now,  
Around Your Fireside—

Instead of Passive Creatures,  
Denied the Cherishing  
Till They—the Cherishing deny—  
With Death's Ethereal Scron—

Emily Dickinson

# Escape is such a thankful Word

Escape is such a thankful Word  
I often in the Night  
Consider it unto myself  
No spectacle in sight

Escape - it is the Basket  
In which the Heart is caught  
When down some awful Battlement  
The rest of Life is dropt -

'Tis not to sight the savior -  
It is to be the saved -  
And that is why I lay my Head  
Upon this trusty word -

Emily Dickinson

# Escaping Backward To Perceive

867

Escaping backward to perceive  
The Sea upon our place&mdash;  
Escaping forward, to confront  
His glittering Embrace&mdash;

Retreating up, a Billow's height  
Retreating blinded down  
Our undermining feet to meet  
Instructs to the Divine.

Emily Dickinson

# Essential Oils—are Wrung

675

Essential Oils—are wrung—  
The Attar from the Rose  
Be not expressed by Suns—alone—  
It is the gift of Screws—

The General Rose—decay—  
But this—in Lady's Drawer  
Make Summer—When the Lady lie  
In Ceaseless Rosemary—

Emily Dickinson

# Except The Heaven Had Come So Near

472

Except the Heaven had come so near&mdash;  
So seemed to choose My Door&mdash;  
The Distance would not haunt me so&mdash;  
I had not hoped&mdash;before&mdash;

But just to hear the Grace depart&mdash;  
I never thought to see&mdash;  
Afflicts me with a Double loss&mdash;  
'Tis lost&mdash;and lost to me&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# Except To Heaven, She Is Nought

154

Except to Heaven, she is nought.  
Except for Angels&mdash;lone.  
Except to some wide-wandering Bee  
A flower superfluous blown.

Except for winds&mdash;provincial.  
Except by Butterflies  
Unnoticed as a single dew  
That on the Acre lies.

The smallest Housewife in the grass,  
Yet take her from the Lawn  
And somebody has lost the face  
That made Existence&mdash;Home!

Emily Dickinson

## Exclusion (The Soul Selects Her Own Society)

The soul selects her own society,  
Then shuts the door;  
On her divine majority  
Obtrude no more.  
Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing  
At her low gate;  
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling  
Upon her mat.  
I've known her from an ample nation  
Choose one  
Then close the valves of her attention  
Like stone.

Emily Dickinson

# Exhilaration is the Breeze

Exhilaration is the Breeze  
That lifts us from the Ground  
And leaves us in another place  
Whose statement is not found -

Returns us not, but after time  
We soberly descend  
A little newer for the term  
Upon Enchanted Ground -

Emily Dickinson

# Exhilaration—is Within

383

Exhilaration—is within—  
There can no Outer Wine  
So royally intoxicate  
As that diviner Brand

The Soul achieves—Herself—  
To drink—or set away  
For Visitor—Or Sacrament—  
'Tis not of Holiday

To stimulate a Man  
Who hath the Ample Rhine  
Within his Closet—Best you can  
Exhale in offering.

Emily Dickinson

# Expectation—is Contentment

807

Expectation—is Contentment—  
Gain—Satiety—  
But Satiety—Conviction  
Of Necessity

Of an Austere trait in Pleasure—  
Good, without alarm  
Is a too established Fortune—  
Danger—deepens Sum—

Emily Dickinson

# Experience Is The Angled Road

910

Experience is the Angled Road  
Preferred against the Mind  
By&mdash;Paradox&mdash;the Mind itself&mdash;  
Presuming it to lead

Quite Opposite&mdash;How Complicate  
The Discipline of Man&mdash;  
Compelling Him to Choose Himself  
His Preappointed Pain&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Exultation Is The Going

76

Exultation is the going  
Of an inland soul to sea,  
Past the houses&mdash;past the headlands&mdash;  
Into deep Eternity&mdash;

Bred as we, among the mountains,  
Can the sailor understand  
The divine intoxication  
Of the first league out from land?

Emily Dickinson

# Fairer Through Fading—as The Day

938

Fairer through Fading—as the Day  
Into the Darkness dips away—  
Half Her Complexion of the Sun—  
Hindering—Haunting—Perishing—

Rallies Her Glow, like a dying Friend—  
Teasing with glittering Amend—  
Only to aggravate the Dark  
Through an expiring—perfect—look—

Emily Dickinson



# Faith

'Faith' is a fine invention  
When Gentlemen can see—  
But Microscopes are prudent  
In an Emergency.

Emily Dickinson

# 'Faithful To The End' Amended

'Faithful to the end' Amended  
From the Heavenly Clause -  
Constancy with a Proviso  
Constancy abhors -

'Crowns of Life' are servile Prizes  
To the stately Heart,  
Given for the Giving, solely,  
No Emolument.

-

'Faithful to the end' Amended  
From the Heavenly clause -  
Lucrative indeed the offer  
But the Heart withdraws -

'I will give' the base Proviso -  
Spare Your 'Crown of Life' -  
Those it fits, too fair to wear it -  
Try it on Yourself -

Emily Dickinson

# Faith—is The Pierless Bridge

915

Faith—is the Pierless Bridge  
Supporting what We see  
Unto the Scene that We do not—  
Too slender for the eye

It bears the Soul as bold  
As it were rocked in Steel  
With Arms of Steel at either side—  
It joins—behind the Veil

To what, could We presume  
The Bridge would cease to be  
To Our far, vacillating Feet  
A first Necessity.

Emily Dickinson

# Fame Is A Bee

1763

Fame is a bee.  
It has a song&mdash;  
It has a sting&mdash;  
Ah, too, it has a wing.

Emily Dickinson

## Fame Is A Fickle Food (1659)

Fame is a fickle food  
Upon a shifting plate  
Whose table once a  
Guest but not  
The second time is set.

Whose crumbs the crows inspect  
And with ironic caw  
Flap past it to the Farmer's Corn--  
Men eat of it and die.

Emily Dickinson

# Fame Is The Tine That Scholars Leave

866

Fame is the tine that Scholars leave  
Upon their Setting Names&mdash;  
The Iris not of Occident  
That disappears as comes&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Fame Of Myself, To Justify

713

Fame of Myself, to justify,  
All other Plaudit be  
Superfluous&mdash;An Incense  
Beyond Necessity&mdash;

Fame of Myself to lack&mdash;Although  
My Name be else Supreme&mdash;  
This were an Honor honorless&mdash;  
A futile Diadem&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Fate Slew Him, But He Did Not Drop

FATE slew him, but he did not drop;  
She felled—he did not fall—  
Impaled him on her fiercest stakes—  
He neutralized them all.

She stung him, sapped his firm advance,  
But, when her worst was done,  
And he, unmoved, regarded her,  
Acknowledged him a man.

Emily Dickinson



# Finding Is The First Act

870

Finding is the first Act  
The second, loss,  
Third, Expedition for  
The "Golden Fleece"

Fourth, no Discovery&mdash;  
Fifth, no Crew&mdash;  
Finally, no Golden Fleece&mdash;  
Jason&mdash;sham&mdash;too.

Emily Dickinson

# Finite—to Fail, But Infinite To Venture

847

Finite—to fail, but infinite to Venture—  
For the one ship that struts the shore  
Many's the gallant—overwhelmed Creature  
Nodding in Navies nevermore—

Emily Dickinson

# First Robin

I dreaded that first robin so,  
But he is mastered now,  
And I'm accustomed to him grown,--  
He hurts a little, though.

I thought if I could only live  
Till that first shout got by,  
Not all pianos in the woods  
Had power to mangle me.

I dared not meet the daffodils,  
For fear their yellow gown  
Would pierce me with a fashion  
So foreign to my own.

I wished the grass would hurry,  
So when 't was time to see,  
He'd be too tall, the tallest one  
Could stretch to look at me.

I could not bear the bees should come,  
I wished they'd stay away  
In those dim countries where they go:  
What word had they for me?

They're here, though; not a creature failed,  
No blossom stayed away  
In gentle deference to me,  
The Queen of Calvary.

Each one salutes me as he goes,  
And I my childish plumes  
Lift, in bereaved acknowledgment  
Of their unthinking drums.

Emily Dickinson

# Fitter To See Him, I May Be

968

Fitter to see Him, I may be  
For the long Hindrance&mdash;Grace&mdash;to Me&mdash;  
With Summers, and with Winters, grow,  
Some passing Year&mdash;A trait bestow

To make Me fairest of the Earth&mdash;  
The Waiting&mdash;then&mdash;will seem so worth  
I shall impute with half a pain  
The blame that I was chosen&mdash;then&mdash;

Time to anticipate His Gaze&mdash;  
It's first&mdash;Delight&mdash;and then&mdash;Surprise&mdash;  
The turning o'er and o'er my face  
For Evidence it be the Grace&mdash;

He left behind One Day&mdash;So less  
He seek Conviction, That&mdash;be This&mdash;

I only must not grow so new  
That He'll mistake&mdash;and ask for me  
Of me&mdash;when first unto the Door  
I go&mdash;to Elsewhere go no more&mdash;

I only must not change so fair  
He'll sigh&mdash;"The Other&mdash;She&mdash;is Where?"  
The Love, tho', will array me right  
I shall be perfect&mdash;in His sight&mdash;

If He perceive the other Truth&mdash;  
Upon an Excellenter Youth&mdash;

How sweet I shall not lack in Vain&mdash;  
But gain&mdash;thro' loss&mdash;Through Grief&mdash;obtain&mdash;  
The Beauty that reward Him best&mdash;  
The Beauty of Demand&mdash;at Rest&mdash;



# Flowers—well—if Anybody

137

Flowers—Well—if anybody  
Can the ecstasy define—  
Half a transport—half a trouble—  
With which flowers humble men:  
Anybody find the fountain  
From which floods so contra flow—  
I will give him all the Daisies  
Which upon the hillside blow.

Too much pathos in their faces  
For a simple breast like mine—  
Butterflies from St. Domingo  
Cruising round the purple line—  
Have a system of aesthetics—  
Far superior to mine.

Emily Dickinson

# For Death—or Rather

382

For Death—or rather  
For the Things 'twould buy—  
This—put away  
Life's Opportunity—

The Things that Death will buy  
Are Room—  
Escape from Circumstances—  
And a Name—

With Gifts of Life  
How Death's Gifts may compare—  
We know not—  
For the Rates—lie Here—

Emily Dickinson

# For Each Ecstatic Instant

For each ecstatic instant  
We must an anguish pay  
In keen and quivering ratio  
To the ecstasy.

For each beloved hour  
Sharp pittances of years,  
Bitter contested farthings  
And coffers heaped with tears.

Emily Dickinson



# For Every Bird A Nest

143

For every Bird a Nest&mdash;  
Wherefore in timid quest  
Some little Wren goes seeking round&mdash;

Wherefore when boughs are free&mdash;  
Households in every tree&mdash;  
Pilgrim be found?

Perhaps a home too high&mdash;  
Ah Aristocracy!  
The little Wren desires&mdash;

Perhaps of twig so fine&mdash;  
Of twine e'en superfine,  
Her pride aspires&mdash;

The Lark is not ashamed  
To build upon the ground  
Her modest house&mdash;

Yet who of all the throng  
Dancing around the sun  
Does so rejoice?

Emily Dickinson

# For Largest Woman's Hearth I Knew

309

For largest Woman's Hearth I knew&mdash;  
'Tis little I can do&mdash;  
And yet the largest Woman's Heart  
Could hold an Arrow&mdash;too&mdash;  
And so, instructed by my own,  
I tenderer, turn Me to.

Emily Dickinson

# For This—accepted Breath

195

For this—accepted Breath—  
Through it—compete with Death—  
The fellow cannot touch this Crown—  
By it—my title take—  
Ah, what a royal sake  
To my necessity—stooped down!

No Wilderness—can be  
Where this attendeth me—  
No Desert Noon—  
No fear of frost to come  
Haunt the perennial bloom—  
But Certain June!

Get Gabriel—to tell—the royal syllable—  
Get Saints—with new—unsteady tongue—  
To say what trance below  
Most like their glory show—  
Fittest the Crown!

Emily Dickinson

## Forbidden Fruit A Flavor Has

FORBIDDEN fruit a flavor has  
That lawful orchards mocks;  
How luscious lies the pea within  
The pod that Duty locks!

Emily Dickinson

# Forever At His Side To Walk

246

Forever at His side to walk&mdash;  
The smaller of the two!  
Brain of His Brain&mdash;  
Blood of His Blood&mdash;  
Two lives&mdash;One Being&mdash;now&mdash;

Forever of His fate to taste&mdash;  
If grief&mdash;the largest part&mdash;  
If joy&mdash;to put my piece away  
For that beloved Heart&mdash;

All life&mdash;to know each other&mdash;  
Whom we can never learn&mdash;  
And bye and bye&mdash;a Change&mdash;  
Called Heaven&mdash;  
Rapt Neighborhoods of Men&mdash;  
Just finding out&mdash;what puzzled us&mdash;  
Without the lexicon!

Emily Dickinson

# Forever—it Composed Of Nows

624

Forever—it composed of Nows—  
'Tis not a different time—  
Except for Infiniteness—  
And Latitude of Home—

From this—experienced Here—  
Remove the Dates—to These—  
Let Months dissolve in further Months—  
And Years—exhale in Years—

Without Debate—or Pause—  
Or Celebrated Days—  
No different Our Years would be  
From Anno Domini's—

Emily Dickinson

# Forget! The Lady With The Amulet

438

Forget! The lady with the Amulet  
Forget she wore it at her Heart  
Because she breathed against  
Was Treason twixt?

Deny! Did Rose her Bee&mdash;  
For Privilege of Play  
Or Wife of Butterfly  
Or Opportunity&mdash;Her Lord away?

The lady with the Amulet&mdash;will face&mdash;  
The Bee&mdash;in Mausoleum laid&mdash;  
Discard his Bride&mdash;  
But longer than the little Rill&mdash;  
That cooled the Forehead of the Hill&mdash;  
While Other&mdash;went the Sea to fill&mdash;  
And Other&mdash;went to turn the Mill&mdash;  
I'll do thy Will&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Four Trees—upon A Solitary Acre

742

Four Trees—upon a solitary Acre—  
Without Design  
Or Order, or Apparent Action—  
Maintain—

The Sun—upon a Morning meets them—  
The Wind—  
No nearer Neighbor—have they—  
But God—

The Acre gives them—Place—  
They—Him—Attention of Passer by—  
Of Shadow, or of Squirrel, haply—  
Or Boy—

What Deed is Theirs unto the General Nature—  
What Plan  
They severally—retard—or further—  
Unknown—

Emily Dickinson



# Frequently The Wood Are Pink

6

Frequently the wood are pink&mdash;  
Frequently are brown.  
Frequently the hills undress  
Behind my native town.  
Oft a head is crested  
I was wont to see&mdash;  
And as oft a cranny  
Where it used to be&mdash;  
And the Earth&mdash; they tell me&mdash;  
On its Axis turned!  
Wonderful Rotation!  
By but twelve performed!

Emily Dickinson

# From Blank To Blank

761

From Blank to Blank&mdash;  
A Threadless Way  
I pushed Mechanic feet&mdash;  
To stop&mdash;or perish&mdash;or advance&mdash;  
Alike indifferent&mdash;

If end I gained  
It ends beyond  
Indefinite disclosed&mdash;  
I shut my eyes&mdash;and groped as well  
'Twas lighter&mdash;to be Blind&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# From Cocoon Forth A Butterfly

354

From Cocoon forth a Butterfly  
As Lady from her Door  
Emerged&mdash;a Summer Afternoon&mdash;  
Repairing Everywhere&mdash;

Without Design&mdash;that I could trace  
Except to stray abroad  
On Miscellaneous Enterprise  
The Clovers&mdash;understood&mdash;

Her pretty Parasol be seen  
Contracting in a Field  
Where Men made Hay&mdash;  
Then struggling hard  
With an opposing Cloud&mdash;

Where Parties&mdash;Phantom as Herself&mdash;  
To Nowhere&mdash;seemed to go  
In purposeless Circumference&mdash;  
As 'twere a Tropic Show&mdash;

And notwithstanding Bee&mdash;that worked&mdash;  
And Flower&mdash;that zealous blew&mdash;  
This Audience of Idleness  
Disdained them, from the Sky&mdash;

Till Sundown crept&mdash;a steady Tide&mdash;  
And Men that made the Hay&mdash;  
And Afternoon&mdash;and Butterfly&mdash;  
Extinguished&mdash;in the Sea&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# From The Chrysalis

My cocoon tightens, colors tease,  
I'm feeling for the air;  
A dim capacity for wings  
Degrades the dress I wear.

A power of butterfly must be  
The aptitude to fly,  
Meadows of majesty concedes  
And easy sweeps of sky.

So I must baffle at the hint  
And cipher at the sign,  
And make much blunder, if at last  
I take the clew divine.

Emily Dickinson

# From Us She Wandered Now A Year

890

From Us She wandered now a Year,  
Her tarrying, unknown,  
If Wilderness prevent her feet  
Or that Ethereal Zone

No eye hath seen and lived  
We ignorant must be—  
We only know what time of Year  
We took the Mystery.

Emily Dickinson

# Funny—to Be A Century

345

Funny—to be a Century—  
And see the People—going by—  
I—should die of the Oddity—  
But then—I'm not so staid—as He—

He keeps His Secrets safely—very—  
Were He to tell—extremely sorry  
This Bashful Globe of Ours would be—  
So dainty of Publicity—

Emily Dickinson

# Further In Summer Than The Birds

1068

Further in Summer than the Birds  
Pathetic from the Grass  
A minor Nation celebrates  
Its unobtrusive Mass.

No Ordinance be seen  
So gradual the Grace  
A pensive Custom it becomes  
Enlarging Loneliness.

Antiquiest felt at Noon  
When August burning low  
Arise this spectral Canticle  
Repose to typify

Remit as yet no Grace  
No Furrow on the Glow  
Yet a Druidic Difference  
Enhances Nature now

Emily Dickinson

# Garland For Queens, May Be

34

Garland for Queens, may be—  
Laurels—for rare degree  
Of soul or sword.  
Ah—but remembering me—  
Ah—but remembering thee—  
Nature in chivalry—  
Nature in charity—  
Nature in equity—  
This Rose ordained!

Emily Dickinson



# Give Little Anguish

310

Give little Anguish—  
Lives will fret—  
Give Avalanches—  
And they'll slant—  
Straighten—look cautious for their Breath—  
But make no syllable—like Death—  
Who only shows the Marble Disc—  
Sublimer sort—than Speech—

Emily Dickinson

# Given In Marriage Unto Thee

817

Given in Marriage unto Thee  
Oh thou Celestial Host&mdash;  
Bride of the Father and the Son  
Bride of the Holy Ghost.

Other Betrothal shall dissolve&mdash;  
Wedlock of Will, decay&mdash;  
Only the Keeper of this Ring  
Conquer Mortality&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Glee—the Great Storm Is Over

619

Glee—The great storm is over—  
Four—have recovered the Land—  
Forty—gone down together—  
Into the boiling Sand—

Ring—for the Scant Salvation—  
Toll—for the bonnie Souls—  
Neighbor—and friend—and Bridegroom—  
Spinning upon the Shoals—

How they will tell the Story—  
When Winter shake the Door—  
Till the Children urge—  
But the Forty—  
Did they—come back no more?

Then a softness—suffuse the Story—  
And a silence—the Teller's eye—  
And the Children—no further question—  
And only the Sea—reply—

Emily Dickinson

# Glory is that bright tragic thing

Glory is that bright tragic thing  
That for an instant  
Means Dominion -  
Warms some poor name  
That never felt the Sun,  
Gently replacing  
In oblivion -

Emily Dickinson

# Glowing Is Her Bonnet

72

Glowing is her Bonnet,  
Glowing is her Cheek,  
Glowing is her Kirtle,  
Yet she cannot speak.

Better as the Daisy  
From the Summer hill  
Vanish unrecorded  
Save by tearful rill&mdash;

Save by loving sunrise  
Looking for her face.  
Save by feet unnumbered  
Pausing at the place.

Emily Dickinson

## God Gave A Loaf To Every Bird,

God gave a loaf to every bird,  
But just a crumb to me;  
I dare not eat it, though I starve,--  
My poignant luxury  
To own it, touch it, prove the feat  
That made the pellet mine,--  
Too happy in my sparrow chance  
For ampler coveting.

It might be famine all around,  
I could not miss an ear,  
Such plenty smiles upon my board,  
My garner shows so fair.  
I wonder how the rich may feel,--  
An Indiaman--an Earl?  
I deem that I with but a crumb  
Am sovereign of them all.

Emily Dickinson

# God Is A Distant—stately Lover

357

God is a distant—stately Lover—  
Woos, as He states us—by His Son—  
Verily, a Vicarious Courtship—  
"Miles", and "Priscilla", were such an One—

But, lest the Soul—like fair "Priscilla"  
Choose the Envoy—and spurn the Groom—  
Vouches, with hyperbolic archness—  
"Miles", and "John Alden" were Synonym—

Emily Dickinson

# God Made A Little Gentian

442

God made a little Gentian&mdash;  
It tried&mdash;to be a Rose&mdash;  
And failed&mdash;and all the Summer laughed&mdash;  
But just before the Snows

There rose a Purple Creature&mdash;  
That ravished all the Hill&mdash;  
And Summer hid her Forehead&mdash;  
And Mockery&mdash;was still&mdash;

The Frosts were her condition&mdash;  
The Tyrian would not come  
Until the North&mdash;invoke it&mdash;  
Creator&mdash;Shall I&mdash;bloom?

Emily Dickinson



# God Permit Industrious Angels

God permit industrious angels  
Afternoons to play.  
I met one, -- forgot my school-mates,  
All, for him, straightaway.

God calls home the angels promptly  
At the setting sun;  
I missed mine. How dreary marbles,  
After playing the Crown!

Emily Dickinson

# Going To Heaven!

79

Going to Heaven!  
I don't know when&mdash;  
Pray do not ask me how!  
Indeed I'm too astonished  
To think of answering you!  
Going to Heaven!  
How dim it sounds!  
And yet it will be done  
As sure as flocks go home at night  
Unto the Shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!  
Who knows?  
If you should get there first  
Save just a little space for me  
Close to the two I lost&mdash;  
The smallest "Robe" will fit me  
And just a bit of "Crown"&mdash;  
For you know we do not mind our dress  
When we are going home&mdash;

I'm glad I don't believe it  
For it would stop my breath&mdash;  
And I'd like to look a little more  
At such a curious Earth!  
I'm glad they did believe it  
Whom I have never found  
Since the might Autumn afternoon  
I left them in the ground.

Emily Dickinson

## Going To Him! Happy Letter! Tell Him--

Going to him! Happy letter! Tell him--  
Tell him the page I didn't write;  
Tell him I only said the syntax,  
And left the verb and the pronoun out.

Tell him just how the fingers hurried  
Then how they waded, slow, slow, slow-  
And then you wished you had eyes in your pages,  
So you could see what moved them so.

'Tell him it wasn't a practised writer,  
You guessed, from the way the sentence toiled;  
You could hear the bodice tug, behind you,  
As if it held but the might of a child;  
You almost pitied it, you, it worked so.  
Tell him--No, you may quibble there,  
For it would split his heart to know it,  
And then you and I were silenter.

'Tell him night finished before we finished  
And the old clock kept neighing 'day!'  
And you got sleepy and begged to be ended--  
What could it hinder so, to say?  
Tell him just how she sealed you, cautious  
But if he ask where you are hid  
Until to-morrow,--happy letter!  
Gesture, coquette, and shake your head!'

Emily Dickinson

# Good Morning—midnight

425

Good Morning—Midnight—  
I'm coming Home—  
Day—got tired of Me—  
How could I—of Him?

Sunshine was a sweet place—  
I liked to stay—  
But Morn—didn't want me—now—  
So—Goodnight—Day!

I can look—can't I—  
When the East is Red?  
The Hills—have a way—then—  
That puts the Heart—abroad—

You—are not so fair—Midnight—  
I chose—Day—  
But—please take a little Girl—  
He turned away!

Emily Dickinson

# Good Night! Which Put The Candle Out?

Good night! which put the candle out?

A jealous zephyr, not a doubt.

Ah! friend, you little knew

How long at that celestial wick

The angels labored diligent;

Extinguished, now, for you!

It might have been the lighthouse spark

Some sailor, rowing in the dark,

Had importuned to see!

It might have been the waning lamp

That lit the drummer from the camp

To purer reveille!

Emily Dickinson

# Good Night, Because We Must

114

Good night, because we must,  
How intricate the dust!  
I would go, to know!  
Oh incognito!  
Saucy, Saucy Seraph  
To elude me so!  
Father! they won't tell me,  
Won't you tell them to?

Emily Dickinson

# Good To Hide, And Hear 'Em Hunt!

842

Good to hide, and hear 'em hunt!  
Better, to be found,  
If one care to, that is,  
The Fox fits the Hound&mdash;

Good to know, and not tell,  
Best, to know and tell,  
Can one find the rare Ear  
Not too dull&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Gratitude—is Not The Mention

989

Gratitude—is not the mention  
Of a Tenderness,  
But its still appreciation  
Out of Plumb of Speech.

When the Sea return no Answer  
By the Line and Lead  
Proves it there's no Sea, or rather  
A remoter Bed?

Emily Dickinson



# Great Caesar! Condescend

102

Great Caesar! Condescend  
The Daisy, to receive,  
Gathered by Cato's Daughter,  
With your majestic leave!

Emily Dickinson

# Grief Is A Mouse

793

Grief is a Mouse&mdash;  
And chooses Wainscot in the Breast  
For His Shy House&mdash;  
And baffles quest&mdash;

Grief is a Thief&mdash;quick startled&mdash;  
Pricks His Ear&mdash;report to hear  
Of that Vast Dark&mdash;  
That swept His Being&mdash;back&mdash;

Grief is a Juggler&mdash;boldest at the Play&mdash;  
Lest if He flinch&mdash;the eye that way  
Pounce on His Bruises&mdash;One&mdash;say&mdash;or Three&mdash;  
Grief is a Gourmand&mdash;spare His luxury&mdash;

Best Grief is Tongueless&mdash;before He'll tell&mdash;  
Burn Him in the Public Square&mdash;  
His Ashes&mdash;will  
Possibly&mdash;if they refuse&mdash;How then know&mdash;  
Since a Rack couldn't coax a syllable&mdash;now.

Emily Dickinson

# Growth of Man - like Growth of Nature

Growth of Man - like Growth of Nature -  
Gravitates within -  
Atmosphere, and Sun endorse it -  
But it stir - alone -

Each - its difficult Ideal  
Must achieve - Itself -  
Through the solitary prowess  
Of a Silent Life -

Effort - is the sole condition -  
Patience of Itself -  
Patience of opposing forces -  
And intact Belief -

Looking on - is the Department  
Of its Audience -  
But Transaction - is assisted  
By no Countenance -

Emily Dickinson

# Had I Not This, Or This, I Said

904

Had I not This, or This, I said,  
Appealing to Myself,  
In moment of prosperity&mdash;  
Inadequate&mdash;were Life&mdash;

"Thou hast not Me, nor Me"&mdash;it said,  
In Moment of Reverse&mdash;  
"And yet Thou art industrious&mdash;  
No need&mdash;hadst Thou&mdash;of us"?

My need&mdash;was all I had&mdash;I said&mdash;  
The need did not reduce&mdash;  
Because the food&mdash;exterminate&mdash;  
The hunger&mdash;does not cease&mdash;

But diligence&mdash;is sharper&mdash;  
Proportioned to the Chance&mdash;  
To feed upon the Retrograde&mdash;  
Enfeebles&mdash;the Advance&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Had I Presumed To Hope

522

Had I presumed to hope&mdash;  
The loss had been to Me  
A Value&mdash;for the Greatness' Sake&mdash;  
As Giants&mdash;gone away&mdash;

Had I presumed to gain  
A Favor so remote&mdash;  
The failure but confirm the Grace  
In further Infinite&mdash;

'Tis failure&mdash;not of Hope&mdash;  
But Confident Despair&mdash;  
Advancing on Celestial Lists&mdash;  
With faint&mdash;Terrestrial power&mdash;

'Tis Honor&mdash;though I die&mdash;  
For That no Man obtain  
Till He be justified by Death&mdash;  
This&mdash;is the Second Gain&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

## Had we our senses

Had we our senses  
But perhaps 'tis well they're not at Home  
So intimate with Madness  
He's liable with them

Had we the eyes without our Head—  
How well that we are Blind—  
We could not look upon the Earth—  
So utterly unmoved—

Emily Dickinson

# Have Any Like Myself

736

Have any like Myself  
Investigating March,  
New Houses on the Hill descried&mdash;  
And possibly a Church&mdash;

That were not, We are sure&mdash;  
As lately as the Snow&mdash;  
And are Today&mdash;if We exist&mdash;  
Though how may this be so?

Have any like Myself  
Conjectured Who may be  
The Occupants of the Adobes&mdash;  
So easy to the Sky&mdash;

'Twould seem that God should be  
The nearest Neighbor to&mdash;  
And Heaven&mdash;a convenient Grace  
For Show, or Company&mdash;

Have any like Myself  
Preserved the Charm secure  
By shunning carefully the Place  
All Seasons of the Year,

Excepting March&mdash;'Tis then  
My Villages be seen&mdash;  
And possibly a Steeple&mdash;  
Not afterward&mdash;by Men&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Have You Got A Brook In Your Little Heart

136

Have you got a Brook in your little heart,  
Where bashful flowers blow,  
And blushing birds go down to drink,  
And shadows tremble so&mdash;

And nobody knows, so still it flows,  
That any brook is there,  
And yet your little draught of life  
Is daily drunken there&mdash;

Why, look out for the little brook in March,  
When the rivers overflow,  
And the snows come hurrying from the fills,  
And the bridges often go&mdash;

And later, in August it may be&mdash;  
When the meadows parching lie,  
Beware, lest this little brook of life,  
Some burning noon go dry!

Emily Dickinson



# He ate and drank the precious Words

He ate and drank the precious Words -  
His Spirit grew robust -  
He knew no more that he was poor,  
Nor that his frame was Dust -

He danced along the dingy Days  
And this Bequest of Wings  
Was but a Book - What Liberty  
A loosened spirit brings -

Emily Dickinson

# He Forgot—and I—remembered

203

He forgot—and I—remembered—  
'Twas an everyday affair—  
Long ago as Christ and Peter—  
"Warmed them" at the "Temple fire."

"Thou wert with him"—quoth "the Damsel"?  
"No"—said Peter, 'twasn't me—  
Jesus merely "looked" at Peter—  
Could I do aught else—to Thee?

Emily Dickinson

# He Fought Like Those Who've Nought To Lose

759

He fought like those Who've nought to lose—  
Bestowed Himself to Balls  
As One who for a further Life  
Had not a further Use—;

Invited Death—with bold attempt—  
But Death was Coy of Him  
As Other Men, were Coy of Death—  
To Him—to live—was Doom—;

His Comrades, shifted like the Flakes  
When Gusts reverse the Snow—  
But He—was left alive Because  
Of Greediness to die—;

Emily Dickinson

# He Found My Being—set It Up

603

He found my Being—set it up—  
Adjusted it to place—  
Then carved his name—upon it—  
And bade it to the East

Be faithful—in his absence—  
And he would come again—  
With Equipage of Amber—  
That time—to take it Home—

Emily Dickinson

# He Fumbles At Your Soul

315

He fumbles at your Soul  
As Players at the Keys  
Before they drop full Music on&mdash;  
He stuns you by degrees&mdash;  
Prepares your brittle Nature  
For the Ethereal Blow  
By fainter Hammers&mdash;further heard&mdash;  
Then nearer&mdash;Then so slow  
Your Breath has time to straighten&mdash;  
Your Brain&mdash;to bubble Cool&mdash;  
Deals&mdash;One&mdash;imperial&mdash;Thunderbolt&mdash;  
That scalps your naked Soul&mdash;

When Winds take Forests in the Paws&mdash;  
The Universe&mdash;is still&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# He Fumbles At Your Spirit

He fumbles at your spirit  
As players at the keys  
Before they drop full music on;  
He stuns you by degrees,

Prepares your brittle substance  
For the ethereal blow,  
By fainter hammers, further heard,  
Then nearer, then so slow

Your breath has time to straighten,  
Your brain to bubble cool, --  
Deals one imperial thunderbolt  
That scalps your naked soul.

Emily Dickinson

# He Gave Away His Life

567

He gave away his Life&mdash;  
To Us&mdash;Gigantic Sum&mdash;  
A trifle&mdash;in his own esteem&mdash;  
But magnified&mdash;by Fame&mdash;

Until it burst the Hearts  
That fancied they could hold&mdash;  
When swift it slipped its limit&mdash;  
And on the Heavens&mdash;unrolled&mdash;

'Tis Ours&mdash;to wince&mdash;and weep&mdash;  
And wonder&mdash;and decay  
By Blossoms gradual process&mdash;  
He chose&mdash;Maturity&mdash;

And quickening&mdash;as we sowed&mdash;  
Just obviated Bud&mdash;  
And when We turned to note the Growth&mdash;  
Broke&mdash;perfect&mdash;from the Pod&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# He Outstripped Time With But A Bout

865

He outstripped Time with but a Bout,  
He outstripped Stars and Sun  
And then, unjaded, challenged God  
In presence of the Throne.

And He and He in mighty List  
Unto this present, run,  
The larger Glory for the less  
A just sufficient Ring.

Emily Dickinson



# He Parts Himself—like Leaves

517

He parts Himself—like Leaves—  
And then—He closes up—  
Then stands upon the Bonnet  
Of Any Buttercup—

And then He runs against  
And oversets a Rose—  
And then does Nothing—  
Then away upon a Jib—He goes—

And dangles like a Mote  
Suspended in the Noon—  
Uncertain—to return Below—  
Or settle in the Moon—

What come of Him—at Night—  
The privilege to say  
Be limited by Ignorance—  
What come of Him—That Day—

The Frost—possess the World—  
In Cabinets—be shown—  
A Sepulchre of quaintest Floss—  
An Abbey—a Cocoon—

Emily Dickinson

# He Preached Upon 'Breadth' Till It Argued Him Narrow

—

He preached upon 'Breadth' till it argued him narrow -  
The Broad are too broad to define  
And of 'Truth' until it proclaimed him a Liar -  
The Truth never flaunted a Sign -

Simplicity fled from his counterfeit presence  
As Gold the Pyrites would shun -  
What confusion would cover the innocent Jesus  
To meet so enabled a Man!

Emily Dickinson

# He Put The Belt Around My Life

273

He put the Belt around my life  
I heard the Buckle snap&mdash;  
And turned away, imperial,  
My Lifetime folding up&mdash;  
Deliberate, as a Duke would do  
A Kingdom's Title Deed&mdash;  
Henceforth, a Dedicated sort&mdash;  
A Member of the Cloud.

Yet not too far to come at call&mdash;  
And do the little Toils  
That make the Circuit of the Rest&mdash;  
And deal occasional smiles  
To lives that stoop to notice mine&mdash;  
And kindly ask it in&mdash;  
Whose invitation, know you not  
For Whom I must decline?

Emily Dickinson

# He Strained My Faith

497

He strained my faith&mdash;  
Did he find it supple?  
Shook my strong trust&mdash;  
Did it then&mdash;yield?

Hurled my belief&mdash;  
But&mdash;did he shatter&mdash;it?  
Racked&mdash;with suspense&mdash;  
Not a nerve failed!

Wrung me&mdash;with Anguish&mdash;  
But I never doubted him&mdash;  
'Tho' for what wrong  
He did never say&mdash;

Stabbed&mdash;while I sued  
His sweet forgiveness&mdash;  
Jesus&mdash;it's your little "John"!  
Don't you know&mdash;me?

Emily Dickinson

# He Told A Homely Tale

763

He told a homely tale  
And spotted it with tears&mdash;  
Upon his infant face was set  
The Cicatrice of years&mdash;

All crumpled was the cheek  
No other kiss had known  
Than flake of snow, divided with  
The Redbreast of the Barn&mdash;

If Mother&mdash;in the Grave&mdash;  
Or Father&mdash;on the Sea&mdash;  
Or Father in the Firmament&mdash;  
Or Brethren, had he&mdash;

If Commonwealth below,  
Or Commonwealth above  
Have missed a Barefoot Citizen&mdash;  
I've ransomed it&mdash;alive&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# He Touched Me, So I Live To Know

506

He touched me, so I live to know  
That such a day, permitted so,  
I groped upon his breast—  
It was a boundless place to me  
And silenced, as the awful sea  
Puts minor streams to rest.

And now, I'm different from before,  
As if I breathed superior air—  
Or brushed a Royal Gown—  
My feet, too, that had wandered so—  
My Gypsy face—transfigured now—  
To tenderer Renown—

Into this Port, if I might come,  
Rebecca, to Jerusalem,  
Would not so ravished turn—  
Nor Persian, baffled at her shrine  
Lift such a Crucifixial sign  
To her imperial Sun.

Emily Dickinson

# He Was Weak, And I Was Strong—then

190

He was weak, and I was strong—then—  
So He let me lead him in—  
I was weak, and He was strong then—  
So I let him lead me—Home.

'Twasn't far—the door was near—  
'Twasn't dark—for He went—too—  
'Twasn't loud, for He said nought—  
That was all I cared to know.

Day knocked—and we must part—  
Neither—was strongest—now—  
He strove—and I strove—too—  
We didn't do it—tho'!

Emily Dickinson

# He Who In Himself Believes

969

He who in Himself believes&mdash;  
Fraud cannot presume&mdash;  
Faith is Constancy's Result&mdash;  
And assumes&mdash;from Home&mdash;

Cannot perish, though it fail  
Every second time&mdash;  
But defaced Vicariously&mdash;  
For Some Other Shame&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# Heart, Not So Heavy As Mine

83

Heart, not so heavy as mine  
Wending late home&mdash;  
As it passed my window  
Whistled itself a tune&mdash;  
A careless snatch&mdash;a ballad&mdash;A ditty of the street&mdash;  
Yet to my irritated Ear  
An Anodyne so sweet&mdash;  
It was as if a Bobolink  
Sauntering this way  
Carolled, and paused, and carolled&mdash;  
Then bubbled slow away!  
It was as if a chirping brook  
Upon a dusty way&mdash;  
Set bleeding feet to minuets  
Without the knowing why!  
Tomorrow, night will come again&mdash;  
Perhaps, weary and sore&mdash;  
Ah Bugle! By my window  
I pray you pass once more.

Emily Dickinson

# Heart, We Will Forget Him

Heart, we will forget him,  
You and I, tonight!  
You must forget the warmth he gave,  
I will forget the light.  
When you have done pray tell me,  
Then I, my thoughts, will dim.  
Haste! 'lest while you're lagging  
I may remember him!

Emily Dickinson

# Heaven Has Different Signs—to Me

"Heaven" has different Signs—to me—  
Sometimes, I think that Noon  
Is but a symbol of the Place—  
And when again, at Dawn,

A mighty look runs round the World  
And settles in the Hills—  
An Awe if it should be like that  
Upon the Ignorance steals—

The Orchard, when the Sun is on—  
The Triumph of the Birds  
When they together Victory make—  
Some Carnivals of Clouds—

The Rapture of a finished Day—  
Returning to the West—  
All these—remind us of the place  
That Men call "paradise"—

Itself be fairer—we suppose—  
But how Ourselves, shall be  
Adorned, for a Superior Grace—  
Not yet, our eyes can see—

Emily Dickinson

# Heaven Is So Far Of The Mind

370

Heaven is so far of the Mind  
That were the Mind dissolved&mdash;  
The Site&mdash;of it&mdash;by Architect  
Could not again be proved&mdash;

'Tis vast&mdash;as our Capacity&mdash;  
As fair&mdash;as our idea&mdash;  
To Him of adequate desire  
No further 'tis, than Here&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Heavenly Father

'Heavenly Father' - take to thee  
The supreme iniquity  
Fashioned by thy candid Hand  
In a moment contraband -  
Though to trust us - seems to us  
More respectful - 'We are Dust' -  
We apologize to thee  
For thine own Duplicity -

Emily Dickinson

# Her—

312

Her—"last Poems"—  
Poets—ended—  
Silver—perished—with her Tongue—  
Not on Record—bubbled other,  
Flute—or Woman—  
So divine—  
Not unto its Summer—Morning  
Robin—uttered Half the Tune—  
Gushed too free for the Adoring—  
From the Anglo-Florentine—  
Late—the Praise—  
'Tis dull—conferring  
On the Head too High to Crown—  
Diadem—or Ducal Showing—  
Be its Grave—sufficient sign—  
Nought—that We—No Poet's Kinsman—  
Suffocate—with easy woe—  
What, and if, Ourselves a Bridegroom—  
Put Her down—in Italy?

Emily Dickinson

# Her Breast Is Fit For Pearls

84

Her breast is fit for pearls,  
But I was not a "Diver"—  
Her brow is fit for thrones  
But I have not a crest.  
Her heart is fit for home—  
I—a Sparrow—build there  
Sweet of twigs and twine  
My perennial nest.

Emily Dickinson

## Her Final Summer Was It,

Her final summer was it,  
And yet we guessed it not;  
If tenderer industriousness  
Pervaded her, we thought

A further force of life  
Developed from within,--  
When Death lit all the shortness up,  
And made the hurry plain.

We wondered at our blindness,--  
When nothing was to see  
But her Carrara guide-post,--  
At our stupidity

When, duller than our dulness,  
The busy darling lay,  
So busy was she, finishing,  
So leisurely were we!

Emily Dickinson



# Her Grace Is All She Has—

810

Her Grace is all she has—  
And that, so least displays—  
One Art to recognize, must be,  
Another Art, to praise.

Emily Dickinson

# Her Smile Was Shaped Like Other Smiles

514

Her smile was shaped like other smiles&mdash;  
The Dimples ran along&mdash;  
And still it hurt you, as some Bird  
Did hoist herself, to sing,  
Then recollect a Ball, she got&mdash;  
And hold upon the Twig,  
Convulsive, while the Music broke&mdash;  
Like Beads&mdash;among the Bog&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Her Sweet Turn To Leave The Homestead

649

Her Sweet turn to leave the Homestead  
Came the Darker Way&mdash;  
Carriages&mdash;Be Sure&mdash;and Guests&mdash;too&mdash;  
But for Holiday

'Tis more pitiful Endeavor  
Than did Loaded Sea  
O'er the Curls attempt to caper  
It had cast away&mdash;

Never Bride had such Assembling&mdash;  
Never kinsmen kneeled  
To salute so fair a Forehead&mdash;  
Garland be indeed&mdash;

Fitter Feet&mdash;of Her before us&mdash;  
Than whatever Brow  
Art of Snow&mdash;or Trick of Lily  
Possibly bestow

Of Her Father&mdash;Whoso ask Her&mdash;  
He shall seek as high  
As the Palm&mdash;that serve the Desert&mdash;  
To obtain the Sky&mdash;

Distance&mdash;be Her only Motion&mdash;  
If 'tis Nay&mdash;or Yes&mdash;  
Acquiescence&mdash;or Demurral&mdash;  
Whosoever guess&mdash;

He&mdash;must pass the Crystal Angle  
That obscure Her face&mdash;  
He&mdash;must have achieved in person  
Equal Paradise&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Her Sweet Weight On My Heart A Night

518

Her sweet Weight on my Heart a Night  
Had scarcely deigned to lie&mdash;  
When, stirring, for Belief's delight,  
My Bride had slipped away&mdash;

If 'twas a Dream&mdash;made solid&mdash;just  
The Heaven to confirm&mdash;  
Or if Myself were dreamed of Her&mdash;  
The power to presume&mdash;

With Him remain&mdash;who unto Me&mdash;  
Gave&mdash;even as to All&mdash;  
A Fiction superseding Faith&mdash;  
By so much&mdash;as 'twas real&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

## Her— "Last Poems"

312

Her— "last Poems"—  
Poets—ended—  
Silver—perished—with her Tongue—  
Not on Record—bubbled other,  
Flute—;or Woman—  
So divine—  
Not unto its Summer—Morning  
Robin—uttered Half the Tune—  
Gushed too free for the Adoring—  
From the Anglo-Florentine—  
Late—the Praise—  
'Tis dull—conferring  
On the Head too High to Crown—  
Diadem—;or Ducal Showing—  
Be its Grave—;sufficient sign—  
Nought—that We—;No Poet's Kinsman—  
Suffocate—with easy woe—  
What, and if, Ourselves a Bridegroom—  
Put Her down—in Italy?

Emily Dickinson

# Herein A Blossom Lies

899

Herein a Blossom lies&mdash;  
A Sepulchre, between&mdash;  
Cross it, and overcome the Bee&mdash;  
Remain&mdash;'tis but a Rind.

Emily Dickinson

# High From The Earth I Heard A Bird

High from the earth I heard a bird;  
He trod upon the trees  
As he esteemed them trifles,  
And then he spied a breeze,  
And situated softly  
Upon a pile of wind  
Which in a perturbation  
Nature had left behind.  
A joyous-going fellow  
I gathered from his talk,  
Which both of benediction  
And badinage partook,  
Without apparent burden,  
I learned, in leafy wood  
He was the faithful father  
Of a dependent brood;  
And this untoward transport  
His remedy for care,—  
A contrast to our respites.  
How different we are!

Emily Dickinson

# His Bill An Auger Is

1034

His Bill an Auger is,  
His Head, a Cap and Frill.  
He laboreth at every Tree  
A Worm, His utmost Goal.

Emily Dickinson



# His Feet Are Shod With Gauze

916

His Feet are shod with Gauze&mdash;  
His Helmet, is of Gold,  
His Breast, a Single Onyx  
With Chrysophrase, inlaid.

His Labor is a Chant&mdash;  
His Idleness&mdash;a Tune&mdash;  
Oh, for a Bee's experience  
Of Clovers, and of Noon!

Emily Dickinson

# His Heart Was Darker Than The Starless Night

His Heart was darker than the starless night  
For that there is a morn  
But in this black Receptacle  
Can be no Bode of Dawn

Emily Dickinson

## His voice decrepit was with Joy

His voice decrepit was with Joy -  
Her words did totter so  
How old the News of Love must be  
To make Lips elderly  
That purled a moment since with Glee -  
Is it Delight or Woe -  
Or Terror - that do decorate  
This livid interview -

Emily Dickinson

# Home

Years I had been from home,  
And now, before the door  
I dared not open, lest a face  
I never saw before

Stare vacant into mine  
And ask my business there.  
My business, - just a life I left,  
Was such still dwelling there?

I fumbled at my nerve,  
I scanned the windows near;  
The silence like an ocean rolled,  
And broke against my ear.

I laughed a wooden laugh  
That I could fear a door,  
Who danger and the dead had faced,  
But never quaked before.

I fitted to the latch  
My hand, with trembling care,  
Lest back the awful door should spring,  
And leave me standing there.

I moved my fingers off  
As cautiously as glass,  
And held my ears, and like a thief  
Fled gasping from the house.

Emily Dickinson

# Hope is a strange invention

Hope is a strange invention -  
A Patent of the Heart -  
In unremitting action  
Yet never wearing out -

Of this electric Adjunct  
Not anything is known  
But its unique momentum  
Embellish all we own -

Emily Dickinson

# Hope Is The Thing With Feathers

'Hope' is the thing with feathers—  
That perches in the soul—  
And sings the tune without the words—  
And never stops—at all—

And sweetest—in the Gale—is heard—  
And sore must be the storm—  
That could abash the little Bird  
That kept so many warm—

I've heard it in the chillest land—  
And on the strangest Sea—  
Yet, never, in Extremity,  
It asked a crumb—of Me.

Emily Dickinson

## Houses—so The Wise Men Tell Me—

"Houses"—so the Wise Men tell me—  
"Mansions"! Mansions must be warm!  
Mansions cannot let the tears in,  
Mansions must exclude the storm!

"Many Mansions," by "his Father,"  
I don't know him; snugly built!  
Could the Children find the way there—  
Some, would even trudge tonight!

Emily Dickinson

# How Far Is It To Heaven?

929

How far is it to Heaven?  
As far as Death this way&mdash;  
Of River or of Ridge beyond  
Was no discovery.

How far is it to Hell?  
As far as Death this way&mdash;  
How far left hand the Sepulchre  
Defies Topography.

Emily Dickinson



## How firm Eternity must look

How firm Eternity must look  
To crumbling men like me  
The only Adamant Estate  
In all Identity -

How mighty to the insecure  
Thy Physiognomy  
To whom not any Face cohere -  
Unless concealed in thee

Emily Dickinson

# How fits his Umber Coat

How fits his Umber Coat  
The Tailor of the Nut?  
Combined without a seam  
Like Raiment of a Dream -

Who spun the Auburn Cloth?  
Computed how the girth?  
The Chestnut aged grows  
In those primeval Clothes -

We know that we are wise -  
Accomplished in Surprise -  
Yet by this Countryman -  
This nature - how undone!

Emily Dickinson

# How Fortunate The Grave

897

How fortunate the Grave&mdash;  
All Prizes to obtain&mdash;  
Successful certain, if at last,  
First Suitor not in vain.

Emily Dickinson

# How Happy I Was If I Could Forget

898

How happy I was if I could forget  
To remember how sad I am  
Would be an easy adversity  
But the recollecting of Bloom

Keeps making November difficult  
Till I who was almost bold  
Lose my way like a little Child  
And perish of the cold.

Emily Dickinson

# How Happy Is The Little Stone

1510

How happy is the little Stone  
That rambles in the Road alone,  
And doesn't care about Careers  
And Exigencies never fears&mdash;  
Whose Coat of elemental Brown  
A passing Universe put on,  
And independent as the Sun  
Associates or glows alone,  
Fulfilling absolute Decree  
In casual simplicity&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# How Human Nature dotes

How Human Nature dotes  
On what it can't detect.  
The moment that a Plot is plumbed  
Prospective is extinct -

Prospective is the friend  
Reserved for us to know  
When Constancy is clarified  
Of Curiosity -

Of subjects that resist  
Redoubtablest is this  
Where go we -  
Go we anywhere  
Creation after this?

Emily Dickinson

# How Lonesome The Wind Must Feel Nights -

How lonesome the Wind must feel Nights -  
When people have put out the Lights  
And everything that has an Inn  
Closes the shutter and goes in -

How pompous the Wind must feel Noons  
Stepping to incorporeal Tunes  
Correcting errors of the sky  
And clarifying scenery

How mighty the Wind must feel Morns  
Encamping on a thousand dawns  
Espousing each and spurning all  
Then soaring to his Temple Tall -

Emily Dickinson

# How Many Flowers Fail In Wood

404

How many Flowers fail in Wood&mdash;  
Or perish from the Hill&mdash;  
Without the privilege to know  
That they are Beautiful&mdash;

How many cast a nameless Pod  
Upon the nearest Breeze&mdash;  
Unconscious of the Scarlet Freight&mdash;  
It bear to Other Eyes&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# How Many Times These Low Feet Staggered

187

How many times these low feet staggered&mdash;  
Only the soldered mouth can tell&mdash;  
Try&mdash;can you stir the awful rivet&mdash;  
Try&mdash;can you lift the hasps of steel!

Stroke the cool forehead&mdash;hot so often&mdash;  
Lift&mdash;if you care&mdash;the listless hair&mdash;  
Handle the adamantine fingers  
Never a thimble&mdash;more&mdash;shall wear&mdash;

Buzz the dull flies&mdash;on the chamber window&mdash;  
Brave&mdash;shines the sun through the freckled pane&mdash;  
Fearless&mdash;the cobweb swings from the ceiling&mdash;  
Indolent Housewife&mdash;in Daisies&mdash;lain!

Emily Dickinson

# How Noteless Men, And Pleiads, Stand

282

How noteless Men, and Pleiads, stand,  
Until a sudden sky  
Reveals the fact that One is rapt  
Forever from the Eye&mdash;

Members of the Invisible,  
Existing, while we stare,  
In Leagueless Opportunity,  
O'ertakenless, as the Air&mdash;

Why didn't we detain Them?  
The Heavens with a smile,  
Sweep by our disappointed Heads  
Without a syllable&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# How Sick—to Wait—in Any Place—but Thine

368

How sick—to wait—in any place—but thine—  
I knew last night—when someone tried to twine—  
Thinking—perhaps—that I looked tired—or alone—  
Or breaking—almost—with unspoken pain—

And I turned—ducal—  
That right—was thine—  
One port—suffices—for a Brig—like mine—

Ours be the tossing—wild though the sea—  
Rather than a Mooring—unshared by thee.  
Ours be the Cargo—unladed—here—  
Rather than the "spicy isles—"  
And thou—not there—

Emily Dickinson

# How Slow The Wind

How slow the Wind -  
how slow the sea -  
how late their Fathers be!

Emily Dickinson

# How The Old Mountains Drip With Sunset

291

How the old Mountains drip with Sunset  
How the Hemlocks burn&mdash;  
How the Dun Brake is draped in Cinder  
By the Wizard Sun&mdash;

How the old Steeples hand the Scarlet  
Till the Ball is full&mdash;  
Have I the lip of the Flamingo  
That I dare to tell?

Then, how the Fire ebbs like Billows&mdash;  
Touching all the Grass  
With a departing&mdash;Sapphire&mdash;feature&mdash;  
As a Duchess passed&mdash;

How a small Dusk crawls on the Village  
Till the Houses blot  
And the odd Flambeau, no men carry  
Glimmer on the Street&mdash;

How it is Night&mdash;in Nest and Kennel&mdash;  
And where was the Wood&mdash;  
Just a Dome of Abyss is Bowing  
Into Solitude&mdash;

These are the Visions flitted Guido&mdash;  
Titian&mdash;never told&mdash;  
Domenichino dropped his pencil&mdash;  
Paralyzed, with Gold&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# How The Waters Closed Above Him

923

How the Waters closed above Him  
We shall never know&mdash;  
How He stretched His Anguish to us  
That&mdash;is covered too&mdash;

Spreads the Pond Her Base of Lilies  
Bold above the Boy  
Whose unclaimed Hat and Jacket  
Sum the History&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# How Well I Knew Her Not

837

How well I knew Her not  
Whom not to know has been  
A Bounty in prospective, now  
Next Door to mine the Pain.

Emily Dickinson

# I am afraid to own a Body

I am afraid to own a Body -  
I am afraid to own a Soul -  
Profound - precarious Property -  
Possession, not optional -

Double Estate - entailed at pleasure  
Upon an unsuspecting Heir -  
Duke in a moment of Deathlessness  
And God, for a Frontier.

Emily Dickinson



# I Am Alive - I Guess

I am alive—I guess—  
The Branches on my Hand  
Are full of Morning Glory—  
And at my finger's end—

The Carmine—tingles warm—  
And if I hold a Glass  
Across my Mouth—it blurs it—  
Physician's—proof of Breath—

I am alive—because  
I am not in a Room—  
The Parlor—Commonly—it is—  
So Visitors may come—

And lean—and view it sidewise—  
And add 'How cold—it grew'—  
And 'Was it conscious—when it stepped  
In Immortality? '

I am alive—because  
I do not own a House—  
Entitled to myself—precise—  
And fitting no one else—

And marked my Girlhood's name—  
So Visitors may know  
Which Door is mine—and not

Emily Dickinson

# I Am Ashamed—i Hide

473

I am ashamed—I hide—  
What right have I—to be a Bride—  
So late a Dowerless Girl—  
Nowhere to hide my dazzled Face—  
No one to teach me that new Grace—  
Nor introduce—my Soul—

Me to adorn—How—tell—  
Trinket—to make Me beautiful—  
Fabrics of Cashmere—  
Never a Gown of Dun—more—  
Raiment instead—of Pompadour—  
For Me—My soul—to wear—

Fingers—to frame my Round Hair  
Oval—as Feudal Ladies wore—  
Far Fashions—Fair—  
Skill to hold my Brow like an Earl—  
Plead—like a Whippoorwill—  
Prove—like a Pearl—  
Then, for Character—  
Fashion My Spirit quaint—white—  
Quick—like a Liquor—  
Gay—like Light—  
Bring Me my best Pride—  
No more ashamed—  
No more to hide—  
Meek—let it be—too proud—for Pride—  
Baptized—this Day—a Bride—

Emily Dickinson

# I Asked No Other Thing

621

I asked no other thing&mdash;  
No other&mdash;was denied&mdash;  
I offered Being&mdash;for it&mdash;  
The Mighty Merchant sneered&mdash;

Brazil? He twirled a Button&mdash;  
Without a glance my way&mdash;  
"But&mdash;Madam&mdash;is there nothing else&mdash;  
That We can show&mdash;Today?"

Emily Dickinson

# I Bet With Every Wind That Blew

I bet with every Wind that blew  
Till Nature in chagrin  
Employed a Fact to visit me  
And scuttle my Balloon -

Emily Dickinson

# I Breathed Enough To Learn The Trick,

I breathed enough to learn the trick,  
And now, removed from air,  
I simulate the breath so well,  
That one, to be quite sure

The lungs are stirless, must descend  
Among the cunning cells,  
And touch the pantomime himself.  
How cool the bellows feels!

Emily Dickinson

# I Bring An Unaccustomed Wine

132

I bring an unaccustomed wine  
To lips long parching  
Next to mine,  
And summon them to drink;

Crackling with fever, they Essay,  
I turn my brimming eyes away,  
And come next hour to look.

The hands still hug the tardy glass&mdash;  
The lips I would have cooled, alas&mdash;  
Are so superfluous Cold&mdash;

I would as soon attempt to warm  
The bosoms where the frost has lain  
Ages beneath the mould&mdash;

Some other thirsty there may be  
To whom this would have pointed me  
Had it remained to speak&mdash;

And so I always bear the cup  
If, haply, mine may be the drop  
Some pilgrim thirst to slake&mdash;

If, haply, any say to me  
"Unto the little, unto me,"  
When I at last awake.

Emily Dickinson

# I Came To Buy A Smile—today

223

I Came to buy a smile—today—  
But just a single smile—  
The smallest one upon your face  
Will suit me just as well—  
The one that no one else would miss  
It shone so very small—  
I'm pleading at the "counter"—sir—  
Could you afford to sell—  
I've Diamonds—on my fingers—  
You know what Diamonds are?  
I've Rubies—live the Evening Blood—  
And Topaz—like the star!  
'Twould be "a Bargain" for a Jew!  
Say—may I have it—Sir?

Emily Dickinson

# I Can Wade Grief

252

I can wade Grief&mdash;  
Whole Pools of it&mdash;  
I'm used to that&mdash;  
But the least push of Joy  
Breaks up my feet&mdash;  
And I tip&mdash;drunken&mdash;  
Let no Pebble&mdash;smile&mdash;  
'Twas the New Liquor&mdash;  
That was all!

Power is only Pain&mdash;  
Stranded, thro' Discipline,  
Till Weights&mdash;will hang&mdash;  
Give Balm&mdash;to Giants&mdash;  
And they'll wilt, like Men&mdash;  
Give Himmaleh&mdash;  
They'll Carry&mdash;Him!

Emily Dickinson



# I Cannot Be Ashamed

914

I cannot be ashamed  
Because I cannot see  
The love you offer&mdash;  
Magnitude  
Reverses Modesty

And I cannot be proud  
Because a Height so high  
Involves Alpine  
Requirements  
And Services of Snow.

Emily Dickinson

# I Cannot Buy It—'Tis Not Sold

840

I cannot buy it—'tis not sold—  
There is no other in the World—  
Mine was the only one

I was so happy I forgot  
To shut the Door And it went out  
And I am all alone—

If I could find it Anywhere  
I would not mind the journey there  
Though it took all my store

But just to look it in the Eye—  
"Did'st thou?" "Thou did'st not mean," to say,  
Then, turn my Face away.

Emily Dickinson

# I Cannot Dance Upon My Toes

326

I cannot dance upon my Toes—  
No Man instructed me—  
But oftentimes, among my mind,  
A Glee possesseth me,

That had I Ballet knowledge—  
Would put itself abroad  
In Pirouette to blanch a Troupe—  
Or lay a Prima, mad,

And though I had no Gown of Gauze—  
No Ringlet, to my Hair,  
Nor hopped to Audiences—like Birds,  
One Claw upon the Air,

Nor tossed my shape in Eider Balls,  
Nor rolled on wheels of snow  
Till I was out of sight, in sound,  
The House encore me so—

Nor any know I know the Art  
I mention—easy—Here—  
Nor any Placard boast me—  
It's full as Opera—

Emily Dickinson

# I Cannot Live With You (No. 640)

I cannot live with You--  
It would be Life--  
And Life is over there--  
Behind the Shelf

The Sexton keeps the Key to--  
Putting up  
Our Life--His Porcelain--  
Like a Cup--

Discarded of the Housewife--  
Quaint--or Broke--  
A newer Sevres pleases--  
Old Ones crack--

I could not die--with You--  
For One must wait  
To shut the Other's Gaze down--  
You--could not--

And I--could I stand by  
And see You--freeze--  
Without my Right of Frost--  
Death's privilege?

Nor could I rise--with You--  
Because Your Face  
Would put out Jesus'--  
That New Grace

Glow plain--and foreign  
On my homesick Eye--  
Except that You than He  
Shone closer by--

They'd judge Us--How--  
For You--served Heaven--You know,  
Or sought to--  
I could not--

Because You saturated Sight--  
And I had no more Eyes  
For sordid excellence  
As Paradise

And were You lost, I would be--  
Though My Name  
Rang loudest  
On the Heavenly fame--

And were You--saved--  
And I--condemned to be  
Where You were not--  
That self--were Hell to Me--

So We must meet apart--  
You there--I--here--  
With just the Door ajar  
That Oceans are--and Prayer--  
And that White Sustenance--  
Despair--

Emily Dickinson

# I Can't Tell You—but You Feel It

65

I can't tell you—but you feel it—  
Nor can you tell me—  
Saints, with ravished slate and pencil  
Solve our April Day!

Sweeter than a vanished frolic  
From a vanished green!  
Swifter than the hoofs of Horsemen  
Round a Ledge of dream!

Modest, let us walk among it  
With our faces veiled—  
As they say polite Archangels  
Do in meeting God!

Not for me—to prate about it!  
Not for you—to say  
To some fashionable Lady  
"Charming April Day"!

Rather—Heaven's "Peter Parley"  
By which Children slow  
To sublimer Recitation  
Are prepared to go!

Emily Dickinson

# I Cautious, Scanned My Little Life

178

I cautious, scanned my little life—  
I winnowed what would fade  
From what would last till Heads like mine  
Should be a-dreaming laid.

I put the latter in a Barn—  
The former, blew away.  
I went one winter morning  
And lo - my priceless Hay

Was not upon the "Scaffold"—  
Was not upon the "Beam"—  
And from a thriving Farmer—  
A Cynic, I became.

Whether a Thief did it—  
Whether it was the wind—  
Whether Deity's guiltless—  
My business is, to find!

So I begin to ransack!  
How is it Hearts, with Thee?  
Art thou within the little Barn  
Love provided Thee?

Emily Dickinson

# I Could Bring You Jewels—had I A Mind To

697

I could bring You Jewels—had I a mind to—  
But You have enough—of those—  
I could bring You Odors from St. Domingo—  
Colors—from Vera Cruz—

Berries of the Bahamas—have I—  
But this little Blaze  
Flickering to itself—in the Meadow—  
Suits Me—more than those—

Never a Fellow matched this Topaz—  
And his Emerald Swing—  
Dower itself—for Bobadilo—  
Better—Could I bring?

Emily Dickinson



# I Could Die—to Know

570

I could die—to know—  
'Tis a trifling knowledge—  
News-Boys salute the Door—  
Carts—joggle by—  
Morning's bold face—stares in the window—  
Were but mine—the Charter of the least Fly—

Houses hunch the House  
With their Brick Shoulders—  
Coals—from a Rolling Load—rattle—how—near—  
To the very Square—His foot is passing—  
Possibly, this moment—  
While I—dream—Here—

Emily Dickinson

# I Could Not Drink It, Sweet

818

I could not drink it, Sweet,  
Till You had tasted first,  
Though cooler than the Water was  
The Thoughtfulness of Thirst.

Emily Dickinson

# I Could Not Prove The Years Had Feet

563

I could not prove the Years had feet&mdash;  
Yet confident they run  
Am I, from symptoms that are past  
And Series that are done&mdash;

I find my feet have further Goals&mdash;  
I smile upon the Aims  
That felt so ample&mdash;Yesterday&mdash;  
Today's&mdash;have vaster claims&mdash;

I do not doubt the self I was  
Was competent to me&mdash;  
But something awkward in the fit&mdash;  
Proves that&mdash;outgrown&mdash;I see&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I Could Suffice For Him, I Knew

643

I could suffice for Him, I knew—  
He—could suffice for Me—  
Yet Hesitating Fractions—Both  
Surveyed Infinity—

"Would I be Whole" He sudden broached—  
My syllable rebelled—  
'Twas face to face with Nature—forced—  
'Twas face to face with God—

Withdrew the Sun—to Other Wests—  
Withdrew the furthest Star  
Before Decision—stooped to speech—  
And then—be audibler

The Answer of the Sea unto  
The Motion of the Moon—  
Herself adjust Her Tides—unto—  
Could I—do else—with Mine?

Emily Dickinson

# I Cried At Pity—not At Pain

588

I cried at Pity—not at Pain—  
I heard a Woman say  
"Poor Child"—and something in her voice  
Convicted me—of me—

So long I fainted, to myself  
It seemed the common way,  
And Health, and Laughter, Curious things—  
To look at, like a Toy—

To sometimes hear "Rich people" buy  
And see the Parcel rolled—  
And carried, I supposed—to Heaven,  
For children, made of Gold—

But not to touch, or wish for,  
Or think of, with a sigh—  
And so and so—had been to me,  
Had God willed differently.

I wish I knew that Woman's name—  
So when she comes this way,  
To hold my life, and hold my ears  
For fear I hear her say

She's "sorry I am dead"—again—  
Just when the Grave and I—  
Have sobbed ourselves almost to sleep,  
Our only Lullaby—

Emily Dickinson

# I Cross Till I Am Weary

550

I cross till I am weary  
A Mountain&mdash;in my mind&mdash;  
More Mountains&mdash;then a Sea&mdash;  
More Seas&mdash;And then  
A Desert&mdash;find&mdash;

And My Horizon blocks  
With steady&mdash;drifting&mdash;Grains  
Of un conjectured quantity&mdash;  
As Asiatic Rains&mdash;

Nor this&mdash;defeat my Pace&mdash;  
It hinder from the West  
But as an Enemy's Salute  
One hurrying to Rest&mdash;

What merit had the Goal&mdash;  
Except there intervene  
Faint Doubt&mdash;and far Competitor&mdash;  
To jeopardize the Gain?

At last&mdash;the Grace in sight&mdash;  
I shout unto my feet&mdash;  
I offer them the Whole of Heaven  
The instant that we meet&mdash;

They strive&mdash;and yet delay&mdash;  
They perish&mdash;Do we die&mdash;  
Or is this Death's Experiment&mdash;  
Reversed&mdash;in Victory?

Emily Dickinson

# I Died For Beauty

I died for beauty, but was scarce  
Adjusted in the tomb,  
When one who died for truth was lain  
In an adjoining room.

He questioned softly why I failed?  
"For beauty," I replied.  
"And I for truth - the two are one;  
We brethren are," he said.

And so, as kinsmen met a-night,  
We talked between the rooms,  
Until the moss had reached our lips,  
And covered up our names.

Emily Dickinson

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Emily Dickinson



# I Dreaded That First Robin, So

348

I dreaded that first Robin, so,  
But He is mastered, now,  
I'm accustomed to Him grown,  
He hurts a little, though&mdash;

I thought If I could only live  
Till that first Shout got by&mdash;  
Not all Pianos in the Woods  
Had power to mangle me&mdash;

I dared not meet the Daffodils&mdash;  
For fear their Yellow Gown  
Would pierce me with a fashion  
So foreign to my own&mdash;

I wished the Grass would hurry&mdash;  
So&mdash;when 'twas time to see&mdash;  
He'd be too tall, the tallest one  
Could stretch&mdash;to look at me&mdash;

I could not bear the Bees should come,  
I wished they'd stay away  
In those dim countries where they go,  
What word had they, for me?

They're here, though; not a creature failed&mdash;  
No Blossom stayed away  
In gentle deference to me&mdash;  
The Queen of Calvary&mdash;

Each one salutes me, as he goes,  
And I, my childish Plumes,  
Lift, in bereaved acknowledgment  
Of their unthinking Drums&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I Dwell In Possibility

657

I dwell in Possibility—  
A fairer House than Prose—  
More numerous of Windows—  
Superior—for Doors—

Of Chambers as the Cedars—  
Impregnable of Eye—  
And for an Everlasting Roof  
The Gambrels of the Sky—

Of Visitors—the fairest—  
For Occupation—This—  
The spreading wide of narrow Hands  
To gather Paradise—

Emily Dickinson

# I Envy Seas, Whereon He Rides

498

I envy Seas, whereon He rides—  
I envy Spokes of Wheels  
Of Chariots, that Him convey—  
I envy Crooked Hills

That gaze upon His journey—  
How easy All can see  
What is forbidden utterly  
As Heaven—unto me!

I envy Nests of Sparrows—  
That dot His distant Eaves—  
The wealthy Fly, upon His Pane—  
The happy—happy Leaves—

That just abroad His Window  
Have Summer's leave to play—  
The Ear Rings of Pizarro  
Could not obtain for me—

I envy Light—that wakes Him—  
And Bells—that boldly ring  
To tell Him it is Noon, abroad—  
Myself—be Noon to Him—

Yet interdict—my Blossom—  
And abrogate—my Bee—  
Lest Noon in Everlasting Night—  
Drop Gabriel—and Me—

Emily Dickinson

# I Fear A Man Of Frugal Speech

543

I fear a Man of frugal Speech&mdash;  
I fear a Silent Man&mdash;  
Haranguer&mdash;I can overtake&mdash;  
Or Babblers&mdash;entertain&mdash;

But He who weigheth&mdash;While the Rest&mdash;  
Expend their furthest pound&mdash;  
Of this Man&mdash;I am wary&mdash;  
I fear that He is Grand&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I Felt A Cleaving In My Mind

I felt a cleaving in my mind  
As if my brain had split;  
I tried to match it, seam by seam,  
But could not make them fit.

The thought behind I strove to join  
Unto the thought before,  
But sequence unravelled out of reach  
Like balls upon a floor.

Emily Dickinson

# I Felt A Funeral, In My Brain (280)

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,  
And Mourners to and fro  
Kept treading--treading--till it seemed  
That Sense was breaking through--

And when they all were seated,  
A Service, like a Drum--  
Kept beating--beating--till I thought  
My Mind was going numb--

And then I heard them lift a Box  
And creak across my Soul  
With those same Boots of Lead, again,  
Then Space--began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,  
And Being, but an Ear,  
And I, and Silence, some strange Race  
Wrecked, solitary, here--

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,  
And I dropped down, and down--  
And hit a World, at every plunge,  
And Finished knowing--then--

Emily Dickinson

# I Felt My Life With Both My Hands

351

I felt my life with both my hands  
To see if it was there&mdash;  
I held my spirit to the Glass,  
To prove it possibler&mdash;

I turned my Being round and round  
And paused at every pound  
To ask the Owner's name&mdash;  
For doubt, that I should know the Sound&mdash;

I judged my features&mdash;jarred my hair&mdash;  
I pushed my dimples by, and waited&mdash;  
If they&mdash;twinkled back&mdash;  
Conviction might, of me&mdash;

I told myself, "Take Courage, Friend&mdash;  
That&mdash;was a former time&mdash;  
But we might learn to like the Heaven,  
As well as our Old Home!"

Emily Dickinson

# I Found The Phrase To Every Thought

I found the phrase to every thought  
I ever had, but one;  
And that defies me,--as a hand  
Did try to chalk the sun

To races nurtured in the dark;--  
How would your own begin?  
Can blaze be done in cochineal,  
Or noon in mazarin?

Emily Dickinson



# I Gained It So

359

I gained it so&mdash;  
By Climbing slow&mdash;  
By Catching at the Twigs that grow  
Between the Bliss&mdash;and me&mdash;  
It hung so high  
As well the Sky  
Attempt by Strategy&mdash;

I said I gained it&mdash;  
This&mdash;was all&mdash;  
Look, how I clutch it  
Lest it fall&mdash;  
And I a Pauper go&mdash;  
Unfitted by an instant's Grace  
For the Contented&mdash;Beggar's face  
I wore&mdash;an hour ago&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I Gave Myself To Him

580

I gave myself to Him&mdash;  
And took Himself, for Pay,  
The solemn contract of a Life  
Was ratified, this way&mdash;

The Wealth might disappoint&mdash;  
Myself a poorer prove  
Than this great Purchaser suspect,  
The Daily Own&mdash;of Love

Depreciate the Vision&mdash;  
But till the Merchant buy&mdash;  
Still Fable&mdash;in the Isles of Spice&mdash;  
The subtle Cargoes&mdash;lie&mdash;

At least&mdash;'tis Mutual&mdash;Risk&mdash;  
Some&mdash;found it&mdash;Mutual Gain&mdash;  
Sweet Debt of Life&mdash;Each Night to owe&mdash;  
Insolvent&mdash;every Noon&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I Got So I Could Take His Name

293

I got so I could take his name&mdash;  
Without&mdash;Tremendous gain&mdash;  
That Stop-sensation&mdash;on my Soul&mdash;  
And Thunder&mdash;in the Room&mdash;

I got so I could walk across  
That Angle in the floor,  
Where he turned so, and I turned&mdash;how&mdash;  
And all our Sinew tore&mdash;

I got so I could stir the Box&mdash;  
In which his letters grew  
Without that forcing, in my breath&mdash;  
As Staples&mdash;driven through&mdash;

Could dimly recollect a Grace&mdash;  
I think, they call it "God"&mdash;  
Renowned to ease Extremity&mdash;  
When Formula, had failed&mdash;

And shape my Hands&mdash;  
Petition's way,  
Tho' ignorant of a word  
That Ordination&mdash;utters&mdash;

My Business, with the Cloud,  
If any Power behind it, be,  
Not subject to Despair&mdash;  
It care, in some remoter way,  
For so minute affair  
As Misery&mdash;  
Itself, too vast, for interrupting&mdash;more&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I Had A Guinea Golden

23

I had a guinea golden&mdash;  
I lost it in the sand&mdash;  
And tho' the sum was simple  
And pounds were in the land&mdash;  
Still, had it such a value  
Unto my frugal eye&mdash;  
That when I could not find it&mdash;  
I sat me down to sigh.

I had a crimson Robin&mdash;  
Who sang full many a day  
But when the woods were painted,  
He, too, did fly away&mdash;

Time brought me other Robins&mdash;  
Their ballads were the same&mdash;  
Still, for my missing Troubador  
I kept the "house at hame."

I had a star in heaven&mdash;  
One "Pleiad" was its name&mdash;  
And when I was not heeding,  
It wandered from the same.  
And tho' the skies are crowded&mdash;  
And all the night ashine&mdash;  
I do not care about it&mdash;  
Since none of them are mine.

My story has a moral&mdash;  
I have a missing friend&mdash;  
"Pleiad" its name, and Robin,  
And guinea in the sand.  
And when this mournful ditty  
Accompanied with tear&mdash;  
Shall meet the eye of traitor  
In country far from here&mdash;  
Grant that repentance solemn

May seize upon his mind&mdash;  
And he no consolation  
Beneath the sun may find.

Emily Dickinson

# I Had Been Hungry All The Years-

I had been hungry all the years-  
My noon had come, to dine-  
I, trembling, drew the table near  
And touched the curious wine.

'T was this on tables I had seen  
When turning, hungry, lone,  
I looked in windows, for the wealth  
I could not hope to own.

I did not know the ample bread,  
'T was so unlike the crumb  
The birds and I had often shared  
In Nature's dining-room.

The plenty hurt me, 't was so new,--  
Myself felt ill and odd,  
As berry of a mountain bush  
Transplanted to the road.

Nor was I hungry; so I found  
That hunger was a way  
Of persons outside windows,  
The entering takes away.

Emily Dickinson

# I Had No Cause To Be Awake

542

I had no Cause to be awake&mdash;  
My Best&mdash;was gone to sleep&mdash;  
And Morn a new politeness took&mdash;  
And failed to wake them up&mdash;

But called the others&mdash;clear&mdash;  
And passed their Curtains by&mdash;  
Sweet Morning&mdash;when I oversleep&mdash;  
Knock&mdash;Recollect&mdash;to Me&mdash;

I looked at Sunrise&mdash;Once&mdash;  
And then I looked at Them&mdash;  
And wishfulness in me arose&mdash;  
For Circumstance the same&mdash;

'Twas such an Ample Peace&mdash;  
It could not hold a Sigh&mdash;  
'Twas Sabbath&mdash;with the Bells divorced&mdash;  
'Twas Sunset&mdash;all the Day&mdash;

So choosing but a Gown&mdash;  
And taking but a Prayer&mdash;  
The only Raiment I should need&mdash;  
I struggled&mdash;and was There&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I Had No Time To Hate, Because

I had no time to hate, because  
The grave would hinder me,  
And life was not so ample I  
Could finish enmity.

Nor had I time to love, but since  
Some industry must be,  
The little toil of love, I thought,  
Was large enough for me.

Emily Dickinson



# I Had Not Minded—walls

398

I had not minded—Walls—  
Were Universe—one Rock—  
And fr I heard his silver Call  
The other side the Block—

I'd tunnel—till my Groove  
Pushed sudden thro' to his—  
Then my face take her Recompense—  
The looking in his Eyes—

But 'tis a single Hair—  
A filament—a law—  
A Cobweb—wove in Adamant—  
A Battlement—of Straw—

A limit like the Veil  
Unto the Lady's face—  
But every Mesh—a Citadel—  
And Dragons—in the Crease—

Emily Dickinson

# I Had Some Things That I Called Mine

116

I had some things that I called mine—  
And God, that he called his,  
Till, recently a rival Claim  
Disturbed these amities.

The property, my garden,  
Which having sown with care,  
He claims the pretty acre,  
And sends a Bailiff there.

The station of the parties  
Forbids publicity,  
But Justice is sublimer  
Than arms, or pedigree.

I'll institute an "Action"—  
I'll vindicate the law—  
Jove! Choose your counsel—  
I retain "Shaw"!

Emily Dickinson

# I Had The Glory—that Will Do

349

I had the Glory—that will do—  
An Honor, Thought can turn her to  
When lesser Fames invite—  
With one long "Nay"—  
Bliss' early shape  
Deforming—Dwindling—Gulfing up—  
Time's possibility.

Emily Dickinson

# I Have A Bird In Spring

5

I have a Bird in spring  
Which for myself doth sing&mdash;  
The spring decoys.  
And as the summer nears&mdash;  
And as the Rose appears,  
Robin is gone.

Yet do I not repine  
Knowing that Bird of mine  
Though flown&mdash;  
Learneth beyond the sea  
Melody new for me  
And will return.

Fast is a safer hand  
Held in a truer Land  
Are mine&mdash;  
And though they now depart,  
Tell I my doubting heart  
They're thine.

In a serener Bright,  
In a more golden light  
I see  
Each little doubt and fear,  
Each little discord here  
Removed.

Then will I not repine,  
Knowing that Bird of mine  
Though flown  
Shall in a distant tree  
Bright melody for me  
Return.

Emily Dickinson

# I Have A King, Who Does Not Speak

103

I have a King, who does not speak—  
So—wondering—thro' the hours meek  
I trudge the day away—  
Half glad when it is night, and sleep,  
If, haply, thro' a dream, to peep  
In parlors, shut by day.

And if I do—when morning comes—  
It is as if a hundred drums  
Did round my pillow roll,  
And shouts fill all my Childish sky,  
And Bells keep saying "Victory"  
From steeples in my soul!

And if I don't—the little Bird  
Within the Orchard, is not heard,  
And I omit to pray  
"Father, thy will be done" today  
For my will goes the other way,  
And it were perjury!

Emily Dickinson

# I Have Never Seen "Volcanoes"

175

I have never seen "Volcanoes"—  
But, when Travellers tell  
How those old—phlegmatic mountains  
Usually so still—

Bear within—appalling Ordnance,  
Fire, and smoke, and gun,  
Taking Villages for breakfast,  
And appalling Men—

If the stillness is Volcanic  
In the human face  
When upon a pain Titanic  
Features keep their place—

If at length the smouldering anguish  
Will not overcome—  
And the palpitating Vineyard  
In the dust, be thrown?

If some loving Antiquary,  
On Resumption Morn,  
Will not cry with joy "Pompeii!"  
To the Hills return!

Emily Dickinson

# I Have No Life But This

I have no life but this,  
To lead it here;  
Nor any death, but lest  
Dispelled from there;  
Nor tie to earths to come,  
Nor action new,  
Except through this extent,  
The Realm of You!

Emily Dickinson

# I Haven'T Told My Garden Yet

50

I haven't told my garden yet&mdash;  
Lest that should conquer me.  
I haven't quite the strength now  
To break it to the Bee&mdash;

I will not name it in the street  
For shops would stare at me&mdash;  
That one so shy&mdash;so ignorant  
Should have the face to die.

The hillsides must not know it&mdash;  
Where I have rambled so&mdash;  
Nor tell the loving forests  
The day that I shall go&mdash;

Nor lisp it at the table&mdash;  
Nor heedless by the way  
Hint that within the Riddle  
One will walk today&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# I Heard A Fly Buzz When I Died;

I heard a fly buzz when I died;  
The stillness round my form  
Was like the stillness in the air  
Between the heavens of storm.

The eyes beside had wrung them dry,  
And breaths were gathering sure  
For that last onset, when the king  
Be witnessed in his power.

I willed my keepsakes, signed away  
What portion of me I  
Could make assignable,--and then  
There interposed a fly,

With blue, uncertain, stumbling buzz,  
Between the light and me;  
And then the windows failed, and then  
I could not see to see.

Emily Dickinson

# I Held A Jewel In My Fingers

I held a Jewel in my fingers—  
And went to sleep—  
The day was warm, and winds were prosy—  
I said "Twill keep"—

I woke—and chid my honest fingers,  
The Gem was gone—  
And now, an Amethyst remembrance  
Is all I own—

Emily Dickinson

# I Hide Myself Within My Flower

903

I hide myself within my flower,  
That fading from your Vase,  
You, unsuspecting, feel for me&mdash;  
Almost a loneliness.

Emily Dickinson

# I Keep My Pledge

46

I keep my pledge.  
I was not called&mdash;  
Death did not notice me.  
I bring my Rose.  
I plight again,  
By every sainted Bee&mdash;  
By Daisy called from hillside&mdash;  
by Bobolink from lane.  
Blossom and I&mdash;  
Her oath, and mine&mdash;  
Will surely come again.

Emily Dickinson

# I Know A Place Where Summer Strives

I know a place where summer strives  
With such a practised frost,  
She each year leads her daisies back,  
Recording briefly, 'Lost.'

But when the south wind stirs the pools  
And struggles in the lanes,  
Her heart misgives her for her vow,  
And she pours soft refrains

Into the lap of adamant,  
And spices, and the dew,  
That stiffens quietly to quartz  
Upon her amber shoe.

Emily Dickinson

# I Know Lives, I Could Miss

372

I know lives, I could miss  
Without a Misery&mdash;  
Others&mdash;whose instant's wanting&mdash;  
Would be Eternity&mdash;

The last&mdash;a scanty Number&mdash;  
'Twould scarcely fill a Two&mdash;  
The first&mdash;a Gnat's Horizon  
Could easily outgrow&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I Know Some Lonely Houses Off The Road

289

I know some lonely Houses off the Road  
A Robber'd like the look of&mdash;  
Wooden barred,  
And Windows hanging low,  
Inviting to&mdash;  
A Portico,  
Where two could creep&mdash;  
One&mdash;hand the Tools&mdash;  
The other peep&mdash;  
To make sure All's Asleep&mdash;  
Old fashioned eyes&mdash;  
Not easy to surprise!

How orderly the Kitchen'd look, by night,  
With just a Clock&mdash;  
But they could gag the Tick&mdash;  
And Mice won't bark&mdash;  
And so the Walls&mdash;don't tell&mdash;  
None&mdash;will&mdash;

A pair of Spectacles ajar just stir&mdash;  
An Almanac's aware&mdash;  
Was it the Mat&mdash;winked,  
Or a Nervous Star?  
The Moon&mdash;slides down the stair,  
To see who's there!

There's plunder&mdash;where&mdash;  
Tankard, or Spoon&mdash;  
Earring&mdash;or Stone&mdash;  
A Watch&mdash;Some Ancient Brooch  
To match the Grandmama&mdash;  
Staid sleeping&mdash;there&mdash;

Day&mdash;rattles&mdash;too  
Stealth's&mdash;slow&mdash;  
The Sun has got as far

As the third Sycamore&mdash;  
Screams Chanticleer  
"Who's there"?

And Echoes&mdash;Trains away,  
Sneer&mdash;"Where"!  
While the old Couple, just astir,  
Fancy the Sunrise&mdash;left the door ajar!

Emily Dickinson



# I Know That He Exists

338

I know that He exists.  
Somewhere&mdash;in Silence&mdash;;  
He has hid his rare life  
From our gross eyes.

'Tis an instant's play.  
'Tis a fond Ambush&mdash;;  
Just to make Bliss  
Earn her own surprise!

But&mdash;;should the play  
Prove piercing earnest&mdash;;  
Should the glee&mdash;;glaze&mdash;;  
In Death's&mdash;;stiff&mdash;;stare&mdash;;

Would not the fun  
Look too expensive!  
Would not the jest&mdash;;  
Have crawled too far!

Emily Dickinson

# I Know Where Wells Grow—droughtless Wells

460

I know where Wells grow—Droughtless Wells—  
Deep dug—for Summer days—  
Where Mosses go no more away—  
And Pebble—safely plays—

It's made of Fathoms—and a Belt—  
A Belt of jagged Stone—  
Inlaid with Emerald—half way down—  
And Diamonds—jumbled on—

It has no Bucket—Were I rich  
A Bucket I would buy—  
I'm often thirsty—but my lips  
Are so high up—You see—

I read in an Old fashioned Book  
That People "thirst no more"—  
The Wells have Buckets to them there—  
It must mean that—I'm sure—

Shall We remember Parching—then?  
Those Waters sound so grand—  
I think a little Well—like Mine—  
Dearer to understand—

Emily Dickinson

# I Learned—at Least—what Home Could Be

944

I learned—at least—what Home could be—  
How ignorant I had been  
Of pretty ways of Covenant—  
How awkward at the Hymn

Round our new Fireside—but for this—  
This pattern—of the Way—  
Whose Memory drowns me, like the Dip  
Of a Celestial Sea—

What Mornings in our Garden—guessed—  
What Bees—for us—to hum—  
With only Birds to interrupt  
The Ripple of our Theme—

And Task for Both—  
When Play be done—  
Your Problem—of the Brain—  
And mine—some foolisher effect—  
A Ruffle—or a Tune—

The Afternoons—Together spent—  
And Twilight—in the Lanes—  
Some ministry to poorer lives—  
Seen poorest—thro' our gains—

And then Return—and Night—and Home—

And then away to You to pass—  
A new—diviner—care—  
Till Sunrise take us back to Scene—  
Transmuted—Vivider—

This seems a Home—  
And Home is not—  
But what that Place could be—  
Afflicts me—as a Setting Sun—

Where Dawn—knows how to be—

Emily Dickinson

# I Like A Look Of Agony

241

I like a look of Agony,  
Because I know it's true&mdash;  
Men do not sham Convulsion,  
Nor simulate, a Throe&mdash;

The Eyes glaze once&mdash;and that is Death&mdash;  
Impossible to feign  
The Beads upon the Forehead  
By homely Anguish strung.

Emily Dickinson

# I Like To See It Lap The Miles,

I like to see it lap the miles,  
And lick the valleys up,  
And stop to feed itself at tanks;  
And then, prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains,  
And, supercilious, peer  
In shanties by the sides of roads;  
And then a quarry pare

To fit its sides, and crawl between,  
Complaining all the while  
In horrid, hooting stanza;  
Then chase itself down hill

And neigh like Boanerges;  
Then, punctual as a star,  
Stop--docile and omnipotent--  
At its own stable door.

Emily Dickinson

# I Live With Him—i See His Face

463

I live with Him—I see His face—  
I go no more away  
For Visitor—or Sundown—  
Death's single privacy

The Only One—forestalling Mine—  
And that—by Right that He  
Presents a Claim invisible—  
No wedlock—granted Me—

I live with Him—I hear His Voice—  
I stand alive—Today—  
To witness to the Certainty  
Of Immortality—

Taught Me—by Time—the lower Way—  
Conviction—Every day—  
That Life like This—is stopless—  
Be Judgment—what it may—

Emily Dickinson

# I Lived On Dread

770

I lived on Dread—  
To Those who know  
The Stimulus there is  
In Danger—Other impetus  
Is numb—and Vitalless—

As 'twere a Spur—upon the Soul—  
A Fear will urge it where  
To go without the Sceptre's aid  
Were Challenging Despair.

Emily Dickinson



# I Lived On Dread; To Those Who Know

I lived on dread; to those who know  
The stimulus there is  
In danger, other impetus  
Is numb and vital-less.

As't were a spur upon the soul,  
A fear will urge it where  
To go without the spectre's aid  
Were challenging despair.

Emily Dickinson

# I Lost A World - The Other Day!

181

I lost a World - the other day!  
Has Anybody found?  
You'll know it by the Row of Stars  
Around its forehead bound.

A Rich man&mdash;might not notice it&mdash;  
Yet&mdash;to my frugal Eye,  
Of more Esteem than Ducats&mdash;  
Oh find it&mdash;Sir&mdash;for me!

Emily Dickinson

# I Made Slow Riches But My Gain

843

I made slow Riches but my Gain  
Was steady as the Sun  
And every Night, it numbered more  
Than the preceding One

All Days, I did not earn the same  
But my perceiveless Gain  
Inferred the less by Growing than  
The Sum that it had grown.

Emily Dickinson

# I Make His Crescent Fill Or Lack

909

I make His Crescent fill or lack&mdash;  
His Nature is at Full  
Or Quarter&mdash;as I signify&mdash;  
His Tides&mdash;do I control&mdash;

He holds superior in the Sky  
Or gropes, at my Command  
Behind inferior Clouds&mdash;or round  
A Mist's slow Colonnade&mdash;

But since We hold a Mutual Disc&mdash;  
And front a Mutual Day&mdash;  
Which is the Despot, neither knows&mdash;  
Nor Whose&mdash;the Tyranny&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I Many Times Thought Peace Had Come

I many times thought Peace had come  
When Peace was far away—  
As Wrecked Men—deem they sight the Land—  
At Centre of the Sea—

And struggle slacker—but to prove  
As hopelessly as I—  
How many the fictitious Shores—  
Before the Harbor be—

Emily Dickinson

# I Meant To Find Her When I Came

718

I meant to find Her when I came&mdash;  
Death&mdash;had the same design&mdash;  
But the Success&mdash;was His&mdash;it seems&mdash;  
And the Surrender&mdash;Mine&mdash;

I meant to tell Her how I longed  
For just this single time&mdash;  
But Death had told Her so the first&mdash;  
And she had past, with Him&mdash;

To wander&mdash;now&mdash;is my Repose&mdash;  
To rest&mdash;To rest would be  
A privilege of Hurricane  
To Memory&mdash;and Me.

Emily Dickinson

# I Meant To Have But Modest Needs

476

I meant to have but modest needs  
Such as Content;and Heaven  
Within my income;these could lie  
And Life and I;keep even;

But since the last;included both;  
It would suffice my Prayer  
But just for One;to stipulate;  
And Grace would grant the Pair;

And so;upon this wise;I prayed;  
Great Spirit;Give to me  
A Heaven not so large as Yours,  
But large enough;for me;

A Smile suffused Jehovah's face;  
The Cherubim;withdrew;  
Grave Saints stole out to look at me;  
And showed their dimples;too;

I left the Place, with all my might;  
I threw my Prayer away;  
The Quiet Ages picked it up;  
And Judgment;twinkled;too;  
Tat one so honest;be extant;  
It take the Tale for true;  
That "Whatsoever Ye shall ask;  
Itself be given You";

But I, grown shrewder;scan the Skies  
With a suspicious Air;  
As Children;swindled for the first  
All Swindlers;be;infer;

Emily Dickinson

# I Measure Every Grief I Meet (561)

I measure every Grief I meet  
With narrow, probing, Eyes--  
I wonder if It weighs like Mine--  
Or has an Easier size.

I wonder if They bore it long--  
Or did it just begin--  
I could not tell the Date of Mine--  
It feels so old a pain--

I wonder if it hurts to live--  
And if They have to try--  
And whether--could They choose between--  
It would not be--to die--

I note that Some--gone patient long--  
At length, renew their smile--  
An imitation of a Light  
That has so little Oil--

I wonder if when Years have piled--  
Some Thousands--on the Harm--  
That hurt them early--such a lapse  
Could give them any Balm--

Or would they go on aching still  
Through Centuries of Nerve--  
Enlightened to a larger Pain--  
In Contrast with the Love--

The Grieved--are many--I am told--  
There is the various Cause--  
Death--is but one--and comes but once--  
And only nails the eyes--

There's Grief of Want--and grief of Cold--  
A sort they call &quot;Despair&quot;--  
There's Banishment from native Eyes--  
In Sight of Native Air--



And though I may not guess the kind--  
Correctly--yet to me  
A piercing Comfort it affords  
In passing Calvary--

To note the fashions--of the Cross--  
And how they're mostly worn--  
Still fascinated to presume  
That Some--are like My Own--

Emily Dickinson

# I Ment To Find Her When I Came;

I meant to find her when I came;  
Death had the same design;  
But the success was his, it seems,  
And the discomfit mine.

I meant to tell her how I longed  
For just this single time;  
But Death had told her so the first,  
And she had hearkened him.

To wander now is my abode;  
To rest,--to rest would be  
A privilege of hurricane  
To memory and me.

Emily Dickinson

# I Met A King This Afternoon!

166

I met a King this afternoon!  
He had not on a Crown indeed,  
A little Palmleaf Hat was all,  
And he was barefoot, I'm afraid!

But sure I am he Ermine wore  
Beneath his faded Jacket's blue&mdash;  
And sure I am, the crest he bore  
Within that Jacket's pocket too!

For 'twas too stately for an Earl&mdash;  
A Marquis would not go so grand!  
'Twas possibly a Czar petite&mdash;  
A Pope, or something of that kind!

If I must tell you, of a Horse  
My freckled Monarch held the rein&mdash;  
Doubtless an estimable Beast,  
But not at all disposed to run!

And such a wagon! While I live  
Dare I presume to see  
Another such a vehicle  
As then transported me!

Two other ragged Princes  
His royal state partook!  
Doubtless the first excursion  
These sovereigns ever took!

I question if the Royal Coach  
Round which the Footmen wait  
Has the significance, on high,  
Of this Barefoot Estate!

Emily Dickinson

# I Never Felt At Home—below

413

I never felt at Home—Below—  
And in the Handsome Skies  
I shall not feel at Home—I know—  
I don't like Paradise—

Because it's Sunday—all the time—  
And Recess—never comes—  
And Eden'll be so lonesome  
Bright Wednesday Afternoons—

If God could make a visit—  
Or ever took a Nap—  
So not to see us—but they say  
Himself—a Telescope

Perennial beholds us—  
Myself would run away  
From Him—and Holy Ghost—and All—  
But there's the "Judgement Day"!

Emily Dickinson

# I Never Hear The Word 'Escape'

I never hear the word 'escape'  
Without a quicker blood,  
A sudden expectation,  
A flying attitude.

I never hear of prisons broad  
By soldiers battered down,  
But I tug childish at my bars, --  
Only to fail again!

Emily Dickinson

# I Never Lost As Much But Twice

49

I never lost as much but twice,  
And that was in the sod.  
Twice have I stood a beggar  
Before the door of God!

Angels&mdash;twice descending  
Reimbursed my store&mdash;  
Burglar! Banker&mdash;Father!  
I am poor once more!

Emily Dickinson

# I Never Saw A Moor

I never saw a moor;  
I never saw the sea,  
Yet know I how the heather looks  
And what a billow be.

I never spoke with God,  
Nor visited in heaven.  
Yet certain am I of the spot  
As if the checks were given.

Emily Dickinson

# I Never Told The Buried Gold

11

I never told the buried gold  
Upon the hill&mdash;that lies&mdash;  
I saw the sun&mdash;his plunder done  
Crouch low to guard his prize.

He stood as near  
As stood you here&mdash;  
A pace had been between&mdash;  
Did but a snake bisect the brake  
My life had forfeit been.

That was a wondrous booty&mdash;  
I hope 'twas honest gained.  
Those were the fairest ingots  
That ever kissed the spade!

Whether to keep the secret&mdash;  
Whether to reveal&mdash;  
Whether as I ponder  
Kidd will sudden sail&mdash;

Could a shrewd advise me  
We might e'en divide&mdash;  
Should a shrewd betray me&mdash;  
Atropos decide!

Emily Dickinson



# I Noticed People Disappeared

I noticed People disappeared  
When but a little child -  
Supposed they visited remote  
Or settled Regions wild -  
But did because they died  
A Fact withheld the little child -

Emily Dickinson

# I Often Passed The Village

51

I often passed the village  
When going home from school&mdash;  
And wondered what they did there&mdash;  
And why it was so still&mdash;

I did not know the year then&mdash;  
In which my call would come&mdash;  
Earlier, by the Dial,  
Than the rest have gone.

It's stiller than the sundown.  
It's cooler than the dawn&mdash;  
The Daisies dare to come here&mdash;  
And birds can flutter down&mdash;

So when you are tired&mdash;  
Or perplexed&mdash;or cold&mdash;  
Trust the loving promise  
Underneath the mould,  
Cry "it's I," "take Dollie,"  
And I will enfold!

Emily Dickinson

# I Pay—in Satin Cash

402

I pay—in Satin Cash—  
You did not state—your price—  
A Petal, for a Paragraph  
It near as I can guess—

Emily Dickinson

# I Play At Riches—to Appease

801

I play at Riches—to appease  
The Clamoring for Gold—  
It kept me from a Thief, I think,  
For often, overbold

With Want, and Opportunity—  
I could have done a Sin  
And been Myself that easy Thing  
An independent Man—

But often as my lot displays  
Too hungry to be borne  
I deem Myself what I would be—  
And novel Comforting

My Poverty and I derive—  
We question if the Man—  
Who own—Esteem the Opulence—  
As We—Who never Can—

Should ever these exploring Hands  
Chance Sovereign on a Mine—  
Or in the long—uneven term  
To win, become their turn—

How fitter they will be—for Want—  
Enlightening so well—  
I know not which, Desire, or Grant—  
Be wholly beautiful—

Emily Dickinson

# I Prayed, At First, A Little Girl

576

I prayed, at first, a little Girl,  
Because they told me to&mdash;  
But stopped, when qualified to guess  
How prayer would feel&mdash;to me&mdash;

If I believed God looked around,  
Each time my Childish eye  
Fixed full, and steady, on his own  
In Childish honesty&mdash;

And told him what I'd like, today,  
And parts of his far plan  
That baffled me&mdash;  
The mingled side  
Of his Divinity&mdash;

And often since, in Danger,  
I count the force 'twould be  
To have a God so strong as that  
To hold my life for me

Till I could take the Balance  
That tips so frequent, now,  
It takes me all the while to poise&mdash;  
And then&mdash;it doesn't stay&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I Read My Sentence—steadily

412

I read my sentence—steadily—  
Reviewed it with my eyes,  
To see that I made no mistake  
In its extremest clause—  
The Date, and manner, of the shame—  
And then the Pious Form  
That "God have mercy" on the Soul  
The Jury voted Him—  
I made my soul familiar—with her extremity—  
That at the last, it should not be a novel Agony—  
But she, and Death, acquainted—  
Meet tranquilly, as friends—  
Salute, and pass, without a Hint—  
And there, the Matter ends—

Emily Dickinson

# I Reason, Earth Is Short

301

I reason, Earth is short&mdash;  
And Anguish&mdash;absolute&mdash;  
And many hurt,  
But, what of that?

I reason, we could die&mdash;  
The best Vitality  
Cannot excel Decay,  
But, what of that?

I reason, that in Heaven&mdash;  
Somehow, it will be even&mdash;  
Some new Equation, given&mdash;  
But, what of that?

Emily Dickinson

# I Reckon—when I Count It All

569

I reckon—when I count it all—  
First—Poets—Then the Sun—  
Then Summer—Then the Heaven of God—  
And then—the List is done—

But, looking back—the First so seems  
To Comprehend the Whole—  
The Others look a needless Show—  
So I write—Poets—All—

Their Summer—lasts a Solid Year—  
They can afford a Sun  
The East—would deem extravagant—  
And if the Further Heaven—

Be Beautiful as they prepare  
For Those who worship Them—  
It is too difficult a Grace—  
To justify the Dream—

Emily Dickinson



# I Robbed The Woods

41

I robbed the Woods&mdash;

The trusting Woods.

The unsuspecting Trees

Brought out their Burs and mosses

My fantasy to please.

I scanned their trinkets curious&mdash;I grasped&mdash;I bore away&mdash;

What will the solemn Hemlock&mdash;

What will the Oak tree say?

Emily Dickinson

# I Rose—because He Sank

616

I rose—because He sank—  
I thought it would be opposite—  
But when his power dropped—  
My Soul grew straight.

I cheered my fainting Prince—  
I sang firm—even—Chants—  
I helped his Film—with Hymn—

And when the Dews drew off  
That held his Forehead stiff—  
I met him—  
Balm to Balm—

I told him Best—must pass  
Through this low Arch of Flesh—  
No Casque so brave  
It spurn the Grave—

I told him Worlds I knew  
Where Emperors grew—  
Who recollected us  
If we were true—

And so with Thews of Hymn—  
And Sinew from within—  
And ways I knew not that I knew—till then—  
I lifted Him—

Emily Dickinson

# I Saw No Way—the Heavens Were Stitched

378

I saw no Way—The Heavens were stitched—  
I felt the Columns close—  
The Earth reversed her Hemispheres—  
I touched the Universe—

And back it slid—and I alone—  
A Speck upon a Ball—  
Went out upon Circumference—  
Beyond the Dip of Bell—

Emily Dickinson

# I Saw The Wind Within Her

I saw the wind within her  
I knew it blew for me —  
But she must buy my shelter  
I asked Humility

Emily Dickinson

# I See Thee Better—in The Dark

I see thee better—in the Dark—  
I do not need a Light—  
The Love of Thee—a Prism be—  
Excelling Violet—

I see thee better for the Years  
That hunch themselves between—  
The Miner's Lamp—sufficient be—  
To nullify the Mine—

And in the Grave—I see Thee best—  
Its little Panels be  
Aglow—All ruddy—with the Light  
I held so high, for Thee—

What need of Day—  
To Those whose Dark—hath so—surpassing Sun—  
It deem it be—Continually—  
At the Meridian?

Emily Dickinson

# I Send Two Sunsets

308

I send Two Sunsets—  
Day and I—in competition ran—  
I finished Two—and several Stars—  
While He—was making One—

His own was ampler—but as I  
Was saying to a friend—  
Mine—is the more convenient  
To Carry in the Hand—

Emily Dickinson

# I Shall Keep Singing!

250

I shall keep singing!  
Birds will pass me  
On their way to Yellower Climes&mdash;  
Each&mdash;with a Robin's expectation&mdash;  
I&mdash;with my Redbreast&mdash;  
And my Rhymes&mdash;

Late&mdash;when I take my place in summer&mdash;  
But&mdash;I shall bring a fuller tune&mdash;  
Vespers&mdash;are sweeter than Matins&mdash;Signor&mdash;  
Morning&mdash;only the seed of Noon&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I Shall Know Why—when Time Is Over

193

I shall know why—when Time is over—  
And I have ceased to wonder why—  
Christ will explain each separate anguish  
In the fair schoolroom of the sky—

He will tell me what "Peter" promised—  
And I—for wonder at his woe—  
I shall forget the drop of Anguish  
That scalds me now—that scalds me now!

Emily Dickinson



# I Should Have Been Too Glad, I See

313

I should have been too glad, I see—  
Too lifted—;for the scant degree  
Of Life's penurious Round—;  
My little Circuit would have shamed  
This new Circumference—;have blamed—;  
The homelier time behind.

I should have been too saved—I see—;  
Too rescued—;Fear too dim to me  
That I could spell the Prayer  
I knew so perfect—;yesterday—;  
That Scalding One—;Sabachthani—;  
Recited fluent—;here—;

Earth would have been too much—I see—;  
And Heaven—;not enough for me—;  
I should have had the Joy  
Without the Fear—to justify—;  
The Palm—;without the Calvary—;  
So Savior—;Crucify—;  
Defeat—;whets Victory—;they say—;  
The Reefs—in old Gethsemane—;  
Endear the Coast—;beyond!  
'Tis Beggars—;Banquets—;can define—;  
'Tis Parching—;vitalizes Wine—;  
"Faith" bleats—to understand!

Emily Dickinson

# I Should Not Dare To Leave My Friend

205

I should not dare to leave my friend,  
Because—because if he should die  
While I was gone—and I—too late—  
Should reach the Heart that wanted me—

If I should disappoint the eyes  
That hunted—hunted so—to see—  
And could not bear to shut until  
They "noticed" me—they noticed me—

If I should stab the patient faith  
So sure I'd come—so sure I'd come—  
It listening—listening—went to sleep—  
Telling my tardy name—

My Heart would wish it broke before—  
Since breaking then—since breaking then—  
Were useless as next morning's sun—  
Where midnight frosts—had lain!

Emily Dickinson

# I Showed Her Heights She Never Saw

446

I showed her Heights she never saw—  
"Would'st Climb," I said?  
She said—"Not so"—  
"With me—" I said—"With me?"  
I showed her Secrets—Morning's Nest—  
The Rope the Nights were put across—  
And now—"Would'st have me for a Guest?"  
She could not find her Yes—  
And then, I brake my life—And Lo,  
A Light, for her, did solemn glow,  
The larger, as her face withdrew—  
And could she, further, "No"?

Emily Dickinson

# I Sing To Use The Waiting

850

I sing to use the Waiting  
My Bonnet but to tie  
And shut the Door unto my House  
No more to do have I

Till His best step approaching  
We journey to the Day  
And tell each other how We sung  
To Keep the Dark away.

Emily Dickinson

# I Sometimes Drop It, For A Quick

708

I sometimes drop it, for a Quick—  
The Thought to be alive—  
Anonymous Delight to know—  
And Madder—to conceive—

Consoles a Woe so monstrous  
That did it tear all Day,  
Without an instant's Respite—  
'Twould look too far—to Die—

Emily Dickinson

# I Started Early - Took My Dog

I started Early - Took my Dog -  
And visited the Sea -  
The Mermaids in the Basement  
Came out to look at me -

And Frigates - in the Upper Floor  
Extended Hempen Hands -  
Presuming Me to be a Mouse -  
Aground - upon the Sands -

But no Man moved Me - till the Tide  
Went past my simple Shoe -  
And past my Apron - and my Belt  
And past my Bodice - too -

And made as He would eat me up -  
As wholly as a Dew  
Upon a Dandelion's Sleeve -  
And then - I started - too -

And He - He followed - close behind -  
I felt His Silver Heel  
Upon my Ankle - Then my Shoes  
Would overflow with Pearl -

Until We met the Solid Town -  
No One He seemed to know -  
And bowing - with a Mighty look -  
At me - The Sea withdrew -

Emily Dickinson

# I Stepped From Plank To Plank

I stepped from plank to plank  
So slow and cautiously;  
The stars about my head I felt,  
About my feet the sea.

I knew not but the next  
Would be my final inch,--  
This gave me that precarious gait  
Some call experience.

Emily Dickinson

# I Stole Them From A Bee

200

I stole them from a Bee&mdash;  
Because&mdash;Thee&mdash;  
Sweet plea&mdash;  
He pardoned me!

Emily Dickinson



# I Taste A Liquor Never Brewed

I taste a liquor never brewed,  
From tankards scooped in pearl;  
Not all the vats upon the Rhine  
Yield such an alcohol!

Inebriate of air am I,  
And debauchee of dew,  
Reeling, through endless summer days,  
From inns of molten blue.

When the landlord turn the drunken bee  
Out of the foxglove's door,  
When butterflies renounce their drams,  
I shall but drink the more!

Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,  
And saints to windows run,  
To see the little tippler  
Leaning against the sun!

Emily Dickinson

# I Tend My Flowers For Thee

339

I tend my flowers for thee—  
Bright Absentee!  
My Fuchsia's Coral Seams  
Rip—while the Sower—dreams—

Geraniums—tint—and spot—  
Low Daisies—dot—  
My Cactus—splits her Beard  
To show her throat—

Carnations—tip their spice—  
And Bees—pick up—  
A Hyacinth—I hid—  
Puts out a Ruffled Head—  
And odors fall  
From flasks—so small—  
You marvel how they held—

Globe Roses—break their satin glake—  
Upon my Garden floor—  
Yet—thou—not there—  
I had as lief they bore  
No Crimson—more—

Thy flower—be gay—  
Her Lord—away!  
It ill becometh me—  
I'll dwell in Calyx—Gray—  
How modestly—alway—  
Thy Daisy—  
Draped for thee!

Emily Dickinson

# I Think I Was Enchanted

593

I think I was enchanted  
When first a sombre Girl&mdash;  
I read that Foreign Lady&mdash;  
The Dark&mdash;felt beautiful&mdash;

And whether it was noon at night&mdash;  
Or only Heaven&mdash;at Noon&mdash;  
For very Lunacy of Light  
I had not power to tell&mdash;

The Bees&mdash;became as Butterflies&mdash;  
The Butterflies&mdash;as Swans&mdash;  
Approached&mdash;and spurned the narrow Grass&mdash;  
And just the meanest Tunes

That Nature murmured to herself  
To keep herself in Cheer&mdash;  
I took for Giants&mdash;practising  
Titanic Opera&mdash;

The Days&mdash;to Mighty Metres stept&mdash;  
The Homeliest&mdash;adorned  
As if unto a Jubilee  
'Twere suddenly confirmed&mdash;

I could not have defined the change&mdash;  
Conversion of the Mind  
Like Sanctifying in the Soul&mdash;  
Is witnessed&mdash;not explained&mdash;

'Twas a Divine Insanity&mdash;  
The Danger to be Sane  
Should I again experience&mdash;  
'Tis Antidote to turn&mdash;

To Tomes of solid Witchcraft&mdash;  
Magicians be asleep&mdash;

But Magic&mdash;hath an Element  
Like Deity&mdash;to keep&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I Think Just How My Shape Will Rise

237

I think just how my shape will rise&mdash;  
When I shall be "forgiven"&mdash;  
Till Hair&mdash;and Eyes&mdash;and timid Head&mdash;  
Are out of sight&mdash;in Heaven&mdash;

I think just how my lips will weigh&mdash;  
With shapeless&mdash;quivering&mdash;prayer&mdash;  
That you&mdash;so late&mdash;"Consider" me&mdash;  
The "Sparrow" of your Care&mdash;

I mind me that of Anguish&mdash;sent&mdash;  
Some drifts were moved away&mdash;  
Before my simple bosom&mdash;broke&mdash;  
And why not this&mdash;if they?

And so I con that thing&mdash;"forgiven"&mdash;  
Until&mdash;delirious&mdash;borne&mdash;  
By my long bright&mdash;and longer&mdash;trust&mdash;  
I drop my Heart&mdash;unshriven!

Emily Dickinson

# I Think The Hemlock Likes To Stand

525

I think the Hemlock likes to stand  
Upon a Marge of Snow&mdash;  
It suits his own Austerity&mdash;  
And satisfies an awe

That men, must slake in Wilderness&mdash;  
And in the Desert&mdash;cloy&mdash;  
An instinct for the Hoar, the Bald&mdash;  
Lapland's&mdash;necessity&mdash;

The Hemlock's nature thrives&mdash;on cold&mdash;  
The Gnash of Northern winds  
Is sweetest nutriment&mdash;to him&mdash;  
His best Norwegian Wines&mdash;

To satin Races&mdash;he is nought&mdash;  
But Children on the Don,  
Beneath his Tabernacles, play,  
And Dnieper Wrestlers, run.

Emily Dickinson

# I Think The Longest Hour Of All

635

I think the longest Hour of all  
Is when the Cars have come&mdash;  
And we are waiting for the Coach&mdash;  
It seems as though the Time

Indignant&mdash;that the Joy was come&mdash;  
Did block the Gilded Hands&mdash;  
And would not let the Seconds by&mdash;  
But slowest instant&mdash;ends&mdash;

The Pendulum begins to count&mdash;  
Like little Scholars&mdash;loud&mdash;  
The steps grow thicker&mdash;in the Hall&mdash;  
The Heart begins to crowd&mdash;

Then I&mdash;my timid service done&mdash;  
Tho' service 'twas, of Love&mdash;  
Take up my little Violin&mdash;  
And further North&mdash;remove.

Emily Dickinson

# I Think To Live—may Be A Bliss

646

I think to Live—may be a Bliss  
To those who dare to try—  
Beyond my limit to conceive—  
My lip—to testify—

I think the Heart I former wore  
Could widen—till to me  
The Other, like the little Bank  
Appear—unto the Sea—

I think the Days—could every one  
In Ordination stand—  
And Majesty—be easier—  
Than an inferior kind—

No numb alarm—lest Difference come—  
No Goblin—on the Bloom—  
No start in Apprehension's Ear,  
No Bankruptcy—no Doom—

But Certainties of Sun—  
Midsummer—in the Mind—  
A steadfast South—upon the Soul—  
Her Polar time—behind—

The Vision—pondered long—  
So plausible becomes  
That I esteem the fiction—real—  
The Real—fictitious seems—

How bountiful the Dream—  
What Plenty—it would be—  
Had all my Life but been Mistake  
Just rectified—in Thee

Emily Dickinson



# I thought the Train would never come

I thought the Train would never come -  
How slow the whistle sang -  
I don't believe a peevish Bird  
So whimpered for the Spring -  
I taught my Heart a hundred times  
Precisely what to say -  
Provoking Lover, when you came  
Its Treatise flew away  
To hide my strategy too late  
To wiser be too soon -  
For miseries so halcyon  
The happiness atone -

Emily Dickinson

# I Tie My Hat—i Crease My Shawl

443

I tie my Hat—I crease my Shawl—  
Life's little duties do—precisely—  
As the very least  
Were infinite—to me—

I put new Blossoms in the Glass—  
And throw the old—away—  
I push a petal from my gown  
That anchored there—I weigh  
The time 'twill be till six o'clock  
I have so much to do—  
And yet—Existence—some way back—  
Stopped—struck—my tickling—through—  
We cannot put Ourselves away  
As a completed Man  
Or Woman—When the Errand's done  
We came to Flesh—upon—  
There may be—Miles on Miles of Nought—  
Of Action—sicker far—  
To simulate—is stinging work—  
To cover what we are  
From Science—and from Surgery—  
Too Telescopic Eyes  
To bear on us unshaded—  
For their—sake—not for Ours—  
'Twould start them—  
We—could tremble—  
But since we got a Bomb—  
And held it in our Bosom—  
Nay—Hold it—it is calm—

Therefore—we do life's labor—  
Though life's Reward—be done—  
With scrupulous exactness—  
To hold our Senses—on—



# I Took My Power In My Hand

540

I took my Power in my Hand&mdash;  
And went against the World&mdash;  
'Twas not so much as David&mdash;had&mdash;  
But I&mdash;was twice as bold&mdash;

I aimed by Pebble&mdash;but Myself  
Was all the one that fell&mdash;  
Was it Goliath&mdash;was too large&mdash;  
Or was myself&mdash;too small?

Emily Dickinson

# I Tried To Think A Lonelier Thing

532

I tried to think a lonelier Thing  
Than any I had seen&mdash;  
Some Polar Expiation&mdash;An Omen in the Bone  
Of Death's tremendous nearness&mdash;

I probed Retrieverless things  
My Duplicate&mdash;to borrow&mdash;  
A Haggard Comfort springs

From the belief that Somewhere&mdash;  
Within the Clutch of Thought&mdash;  
There dwells one other Creature  
Of Heavenly Love&mdash;forgot&mdash;

I plucked at our Partition  
As One should pry the Walls&mdash;  
Between Himself&mdash;and Horror's Twin&mdash;  
Within Opposing Cells&mdash;

I almost strove to clasp his Hand,  
Such Luxury&mdash;it grew&mdash;  
That as Myself&mdash;could pity Him&mdash;  
Perhaps he&mdash;pitied me&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I Want—it Pleaded—all Its Life—

"I want"—it pleaded—All its life—  
I want—was chief it said  
When Skill entreated it—the last—  
And when so newly dead—

I could not deem it late—to hear  
That single—steadfast sigh—  
The lips had placed as with a "Please"  
Toward Eternity—

Emily Dickinson

# I Was The Slightest In The House

486

I was the slightest in the House&mdash;  
I took the smallest Room&mdash;  
At night, my little Lamp, and Book&mdash;  
And one Geranium&mdash;

So stationed I could catch the Mint  
That never ceased to fall&mdash;  
And just my Basket&mdash;  
Let me think&mdash;I'm sure&mdash;  
That this was all&mdash;

I never spoke&mdash;unless addressed&mdash;  
And then, 'twas brief and low&mdash;  
I could not bear to live&mdash;aloud&mdash;  
The Racket shamed me so&mdash;

And if it had not been so far&mdash;  
And any one I knew  
Were going&mdash;I had often thought  
How noteless&mdash;I could die&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I Watched The Moon Around The House (629)

I watched the Moon around the House  
Until upon a Pane --  
She stopped -- a Traveller's privilege -- for Rest --  
And there upon

I gazed -- as at a stranger --  
The Lady in the Town  
Doth think no incivility  
To lift her Glass -- upon --

But never Stranger justified  
The Curiosity  
Like Mine -- for not a Foot -- nor Hand --  
Nor Formula -- had she --

But like a Head -- a Guillotine  
Slid carelessly away --  
Did independent, Amber --  
Sustain her in the sky --

Or like a Stemless Flower --  
Upheld in rolling Air  
By finer Gravitations --  
Than bind Philosopher --

No Hunger -- had she -- nor an Inn --  
Her Toilette -- to suffice --  
Nor Avocation nor Concern  
for little Mysteries

As harass us -- like Life -- and Death --  
And Afterwards -- or Nay --  
But seemed engrossed to Absolute --  
With shining -- and the Sky --

The privilege to scrutinize  
Was scarce upon my Eyes  
When, with a Silver practise --  
She vaulted out of Gaze --



And next -- I met her on a Cloud --  
Myself too far below  
To follow her superior Road --  
Or its advantage -- Blue --

Emily Dickinson

## I Went To Heaven,--

I went to heaven,--  
'T was a small town,  
Lit with a ruby,  
Lathed with down.  
Stillier than the fields  
At the full dew,  
Beautiful as pictures  
No man drew.  
People like the moth,  
Of mechlin, frames,  
Duties of gossamer,  
And eider names.  
Almost contented  
I could be  
'Mong such unique  
Society.

Emily Dickinson

# I Went To Thank Her

363

I went to thank Her&mdash;  
But She Slept&mdash;  
Her Bed&mdash;a funneled Stone&mdash;  
With Nosegays at the Head and Foot&mdash;  
That Travellers&mdash;had thrown&mdash;

Who went to thank Her&mdash;  
But She Slept&mdash;  
'Twas Short&mdash;to cross the Sea&mdash;  
To look upon Her like&mdash;alive&mdash;  
But turning back&mdash;'twas slow&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I Would Distil A Cup

16

I would distil a cup,  
And bear to all my friends,  
Drinking to her no more astir,  
By beck, or burn, or moor!

Emily Dickinson

# I Would Not Paint—a Picture

505

I would not paint—a picture—  
I'd rather be the One  
Its bright impossibility  
To dwell—delicious—on—  
And wonder how the fingers feel  
Whose rare—celestial—stir—  
Evokes so sweet a Torment—  
Such sumptuous—Despair—

I would not talk, like Cornets—  
I'd rather be the One  
Raised softly to the Ceilings—  
And out, and easy on—  
Through Villages of Ether—  
Myself endued Balloon  
By but a lip of Metal—  
The pier to my Pontoon—

Nor would I be a Poet—  
It's finer—own the Ear—  
Enamored—impotent—content—  
The License to revere,  
A privilege so awful  
What would the Dower be,  
Had I the Art to stun myself  
With Bolts of Melody!

Emily Dickinson

# I Years Had Been From Home,

I years had been from home,  
And now, before the door,  
I dared not open, lest a face  
I never saw before

Stare vacant into mine  
And ask my business there.  
My business,--just a life I left,  
Was such still dwelling there?

I fumbled at my nerve,  
I scanned the windows near;  
The silence like an ocean rolled,  
And broke against my ear.

I laughed a wooden laugh  
That I could fear a door,  
Who danger and the dead had faced,  
But never quaked before.

I fitted to the latch  
My hand, with trembling care,  
Lest back the awful door should spring,  
And leave me standing there.

I moved my fingers off  
As cautiously as glass,  
And held my ears, and like a thief  
Fled gasping from the house.

Emily Dickinson

# I'll Tell You How The Sun Rose

I'll tell you how the sun rose, -  
A ribbon at a time.  
The steeples swam in amethyst,  
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,  
The bobolinks begun.  
Then I said softly to myself,  
"That must have been the sun!"

But how he set, I know not.  
There seemed a purple stile.  
Which little yellow boys and girls  
Were climbing all the while

Till when they reached the other side,  
A dominie in gray  
Put gently up the evening bars,  
And led the flock away.

Emily Dickinson

# Ideals Are The Fairly Oil

983

Ideals are the Fairly Oil  
With which we help the Wheel  
But when the Vital Axle turns  
The Eye rejects the Oil.

Emily Dickinson



## If all the griefs I am to have

If all the griefs I am to have  
Would only come today,  
I am so happy I believe  
They'd laugh and run away.

If all the joys I am to have  
Would only come today,  
They could not be so big as this  
That happens to me now.

Emily Dickinson

# If Any Sink, Assure That This, Now Standing

358

If any sink, assure that this, now standing—  
Failed like Themselves—and conscious that it rose—  
Grew by the Fact, and not the Understanding  
How Weakness passed—or Force—arose—

Tell that the Worst, is easy in a Moment—  
Dread, but the Whizzing, before the Ball—  
When the Ball enters, enters Silence—  
Dying—annuls the power to kill.

Emily Dickinson

# If Anybody's Friend Be Dead

509

If anybody's friend be dead  
It's sharpest of the theme  
The thinking how they walked alive&mdash;  
At such and such a time&mdash;

Their costume, of a Sunday,  
Some manner of the Hair&mdash;  
A prank nobody knew but them  
Lost, in the Sepulchre&mdash;

How warm, they were, on such a day,  
You almost feel the date&mdash;  
So short way off it seems&mdash;  
And now&mdash;they're Centuries from that&mdash;

How pleased they were, at what you said&mdash;  
You try to touch the smile  
And dip your fingers in the frost&mdash;  
When was it&mdash;Can you tell&mdash;

You asked the Company to tea&mdash;  
Acquaintance&mdash;just a few&mdash;  
And chatted close with this Grand Thing  
That don't remember you&mdash;

Past Bows, and Invitations&mdash;  
Past Interview, and Vow&mdash;  
Past what Ourselves can estimate&mdash;  
That&mdash;makes the Quick of Woe!

Emily Dickinson

# If Blame Be My Side—forfeit Me

775

If Blame be my side—forfeit Me—  
But doom me not to forfeit Thee—  
To forfeit Thee? The very name  
Is sentence from Belief—and House—

Emily Dickinson

# If Ever The Lid Gets Off My Head

If ever the lid gets off my head  
And lets the brain away  
The fellow will go where he belonged -  
Without a hint from me,

And the world - if the world be looking on -  
Will see how far from home  
It is possible for sense to live  
The soul there - all the time.

Emily Dickinson

# If He Dissolve—then—there Is Nothing

236

If He dissolve—then—there is nothing—more—  
Eclipse—at Midnight—  
It was dark—before—  
Sunset—at Easter—  
Blindness—on the Dawn—  
Faint Star of Bethlehem—  
Gone down!

Would but some God—inform Him—  
Or it be too late!  
Say—that the pulse just lisps—  
The Chariots wait—

Say—that a little life—for His—  
Is leaking—red—  
His little Spaniel—tell Him!  
Will He heed?

Emily Dickinson

# If He Were Living—dare I Ask

734

If He were living—dare I ask—  
And how if He be dead—  
And so around the Words I went—  
Of meeting them—afraid—

I hinted Changes—Lapse of Time—  
The Surfaces of Years—  
I touched with Caution—lest they crack—  
And show me to my fears—

Reverted to adjoining Lives—  
Adroitly turning out  
Wherever I suspected Graves—  
'Twas prudenter—I thought—

And He—I pushed—with sudden force—  
In face of the Suspense—  
"Was buried"—"Buried"! "He!"  
My Life just holds the Trench—

Emily Dickinson

## If I Can Stop One Heart From Breaking,

If I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain.

Emily Dickinson



# If I Could Bribe Them By A Rose

179

If I could bribe them by a Rose  
I'd bring them every flower that grows  
From Amherst to Cashmere!  
I would not stop for night, or storm&mdash;  
Or frost, or death, or anyone&mdash;  
My business were so dear!

If they would linger for a Bird  
My Tambourin were soonest heard  
Among the April Woods!  
Unwearied, all the summer long,  
Only to break in wilder song  
When Winter shook the boughs!

What if they hear me!  
Who shall say  
That such an importunity  
May not at last avail?

That, weary of this Beggar's face&mdash;  
They may not finally say, Yes&mdash;  
To drive her from the Hall?

Emily Dickinson

# If I May Have It, When It's Dead

577

If I may have it, when it's dead,  
I'll be contented&mdash;so&mdash;  
If just as soon as Breath is out  
It shall belong to me&mdash;

Until they lock it in the Grave,  
'Tis Bliss I cannot weigh&mdash;  
For tho' they lock Thee in the Grave,  
Myself&mdash;can own the key&mdash;

Think of it Lover! I and Thee  
Permitted&mdash;face to face to be&mdash;  
After a Life&mdash;a Death&mdash;We'll say&mdash;  
For Death was That&mdash;  
And this&mdash;is Thee&mdash;

I'll tell Thee All&mdash;how Bald it grew&mdash;  
How Midnight felt, at first&mdash;to me&mdash;  
How all the Clocks stopped in the World&mdash;  
And Sunshine pinched me&mdash;'Twas so cold&mdash;

Then how the Grief got sleepy&mdash;some&mdash;  
As if my Soul were deaf and dumb&mdash;  
Just making signs&mdash;across&mdash;to Thee&mdash;  
That this way&mdash;thou could'st notice me&mdash;

I'll tell you how I tried to keep  
A smile, to show you, when this Deep  
All Waded&mdash;We look back for Play,  
At those Old Times&mdash;in Calvary,

Forgive me, if the Grave come slow&mdash;  
For Coveting to look at Thee&mdash;  
Forgive me, if to stroke thy frost  
Outvisions Paradise!



# If I Should Cease To Bring A Rose

56

If I should cease to bring a Rose  
Upon a festal day,  
'Twill be because beyond the Rose  
I have been called away&mdash;

If I should cease to take the names  
My buds commemorate&mdash;  
'Twill be because Death's finger  
Claps my murmuring lip!

Emily Dickinson

# If I Should Die

54

If I should die,  
And you should live&mdash;  
And time should gurgle on&mdash;  
And morn should beam&mdash;  
And noon should burn&mdash;  
As it has usual done&mdash;  
If Birds should build as early  
And Bees as bustling go&mdash;  
One might depart at option  
From enterprise below!  
'Tis sweet to know that stocks will stand  
When we with Daisies lie&mdash;  
That Commerce will continue&mdash;  
And Trades as briskly fly&mdash;  
It makes the parting tranquil  
And keeps the soul serene&mdash;  
That gentlemen so sprightly  
Conduct the pleasing scene!

Emily Dickinson

# If I Shouldn'T Be Alive

182

If I shouldn't be alive  
When the Robins come,  
Give the one in Red Cravat,  
A Memorial crumb.

If I couldn't thank you,  
Being fast asleep,  
You will know I'm trying  
Why my Granite lip!

Emily Dickinson

## If I'M Lost—Now

256

If I'm lost—now  
That I was found—  
Shall still my transport be—  
That once—on me—those Jasper Gates  
Blazed open—suddenly—

That in my awkward—gazing—face—  
The Angels—softly peered—  
And touched me with their fleeces,  
Almost as if they cared—  
I'm banished—now—you know it—  
How foreign that can be—  
You'll know—Sir—when the Savior's face  
Turns so—away from you—

Emily Dickinson

# If It Had No Pencil

921

If it had no pencil  
Would it try mine&mdash;  
Worn&mdash;now&mdash;and dull&mdash;sweet,  
Writing much to thee.  
If it had no word,  
Would it make the Daisy,  
Most as big as I was,  
When it plucked me?

Emily Dickinson



## If Nature Smiles - The Mother Must

If Nature smiles - the Mother must  
I'm sure, at many a whim  
Of Her eccentric Family -  
Is She so much to blame?

Emily Dickinson

# If Pain For Peace Prepares

63

If pain for peace prepares  
Lo, what "Augustan" years  
Our feet await!

If springs from winter rise,  
Can the Anemones  
Be reckoned up?

If night stands fast&mdash;then noon  
To gird us for the sun,  
What gaze!

When from a thousand skies  
On our developed eyes  
Noons blaze!

Emily Dickinson

# If Recollecting Were Forgetting

33

If recollecting were forgetting,  
Then I remember not.  
And if forgetting, recollecting,  
How near I had forgot.  
And if to miss, were merry,  
And to mourn, were gay,  
How very blithe the fingers  
That gathered this, Today!

Emily Dickinson

# If She Had Been The Mistletoe

44

If she had been the Mistletoe  
And I had been the Rose&mdash;  
How gay upon your table  
My velvet life to close&mdash;  
Since I am of the Druid,  
And she is of the dew&mdash;  
I'll deck Tradition's buttonhole&mdash;  
And send the Rose to you.

Emily Dickinson

# If The Foolish, Call Them "Flowers"

168

If the foolish, call them "flowers"&mdash;  
Need the wiser, tell?  
If the Savants "Classify" them  
It is just as well!

Those who read the "Revelations"  
Must not criticize  
Those who read the same Edition&mdash;  
With beclouded Eyes!

Could we stand with that Old "Moses"&mdash;  
"Canaan" denied&mdash;  
Scan like him, the stately landscape  
On the other side&mdash;

Doubtless, we should deem superfluous  
Many Sciences,  
Not pursued by learned Angels  
In scholastic skies!

Low amid that glad Belles lettres  
Grant that we may stand,  
Stars, amid profound Galaxies&mdash;  
At that grand "Right hand"!

Emily Dickinson

# If This Is "Fading"

120

If this is "fading"  
Oh let me immediately "fade!"  
If this is "dying"  
Bury me, in such a shroud of red!  
If this is "sleep,"  
On such a night  
How proud to shut the eye!  
Good Evening, gentle Fellow men!  
Peacock presumes to die!

Emily Dickinson

# If Those I Loved Were Lost

29

If those I loved were lost  
The Crier's voice would tell me&mdash;  
If those I loved were found  
The bells of Ghent would ring&mdash;

Did those I loved repose  
The Daisy would impel me.  
Philip&mdash;when bewildered  
Bore his riddle in!

Emily Dickinson

# If What We Could—Were What We Would

407

If What we could—were what we would—  
Criterion—be small—  
It is the Ultimate of Talk—  
The Impotence to Tell—

Emily Dickinson



## If You Were Coming In The Fall,

If you were coming in the fall,  
I'd brush the summer by  
With half a smile and half a spum,  
As housewives do a fly.

If I could see you in a year,  
I'd wind the months in balls,  
And put them each in separate drawers,  
Until their time befalls.

If only centuries delayed,  
I'd count them on my hand,  
Subtracting till my fingers dropped  
Into Van Diemen's land.

If certain, when this life was out,  
That yours and mine should be,  
I'd toss it yonder like a rind,  
And taste eternity.

But now, all ignorant of the length  
Of time's uncertain wing,  
It goads me, like the goblin bee,  
That will not state its sting.

Emily Dickinson

# If Your Nerve, Deny You

292

If your Nerve, deny you&mdash;  
Go above your Nerve&mdash;  
He can lean against the Grave,  
If he fear to swerve&mdash;

That's a steady posture&mdash;  
Never any bend  
Held of those Brass arms&mdash;  
Best Giant made&mdash;

If your Soul seesaw&mdash;  
Lift the Flesh door&mdash;  
The Poltroon wants Oxygen&mdash;  
Nothing more&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I'LI Clutch—and Clutch

427

I'll clutch—and clutch—  
Next—One—Might be the golden touch—  
Could take it—  
Diamonds—Wait—  
I'm diving—just a little late—  
But stars—go slow—for night—

I'll string you—in fine Necklace—  
Tiaras—make—of some—  
Wear you on Hem—  
Loop up a Countess—with you—  
Make—a Diadem—and mend my old One—  
Count—Hoard—then lose—  
And doubt that you are mine—  
To have the joy of feeling it—again—

I'll show you at the Court—  
Bear you—for Ornament  
Where Women breathe—  
That every sigh—may lift you  
Just as high—as I—

And—when I die—  
In meek array—display you—  
Still to show—how rich I go—  
Lest Skies impeach a wealth so wonderful—  
And banish me—

Emily Dickinson

# I'LI Send The Feather From My Hat!

687

I'll send the feather from my Hat!  
Who knows&mdash;but at the sight of that  
My Sovereign will relent?  
As trinket&mdash;worn by faded Child&mdash;  
Confronting eyes long&mdash;comforted&mdash;  
Blisters the Adamant!

Emily Dickinson

# I'M

199

I'm "wife"—I've finished that—  
That other state—  
I'm Czar—I'm "Woman" now—  
It's safer so—

How odd the Girl's life looks  
Behind this soft Eclipse—  
I think that Earth feels so  
To folks in Heaven—now—

This being comfort—then  
That other kind—was pain—  
But why compare?  
I'm "Wife"! Stop there!

Emily Dickinson

# I'M "Wife"&Mdash;I've Finished That

199

I'm "wife"&mdash;I've finished that&mdash;  
That other state&mdash;  
I'm Czar&mdash;I'm "Woman" now&mdash;  
It's safer so&mdash;

How odd the Girl's life looks  
Behind this soft Eclipse&mdash;  
I think that Earth feels so  
To folks in Heaven&mdash;now&mdash;

This being comfort&mdash;then  
That other kind&mdash;was pain&mdash;  
But why compare?  
I'm "Wife"! Stop there!

Emily Dickinson

# I'M Ceded—i'Ve Stopped Being Theirs

508

I'm ceded—I've stopped being Theirs—  
The name They dropped upon my face  
With water, in the country church  
Is finished using, now,  
And They can put it with my Dolls,  
My childhood, and the string of spools,  
I've finished threading—too—

Baptized, before, without the choice,  
But this time, consciously, of Grace—  
Unto supremest name—  
Called to my Full—The Crescent dropped—  
Existence's whole Arc, filled up,  
With one small Diadem.

My second Rank—too small the first—  
Crowned—Crowing—on my Father's breast—  
A half unconscious Queen—  
But this time—Adequate—Erect,  
With Will to choose, or to reject,  
And I choose, just a Crown—

Emily Dickinson

# I'M Nobody! Who Are You?

I'm nobody! Who are you?  
Are you nobody, too?  
Then there's a pair of us -- don't tell!  
They'd banish -- you know!

How dreary to be somebody!  
How public like a frog  
To tell one's name the livelong day  
To an admiring bog!

Emily Dickinson



# I'M Saying Every Day

373

I'm saying every day  
"If I should be a Queen, tomorrow"&mdash;  
I'd do this way&mdash;  
And so I deck, a little,

If it be, I wake a Bourbon,  
None on me, bend supercilious&mdash;  
With "This was she&mdash;  
Begged in the Market place&mdash;  
Yesterday."

Court is a stately place&mdash;  
I've heard men say&mdash;  
So I loop my apron, against the Majesty  
With bright Pins of Buttercup&mdash;  
That not too plain&mdash;  
Rank&mdash;overtake me&mdash;

And perch my Tongue  
On Twigs of singing&mdash;rather high&mdash;  
But this, might be my brief Term  
To qualify&mdash;

Put from my simple speech all plain word&mdash;  
Take other accents, as such I heard  
Though but for the Cricket&mdash;just,  
And but for the Bee&mdash;  
Not in all the Meadow&mdash;  
One accost me&mdash;

Better to be ready&mdash;  
Than did next morn  
Meet me in Aragon&mdash;  
My old Gown&mdash;on&mdash;

And the surprised Air  
Rustics&mdash;wear&mdash;

Summoned&mdash;unexpectedly&mdash;  
To Exeter&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I'M Sorry For The Dead—today

529

I'm sorry for the Dead—Today—  
It's such congenial times  
Old Neighbors have at fences—  
It's time o' year for Hay.

And Broad—Sunburned Acquaintance  
Discourse between the Toil—  
And laugh, a homely species  
That makes the Fences smile—

It seems so straight to lie away  
From all of the noise of Fields—  
The Busy Carts—the fragrant Cocks—  
The Mower's Metre—Steals—

A Trouble lest they're homesick—  
Those Farmers—and their Wives—  
Set separate from the Farming—  
And all the Neighbors' lives—

A Wonder if the Sepulchre  
Don't feel a lonesome way—  
When Men—and Boys—and Carts—and June,  
Go down the Fields to "Hay"—

Emily Dickinson

# I'M The Little

176

I'm the little "Heart's Ease"!  
I don't care for pouting skies!  
If the Butterfly delay  
Can I, therefore, stay away?

If the Coward Bumble Bee  
In his chimney corner stay,  
I, must resoluter be!  
Who'll apologize for me?

Dear, Old fashioned, little flower!  
Eden is old fashioned, too!  
Birds are antiquated fellows!  
Heaven does not change her blue.  
Nor will I, the little Heart's Ease—  
Ever be induced to do!

Emily Dickinson

# I'M The Little "Heart's Ease"

176

I'm the little "Heart's Ease"!  
I don't care for pouting skies!  
If the Butterfly delay  
Can I, therefore, stay away?

If the Coward Bumble Bee  
In his chimney corner stay,  
I, must resoluter be!  
Who'll apologize for me?

Dear, Old fashioned, little flower!  
Eden is old fashioned, too!  
Birds are antiquated fellows!  
Heaven does not change her blue.  
Nor will I, the little Heart's Ease—  
Ever be induced to do!

Emily Dickinson

# Image of Light, Adieu

Image of Light, Adieu -  
Thanks for the interview -  
So long - so short -  
Preceptor of the whole -  
Coeval Cardinal -  
Impart - Depart -

Emily Dickinson

# Immured in Heaven!

Immured in Heaven!

What a Cell!

Let every Bondage be,

Thou sweetest of the Universe,

Like that which ravished thee!

Emily Dickinson

# Impossibility, Like Wine

838

Impossibility, like Wine  
Exhilarates the Man  
Who tastes it; Possibility  
Is flavorless&mdash;Combine

A Chance's faintest Tincture  
And in the former Dram  
Enchantment makes ingredient  
As certainly as Doom&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# In Ebon Box, When Years Have Flown

169

In Ebon Box, when years have flown  
To reverently peer,  
Wiping away the velvet dust  
Summers have sprinkled there!

To hold a letter to the light&mdash;  
Grown Tawny now, with time&mdash;  
To con the faded syllables  
That quickened us like Wine!

Perhaps a Flower's shrivelled cheek  
Among its stores to find&mdash;  
Plucked far away, some morning&mdash;  
By gallant&mdash;mouldering hand!

A curl, perhaps, from foreheads  
Our Constancy forgot&mdash;  
Perhaps, an Antique trinket&mdash;  
In vanished fashions set!

And then to lay them quiet back&mdash;  
And go about its care&mdash;  
As if the little Ebon Box  
Were none of our affair!

Emily Dickinson

# In Falling Timbers Buried

614

In falling Timbers buried—  
There breathed a Man—  
Outside—the spades—were plying—  
The Lungs—within—

Could He—know—they sought Him—  
Could They—know—He breathed—  
Horrid Sand Partition—  
Neither—could be heard—

Never slacked the Diggers—  
But when Spades had done—  
Oh, Reward of Anguish,  
It was dying—Then—

Many Things—are fruitless—  
'Tis a Baffling Earth—  
But there is no Gratitude  
Like the Grace—of Death—

Emily Dickinson

# In Lands I Never Saw—they Say

124

In lands I never saw—they say  
Immortal Alps look down—  
Whose Bonnets touch the firmament—  
Whose Sandals touch the town—

Meek at whose everlasting feet  
A Myriad Daisy play—  
Which, Sir, are you and which am I  
Upon an August day?

Emily Dickinson

# In Rags Mysterious As These

117

In rags mysterious as these  
The shining Courtiers go&mdash;  
Veiling the purple, and the plumes&mdash;  
Veiling the ermine so.

Smiling, as they request an alms&mdash;  
At some imposing door!  
Smiling when we walk barefoot  
Upon their golden floor!

Emily Dickinson

# In Snow Thou Comest

In snow thou comest -  
Thou shalt go with the resuming ground,  
The sweet derision of the crow,  
And Glee's advancing sound.

In fear thou comest -  
Thou shalt go at such a gait of joy  
That man anew embark to live  
Upon the depth of thee.

Emily Dickinson

## In This Short Life

That only lasts an hour  
How much — how little — is  
Within our power

Emily Dickinson

# In Winter In My Room

1670

In Winter in my Room  
I came upon a Worm&mdash;  
Pink, lank and warm&mdash;  
But as he was a worm  
And worms presume  
Not quite with him at home&mdash;  
Secured him by a string  
To something neighboring  
And went along.

A Trifle afterward  
A thing occurred  
I'd not believe it if I heard  
But state with creeping blood&mdash;  
A snake with mottles rare  
Surveyed my chamber floor  
In feature as the worm before  
But ringed with power&mdash;

The very string with which  
I tied him&mdash;too  
When he was mean and new  
That string was there&mdash;

I shrank&mdash;"How fair you are!"  
Propitiation's claw&mdash;  
"Afraid," he hissed  
"Of me"?  
"No cordiality"&mdash;  
He fathomed me&mdash;  
Then to a Rhythm Slim  
Secreted in his Form  
As Patterns swim  
Projected him.

That time I flew  
Both eyes his way

Lest he pursue  
Nor ever ceased to run  
Till in a distant Town  
Towns on from mine  
I set me down  
This was a dream.

Emily Dickinson



# Inconceivably Solemn!

582

Inconceivably solemn!  
Things go gay  
Pierce&mdash;by the very Press  
Of Imagery&mdash;

Their far Parades&mdash;order on the eye  
With a mute Pomp&mdash;  
A pleading Pageantry&mdash;

Flags, are a brave sight&mdash;  
But no true Eye  
Ever went by One&mdash;  
Steadily&mdash;

Music's triumphant&mdash;  
But the fine Ear  
Winces with delight  
Are Drums too near&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Is Bliss Then, Such Abyss

340

Is Bliss then, such Abyss,  
I must not put my foot amiss  
For fear I spoil my shoe?

I'd rather suit my foot  
Than save my Boot&mdash;  
For yet to buy another Pair  
Is possible,  
At any store&mdash;

But Bliss, is sold just once.  
The Patent lost  
None buy it any more&mdash;  
Say, Foot, decide the point&mdash;  
The Lady cross, or not?  
Verdict for Boot!

Emily Dickinson

# Is It Dead—find It

417

Is it dead—Find it—  
Out of sound—Out of sight—  
"Happy"? Which is wiser—  
You, or the Wind?  
"Conscious"? Won't you ask that—  
Of the low Ground?

"Homesick"? Many met it—  
Even through them—This  
Cannot testify—  
Themselves—as dumb—

Emily Dickinson

# Is It Too Late To Touch You, Dear?

Is it too late to touch you, Dear?

We this moment knew -

Love Marine and Love terrene -

Love celestial too -

Emily Dickinson

# Is It True, Dear Sue?

218

Is it true, dear Sue?  
Are there two?  
I shouldn't like to come  
For fear of joggling Him!  
If I could shut him up  
In a Coffee Cup,  
Or tie him to a pin  
Till I got in&mdash;  
Or make him fast  
To "Toby's" fist&mdash;  
Hist! Whist! I'd come!

Emily Dickinson

# It Always Felt To Me—a Wrong

597

It always felt to me—a wrong  
To that Old Moses—done—  
To let him see—the Canaan—  
Without the entering—

And tho' in soberer moments—  
No Moses there can be  
I'm satisfied—the Romance  
In point of injury—

Surpasses sharper stated—  
Of Stephen—or of Paul—  
For these—were only put to death—  
While God's adroiter will

On Moses—seemed to fasten  
With tantalizing Play  
As Boy—should deal with lesser Boy—  
To prove ability.

The fault—was doubtless Israel's—  
Myself—had banned the Tribes—  
And ushered Grand Old Moses  
In Pentateuchal Robes

Upon the Broad Possession  
'Twas little—But titled Him—to see—  
Old Man on Nebo! Late as this—  
My justice bleeds—for Thee!

Emily Dickinson

# It Bloomed And Dropt, A Single Noon

978

It bloomed and dropt, a Single Noon—  
The Flower—distinct and Red—  
I, passing, thought another Noon  
Another in its stead

Will equal glow, and thought no More  
But came another Day  
To find the Species disappeared—  
The Same Locality—

The Sun in place—no other fraud  
On Nature's perfect Sum—  
Had I but lingered Yesterday—  
Was my retrieveless blame—

Much Flowers of this and further Zones  
Have perished in my Hands  
For seeking its Resemblance—  
But unapproached it stands—

The single Flower of the Earth  
That I, in passing by  
Unconscious was—Great Nature's Face  
Passed infinite by Me—

Emily Dickinson

# It Can'T Be "Summer"!

221

It can't be "Summer"!  
That&mdash;got through!  
It's early&mdash;yet&mdash;for "Spring"!  
There's that long town of White&mdash;to cross&mdash;  
Before the Blackbirds sing!  
It can't be "Dying"!  
It's too Rouge&mdash;  
The Dead shall go in White&mdash;  
So Sunset shuts my question down  
With Cuffs of Chrysolite!

Emily Dickinson



# It Ceased To Hurt Me, Though So Slow

584

It ceased to hurt me, though so slow  
I could not feel the Anguish go&mdash;  
But only knew by looking back&mdash;  
That something&mdash;had benumbed the Track&mdash;

Nor when it altered, I could say,  
For I had worn it, every day,  
As constant as the Childish frock&mdash;  
I hung upon the Peg, at night.

But not the Grief&mdash;that nestled close  
As needles&mdash;ladies softly press  
To Cushions Cheeks&mdash;  
To keep their place&mdash;

Nor what consoled it, I could trace&mdash;  
Except, whereas 'twas Wilderness&mdash;  
It's better&mdash;almost Peace&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# It Did Not Surprise Me

39

It did not surprise me&mdash;  
So I said&mdash;or thought&mdash;  
She will stir her pinions  
And the nest forgot,

Traverse broader forests&mdash;  
Build in gayer boughs,  
Breathe in Ear more modern  
God's old fashioned vows&mdash;

This was but a Birdling&mdash;  
What and if it be  
One within my bosom  
Had departed me?

This was but a story&mdash;  
What and if indeed  
There were just such coffin  
In the heart instead?

Emily Dickinson

# It Don'T Sound So Terrible—quite—as It Did

426

It don't sound so terrible—quite—as it did—  
I run it over—"Dead", Brain, "Dead."  
Put it in Latin—left of my school—  
Seems it don't shriek so—under rule.

Turn it, a little—full in the face  
A Trouble looks bitterest—  
Shift it—just—  
Say "When Tomorrow comes this way—  
I shall have waded down one Day."

I suppose it will interrupt me some  
Till I get accustomed—but then the Tomb  
Like other new Things—shows largest—then—  
And smaller, by Habit—

It's shrewder then  
Put the Thought in advance—a Year—  
How like "a fit"—then—  
Murder—wear!

Emily Dickinson

# It Dropped So Low -- In My Regard --

It dropped so low -- in my Regard --  
I heard it hit the Ground --  
And go to pieces on the Stones  
At bottom of my Mind --

Yet blamed the Fate that flung it -- less  
Than I denounced Myself,  
For entertaining Plated Wares  
Upon My Silver Shelf --

Emily Dickinson

# It Dropped So Low In My Regard

It dropped so low in my regard  
I heard it hit the ground,  
And go to pieces on the stones  
At bottom of my mind;

Yet blamed the fate that fractured, less  
Than I reviled myself  
For entertaining plated wares  
Upon my silver shelf.

Emily Dickinson

# It Feels A Shame To Be Alive

444

It feels a shame to be Alive&mdash;  
When Men so brave&mdash;are dead&mdash;  
One envies the Distinguished Dust&mdash;  
Permitted&mdash;such a Head&mdash;

The Stone&mdash;that tells defending Whom  
This Spartan put away  
What little of Him we&mdash;possessed  
In Pawn for Liberty&mdash;

The price is great&mdash;Sublimely paid&mdash;  
Do we deserve&mdash;a Thing&mdash;  
That lives&mdash;like Dollars&mdash;must be piled  
Before we may obtain?

Are we that wait&mdash;sufficient worth&mdash;  
That such Enormous Pearl  
As life&mdash;dissolved be&mdash;for Us&mdash;  
In Battle's&mdash;horrid Bowl?

It may be&mdash;a Renown to live&mdash;  
I think the Man who die&mdash;  
Those unsustained&mdash;Saviors&mdash;  
Present Divinity&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# It Is A Lonesome Glee

774

It is a lonesome Glee&mdash;  
Yet sanctifies the Mind&mdash;  
With fair association&mdash;  
Afar upon the Wind

A Bird to overhear  
Delight without a Cause&mdash;  
Arrestless as invisible&mdash;  
A matter of the Skies.

Emily Dickinson

## It Is An Honorable Thought,

It is an honorable thought,  
And makes one lift one's hat,  
As one encountered gentlefolk  
Upon a daily street,

That we've immortal place,  
Though pyramids decay,  
And kingdoms, like the orchard,  
Flit russetly away.

Emily Dickinson



# It Is Easy To Work When The Soul Is At Play

244

It is easy to work when the soul is at play&mdash;  
But when the soul is in pain&mdash;  
The hearing him put his playthings up  
Makes work difficult&mdash;then&mdash;

It is simple, to ache in the Bone, or the Rind&mdash;  
But Gimlets&mdash;among the nerve&mdash;  
Mangle daintier&mdash;terribler&mdash;  
Like a Panter in the Glove&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# It Knew No Lapse, Nor Diminuation

560

It knew no lapse, nor Diminuation—  
But large—serene—  
Burned on—until through Dissolution—  
It failed from Men—

I could not deem these Planetary forces  
Annulled—  
But suffered an Exchange of Territory—  
Or World—

Emily Dickinson

# It Knew No Medicine

559

It knew no Medicine&mdash;  
It was not Sickness&mdash;then&mdash;  
Nor any need of Surgery&mdash;  
And therefore&mdash;'twas not Pain&mdash;

It moved away the Cheeks&mdash;  
A Dimple at a time&mdash;  
And left the Profile&mdash;plainer&mdash;  
And in the place of Bloom

It left the little Tint  
That never had a Name&mdash;  
You've seen it on a Cast's face&mdash;  
Was Paradise&mdash;to blame&mdash;

If momentarily ajar&mdash;  
Temerity&mdash;drew near&mdash;  
And sickened&mdash;ever afterward  
For Somewhat that it saw?

Emily Dickinson

# It Makes No Difference Abroad

620

It makes no difference abroad&mdash;  
The Seasons&mdash;fit&mdash;the same&mdash;  
The Mornings blossom into Noons&mdash;  
And split their Pods of Flame&mdash;

Wild flowers&mdash;kindle in the Woods&mdash;  
The Brooks slam&mdash;all the Day&mdash;  
No Black bird bates his Banjo&mdash;  
For passing Calvary&mdash;

Auto da Fe&mdash;and Judgment&mdash;  
Are nothing to the Bee&mdash;  
His separation from His Rose&mdash;  
To Him&mdash;sums Misery&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# It Might Be Lonelier

405

It might be lonelier  
Without the Loneliness&mdash;  
I'm so accustomed to my Fate&mdash;  
Perhaps the Other&mdash;Peace&mdash;

Would interrupt the Dark&mdash;  
And crowd the little Room&mdash;  
Too scant&mdash;by Cubits&mdash;to contain  
The Sacrament&mdash;of Him&mdash;

I am not used to Hope&mdash;  
It might intrude upon&mdash;  
Its sweet parade&mdash;blaspheme the place&mdash;  
Ordained to Suffering&mdash;

It might be easier  
To fail&mdash;with Land in Sight&mdash;  
Than gain&mdash;My Blue Peninsula&mdash;  
To perish&mdash;of Delight&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# It Sifts From Leaden Sieves

311

It sifts from Leaden Sieves&mdash;  
It powders all the Wood.  
It fills with Alabaster Wool  
The Wrinkles of the Road&mdash;

It makes an Even Face  
Of Mountain, and of Plain&mdash;  
Unbroken Forehead from the East  
Unto the East again&mdash;

It reaches to the Fence&mdash;  
It wraps it Rail by Rail  
Till it is lost in Fleeces&mdash;  
It deals Celestial Vail

To Stump, and Stack&mdash;and Stem&mdash;  
A Summer's empty Room&mdash;  
Acres of Joints, where Harvests were,  
Recordless, but for them--

It Ruffles Wrists of Posts  
As Ankles of a Queen&mdash;  
Then stills its Artisans&mdash;like Ghosts&mdash;  
Denying they have been&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# It sounded as if the Streets were running

It sounded as if the Streets were running  
And then - the Streets stood still -  
Eclipse - was all we could see at the Window  
And Awe - was all we could feel.

By and by - the boldest stole out of his Covert  
To see if Time was there -  
Nature was in an Opal Apron,  
Mixing fresher Air.

Emily Dickinson

# It stole along so stealthy

It stole along so stealthy  
Suspicion it was done  
Was dim as to the wealthy  
Beginning not to own -

Emily Dickinson



# It Struck Me Every Day

It struck me every day  
The lightning was as new  
As if the cloud that instant slit  
And let the fire through.

It burned me in the night,  
It blistered in my dream;  
It sickened fresh upon my sight  
With every morning's beam.

I thought that storm was brief,--  
The maddest, quickest by;  
But Nature lost the date of this,  
And left it in the sky.

Emily Dickinson

# It Tossed—and Tossed

723

It tossed—and tossed—  
A little Brig I knew—o'ertook by Blast—  
It spun—and spun—  
And groped delirious, for Morn—

It slipped—and slipped—  
As One that drunken—stept—  
Its white foot tripped—  
Then dropped from sight—

Ah, Brig—Good Night  
To Crew and You—  
The Ocean's Heart too smooth—too Blue—  
To break for You—

Emily Dickinson

# It Troubled Me As Once I Was

600

It troubled me as once I was&mdash;  
For I was once a Child&mdash;  
Concluding how an Atom&mdash;fell&mdash;  
And yet the Heavens&mdash;held&mdash;

The Heavens weighed the most&mdash;by far&mdash;  
Yet Blue&mdash;and solid&mdash;stood&mdash;  
Without a Bolt&mdash;that I could prove&mdash;  
Would Giants&mdash;understand?

Life set me larger&mdash;problems&mdash;  
Some I shall keep&mdash;to solve  
Till Algebra is easier&mdash;  
Or simpler proved&mdash;above&mdash;

Then&mdash;too&mdash;be comprehended&mdash;  
What sorer&mdash;puzzled me&mdash;  
Why Heaven did not break away&mdash;  
And tumble&mdash;Blue&mdash;on me&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# It Was A Grave, Yet Bore No Stone

876

It was a Grave, yet bore no Stone  
Enclosed 'twas not of Rail  
A Consciousness its Acre, and  
It held a Human Soul.

Entombed by whom, for what offence  
If Home or Foreign born&mdash;  
Had I the curiosity  
'Twere not appeased of men

Till Resurrection, I must guess  
Denied the small desire  
A Rose upon its Ridge to sow  
Or take away a Briar.

Emily Dickinson

# It Was Given To Me By The Gods

454

It was given to me by the Gods&mdash;  
When I was a little Girl&mdash;  
They given us Presents most&mdash;you know&mdash;  
When we are new&mdash;and small.  
I kept it in my Hand&mdash;  
I never put it down&mdash;  
I did not dare to eat&mdash;or sleep&mdash;  
For fear it would be gone&mdash;  
I heard such words as "Rich"&mdash;  
When hurrying to school&mdash;  
From lips at Corners of the Streets&mdash;  
And wrestled with a smile.  
Rich! 'Twas Myself&mdash;was rich&mdash;  
To take the name of Gold&mdash;  
And Gold to own&mdash;in solid Bars&mdash;  
The Difference&mdash;made me bold&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# It Was Not Death, For I Stood Up,

It was not death, for I stood up,  
And all the dead lie down;  
It was not night, for all the bells  
Put out their tongues, for noon.

It was not frost, for on my flesh  
I felt siroccos crawl,--  
Nor fire, for just my marble feet  
Could keep a chancel cool.

And yet it tasted like them all;  
The figures I have seen  
Set orderly, for burial,  
Reminded me of mine,

As if my life were shaven  
And fitted to a frame,  
And could not breathe without a key;  
And 't was like midnight, some,

When everything that ticked has stopped,  
And space stares, all around,  
Or grisly frosts, first autumn morns,  
Repeal the beating ground.

But most like chaos,--stopless, cool,--  
Without a chance or spar,--  
Or even a report of land  
To justify despair.

Emily Dickinson

# It Was Too Late For Man

623

It was too late for Man&mdash;  
But early, yet, for God&mdash;  
Creation&mdash;impotent to help&mdash;  
But Prayer&mdash;remained&mdash;Our Side&mdash;

How excellent the Heaven&mdash;  
When Earth&mdash;cannot be had&mdash;  
How hospitable&mdash;then&mdash;the face  
Of our Old Neighbor&mdash;God&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# It Will Be Summer—eventually

342

It will be Summer—eventually.  
Ladies—with parasols—  
Sauntering Gentlemen—with Canes—  
And little Girls—with Dolls—

Will tint the pallid landscape—  
As 'twere a bright Bouquet—  
Thro' drifted deep, in Parian—  
The Village lies—today—

The Lilacs—bending many a year—  
Will sway with purple load—  
The Bees—will not despise the tune—  
Their Forefathers—have hummed—

The Wild Rose—redden in the Bog—  
The Aster—on the Hill  
Her everlasting fashion—set—  
And Covenant Gentians—frill—

Till Summer folds her miracle—  
As Women—do—their Gown—  
Of Priests—adjust the Symbols—  
When Sacrament—is done—

Emily Dickinson



# It Would Have Starved A Gnat

612

It would have starved a Gnat&mdash;  
To live so small as I&mdash;  
And yet I was a living Child&mdash;  
With Food's necessity

Upon me&mdash;like a Claw&mdash;  
I could no more remove  
Than I could coax a Leech away&mdash;  
Or make a Dragon&mdash;move&mdash;

Not like the Gnat&mdash;had I&mdash;  
The privilege to fly  
And seek a Dinner for myself&mdash;  
How mightier He&mdash;than I&mdash;

Nor like Himself&mdash;the Art  
Upon the Window Pane  
To gad my little Being out&mdash;  
And not begin&mdash;again&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# It Would Never Be Common—more—i Said

430

It would never be Common—more—I said—  
Difference—had begun—  
Many a bitterness—had been—  
But that old sort—was done—

Or—if it sometime—showed—as 'twill—  
Upon the Downiest—Morn—  
Such bliss—had I—for all the years—  
'Twould give an Easier—pain—

I'd so much joy—I told it—Red—  
Upon my simple Cheek—  
I felt it publish—in my Eye—  
'Twas needless—any speak—

I walked—as wings—my body bore—  
The feet—I former used—  
Unnecessary—now to me—  
As boots—would be—to Birds—

I put my pleasure all abroad—  
I death a word of Gold  
To every Creature—that I met—  
And Dowered—all the World—

When—suddenly—my Riches shrank—  
A Goblin—drank my Dew—  
My Palaces—dropped tenantless—  
Myself—was beggared—too—

I clutched at sounds—  
I groped at shapes—  
I touched the tops of Films—  
I felt the Wilderness roll back  
Along my Golden lines—

The Sackcloth—hangs upon the nail—

The Frock I used to wear—  
But where my moment of Brocade—  
My—drop—of India?

Emily Dickinson

# It's All I Have To Bring Today

26

It's all I have to bring today&mdash;  
This, and my heart beside&mdash;  
This, and my heart, and all the fields&mdash;  
And all the meadows wide&mdash;  
Be sure you count&mdash;should I forget  
Some one the sum could tell&mdash;  
This, and my heart, and all the Bees  
Which in the Clover dwell.

Emily Dickinson

# It's Coming—the Postponeless Creature

390

It's coming—the postponeless Creature—  
It gains the Block—and now—it gains the Door—  
Chooses its latch, from all the other fastenings—  
Enters—with a "You know Me—Sir"?

Simple Salute—and certain Recognition—  
Bold—were it Enemy—Brief—were it friend—  
Dresses each House in Crape, and Icicle—  
And carries one—out of it—to God—

Emily Dickinson

# It's Easy To Invent A Life

724

It's easy to invent a Life&mdash;  
God does it&mdash;every Day&mdash;  
Creation&mdash;but the Gambol  
Of His Authority&mdash;

It's easy to efface it&mdash;  
The thrifty Deity  
Could scarce afford Eternity  
To Spontaneity&mdash;

The Perished Patterns murmur&mdash;  
But His Perturbless Plan  
Proceed&mdash;inserting Here&mdash;a Sun&mdash;  
There&mdash;leaving out a Man&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

## It's Like The Light, --

It's like the light, --  
A fashionless delight  
It's like the bee, --  
A dateless melody.

It's like the woods,  
Private like breeze,  
Phraseless, yet it stirs  
The proudest trees.

It's like the morning, --  
Best when it's done, --  
The everlasting clocks  
Chime noon.

Emily Dickinson

# It's Such A Little Thing To Weep

189

It's such a little thing to weep—  
So short a thing to sigh—  
And yet—by Trades—the size of these  
We men and women die!

Emily Dickinson



# It's Thoughts—and Just One Heart

It's thoughts—and just One Heart—  
And Old Sunshine—about—  
Make frugal—Ones—Content—  
And two or three—for Company—  
Upon a Holiday—  
Crowded—as Sacrament—

Books—when the Unit—  
Spare the Tenant—long eno'—  
A Picture—if it Care—  
Itself—a Gallery too rare—  
For needing more—

Flowers—to keep the Eyes—from going awkward—  
When it snows—  
A Bird—if they—prefer—  
Though Winter fire—sing clear as Plover—  
To our—ear—

A Landscape—not so great  
To suffocate the Eye—  
A Hill—perhaps—  
Perhaps—the profile of a Mill  
Turned by the Wind—  
Tho' such—are luxuries—

It's thoughts—and just two Heart—  
And Heaven—about—  
At least—a Counterfeit—  
We would not have Correct—  
And Immortality—can be almost—  
Not quite—Content—

Emily Dickinson

# I've Heard An Organ Talk, Sometimes

183

I've heard an Organ talk, sometimes  
In a Cathedral Aisle,  
And understood no word it said&mdash;  
Yet held my breath, the while&mdash;

And risen up&mdash;and gone away,  
A more Berdardine Girl&mdash;  
Yet&mdash;know not what was done to me  
In that old Chapel Aisle.

Emily Dickinson

# I've Known A Heaven, Like A Tent

243

I've known a Heaven, like a Tent&mdash;  
To wrap its shining Yards&mdash;  
Pluck up its stakes, and disappear&mdash;  
Without the sound of Boards  
Or Rip of Nail&mdash;Or Carpenter&mdash;  
But just the miles of Stare&mdash;  
That signalize a Show's Retreat&mdash;  
In North America&mdash;

No Trace&mdash;no Figment of the Thing  
That dazzled, Yesterday,  
No Ring&mdash;no Marvel&mdash;  
Men, and Feats&mdash;  
Dissolved as utterly&mdash;  
As Bird's far Navigation  
Discloses just a Hue&mdash;  
A plash of Oars, a Gaiety&mdash;  
Then swallowed up, of View.

Emily Dickinson

# I've None To Tell Me To But Thee

881

I've none to tell me to but Thee  
So when Thou failest, nobody.  
It was a little tie&mdash;  
It just held Two, nor those it held  
Since Somewhere thy sweet Face has spilled  
Beyond my Boundary&mdash;

If things were opposite&mdash;and Me  
And Me it were&mdash;that ebbed from Thee  
On some unanswering Shore&mdash;  
Would'st Thou seek so&mdash;just say  
That I the Answer may pursue  
Unto the lips it eddied through&mdash;  
So&mdash;overtaking Thee&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# I've Nothing Else—to Bring, You Know

224

I've nothing else—to bring, You know—  
So I keep bringing These—  
Just as the Night keeps fetching Stars  
To our familiar eyes—

Maybe, we shouldn't mind them—  
Unless they didn't come—  
Then—maybe, it would puzzle us  
To find our way Home—

Emily Dickinson

# I've Seen A Dying Eye

547

I've seen a Dying Eye  
Run round and round a Room&mdash;  
In search of Something&mdash;as it seemed&mdash;  
Then Cloudier become&mdash;  
And then&mdash;obscure with Fog&mdash;  
And then&mdash;be soldered down  
Without disclosing what it be  
'Twere blessed to have seen&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Jesus! Thy Crucifix

225

Jesus! thy Crucifix  
Enable thee to guess  
The smaller size!

Jesus! thy second face  
Mind thee in Paradise  
Of ours!

Emily Dickinson

# Joy To Have Merited The Pain

788

Joy to have merited the Pain&mdash;  
To merit the Release&mdash;  
Joy to have perished every step&mdash;  
To Compass Paradise&mdash;

Pardon&mdash;to look upon thy face&mdash;  
With these old fashioned Eyes&mdash;  
Better than new&mdash;could be&mdash;for that&mdash;  
Though bought in Paradise&mdash;

Because they looked on thee before&mdash;  
And thou hast looked on them&mdash;  
Prove Me&mdash;My Hazel Witnesses  
The features are the same&mdash;

So fleet thou wert, when present&mdash;  
So infinite&mdash;when gone&mdash;  
An Orient's Apparition&mdash;  
Remanded of the Morn&mdash;

The Height I recollect&mdash;  
'Twas even with the Hills&mdash;  
The Depth upon my Soul was notched&mdash;  
As Floods&mdash;on Whites of Wheels&mdash;

To Haunt&mdash;till Time have dropped  
His last Decade away,  
And Haunting actualize&mdash;to last  
At least&mdash;Eternity&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# Judgment is justest

Judgment is justest  
When the Judged,  
His action laid away,  
Divested is of every Disk  
But his sincerity.

Honor is then the safest hue  
In a posthumous Sun -  
Not any color will endure  
That scrutiny can burn.

Emily Dickinson

# Just As He Spoke It From His Hands

848

Just as He spoke it from his Hands  
This Edifice remain&mdash;  
A Turret more, a Turret less  
Dishonor his Design&mdash;

According as his skill prefer  
It perish, or endure&mdash;  
Content, soe'er, it ornament  
His absent character.

Emily Dickinson

# Just Lost, When I Was Saved!

160

Just lost, when I was saved!  
Just felt the world go by!  
Just girt me for the onset with Eternity,  
When breath blew back,  
And on the other side  
I heard recede the disappointed tide!

Therefore, as One returned, I feel  
Odd secrets of the line to tell!  
Some Sailor, skirting foreign shores&mdash;  
Some pale Reporter, from the awful doors  
Before the Seal!

Next time, to stay!  
Next time, the things to see  
By Ear unheard,  
Unscrutinized by Eye&mdash;

Next time, to tarry,  
While the Ages steal&mdash;  
Slow tramp the Centuries,  
And the Cycles wheel!

Emily Dickinson

# Kill Your Balm—and Its Odors Bless You

238

Kill your Balm—and its Odors bless you—  
Bare your Jessamine—to the storm—  
And she will fling her maddest perfume—  
Haply—your Summer night to Charm—

Stab the Bird—that built in your bosom—  
Oh, could you catch her last Refrain—  
Bubble! "forgive"—"Some better"—Bubble!  
"Carol for Him—when I am gone"!

Emily Dickinson

# Knows How To Forget!

433

Knows how to forget!  
But could It teach it?  
Easiest of Arts, they say  
When one learn how

Dull Hearts have died  
In the Acquisition  
Sacrificed for Science  
Is common, though, now&mdash;

I went to School  
But was not wiser  
Globe did not teach it  
Nor Logarithm Show

"How to forget!"  
Say&mdash;some&mdash;Philosopher!  
Ah, to be erudite  
Enough to know!

Is it in a Book?  
So, I could buy it&mdash;  
Is it like a Planet?  
Telescopes would know&mdash;

If it be invention  
It must have a Patent.  
Rabbi of the Wise Book  
Don't you know?

Emily Dickinson

# Least Bee That Brew

676

Least Bee that brew&mdash;  
A Honey's Weight  
Content Her smallest fraction help  
The Amber Quantity&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Least Rivers—docile To Some Sea

212

Least Rivers—docile to some sea.  
My Caspian—thee.

Emily Dickinson

# Let me not mar that perfect Dream

Let me not mar that perfect Dream  
By an Auroral stain  
But so adjust my daily Night  
That it will come again.

Not when we know, the Power accosts -  
The Garment of Surprise  
Was all our timid Mother wore  
At Home - in Paradise.

Emily Dickinson



# Let Us Play Yesterday

728

Let Us play Yesterday&mdash;  
I&mdash;the Girl at school&mdash;  
You&mdash;and Eternity&mdash;the  
Untold Tale&mdash;

Easing my famine  
At my Lexicon&mdash;  
Logarithm&mdash;had I&mdash;for Drink&mdash;  
'Twas a dry Wine&mdash;

Somewhat different&mdash;must be&mdash;  
Dreams tint the Sleep&mdash;  
Cunning Reds of Morning  
Make the Blind&mdash;leap&mdash;

Still at the Egg-life&mdash;  
Chafing the Shell&mdash;  
When you troubled the Ellipse&mdash;  
And the Bird fell&mdash;

Manacles be dim&mdash;they say&mdash;  
To the new Free&mdash;  
Liberty&mdash;Commoner&mdash;  
Never could&mdash;to me&mdash;

'Twas my last gratitude  
When I slept&mdash;at night&mdash;  
'Twas the first Miracle  
Let in&mdash;with Light&mdash;

Can the Lark resume the Shell&mdash;  
Easier&mdash;for the Sky&mdash;  
Wouldn't Bonds hurt more  
Than Yesterday?

Wouldn't Dungeons sorer frate  
On the Man&mdash;free&mdash;

Just long enough to taste&mdash;  
Then&mdash;doomed new&mdash;

God of the Manacle  
As of the Free&mdash;  
Take not my Liberty  
Away from Me&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Life—is What We Make Of It

698

Life—is what we make of it—  
Death—we do not know—  
Christ's acquaintance with Him  
Justify Him—though—

He—would trust no stranger—  
Other—could betray—  
Just His own endorsement—  
That—sufficeth Me—

All the other Distance  
He hath traversed first—  
No New Mile remaineth—  
Far as Paradise—

His sure foot preceding—  
Tender Pioneer—  
Base must be the Coward  
Dare not venture—now—

Emily Dickinson

# Light Is Sufficient To Itself

862

Light is sufficient to itself&mdash;  
If Others want to see  
It can be had on Window Panes  
Some Hours in the Day.

But not for Compensation&mdash;  
It holds as large a Glow  
To Squirrel in the Himmaleh  
Precisely, as to you.

Emily Dickinson

# Lightly Stepped A Yellow Star

Lightly stepped a yellow star  
To its lofty place -  
Loosed the Moon her silver hat  
From her lustral Face -  
All of Evening softly lit  
As an Astral Hall -  
Father, I observed to Heaven,  
You are punctual.

Emily Dickinson

# Like Brooms of Steel

Like Brooms of Steel  
The Snow and Wind  
Had swept the Winter Street -  
The House was hooked  
The Sun sent out  
Faint Deputies of Heat -  
Where rode the Bird  
The Silence tied  
His ample - plodding Steed  
The Apple in the Cellar snug  
Was all the one that played.

Emily Dickinson

# Like Eyes That Looked On Wastes

458

Like eyes that looked on Wastes—  
Incredulous of Ought  
But Blank—and steady Wilderness—  
Diversified by Night—

Just Infinities of Nought—  
As far as it could see—  
So looked the face I looked upon—  
So looked itself—on Me—

I offered it no Help—  
Because the Cause was Mine—  
The Misery a Compact  
As hopeless—as divine—

Neither—would be absolved—  
Neither would be a Queen  
Without the Other—Therefore—  
We perish—tho' We reign—

Emily Dickinson

# Like Flowers, That Heard The News Of Dews

513

Like Flowers, that heard the news of Dews,  
But never deemed the dripping prize  
Awaited their&mdash;low Brows&mdash;  
Or Bees&mdash;that thought the Summer's name  
Some rumor of Delirium,  
No Summer&mdash;could&mdash;for Them&mdash;

Or Arctic Creatures, dimly stirred&mdash;  
By Tropic Hint&mdash;some Travelled Bird  
Imported to the Wood&mdash;

Or Wind's bright signal to the Ear&mdash;  
Making that homely, and severe,  
Contented, known, before&mdash;

The Heaven&mdash;unexpected come,  
To Lives that thought the Worshipping  
A too presumptuous Psalm&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# Like Her The Saints Retire

60

Like her the Saints retire,  
In their Chapeaux of fire,  
Martial as she!

Like her the Evenings steal  
Purple and Cochineal  
After the Day!

"Departed"&mdash;both&mdash;they say!  
i.e. gathered away,  
Not found,

Argues the Aster still&mdash;  
Reasons the Daffodil  
Profound!

Emily Dickinson

# Like Mighty Foot Lights—burned The Red

595

Like Mighty Foot Lights—burned the Red  
At Bases of the Trees—  
The far Theatricals of Day  
Exhibiting—to These—

'Twas Universe—that did applaud—  
While Chiefest—of the Crowd—  
Enabled by his Royal Dress—  
Myself distinguished God—

Emily Dickinson

# Like Some Old Fashioned Miracle

302

Like Some Old fashioned Miracle  
When Summertime is done&mdash;  
Seems Summer's Recollection  
And the Affairs of June

As infinite Tradition  
As Cinderella's Bays&mdash;  
Or Little John&mdash;of Lincoln Green&mdash;  
Or Blue Beard's Galleries&mdash;

Her Bees have a fictitious Hum&mdash;  
Her Blossoms, like a Dream&mdash;  
Elate us&mdash;till we almost weep&mdash;  
So plausible&mdash;they seem&mdash;

Her Memories like Strains&mdash;Review&mdash;  
When Orchestra is dumb&mdash;  
The Violin in Baize replaced&mdash;  
And Ear&mdash;and Heaven&mdash;numb&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Like Trains Of Cars On Tracks Of Plush

Like trains of cars on tracks of plush  
I hear the level bee:  
A jar across the flowers goes,  
Their velvet masonry

Withstands until the sweet assault  
Their chivalry consumes,  
While he, victorious, tilts away  
To vanquish other blooms.

His feet are shod with gauze,  
His helmet is of gold;  
His breast, a single onyx  
With chrysoprase, inlaid.

His labor is a chant,  
His idleness a tune;  
Oh, for a bee's experience  
Of clovers and of noon!

Emily Dickinson

# Lives He In Any Other World

Lives he in any other world  
My faith cannot reply  
Before it was imperative  
'Twas all distinct to me -

Emily Dickinson

# Longing is like the Seed

Longing is like the Seed  
That wrestles in the Ground,  
Believing if it intercede  
It shall at length be found.

The Hour, and the Clime -  
Each Circumstance unknown,  
What Constancy must be achieved  
Before it see the Sun!

Emily Dickinson

# Love Reckons By Itself—alone

826

Love reckons by itself—alone—  
"As large as I"—relate the Sun  
To One who never felt it blaze—  
Itself is all the like it has—

Emily Dickinson

# Love—Is Anterior To Life

917

Love—is anterior to Life—  
Posterior—to Death—  
Initial of Creation, and  
The Exponent of Earth—

Emily Dickinson



# Love—;Thou Art High

453

Love—;thou art high—;  
I cannot climb thee—;  
But, were it Two—;  
Who know but we—;  
Taking turns—;at the Chimborazo—;  
Ducal—;at last—;stand up by thee—;

Love—;thou are deep—;  
I cannot cross thee—;  
But, were there Two  
Instead of One—;  
Rower, and Yacht—;some sovereign Summer—;  
Who knows—;but we'd reach the Sun?

Love—;thou are Veiled—;  
A few—;behold thee—;  
Smile—;and alter—;and prattle—;and die—;  
Bliss—;were an Oddity—;without thee—;  
Nicknamed by God—;  
Eternity—;

Emily Dickinson

# Love—is Anterior To Life

917

Love—is anterior to Life—  
Posterior—to Death—  
Initial of Creation, and  
The Exponent of Earth—

Emily Dickinson

# Love—is That Later Thing Than Death

Love—is that later Thing than Death—  
More previous—than Life—  
Confirms it at its entrance—And  
Usurps it—of itself—

Tastes Death—the first—to hand the sting  
The Second—to its friend—  
Disarms the little interval—  
Deposits Him with God—

Then hovers—an inferior Guard—  
Lest this Beloved Charge  
Need—once in an Eternity—  
A smaller than the Large—

Emily Dickinson

# Love—thou Art High

453

Love—thou art high—  
I cannot climb thee—  
But, were it Two—  
Who know but we—  
Taking turns—at the Chimborazo—  
Ducal—at last—stand up by thee—

Love—thou are deep—  
I cannot cross thee—  
But, were there Two  
Instead of One—  
Rower, and Yacht—some sovereign Summer—  
Who knows—but we'd reach the Sun?

Love—thou are Veiled—  
A few—behold thee—  
Smile—and alter—and prattle—and die—  
Bliss—were an Oddity—without thee—  
Nicknamed by God—  
Eternity—

Emily Dickinson

# Low At My Problem Bending

69

Low at my problem bending,  
Another problem comes&mdash;  
Larger than mine&mdash;Serener&mdash;  
Involving statelier sums.

I check my busy pencil,  
My figures file away.  
Wherefore, my baffled fingers  
They perplexity?

Emily Dickinson

# Luck is not chance

Luck is not chance  
It's Toil  
Fortune's expensive smile  
Is earned  
The Father of the Mine  
Is that old-fashioned Coin  
We spurned

Emily Dickinson

# Make Me A Picture Of The Sun

188

Make me a picture of the sun&mdash;  
So I can hang it in my room&mdash;  
And make believe I'm getting warm  
When others call it "Day"!

Draw me a Robin&mdash;on a stem&mdash;  
So I am hearing him, I'll dream,  
And when the Orchards stop their tune&mdash;  
Put my pretense&mdash;away&mdash;

Say if it's really&mdash;warm at noon&mdash;  
Whether it's Buttercups&mdash;that "skim"&mdash;  
Or Butterflies&mdash;that "bloom"?  
Then&mdash;skip&mdash;the frost&mdash;upon the lea&mdash;  
And skip the Russet&mdash;on the tree&mdash;  
Let's play those&mdash;never come!

Emily Dickinson

# Mama Never Forgets Her Birds

164

Mama never forgets her birds,  
Though in another tree&mdash;  
She looks down just as often  
And just as tenderly  
As when her little mortal nest  
With cunning care she wove&mdash;  
If either of her "sparrows fall,"  
She "notices," above.

Emily Dickinson



# Many A Phrase Has The English Language

276

Many a phrase has the English language&mdash;  
I have heard but one&mdash;  
Low as the laughter of the Cricket,  
Loud, as the Thunder's Tongue&mdash;

Murmuring, like old Caspian Choirs,  
When the Tide's a' lull&mdash;  
Saying itself in new infection&mdash;  
Like a Whippoorwill&mdash;

Breaking in bright Orthography  
On my simple sleep&mdash;  
Thundering its Prospective&mdash;  
Till I stir, and weep&mdash;

Not for the Sorrow, done me&mdash;  
But the push of Joy&mdash;  
Say it again, Saxton!  
Hush&mdash;Only to me!

Emily Dickinson

# Many Cross The Rhine

123

Many cross the Rhine  
In this cup of mine.  
Sip old Frankfort air  
From my brown Cigar.

Emily Dickinson

# March is the Month of Expectation

March is the Month of Expectation.  
The things we do not know -  
The Persons of prognostication  
Are coming now -  
We try to show becoming firmness -  
But pompous Joy  
Betrays us, as his first Betrothal  
Betrays a Boy.

Emily Dickinson

# May-Flower

Pink, small, and punctual,  
Aromatic, low,  
Covert in April,  
Candid in May,

Dear to the moss,  
Known by the knoll,  
Next to the robin  
In every human soul.

Bold little beauty,  
Bedecked with thee,  
Nature forswears  
Antiquity.

Emily Dickinson

# Me From Myself—to Banish

642

Me from Myself—to banish—  
Had I Art—  
Impregnable my Fortress  
Unto All Heart—

But since Myself—assault Me—  
How have I peace  
Except by subjugating  
Consciousness?

And since We're mutual Monarch  
How this be  
Except by Abdication—  
Me—of Me?

Emily Dickinson

# Me Prove It Now—whoever Doubt

537

Me prove it now—Whoever doubt  
Me stop to prove it—now—  
Make haste—the Scruple! Death be scant  
For Opportunity—

The River reaches to my feet—  
As yet—My Heart be dry—  
Oh Lover—Life could not convince—  
Might Death—enable Thee—

The River reaches to My Breast—  
Still—still—My Hands above  
Proclaim with their remaining Might—  
Dost recognize the Love?

The River reaches to my Mouth—  
Remember—when the Sea  
Swept by my searching eyes—the last—  
Themselves were quick—with Thee!

Emily Dickinson

# Me! Come! My Dazzled Face

Me! Come! My dazzled face  
In such a shining place!

Me! Hear! My foreign ear  
The sounds of welcome near!

The saints shall meet  
Our bashful feet.

My holiday shall be  
That they remember me;

My paradise, the fame  
That they pronounce my name.

Emily Dickinson

# Me, Change! Me, Alter!

268

Me, change! Me, alter!  
Then I will, when on the Everlasting Hill  
A Smaller Purple grows&mdash;  
At sunset, or a lesser glow  
Flickers upon Cordillera&mdash;  
At Day's superior close!

Emily Dickinson



# Midsummer, Was It, When They Died

962

Midsummer, was it, when They died—  
A full, and perfect time—  
The Summer closed upon itself  
In Consummated Bloom—

The Corn, her furthest kernel filled  
Before the coming Flail—  
When These—leaned unto Perfectness—  
Through Haze of Burial—

Emily Dickinson

# Mine enemy is growing old

MINE enemy is growing old,□  
I have at last revenge.□  
The palate of the hate departs;□  
If any would avenge,□

Let him be quick, the viand flits,□  
It is a faded meat.□  
Anger as soon as fed is dead;□  
'T is starving makes it fat.

Emily Dickinson

# Mine—by The Right Of The White Election!

528

Mine—by the Right of the White Election!  
Mine—by the Royal Seal!  
Mine—by the Sign in the Scarlet prison—  
Bars—cannot conceal!

Mine—here—in Vision—and in Veto!  
Mine—by the Grave's Repeal—  
Tilted—Confirmed—  
Delirious Charter!  
Mine—long as Ages steal!

Emily Dickinson

# More Life—went Out—when He Went

422

More Life—went out—when He went  
Than Ordinary Breath—  
Lit with a finer Phosphor—  
Requiring in the Quench—

A Power of Renowned Cold,  
The Climate of the Grave  
A Temperature just adequate  
So Anthracite, to live—

For some—an Ampler Zero—  
A Frost more needle keen  
Is necessary, to reduce  
The Ethiop within.

Others—extinguish easier—  
A Gnat's minutest Fan  
Sufficient to obliterate  
A Tract of Citizen—

Whose Peat lift—amply vivid—  
Ignores the solemn News  
That Popocatapel exists—  
Or Etna's Scarlets, Choose—

Emily Dickinson

# 'Morning' Means 'Milking' To The Farmer

300

'Morning'—means 'Milking'—to the Farmer—  
Dawn—to the Teneriffe—  
Dice—to the Maid—  
Morning means just Risk—to the Lover—  
Just revelation—to the Beloved—

Epicures—date a Breakfast—by it—  
Brides—an Apocalypse—  
Worlds—a Flood—  
Faint-going Lives—Their Lapse from Sighing—  
Faith—The Experiment of Our Lord

Emily Dickinson

# Morning—is The Place For Dew

197

Morning—is the place for Dew—  
Corn—is made at Noon—  
After dinner light—for flowers—  
Dukes—for Setting Sun!

Emily Dickinson

## Morning—means

"Morning"—means "Milking"—to the Farmer—  
Dawn—to the Teneriffe—  
Dice—to the Maid—  
Morning means just Risk—to the Lover—  
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Epicures—date a Breakfast—by it—  
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Faint-going Lives—Their Lapse from Sighing—  
Faith—The Experiment of Our Lord

Emily Dickinson

# Morns Like These—we Parted

27

Morns like these—we parted—  
Noons like these—she rose—  
Fluttering first—then firmer  
To her fair repose.

Never did she lisp it—  
It was not for me—  
She—was mute from transport—  
I—from agony—

Till—the evening nearing  
One the curtains drew—  
Quick! A Sharper rustling!  
And this linnet flew!

Emily Dickinson



# Most She Touched Me By Her Muteness

760

Most she touched me by her muteness&mdash;  
Most she won me by the way  
She presented her small figure&mdash;  
Plea itself&mdash;for Charity&mdash;

Were a Crumb my whole possession&mdash;  
Were there famine in the land&mdash;  
Were it my resource from starving&mdash;  
Could I such a plea withstand&mdash;

Not upon her knee to thank me  
Sank this Beggar from the Sky&mdash;  
But the Crumb partook&mdash;departed&mdash;  
And returned On High&mdash;

I supposed&mdash;when sudden  
Such a Praise began  
'Twas as Space sat singing  
To herself&mdash;and men&mdash;

'Twas the Winged Beggar&mdash;  
Afterward I learned  
To her Benefactor  
Making Gratitude

Emily Dickinson

# Much Madness Is Divinest Sense

Much Madness is divinest Sense -  
To a discerning Eye -  
Much Sense - the starkest Madness -  
`Tis the Majority  
In this, as All, prevail -  
Assent - and you are sane -  
Demur - you`re straightaway dangerous -  
And handled with a Chain -

Emily Dickinson

# Musicians Wrestle Everywhere

157

Musicians wrestle everywhere&mdash;  
All day&mdash;among the crowded air  
I hear the silver strife&mdash;  
And&mdash;walking&mdash;long before the morn&mdash;  
Such transport breaks upon the town  
I think it that "New Life"!

If is not Bird&mdash;it has no nest&mdash;  
Nor "Band"&mdash;in brass and scarlet&mdash;drest&mdash;  
Nor Tamborin&mdash;nor Man&mdash;  
It is not Hymn from pulpit read&mdash;  
The "Morning Stars" the Treble led  
On Time's first Afternoon!

Some&mdash;say&mdash;it is "the Spheres"&mdash;at play!  
Some say that bright Majority  
Of vanished Dames&mdash;and Men!  
Some&mdash;think it service in the place  
Where we&mdash;with late&mdash;celestial face&mdash;  
Please God&mdash;shall Ascertain!

Emily Dickinson

# Must Be A Woe

571

Must be a Woe—  
A loss or so—  
To bend the eye  
Best Beauty's way—

But—once aslant  
It notes Delight  
As difficult  
As Stalactite

A Common Bliss  
Were had for less—  
The price—is  
Even as the Grace—

Our lord—thought no  
Extravagance  
To pay—a Cross—

Emily Dickinson

# Mute Thy Coronation

151

Mute thy Coronation—  
Meek my Vive le roi,  
Fold a tiny courtier  
In thine Ermine, Sir,  
There to rest revering  
Till the pageant by,  
I can murmur broken,  
Master, It was I—

Emily Dickinson

# My Best Acquaintances Are Those

932

My best Acquaintances are those  
With Whom I spoke no Word&mdash;  
The Stars that stated come to Town  
Esteemed Me never rude  
Although to their Celestial Call  
I failed to make reply&mdash;  
My constant&mdash;reverential Face  
Sufficient Courtesy.

Emily Dickinson

# My Cocoon Tightens, Colors Tease

MY cocoon tightens, colors tease,□  
I 'm feeling for the air;□  
A dim capacity for wings□  
Degrades the dress I wear.□

A power of butterfly must be□  
The aptitude to fly,□  
Meadows of majesty concedes□  
And easy sweeps of sky.□

So I must baffle at the hint□  
And cipher at the sign,□  
And make much blunder, if at last□  
I take the clew divine.

Emily Dickinson

# My Eye Is Fuller Than My Vase

202

My Eye is fuller than my vase—  
Her Cargo— is of Dew—  
And still— my Heart— my Eye outweighs—  
East India— for you!

Emily Dickinson



# My Faith Is Larger Than The Hills

766

My Faith is larger than the Hills&mdash;  
So when the Hills decay&mdash;  
My Faith must take the Purple Wheel  
To show the Sun the way&mdash;

'Tis first He steps upon the Vane&mdash;  
And then&mdash;upon the Hill&mdash;  
And then abroad the World He go  
To do His Golden Will&mdash;

And if His Yellow feet should miss&mdash;  
The Bird would not arise&mdash;  
The Flowers would slumber on their Stems&mdash;  
No Bells have Paradise&mdash;

How dare I, therefore, stint a faith  
On which so vast depends&mdash;  
Lest Firmament should fail for me&mdash;  
The Rivet in the Bands

Emily Dickinson

# My First Well Day—since Many Ill

574

My first well Day—since many ill—  
I asked to go abroad,  
And take the Sunshine in my hands,  
And see the things in Pod—

A 'blossom just when I went in  
To take my Chance with pain—  
Uncertain if myself, or He,  
Should prove the strongest One.

The Summer deepened, while we strove—  
She put some flowers away—  
And Redder cheeked Ones—in their stead—  
A fond—illusive way—

To cheat Herself, it seemed she tried—  
As if before a child  
To fade—Tomorrow—Rainbows held  
The Sepulchre, could hide.

She dealt a fashion to the Nut—  
She tied the Hoods to Seeds—  
She dropped bright scraps of Tint, about—  
And left Brazilian Threads

On every shoulder that she met—  
Then both her Hands of Haze  
Put up—to hide her parting Grace  
From our unfitted eyes.

My loss, by sickness—Was it Loss?  
Or that Ethereal Gain  
One earns by measuring the Grave—  
Then—measuring the Sun—

Emily Dickinson

# My Friend Attacks My Friend!

118

My friend attacks my friend!  
Oh Battle picturesque!  
Then I turn Soldier too,  
And he turns Satirist!  
How martial is this place!  
Had I a mighty gun  
I think I'd shoot the human race  
And then to glory run!

Emily Dickinson

# My Friend Must Be A Bird

92

My friend must be a Bird—  
Because it flies!  
Mortal, my friend must be,  
Because it dies!  
Barbs has it, like a Bee!  
Ah, curious friend!  
Thou puzzlest me!

Emily Dickinson

# My Garden—like The Beach

My Garden—like the Beach—  
Denotes there be—a Sea—  
That's Summer—  
Such as These—the Pearls  
She fetches—such as Me

Emily Dickinson

# My Life Closed Twice

My life closed twice before its close--  
It yet remains to see  
If Immortality unveil  
A third event to me

So huge, so hopeless to conceive  
As these that twice befell.  
Parting is all we know of heaven,  
And all we need of hell.

Emily Dickinson

# My Life Had Stood

My life had stood--a Loaded Gun--  
In Corners--till a Day  
The Owner passed--identified--  
And carried Me away--

And now We roam in Sovereign Woods--  
And now We hunt the Doe--  
And every time I speak for Him--  
The Mountains straight reply--

And do I smile, such cordial light  
Upon the Valley glow--  
It is as a Vesuvian face  
Had let its pleasure through--

And when at Night--Our good Day done--  
I guard My Master's Head--  
'Tis better than the Eider-Duck's  
Deep Pillow--to have shared--

To foe of His--I'm deadly foe--  
None stir the second time--  
On whom I lay a Yellow Eye--  
Or an emphatic Thumb--

Though I than He--may longer live  
He longer must--than I--  
For I have but the power to kill,  
Without--the power to die--

Emily Dickinson

# My Nosegays Are For Captives;

My nosegays are for captives;  
Dim, long-expectant eyes,  
Fingers denied the plucking,  
Patient till paradise.

To such, if they should whisper  
Of morning and the moor,  
They bear no other errand,  
And I, no other prayer.

Emily Dickinson



# My Period Had Come For Prayer

564

My period had come for Prayer&mdash;  
No other Art&mdash;would do&mdash;  
My Tactics missed a rudiment&mdash;  
Creator&mdash;Was it you?

God grows above&mdash;so those who pray  
Horizons&mdash;must ascend&mdash;  
And so I stepped upon the North  
To see this Curious Friend&mdash;

His House was not&mdash;no sign had He&mdash;  
By Chimney&mdash;nor by Door  
Could I infer his Residence&mdash;  
Vast Prairies of Air

Unbroken by a Settler&mdash;  
Were all that I could see&mdash;  
Infinitude&mdash;Had'st Thou no Face  
That I might look on Thee?

The Silence condescended&mdash;  
Creation stopped&mdash;for Me&mdash;  
But awed beyond my errand&mdash;  
I worshipped&mdash;did not "pray"&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# My Portion Is Defeat—today

639

My Portion is Defeat—today—  
A paler luck than Victory—  
Less Paeans—fewer Bells—  
The Drums don't follow Me—with tunes—  
Defeat—a somewhat slower—means—  
More Arduous than Balls—

'Tis populous with Bone and stain—  
And Men too straight to stoop again—,  
And Piles of solid Moan—  
And Chips of Blank—in Boyish Eyes—  
And scraps of Prayer—  
And Death's surprise,  
Stamped visible—in Stone—

There's somewhat prouder, over there—  
The Trumpets tell it to the Air—  
How different Victory  
To Him who has it—and the One  
Who to have had it, would have been  
Contender—to die—

Emily Dickinson

# My Reward For Being, Was This

343

My Reward for Being, was This.

My premium&mdash;My Bliss&mdash;

An Admiralty, less&mdash;

A Sceptre&mdash;penniless&mdash;

And Realms&mdash;just Dross&mdash;

When Thrones accost my Hands&mdash;

With "Me, Miss, Me"&mdash;

I'll unroll Thee&mdash;

Dominions dowerless&mdash;beside this Grace&mdash;

Election&mdash;Vote&mdash;

The Ballots of Eternity, will show just that.

Emily Dickinson

# My River Runs To Thee

My River runs to thee—  
Blue Sea! Wilt welcome me?  
My River wait reply—  
Oh Sea—look graciously—  
I'll fetch thee Brooks  
From spotted nooks—  
Say—Sea—Take Me!

Emily Dickinson

# My Soul—accused Me—and I Quailed

753

My Soul—accused me—And I quailed—  
As Tongue of Diamond had reviled  
All else accused me—and I smiled—  
My Soul—that Morning—was My friend—

Her favor—is the best Disdain  
Toward Artifice of Time—or Men—  
But Her Disdain—'twere lighter bear  
A finger of Enamelled Fire—

Emily Dickinson

# My Wheel Is In The Dark

10

My wheel is in the dark!  
I cannot see a spoke  
Yet know its dripping feet  
Go round and round.

My foot is on the Tide!  
An unfrequented road&mdash;  
Yet have all roads  
A clearing at the end&mdash;

Some have resigned the Loom&mdash;  
Some in the busy tomb  
Find quaint employ&mdash;

Some with new&mdash;stately feet&mdash;  
Pass royal through the gate&mdash;  
Flinging the problem back  
At you and I!

Emily Dickinson

# My Worthiness Is All My Doubt

751

My Worthiness is all my Doubt—  
His Merit—all my fear—  
Contrasting which, my quality  
Do lowlier—appear—

Lest I should insufficient prove  
For His beloved Need—  
The Chiefest Apprehension  
Upon my thronging Mind—

'Tis true—that Deity to stoop  
Inherently incline—  
For nothing higher than Itself  
Itself can rest upon—

So I—the undivine abode  
Of His Elect Content—  
Conform my Soul—as 'twere a Church,  
Unto Her Sacrament—

Emily Dickinson

# Myself Was Formed—a Carpenter

488

Myself was formed—a Carpenter—  
An unpretending time  
My Plane—and I, together wrought  
Before a Builder came—

To measure our attainments—  
Had we the Art of Boards  
Sufficiently developed—He'd hire us  
At Halves—

My Tools took Human—Faces—  
The Bench, where we had toiled—  
Against the Man—persuaded—  
We—Temples build—I said—

Emily Dickinson



# Nature And God—i Neither Knew

835

Nature and God—I neither knew  
Yet Both so well knew me  
They startled, like Executors  
Of My identity.

Yet Neither told—that I could learn—  
My Secret as secure  
As Herschel's private interest  
Or Mercury's affair—

Emily Dickinson

## Nature Is What We See—

"Nature" is what we see—  
The Hill—the Afternoon—  
Squirrel—Eclipse—the Bumble bee—  
Nay—Nature is Heaven—  
Nature is what we hear—  
The Bobolink—the Sea—  
Thunder—the Cricket—  
Nay—Nature is Harmony—  
Nature is what we know—  
Yet have no art to say—  
So impotent Our Wisdom is  
To her Simplicity.

Emily Dickinson

# Nature Rarer Uses Yellow

Nature rarer uses yellow  
Than another hue;  
Saves she all of that for sunsets,--  
Prodigal of blue,

Spending scarlet like a woman,  
Yellow she affords  
Only scantily and selectly,  
Like a lover's words.

Emily Dickinson

# Nature The Gentlest Mother Is

Nature the gentlest mother is,  
Impatient of no child,  
The feeblest of the waywardest.  
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill  
By traveller be heard,  
Restraining rampant squirrel  
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation  
A summer afternoon,  
Her household her assembly;  
And when the sun go down,

Her voice among the aisles  
Incite the timid prayer  
Of the minutest cricket,  
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep,  
She turns as long away  
As will suffice to light her lamps,  
Then bending from the sky

With infinite affection  
An infinitely care,  
Her golden finger on her lip,  
Wills silence everywhere.

Emily Dickinson

# Nature, The Gentlest Mother,

Nature, the gentlest mother,  
Impatient of no child,  
The feeblest or the waywardest,  
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill  
By traveller is heard,  
Restraining rampant squirrel  
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation,  
A summer afternoon,--  
Her household, her assembly;  
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles  
Incites the timid prayer  
Of the minutest cricket,  
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She turns as long away  
As will suffice to light her lamps;  
Then, bending from the sky

With infinite affection  
And infiniter care,  
Her golden finger on her lip,  
Wills silence everywhere.

Emily Dickinson

# Nature—sometimes Sears A Sapling

314

Nature—sometimes sears a Sapling—  
Sometimes—scalps a Tree—  
Her Green People recollect it  
When they do not die—

Fainter Leaves—to Further Seasons—  
Dumbly testify—  
We—who have the Souls—  
Die oftener—Not so vitally—

Emily Dickinson

# Never For Society

746

Never for Society

He shall seek in vain&mdash;

Who His own acquaintance

Cultivate&mdash;Of Men

Wiser Men may weary&mdash;

But the Man within

Never knew Satiety&mdash;

Better entertain

Than could Border Ballad&mdash;

Or Biscayan Hymn&mdash;

Neither introduction

Need You&mdash;unto Him&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# New Feet Within My Garden Go

99

New feet within my garden go&mdash;  
New fingers stir the sod&mdash;  
A Troubadour upon the Elm  
Betrays the solitude.

New children play upon the green&mdash;  
New Weary sleep below&mdash;  
And still the pensive Spring returns&mdash;  
And still the punctual snow!

Emily Dickinson



# No Bobolink—reverse His Singing

755

No Bobolink—reverse His Singing  
When the only Tree  
Ever He minded occupying  
By the Farmer be—

Clove to the Root—  
His Spacious Future—  
Best Horizon—gone—  
Whose Music be His  
Only Anodyne—  
Brave Bobolink—

Emily Dickinson

# No Crowd That Has Occurred

515

No Crowd that has occurred  
Exhibit&mdash;I suppose  
That General Attendance  
That Resurrection&mdash;does&mdash;

Circumference be full&mdash;  
The long restricted Grave  
Assert her Vital Privilege&mdash;  
The Dust&mdash;connect&mdash;and live&mdash;

On Atoms&mdash;features place&mdash;  
All Multitudes that were  
Efface in the Comparison&mdash;  
As Suns&mdash;dissolve a star&mdash;

Solemnity&mdash;prevail&mdash;  
Its Individual Doom  
Possess each separate Consciousness&mdash;  
August&mdash;Absorbed&mdash;Numb&mdash;

What Duplicate&mdash;exist&mdash;  
What Parallel can be&mdash;  
Of the Significance of This&mdash;  
To Universe&mdash;and Me?

Emily Dickinson

# No Man Can Compass A Despair

477

No Man can compass a Despair&mdash;  
As round a Goalless Road  
No faster than a Mile at once  
The Traveller proceed&mdash;

Unconscious of the Width&mdash;  
Unconscious that the Sun  
Be setting on His progress&mdash;  
So accurate the One

At estimating Pain&mdash;  
Whose own&mdash;has just begun&mdash;  
His ignorance&mdash;the Angel  
That pilot Him along&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# No Matter—now—sweet

704

No matter—now—Sweet—  
But when I'm Earl—  
Won't you wish you'd spoken  
To that dull Girl?

Trivial a Word—just—  
Trivial—a Smile—  
But won't you wish you'd spared one  
When I'm Earl?

I shan't need it—then—  
Crests—will do—  
Eagles on my Buckles—  
On my Belt—too—

Ermine—my familiar Gown—  
Say—Sweet—then  
Won't you wish you'd smiled—just—  
Me upon?

Emily Dickinson

# No Notice Gave She, But A Change

804

No Notice gave She, but a Change—  
No Message, but a Sigh—  
For Whom, the Time did not suffice  
That She should specify.

She was not warm, though Summer shone  
Nor scrupulous of cold  
Though Rime by Rime, the steady Frost  
Upon Her Bosom piled—

Of shrinking ways—she did not fright  
Though all the Village looked—  
But held Her gravity aloft—  
And met the gaze—direct—

And when adjusted like a Seed  
In careful fitted Ground  
Unto the Everlasting Spring  
And hindered but a Mound

Her Warm return, if so she chose—  
And We—imploring drew—  
Removed our invitation by  
As Some She never knew—

Emily Dickinson

# No Other Can Reduce

982

No Other can reduce  
Our mortal Consequence  
Like the remembering it be nought  
A Period from hence  
But Contemplation for  
Contemporaneous Nought  
Our Single Competition  
Jehovah's Estimate.

Emily Dickinson

# No Prisoner Be

720

No Prisoner be&mdash;  
Where Liberty&mdash;  
Himself&mdash;abide with Thee&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# No Rack Can Torture Me

384

No Rack can torture me&mdash;  
My Soul&mdash;at Liberty&mdash;  
Behind this mortal Bone  
There knits a bolder One&mdash;

You cannot prick with saw&mdash;  
Nor pierce with Scimitar&mdash;  
Two Bodies&mdash;therefore be&mdash;  
Bind One&mdash;The Other fly&mdash;

The Eagle of his Nest  
No easier divest&mdash;  
And gain the Sky  
Than mayest Thou&mdash;

Except Thyself may be  
Thine Enemy&mdash;  
Captivity is Consciousness&mdash;  
So's Liberty.

Emily Dickinson



# No Romance Sold Unto

669

No Romance sold unto  
Could so enthrall a Man  
As the perusal of  
His Individual One&mdash;  
'Tis Fiction's&mdash;When 'tis small enough  
To Credit&mdash;'Tisn't true!

Emily Dickinson

# Nobody Knows This Little Rose

35

Nobody knows this little Rose—  
It might a pilgrim be  
Did I not take it from the ways  
And lift it up to thee.  
Only a Bee will miss it—  
Only a Butterfly,  
Hastening from far journey—  
On its breast to lie—  
Only a Bird will wonder—  
Only a Breeze will sigh—  
Ah Little Rose—how easy  
For such as thee to die!

Emily Dickinson

# None Can Experience Sting

771

None can experience sting  
Who Bounty&mdash;have not known&mdash;  
The fact of Famine&mdash;could not be  
Except for Fact of Corn&mdash;

Want&mdash;is a meagre Art  
Acquired by Reverse&mdash;  
The Poverty that was not Wealth&mdash;  
Cannot be Indigence.

Emily Dickinson

# Noon—is The Hinge Of Day

931

Noon—is the Hinge of Day—  
Evening—the Tissue Door—  
Morning—the East compelling the sill  
Till all the World is ajar—

Emily Dickinson

# Not

Not "Revelation"—'tis—that waits,  
But our unfurnished eyes—

Emily Dickinson

# Not "Revelation"—'Tis—That Waits

685

Not "Revelation"—'tis—that waits,  
But our unfurnished eyes—

Emily Dickinson

# Not All Die Early, Dying Young

990

Not all die early, dying young&mdash;  
Maturity of Fate  
Is consummated equally  
In Ages, or a Night&mdash;

A Hoary Boy, I've known to drop  
Whole stature&mdash;by the side  
Of Junior of Fourscore&mdash;'twas Act  
Not Period&mdash;that died.

Emily Dickinson

## Not any sunny tone

Not any sunny tone  
From any fervent zone  
Find entrance there -  
Better a grave of Balm  
Toward human nature's home -  
And Robins near -  
Than a stupendous Tomb  
Proclaiming to the Gloom  
How dead we are -

Emily Dickinson



# Not In This World To See His Face

Not in this world to see his face  
Sounds long, until I read the place  
Where this is said to be  
But just the primer to a life  
Unopened, rare, upon the shelf,  
Clasped yet to him and me.

And yet, my primer suits me so  
I would not choose a book to know  
Than that, be sweeter wise;  
Might some one else so learned be.  
And leave me just my A B C,  
Himself could have the skies.

Emily Dickinson

## Not Probable—the Barest Chance

346

Not probable—The barest Chance—  
A smile too few—a word too much  
And far from Heaven as the Rest—  
The Soul so close on Paradise—

What if the Bird from journey far—  
Confused by Sweets—as Mortals—are—  
Forget the secret of His wing  
And perish—but a Bough between—  
Oh, Groping feet—  
Oh Phantom Queen!

Emily Dickinson

# Not Sickness stains the Brave,

Not Sickness stains the Brave,  
Nor any Dart,  
Nor Doubt of Scene to come,  
But an adjourning Heart -

Emily Dickinson

# Not That We Did, Shall Be The Test

823

Not that We did, shall be the test  
When Act and Will are done  
But what Our Lord infers We would  
Had We diviner been&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Not with a club, the Heart is broken

Not with a club, the Heart is broken,□  
Nor with a stone;□  
A whip, so small you could not see it,□  
I've known□

To lash the magic creature  
Till it fell,□  
Yet that whip's name too noble□  
Then to tell.□

Magnanimous of bird□  
By boy descried,  
To sing unto the stone□  
Of which it died.  
Next: The Only News I know

Emily Dickinson

# Of All The Souls That Stand Create

Of all the souls that stand create  
I have elected one.  
When sense from spirit files away,  
And subterfuge is done;

When that which is and that which was  
Apart, intrinsic, stand,  
And this brief tragedy of flesh  
Is shifted like a sand;

When figures show their royal front  
And mists are carved sway,--  
Behold the atom I Feferred  
To all the lists of clay!

Emily Dickinson

# Of All The Sounds Despatched Abroad

321

Of all the Sounds despatched abroad,  
There's not a Charge to me  
Like that old measure in the Boughs&mdash;  
That phraseless Melody&mdash;  
The Wind does&mdash;working like a Hand,  
Whose fingers Comb the Sky&mdash;  
Then quiver down&mdash;with tufts of Tune&mdash;  
Permitted Gods, and me&mdash;

Inheritance, it is, to us&mdash;  
Beyond the Art to Earn&mdash;  
Beyond the trait to take away  
By Robber, since the Gain  
Is gotten not of fingers&mdash;  
And inner than the Bone&mdash;  
Hid golden, for the whole of Days,  
And even in the Urn,  
I cannot vouch the merry Dust  
Do not arise and play  
In some odd fashion of its own,  
Some quainter Holiday,  
When Winds go round and round in Bands&mdash;  
And thrum upon the door,  
And Birds take places, overhead,  
To bear them Orchestra.

I crave Him grace of Summer Boughs,  
If such an Outcast be&mdash;  
Who never heard that fleshless Chant&mdash;  
Rise&mdash;solemn&mdash;on the Tree,  
As if some Caravan of Sound  
Off Deserts, in the Sky,  
Had parted Rank,  
Then knit, and swept&mdash;  
In Seamless Company&mdash;





# Of Being Is A Bird

653

Of Being is a Bird  
The likest to the Down  
An Easy Breeze do put afloat  
The General Heavens&mdash;upon&mdash;

It soars&mdash;and shifts&mdash;and whirls&mdash;  
And measures with the Clouds  
In easy&mdash;even&mdash;dazzling pace&mdash;  
No different the Birds&mdash;

Except a Wake of Music  
Accompany their feet&mdash;  
As did the Down emit a Tune&mdash;  
For Ecstasy&mdash;of it

Emily Dickinson

# Of Bronze—and Blaze

290

Of Bronze—and Blaze—  
The North—Tonight—  
So adequate—it forms—  
So preconcerted with itself—  
So distant—to alarms—  
And Unconcern so sovereign  
To Universe, or me—  
Infects my simple spirit  
With Taints of Majesty—  
Till I take vaster attitudes—  
And strut upon my stem—  
Disdaining Men, and Oxygen,  
For Arrogance of them—

My Splendors, are Menagerie—  
But their Completeless Show  
Will entertain the Centuries  
When I, am long ago,  
An Island in dishonored Grass—  
Whom none but Beetles—know.

Emily Dickinson

# Of Brussels—it Was Not

Of Brussels—it was not—  
Of Kidderminster? Nay—  
The Winds did buy it of the Woods—  
They—sold it unto me

It was a gentle price—  
The poorest—could afford—  
It was within the frugal purse  
Of Beggar—or of Bird—

Of small and spicy Yards—  
In hue—a mellow Dun—  
Of Sunshine—and of Sere—Composed—  
But, principally—of Sun—

The Wind—unrolled it fast—  
And spread it on the Ground—  
Upholsterer of the Pines—is He—  
Upholsterer—of the Pond—

Emily Dickinson

# Of Consciousness, Her Awful Mate

894

Of Consciousness, her awful Mate  
The Soul cannot be rid&mdash;  
As easy the secreting her  
Behind the Eyes of God.

The deepest hid is sighted first  
And scant to Him the Crowd&mdash;  
What triple Lenses burn upon  
The Escapade from God&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Of Course—I Prayed

376

Of Course—I prayed—  
And did God Care?  
He cared as much as on the Air  
A Bird—had stamped her foot—  
And cried "Give Me"—  
My Reason—Life—  
I had not had—but for Yourself—  
'Twere better Charity  
To leave me in the Atom's Tomb—  
Merry, and Nought, and gay, and numb—  
Than this smart Misery.

Emily Dickinson

# Of Nearness To Her Sundered Things

607

Of nearness to her sundered Things  
The Soul has special times&mdash;  
When Dimness&mdash;looks the Oddity&mdash;  
Distinctness&mdash;easy&mdash;seems&mdash;

The Shapes we buried, dwell about,  
Familiar, in the Rooms&mdash;  
Untarnished by the Sepulchre,  
The Mouldering Playmate comes&mdash;

In just the Jacket that he wore&mdash;  
Long buttoned in the Mold  
Since we&mdash;old mornings, Children&mdash;played&mdash;  
Divided&mdash;by a world&mdash;

The Grave yields back her Robberies&mdash;  
The Years, our pilfered Things&mdash;  
Bright Knots of Apparitions  
Salute us, with their wings&mdash;

As we&mdash;it were&mdash;that perished&mdash;  
Themselves&mdash;had just remained till we rejoin them&mdash;  
And 'twas they, and not ourself  
That mourned.

Emily Dickinson

# Of Silken Speech And Specious Shoe

896

Of Silken Speech and Specious Shoe  
A Traitor is the Bee  
His service to the newest Grace  
Present continually

His Suit a chance  
His Troth a Term  
Protracted as the Breeze  
Continual Ban propoundeth He  
Continual Divorce.

Emily Dickinson

# Of so divine a Loss

Of so divine a Loss  
We enter but the Gain,  
Indemnity for Loneliness  
That such a Bliss has been.

Emily Dickinson



# Of Tolling Bell I Ask The Cause?

947

Of Tolling Bell I ask the cause?  
"A Soul has gone to Heaven"  
I'm answered in a lonesome tone&mdash;  
Is Heaven then a Prison?

That Bells should ring till all should know  
A Soul had gone to Heaven  
Would seem to me the more the way  
A Good News should be given.

Emily Dickinson

# Of Tribulation, These Are They

325

Of Tribulation, these are They,  
Denoted by the White&mdash;  
The Spangled Gowns, a lesser Rank  
Of Victors&mdash;designate&mdash;

All these&mdash;did conquer&mdash;  
But the ones who overcame most times&mdash;  
Wear nothing commoner than Snow&mdash;  
No Ornament, but Palms&mdash;

Surrender&mdash;is a sort unknown&mdash;  
On this superior soil&mdash;  
Defeat&mdash;an outgrown Anguish&mdash;  
Remembered, as the Mile

Our panting Ankle barely passed&mdash;  
When Night devoured the Road&mdash;  
But we&mdash;stood whispering in the House&mdash;  
And all we said&mdash;was "Saved"!

Emily Dickinson

# Of Yellow was the outer Sky

Nature rarer uses Yellow  
Than another Hue.  
Saves she all of that for Sunsets  
Prodigal of Blue

Spending Scarlet, like a Woman  
Yellow she affords  
Only scantily and selectly  
Like a Lover's Words.

Emily Dickinson

# Oh Shadow on the Grass

Oh Shadow on the Grass,  
Art thou a Step or not?  
Go make thee fair my Candidate  
My nominated Heart -  
Oh Shadow on the Grass  
While I delay to guess  
Some other thou wilt consecrate -  
Oh Unelected Face -

Emily Dickinson

# On A Columnar Self

789

On a Columnar Self&mdash;  
How ample to rely  
In Tumult&mdash;or Extremity&mdash;  
How good the Certainty

That Lever cannot pry&mdash;  
And Wedge cannot divide  
Conviction&mdash;That Granitic Base&mdash;  
Though None be on our Side&mdash;

Suffice Us&mdash;for a Crowd&mdash;  
Ourself&mdash;and Rectitude&mdash;  
And that Assembly&mdash;not far off  
From furthest Spirit&mdash;God&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# On my volcano grows the Grass

On my volcano grows the Grass  
A meditative spot -  
An acre for a Bird to choose  
Would be the General thought -

How red the Fire rocks below -  
How insecure the sod  
Did I disclose  
Would populate with awe my solitude.

Emily Dickinson

# On Such A Night, Or Such A Night

146

On such a night, or such a night,  
Would anybody care  
If such a little figure  
Slipped quiet from its chair&mdash;

So quiet&mdash;Oh how quiet,  
That nobody might know  
But that the little figure  
Rocked softer&mdash;to and fro&mdash;

On such a dawn, or such a dawn&mdash;  
Would anybody sigh  
That such a little figure  
Too sound asleep did lie

For Chanticleer to wake it&mdash;  
Or stirring house below&mdash;  
Or giddy bird in orchard&mdash;  
Or early task to do?

There was a little figure plump  
For every little knoll&mdash;  
Busy needles, and spools of thread&mdash;  
And trudging feet from school&mdash;

Playmates, and holidays, and nuts&mdash;  
And visions vast and small&mdash;  
Strange that the feet so precious charged  
Should reach so small a goal!

Emily Dickinson

# On That Dear Frame The Years Had Worn

940

On that dear Frame the Years had worn  
Yet precious as the House  
In which We first experienced Light  
The Witnessing, to Us&mdash;

Precious! It was conceiveless fair  
As Hands the Grave had grimed  
Should softly place within our own  
Denying that they died.

Emily Dickinson



# On This Long Storm The Rainbow Rose

194

On this long storm the Rainbow rose&mdash;  
On this late Morn&mdash;the Sun&mdash;  
The clouds&mdash;like listless Elephants&mdash;  
Horizons&mdash;straggled down&mdash;

The Birds rose smiling, in their nests&mdash;  
The gales&mdash;indeed&mdash;were done&mdash;  
Alas, how heedless were the eyes&mdash;  
On whom the summer shone!

The quiet nonchalance of death&mdash;  
No Daybreak&mdash;can bestir&mdash;  
The slow&mdash;Archangel's syllables  
Must awaken her!

Emily Dickinson

# On This Wondrous Sea

4

On this wondrous sea  
Sailing silently,  
Ho! Pilot, ho!  
Knowest thou the shore  
Where no breakers roar&mdash;  
Where the storm is o'er?

In the peaceful west  
Many the sails at rest&mdash;  
The anchors fast&mdash;  
Thither I pilot thee&mdash;  
Land Ho! Eternity!  
Ashore at last!

Emily Dickinson

# Once More, My Now Bewildered Dove

48

Once more, my now bewildered Dove  
Bestirs her puzzled wings  
Once more her mistress, on the deep  
Her troubled question flings&mdash;

Thrice to the floating casement  
The Patriarch's bird returned,  
Courage! My brave Columba!  
There may yet be Land!

Emily Dickinson

# One And One—are One

769

One and One—are One—  
Two—be finished using—  
Well enough for Schools—  
But for Minor Choosing—

Life—just—or Death—  
Or the Everlasting—  
More—would be too vast  
For the Soul's Comprising—

Emily Dickinson

# One Anguish—in A Crowd

565

One Anguish—in a Crowd—  
A Minor thing—it sounds—  
And yet, unto the single Doe  
Attempted of the Hounds

'Tis Terror as consummate  
As Legions of Alarm  
Did leap, full flanked, upon the Host—  
'Tis Units—make the Swarm—

A Small Leech—on the Vitals—  
The sliver, in the Lung—  
The Bung out—of an Artery—  
Are scarce accounted—Harms—

Yet might—by relation  
To that Repealless thing—  
A Being—impotent to end—  
When once it has begun—

Emily Dickinson

# One Blessing Had I Than The Rest

756

One Blessing had I than the rest  
So larger to my Eyes  
That I stopped gauging&mdash;satisfied&mdash;  
For this enchanted size&mdash;

It was the limit of my Dream&mdash;  
The focus of my Prayer&mdash;  
A perfect&mdash;paralyzing Bliss&mdash;  
Contented as Despair&mdash;

I knew no more of Want&mdash;or Cold&mdash;  
Phantasms both become  
For this new Value in the Soul&mdash;  
Supremest Earthly Sum&mdash;

The Heaven below the Heaven above&mdash;  
Obscured with ruddier Blue&mdash;  
Life's Latitudes leant over&mdash;full&mdash;  
The Judgment perished&mdash;too&mdash;

Why Bliss so scantily disburse&mdash;  
Why Paradise defer&mdash;  
Why Floods be served to Us&mdash;in Bowls&mdash;  
I speculate no more&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# One Crucifixion Is Recorded—only

553

One Crucifixion is recorded—only—  
How many be  
Is not affirmed of Mathematics—  
Or History—

One Calvary—exhibited to Stranger—  
As many be  
As persons—or Peninsulas—  
Gethsemane—

Is but a Province—in the Being's Centre—  
Judea—  
For Journey—or Crusade's Achieving—  
Too near—

Our Lord—indeed—made Compound Witness—  
And yet—  
There's newer—nearer Crucifixion  
Than That—

Emily Dickinson

# One Day Is There Of The Series

814

One Day is there of the Series  
Termed Thanksgiving Day.  
Celebrated part at Table  
Part in Memory.

Neither Patriarch nor Pussy  
I dissect the Play  
Seems it to my Hooded thinking  
Reflex Holiday.

Had there been no sharp Subtraction  
From the early Sum&mdash;  
Not an Acre or a Caption  
Where was once a Room&mdash;

Not a Mention, whose small Pebble  
Wrinkled any Sea,  
Unto Such, were such Assembly  
'Twere Thanksgiving Day.

Emily Dickinson



# One Dignity Delays For All

98

One dignity delays for all&mdash;  
One mitred Afternoon&mdash;  
None can avoid this purple&mdash;  
None evade this Crown!

Coach, it insures, and footmen&mdash;  
Chamber, and state, and throng&mdash;  
Bells, also, in the village  
As we ride grand along!

What dignified Attendants!  
What service when we pause!  
How loyally at parting  
Their hundred hats they raise!

Her pomp surpassing ermine  
When simple You, and I,  
Present our meek escutcheon  
And claim the rank to die!

Emily Dickinson

# One Life Of So Much Consequence!

270

One Life of so much Consequence!  
Yet I&mdash;for it&mdash;would pay&mdash;  
My Soul's entire income&mdash;  
In ceaseless&mdash;salary&mdash;

One Pearl&mdash;to me&mdash;so signal&mdash;  
That I would instant dive&mdash;  
Although&mdash;I knew&mdash;to take it&mdash;  
Would cost me&mdash;just a life!

The Sea is full&mdash;I know it!  
That&mdash;does not blur my Gem!  
It burns&mdash;distinct from all the row&mdash;  
Intact&mdash;in Diadem!

The life is thick&mdash;I know it!  
Yet&mdash;not so dense a crowd&mdash;  
But Monarchs&mdash;are perceptible&mdash;  
Far down the dustiest Road!

Emily Dickinson

# One Need Not Be A Chamber To Be Haunted,

One need not be a chamber to be haunted,  
One need not be a house;  
The brain has corridors surpassing  
Material place.

Far safer, of a midnight meeting  
External ghost,  
Than an interior confronting  
That whiter host.

Far safer through an Abbey gallop,  
The stones achase,  
Than, moonless, one's own self encounter  
In lonesome place.

Ourself, behind ourself concealed,  
Should startle most;  
Assassin, hid in our apartment,  
Be horror's least.

The prudent carries a revolver,  
He bolts the door,  
O'erlooking a superior spectre  
More near.

Emily Dickinson

# One Sister Have I In Our House

14

One Sister have I in our house,  
And one, a hedge away.  
There's only one recorded,  
But both belong to me.

One came the road that I came&mdash;  
And wore my last year's gown&mdash;  
The other, as a bird her nest,  
Builded our hearts among.

She did not sing as we did&mdash;  
It was a different tune&mdash;  
Herself to her a music  
As Bumble bee of June.

Today is far from Childhood&mdash;  
But up and down the hills  
I held her hand the tighter&mdash;  
Which shortened all the miles&mdash;

And still her hum  
The years among,  
Deceives the Butterfly;  
Still in her Eye  
The Violets lie  
Mouldered this many May.

I spilt the dew&mdash;  
But took the morn&mdash;  
I chose this single star  
From out the wide night's numbers&mdash;  
Sue - forevermore!

Emily Dickinson

# One Year Ago—jots What?

296

One Year ago—jots what?  
God—spell the word! I—can't—  
Was't Grace? Not that—  
Was't Glory? That—will do—  
Spell slower—Glory—

Such Anniversary shall be—  
Sometimes—not often—in Eternity—  
When farther Parted, than the Common Woe—  
Look—feed upon each other's faces—so—  
In doubtful meal, if it be possible  
Their Banquet's true—

I tasted—careless—then—  
I did not know the Wine  
Came once a World—Did you?  
Oh, had you told me so—  
This Thirst would blister—easier—now—  
You said it hurt you—most—  
Mine—was an Acorn's Breast—  
And could not know how fondness grew  
In Shaggier Vest—  
Perhaps—I couldn't—  
But, had you looked in—  
A Giant—eye to eye with you, had been—  
No Acorn—then—

So—Twelve months ago—  
We breathed—  
Then dropped the Air—  
Which bore it best?  
Was this—the patientest—  
Because it was a Child, you know—  
And could not value—Air?

If to be "Elder"—mean most pain—  
I'm old enough, today, I'm certain—then—

As old as thee—how soon?  
One—Birthday more—or Ten?  
Let me—choose!  
Ah, Sir, None!

Emily Dickinson

# Only A Shrine, But Mine

918

Only a Shrine, but Mine&mdash;  
I made the Taper shine&mdash;  
Madonna dim, to whom all Feet may come,  
Regard a Nun&mdash;

Thou knowest every Woe&mdash;  
Needless to tell thee&mdash;so&mdash;  
But can'st thou do  
The Grace next to it&mdash;heal?  
That looks a harder skill to us&mdash;  
Still&mdash;just as easy, if it be thy Will  
To thee&mdash;Grant me&mdash;  
Thou knowest, though, so Why tell thee?

Emily Dickinson

# Only God—detect The Sorrow

626

Only God—detect the Sorrow—  
Only God—  
The Jehovahs—are no Babblers—  
Unto God—  
God the Son—Confide it—  
Still secure—  
God the Spirit's Honor—  
Just as sure—

Emily Dickinson



## Our Journey Had Advanced;

Our journey had advanced;  
Our feet were almost come  
To that odd fork in Being's road,  
Eternity by term.

Our pace took sudden awe,  
Our feet reluctant led.  
Before were cities, but between,  
The forest of the dead.

Retreat was out of hope,--  
Behind, a sealed route,  
Eternity's white flag before,  
And God at every gate.

Emily Dickinson

# Our Little Kinsmen—after Rain

885

Our little Kinsmen—after Rain  
In plenty may be seen,  
A Pink and Pulpy multitude  
The tepid Ground upon.

A needless life, it seemed to me  
Until a little Bird  
As to a Hospitality  
Advanced and breakfasted.

As I of He, so God of Me  
I pondered, may have judged,  
And left the little Angle Worm  
With Modesties enlarged.

Emily Dickinson

# Our Lives Are Swiss

Our lives are Swiss --  
So still -- so Cool --  
Till some odd afternoon  
The Alps neglect their Curtains  
And we look farther on!

Italy stands the other side!  
While like a guard between --  
The solemn Alps --  
The siren Alps  
Forever intervene!

Emily Dickinson

# Our Share Of Night To Bear

113

Our share of night to bear&mdash;  
Our share of morning&mdash;  
Our blank in bliss to fill  
Our blank in scorning&mdash;

Here a star, and there a star,  
Some lose their way!  
Here a mist, and there a mist,  
Afterwards&mdash;Day!

Emily Dickinson

# Ourselves Were Wed One Summer—dear

631

Ourselves were wed one summer—dear—  
Your Vision—was in June—  
And when Your little Lifetime failed,  
I wearied—too—of mine—

And overtaken in the Dark—  
Where You had put me down—  
By Some one carrying a Light—  
I—too—received the Sign.

'Tis true—Our Futures different lay—  
Your Cottage—faced the sun—  
While Oceans—and the North must be—  
On every side of mine

'Tis true, Your Garden led the Bloom,  
For mine—in Frosts—was sown—  
And yet, one Summer, we were Queens—  
But You—were crowned in June—

Emily Dickinson

# Out Of Sight? What Of That?

703

Out of sight? What of that?  
See the Bird&mdash;reach it!  
Curve by Curve&mdash;Sweep by Sweep&mdash;  
Round the Steep Air&mdash;  
Danger! What is that to Her?  
Better 'tis to fail&mdash;there&mdash;  
Than debate&mdash;here&mdash;

Blue is Blue&mdash;the World through&mdash;  
Amber&mdash;Amber&mdash;Dew&mdash;Dew&mdash;  
Seek&mdash;Friend&mdash;and see&mdash;  
Heaven is shy of Earth&mdash;that's all&mdash;  
Bashful Heaven&mdash;thy Lovers small&mdash;  
Hide&mdash;too&mdash;from thee&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Over And Over, Like A Tune

367

Over and over, like a Tune—  
The Recollection plays—  
Drums off the Phantom Battlements  
Cornets of Paradise—

Snatches, from Baptized Generations—  
Cadences too grand  
But for the Justified Processions  
At the Lord's Right hand.

Emily Dickinson

# Over The Fence

251

Over the fence&mdash;  
Strawberries&mdash;grow&mdash;  
Over the fence&mdash;  
I could climb&mdash;if I tried, I know&mdash;  
Berries are nice!

But&mdash;if I stained my Apron&mdash;  
God would certainly scold!  
Oh, dear,&mdash;I guess if He were a Boy&mdash;  
He'd&mdash;climb&mdash;if He could!

Emily Dickinson



# Pain

Pain--has an Element of Blank--  
It cannot recollect  
When it begun--or if there were  
A time when it was not--

It has no Future--but itself--  
Its Infinite Contain  
Its Past--enlightened to perceive  
New Periods--of Pain.

Emily Dickinson

# Pain Has An Element

Pain has an element of blank;  
It cannot recollect  
When it began, or if there were  
A day when it was not.

It has no future but itself,  
Its infinite realms contain  
Its past, enlightened to perceive  
New periods of pain.

Emily Dickinson

# Pain Has An Element Of Blank;

Pain has an element of blank;  
It cannot recollect  
When it began, or if there were  
A day when it was not.

It has no future but itself,  
Its infinite realms contain  
Its past, enlightened to perceive  
New periods of pain.

Emily Dickinson

# Pain—;Expands The Time

967

Pain—;expands the Time—;  
Ages coil within  
The minute Circumference  
Of a single Brain—;

Pain contracts—the Time—;  
Occupied with Shot  
Gamuts of Eternities  
Are as they were not—;

Emily Dickinson

# Papa Above!

61

Papa above!  
Regard a Mouse  
O'erpowered by the Cat!  
Reserve within thy kingdom  
A "Mansion" for the Rat!

Snug in seraphic Cupboards  
To nibble all the day  
While unsuspecting Cycles  
Wheel solemnly away!

Emily Dickinson

## Part Five: The Single Hound

THE LARGEST fire ever known□  
Occurs each afternoon,□  
Discovered is without surprise,□  
Proceeds without concern:□  
Consumes, and no report to men,□  
An Occidental town,□  
Rebuilt another morning□  
To be again burned down.

Emily Dickinson

# Partake As Doth The Bee

994

Partake as doth the Bee,  
Abstemiously.  
The Rose is an Estate&mdash;  
In Sicily.

Emily Dickinson

# Patience—has A Quiet Outer

926

Patience—has a quiet Outer—  
Patience—Look within—  
Is an Insect's futile forces  
Infinities—between—

'Scaping one—against the other  
Fruitless to fling—  
Patience—is the Smile's exertion  
Through the quivering—

Emily Dickinson



# Peace Is A Fiction Of Our Faith

912

Peace is a fiction of our Faith—  
The Bells a Winter Night  
Bearing the Neighbor out of Sound  
That never did alight.

Emily Dickinson

# Perhaps I Asked Too Large

Perhaps I asked too large --  
I take -- no less than skies --  
For Earths, grow thick as  
Berries, in my native town --

My Basked holds -- just -- Firmaments --  
Those -- dangle easy -- on my arm,  
But smaller bundles -- Cram.

Emily Dickinson

# Perhaps You Think Me Stooping

833

Perhaps you think me stooping  
I'm not ashamed of that  
Christ&mdash;stooped until He touched the Grave&mdash;  
Do those at Sacrament

Commemorative Dishonor  
Or love annealed of love  
Until it bend as low as Death  
Redignified, above?

Emily Dickinson

# Perhaps You'D Like To Buy A Flower

134

Perhaps you'd like to buy a flower,  
But I could never sell&mdash;  
If you would like to borrow,  
Until the Daffodil

Unties her yellow Bonnet  
Beneath the village door,  
Until the Bees, from Clover rows  
Their Hock, and Sherry, draw,

Why, I will lend until just then,  
But not an hour more!

Emily Dickinson

# Pigmy Seraphs—gone Astray

138

Pigmy seraphs—gone astray—  
Velvet people from Vevay—  
Balles from some lost summer day—  
Bees exclusive Coterie—  
Paris could not lay the fold  
Belted down with Emerald—  
Venice could not show a check  
Of a tint so lustrous meek—  
Never such an Ambuscade  
As of briar and leaf displayed  
For my little damask maid—

I had rather wear her grace  
Than an Earl's distinguished face—  
I had rather dwell like her  
Than be "Duke of Exeter"—  
Royalty enough for me  
To subdue the Bumblebee.

Emily Dickinson

# Poor Little Heart!

192

Poor little Heart!  
Did they forget thee?  
Then dinna care! Then dinna care!

Proud little Heart!  
Did they forsake thee?  
Be debonnaire! Be debonnaire!

Frail little Heart!  
I would not break thee—  
Could'st credit me? Could'st credit me?

Gay little Heart—  
Like Morning Glory!  
Wind and Sun—wilt thee array!

Emily Dickinson

# Portraits Are To Daily Faces

170

Portraits are to daily faces  
As an Evening West,  
To a fine, pedantic sunshine&mdash;  
In a satin Vest!

Emily Dickinson

## Praise it - 'tis dead -

Praise it - 'tis dead -  
It cannot glow -  
Warm this inclement Ear  
With the encomium it earned  
Since it was gathered here -  
Invest this alabaster Zest  
In the Delights of Dust -  
Remitted - since it flitted it  
In recusance august.

Emily Dickinson



# Prayer Is The Little Implement

437

Prayer is the little implement  
Through which Men reach  
Where Presence&mdash;is denied them.  
They fling their Speech

By means of it&mdash;in God's Ear&mdash;  
If then He hear&mdash;  
This sums the Apparatus  
Comprised in Prayer&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Precious To Me—she Still Shall Be

727

Precious to Me—She still shall be—  
Though She forget the name I bear—  
The fashion of the Gown I wear—  
The very Color of My Hair—

So like the Meadows—now—  
I dared to show a Tress of Theirs  
If haply—She might not despise  
A Buttercup's Array—

I know the Whole—obscures the Part—  
The fraction—that appeased the Heart  
Till Number's Empery—  
Remembered—as the Millner's flower

When Summer's Everlasting Dower—  
Confronts the dazzled Bee.

Emily Dickinson

# Presentiment Is That Long Shadow On The Lawn

Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn  
Indicative that suns go down;  
The notice to the startled grass  
That darkness is about to pass.

Emily Dickinson

# Promise This—when You Be Dying

648

Promise This—When You be Dying—  
Some shall summon Me—  
Mine belong Your latest Sighing—  
Mine—to Belt Your Eye—

Not with Coins—though they be Minted  
From an Emperor's Hand—  
Be my lips—the only Buckle  
Your low Eyes—demand—

Mine to stay—when all have wandered—  
To devise once more  
If the Life be too surrendered—  
Life of Mine—restore—

Poured like this—My Whole Libation—  
Just that You should see  
Bliss of Death—Life's Bliss extol thro'  
Imitating You—

Mine—to guard Your Narrow Precinct—  
To seduce the Sun  
Longest on Your South, to linger,  
Largest Dews of Morn

To demand, in Your low favor  
Lest the Jealous Grass  
Greener lean—Or fonder cluster  
Round some other face—

Mine to supplicate Madonna—  
If Madonna be  
Could behold so far a Creature—  
Christ—omitted—Me—

Just to follow Your dear future—  
Ne'er so far behind—

For My Heaven—  
Had I not been  
Most enough—denied?

Emily Dickinson

# Proud Of My Broken Heart

Proud of my broken heart, since thou didst break it.  
Proud of the pain, I did not feel? till thee.  
Proud of my night, since thou, with moons, dos't shake it.  
Not to partake thy passion, -my humility

Thou can'st not boast, like Jesus, drunken without companion  
Was the strong cup of anguish brewed for the Nazarene  
Thou can'st not pierce tradition with the peerless puncture,  
See! I usurped thy crucifix to honor mine!

Emily Dickinson

# Publication

Publication -- is the Auction  
Of the Mind of Man --  
Poverty -- be justifying  
For so foul a thing

Possibly -- but We -- would rather  
From Our Garret go  
White -- Unto the White Creator --  
Than invest -- Our Snow --

Thought belong to Him who gave it --  
Then -- to Him Who bear  
Its Corporeal illustration -- Sell  
The Royal Air --

In the Parcel -- Be the Merchant  
Of the Heavenly Grace --  
But reduce no Human Spirit  
To Disgrace of Price --

Emily Dickinson

# Publication—is The Auction

Publication—is the Auction  
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Of the Heavenly Grace—  
But reduce no Human Spirit  
To Disgrace of Price—

Emily Dickinson



# Purple—is Fashionable Twice

980

Purple—is fashionable twice—  
This season of the year,  
And when a soul perceives itself  
To be an Emperor.

Emily Dickinson

# Put Up My Lute!

261

Put up my lute!

What of—my Music!

Since the sole ear I cared to charm—

Passive—as Granite—laps My Music—

Sobbing—will suit—as well as psalm!

Would but the "Memnon" of the Desert—

Teach me the strain

That vanquished Him—

When He—surrendered to the Sunrise—

Maybe—that—would awaken—them!

Emily Dickinson

# Read—sweet—how Others—strove

260

Read—Sweet—how others—strove—  
Till we—are stouter—  
What they—renounced—  
Till we—are less afraid—  
How many times they—bore the faithful witness—  
Till we—are helped—  
As if a Kingdom—cared!

Read then—of faith—  
That shone above the fagot—  
Clear strains of Hymn  
The River could not drown—  
Brave names of Men—  
And Celestial Women—  
Passed out—of Record  
Into—Renown!

Emily Dickinson

## Rearrange a 'Wife's' affection!

Rearrange a 'Wife's' affection!  
When they dislocate my Brain!  
Amputate my freckled Bosom!  
Make me bearded like a man!

Blush, my spirit, in thy Fastness -  
Blush, my unacknowledged clay -  
Seven years of troth have taught thee  
More than Wifehood every may!

Love that never leaped its socket -  
Trust entrenched in narrow pain -  
Constancy thro' fire - awarded -  
Anguish - bare of anodyne!

Burden - borne so far triumphant -  
None suspect me of the crown,  
For I wear the 'Thorns' till Sunset -  
Then - my Diadem put on.

Big my Secret but it's bandaged -  
It will never get away  
Till the Day its Weary Keeper  
Leads it through the Grave to thee.

Emily Dickinson

# Rehearsal To Ourselves

379

Rehearsal to Ourselves  
Of a Withdrawn Delight&mdash;  
Affords a Bliss like Murder&mdash;  
Omnipotent&mdash;Acute&mdash;

We will not drop the Dirk&mdash;  
Because We love the Wound  
The Dirk Commemorate&mdash;Itself  
Remind Us that we died.

Emily Dickinson

# Remembrance has a Rear and Front

Remembrance has a Rear and Front -  
'Tis something like a House -  
It has a Garret also  
For Refuse and the Mouse.

Besides the deepest Cellar  
That ever Mason laid -  
Look to it by its Fathoms  
Ourselves be not pursued -

Emily Dickinson

# Remorse - Is Memory - Awake -

Remorse - is Memory - awake -  
Her Parties all astir -  
A Presence of Departed Acts -  
At window - and at Door -

Its Past - set down before the Soul  
And lighted with a Match -  
Perusal - to facilitate -  
And help Belief to stretch -

Remorse is cureless - the Disease  
Not even God - can heal -  
For 'tis His institution - and  
The Adequate of Hell -

Emily Dickinson

# Removed From Accident Of Loss

424

Removed from Accident of Loss

By Accident of Gain

Befalling not my simple Days&mdash;

Myself had just to earn&mdash;

Of Riches&mdash;as unconscious

As is the Brown Malay

Of Pearls in Eastern Waters,

Marked His&mdash;What Holiday

Would stir his slow conception&mdash;

Had he the power to dream

That put the Dower's fraction&mdash;

Awaited even&mdash;Him&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# Renunciation

Renunciation -- is a piercing Virtue --

The letting go

A Presence -- for an Expectation --

Not now --

The putting out of Eyes --

Just Sunrise --

Lest Day --

Day's Great Progenitor --

Outvie

Renunciation -- is the Choosing

Against itself --

Itself to justify

Unto itself --

When larger function --

Make that appear --

Smaller -- that Covered Vision -- Here --

Emily Dickinson

# Rest At Night

714

Rest at Night

The Sun from shining,

Nature&mdash;and some Men&mdash;

Rest at Noon&mdash;some Men&mdash;

While Nature

And the Sun&mdash;go on&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Reverse Cannot Befall

395

Reverse cannot befall  
That fine Prosperity  
Whose Sources are interior&mdash;  
As soon&mdash;Adversity

A Diamond&mdash;overtake  
In far&mdash;Bolivian Ground&mdash;  
Misfortune hath no implement  
Could mar it&mdash;if it found&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Revolution is the Pod

Revolution is the Pod  
Systems rattle from  
When the Winds of Will are stirred  
Excellent is Bloom

But except its Russet Base  
Every Summer be  
The Entomber of itself,  
So of Liberty -

Left inactive on the Stalk  
All its Purple fled  
Revolution shakes it for  
Test if it be dead.

Emily Dickinson

# Ribbons Of The Year

873

Ribbons of the Year&mdash;  
Multitude Brocade&mdash;  
Worn to Nature's Party once

Then, as flung aside  
As a faded Bead  
Or a Wrinkled Pearl  
Who shall charge the Vanity  
Of the Maker's Girl?

Emily Dickinson

# Robbed By Death—but That Was Easy

971

Robbed by Death—but that was easy—  
To the failing Eye  
I could hold the latest Glowing—  
Robbed by Liberty

For Her Jugular Defences—  
This, too, I endured—  
Hint of Glory—it afforded—  
For the Brave Beloved—

Fraud of Distance—Fraud of Danger,  
Fraud of Death—to bear—  
It is Bounty—to Suspense's  
Vague Calamity—

Stalking our entire Possession  
On a Hair's result—  
Then—seesawing—coolly—on it—  
Trying if it split—

Emily Dickinson

## Safe In Their Alabaster Chambers,

Safe in their alabaster chambers,  
Untouched by morning and untouched by noon,  
Sleep the meek members of the resurrection,  
Rafters of satin, and roof of stone.

Light laughs the breeze in her castle of sunshine;  
Babbles the bee in a stolid ear;  
Pipe the sweet birds in ignorant cadences, --  
Ah, what sagacity perished here!

Grand go the years in the crescent above them;  
Worlds scoop their arcs, and firmaments row,  
Diadems drop and Doges surrender,  
Soundless as dots on a disk of snow.

Emily Dickinson

# Said Death To Passion

Said Death to Passion

'Give of thine an Acre unto me.'

Said Passion, through contracting Breaths

'A Thousand Times Thee Nay.'

Bore Death from Passion

All His East

He - sovereign as the Sun

Resituated in the West

And the Debate was done.

Emily Dickinson



# Savior! I've No One Else To Tell

217

Savior! I've no one else to tell—  
And so I trouble thee.  
I am the one forgot thee so—  
Dost thou remember me?  
Nor, for myself, I came so far—  
That were the little load—  
I brought thee the imperial Heart  
I had not strength to hold—  
The Heart I carried in my own—  
Till mine too heavy grew—  
Yet—;strangest—;heavier since it went—  
Is it too large for you?

Emily Dickinson

# September's Bacchalaureate

September's Bacchalaureate

A combination is

Of Crickets - Crows - and Retrospects

And a dissembling Breeze

That hints without assuming -

An Innuendo sear

That makes the Heart put up its Fun

And turn Philosopher.

Emily Dickinson

# Severer Service Of Myself

786

Severer Service of myself  
I&mdash;hastened to demand  
To fill the awful Vacuum  
Your life had left behind&mdash;

I worried Nature with my Wheels  
When Hers had ceased to run&mdash;  
When she had put away Her Work  
My own had just begun.

I strove to weary Brain and Bone&mdash;  
To harass to fatigue  
The glittering Retinue of nerves&mdash;  
Vitality to clog

To some dull comfort Those obtain  
Who put a Head away  
They knew the Hair to&mdash;  
And forget the color of the Day&mdash;

Affliction would not be appeased&mdash;  
The Darkness braced as firm  
As all my stratagem had been  
The Midnight to confirm&mdash;

No Drug for Consciousness&mdash;can be&mdash;  
Alternative to die  
Is Nature's only Pharmacy  
For Being's Malady&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Sexton! My Master's Sleeping Here

96

Sexton! My Master's sleeping here.  
Pray lead me to his bed!  
I came to build the Bird's nest,  
And sow the Early seed&mdash;

That when the snow creeps slowly  
From off his chamber door&mdash;  
Daisies point the way there&mdash;  
And the Troubadour.

Emily Dickinson

## Shall I take thee, the Poet said

Shall I take thee, the Poet said  
To the propounded word?  
Be stationed with the Candidates  
Till I have finer tried—

The Poet searched Philology  
And when about to ring  
For the suspended Candidate  
There came unsummoned in—

That portion of the Vision  
The Word applied to fill  
Not unto nomination  
The Cherubim reveal—

Emily Dickinson

# She Bore It Till The Simple Veins

144

She bore it till the simple veins  
Traced azure on her hand&mdash;  
Til pleading, round her quiet eyes  
The purple Crayons stand.

Till Daffodils had come and gone  
I cannot tell the sum,  
And then she ceased to bear it&mdash;  
And with the Saints sat down.

No more her patient figure  
At twilight soft to meet&mdash;  
No more her timid bonnet  
Upon the village street&mdash;

But Crowns instead, and Courtiers&mdash;  
And in the midst so fair,  
Whose but her shy&mdash;immortal face  
Of whom we're whispering here?

Emily Dickinson

# She could not live upon the Past

She could not live upon the Past  
The Present did not know her  
And so she sought this sweet at last  
And nature gently owned her  
The mother that has not a knell  
for either Duke or Robin

Emily Dickinson

# She Dealt Her Pretty Words Like Blades

479

She dealt her pretty words like Blades&mdash;  
How glittering they shone&mdash;  
And every One unbared a Nerve  
Or wantoned with a Bone&mdash;

She never deemed&mdash;she hurt&mdash;  
That&mdash;is not Steel's Affair&mdash;  
A vulgar grimace in the Flesh&mdash;  
How ill the Creatures bear&mdash;

To Ache is human&mdash;not polite&mdash;  
The Film upon the eye  
Mortality's old Custom&mdash;  
Just locking up&mdash;to Die.

Emily Dickinson



# She Died At Play

75

She died at play,  
Gambolled away  
Her lease of spotted hours,  
Then sank as gaily as a Turn  
Upon a Couch of flowers.

Her ghost strolled softly o'er the hill  
Yesterday, and Today,  
Her vestments as the silver fleece&mdash;  
Her countenance as spray.

Emily Dickinson

# She Died—this Was The Way She Died

150

She died—this was the way she died.  
And when her breath was done  
Took up her simple wardrobe  
And started for the sun.  
Her little figure at the gate  
The Angels must have spied,  
Since I could never find her  
Upon the mortal side.

Emily Dickinson

# She Dwelleth In The Ground

671

She dwelleth in the Ground&mdash;  
Where Daffodils&mdash;abide&mdash;  
Her Maker&mdash;Her Metropolis&mdash;  
The Universe&mdash;Her Maid&mdash;

To fetch Her Grace&mdash;and Hue&mdash;  
And Fairness&mdash;and Renown&mdash;  
The Firmament's&mdash;To Pluck Her&mdash;  
And fetch Her Thee&mdash;be mine&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# She Hideth Her The Last

557

She hideth Her the last&mdash;  
And is the first, to rise&mdash;  
Her Night doth hardly recompense  
The Closing of Her eyes&mdash;

She doth Her Purple Work&mdash;  
And putteth Her away  
In low Apartments in the Sod -  
As worthily as We.

To imitate her life  
As impotent would be  
As make of Our imperfect Mints,  
The Julep&mdash;of the Bee&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# She Lay As If At Play

369

She lay as if at play  
Her life had leaped away&mdash;  
Intending to return&mdash;  
But not so soon&mdash;

Her merry Arms, half dropt&mdash;  
As if for lull of sport&mdash;  
An instant had forgot&mdash;  
The Trick to start&mdash;

Her dancing Eyes&mdash;ajar&mdash;  
As if their Owner were  
Still sparkling through  
For fun&mdash;at you&mdash;

Her Morning at the door&mdash;  
Devising, I am sure&mdash;  
To force her sleep&mdash;  
So light&mdash;so deep&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# She Rose To His Requirement

732

She rose to His Requirement&mdash;dropt  
The Playthings of Her Life  
To take the honorable Work  
Of Woman, and of Wife&mdash;

If ought She missed in Her new Day,  
Of Amplitude, or Awe&mdash;  
Or first Prospective&mdash;Or the Gold  
In using, wear away,

It lay unmentioned&mdash;as the Sea  
Develop Pearl, and Weed,  
But only to Himself&mdash;be known  
The Fathoms they abide&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# She Slept Beneath A Tree

25

She slept beneath a tree&mdash;  
Remembered but by me.  
I touched her Cradle mute&mdash;  
She recognized the foot&mdash;  
Put on her carmine suit  
    And see!

Emily Dickinson

# She Sped As Petals Of A Rose

991

She sped as Petals of a Rose  
Offended by the Wind&mdash;  
A frail Aristocrat of Time  
Indemnity to find&mdash;  
Leaving on nature&mdash;a Default  
As Cricket or as Bee&mdash;  
But Andes in the Bosoms where  
She had begun to lie&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# She Staked Her Feathers—gained An Arc

798

She staked her Feathers—Gained an Arc—  
Debated—Rose again—  
This time—beyond the estimate  
Of Envy, or of Men—

And now, among Circumference—  
Her steady Boat be seen—  
At home—among the Billows—As  
The Bough where she was born—

Emily Dickinson

## She Sweeps With Many-Colored Brooms,

She sweeps with many-colored brooms,  
And leaves the shreds behind;  
Oh, housewife in the evening west,  
Come back, and dust the pond!

You dropped a purple ravelling in,  
You dropped an amber thread;  
And now you've littered all the East  
With duds of emerald!

And still she plies her spotted brooms,  
And still the aprons fly,  
Till brooms fade softly into stars --  
And then I come away.

Emily Dickinson

# She Went As Quiet As The Dew

149

She went as quiet as the Dew  
From an Accustomed flower.  
Not like the Dew, did she return  
At the Accustomed hour!

She dropt as softly as a star  
From out my summer's Eve&mdash;  
Less skillful than Le Verriere  
It's sorer to believe!

Emily Dickinson

# Shells From The Coast Mistaking

693

Shells from the Coast mistaking&mdash;  
I cherished them for All&mdash;  
Happening in After Ages  
To entertain a Pearl&mdash;

Wherefore so late&mdash;I murmured&mdash;  
My need of Thee&mdash;be done&mdash;  
Therefore&mdash;the Pearl responded&mdash;  
My Period begin

Emily Dickinson

# She's Happy, With A New Content

535

She's happy, with a new Content—  
That feels to her—like Sacrament—  
She's busy—with an altered Care—  
As just apprenticed to the Air—

She's tearful—if she weep at all—  
For blissful Causes—Most of all  
That Heaven permit so meek as her—  
To such a Fate—to Minister.

Emily Dickinson

# Should You But Fail At—sea

226

Should you but fail at—Sea—  
In sight of me—  
Or doomed lie—  
Next Sun—to die—  
Or rap—at Paradise—unheard  
I'd harass God  
Until he let you in!

Emily Dickinson

# Sic Transit Gloria Mundi

3

"Sic transit gloria mundi,"  
"How doth the busy bee,"  
"Dum vivimus vivamus,"  
I stay mine enemy!

Oh "veni, vidi, vici!"  
Oh caput cap-a-pie!  
And oh "memento mori"  
When I am far from thee!

Hurrah for Peter Parley!  
Hurrah for Daniel Boone!  
Three cheers, sir, for the gentleman  
Who first observed the moon!

Peter, put up the sunshine;  
Patti, arrange the stars;  
Tell Luna, tea is waiting,  
And call your brother Mars!

Put down the apple, Adam,  
And come away with me,  
So shalt thou have a pippin  
From off my father's tree!

I climb the "Hill of Science,"  
I "view the landscape o'er;"  
Such transcendental prospect,  
I ne'er beheld before!

Unto the Legislature  
My country bids me go;  
I'll take my india rubbers,  
In case the wind should blow!

During my education,  
It was announced to me

That gravitation, stumbling,  
Fell from an apple tree!

The earth upon an axis  
Was once supposed to turn,  
By way of a gymnastic  
In honor of the sun!

It was the brave Columbus,  
A sailing o'er the tide,  
Who notified the nations  
Of where I would reside!

Mortality is fatal&mdash;  
Gentility is fine,  
Rascality, heroic,  
Insolvency, sublime!

Our Fathers being weary,  
Laid down on Bunker Hill;  
And tho' full many a morning,  
Yet they are sleeping still,&mdash;

The trumpet, sir, shall wake them,  
In dreams I see them rise,  
Each with a solemn musket  
A marching to the skies!

A coward will remain, Sir,  
Until the fight is done;  
But an immortal hero  
Will take his hat, and run!

Good bye, Sir, I am going;  
My country calleth me;  
Allow me, Sir, at parting,  
To wipe my weeping e'e.

In token of our friendship  
Accept this "Bonnie Doon,"  
And when the hand that plucked it  
Hath passed beyond the moon,



The memory of my ashes  
Will consolation be;  
Then, farewell, Tuscarora,  
And farewell, Sir, to thee!

Emily Dickinson

# Silence is all we dread

Silence is all we dread.  
There's Ransom in a Voice -  
But Silence is Infinity.  
Himself have not a face.

Emily Dickinson

# Size Circumscribes—it Has No Room

641

Size circumscribes—it has no room  
For petty furniture—  
The Giant tolerates no Gnat  
For Ease of Gianture—

Repudiates it, all the more—  
Because intrinsic size  
Ignores the possibility  
Of Calumnies—or Flies.

Emily Dickinson

# Sleep Is Supposed To Be

13

Sleep is supposed to be  
By souls of sanity  
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand  
Down which, on either hand  
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be  
By people of degree  
The breaking of the Day.

Morning has not occurred!

That shall Aurora be&mdash;  
East of Eternity&mdash;  
One with the banner gay&mdash;  
One in the red array&mdash;  
That is the break of Day!

Emily Dickinson

# Smiling Back From Coronation

385

Smiling back from Coronation

May be Luxury&mdash;

On the Heads that started with us&mdash;

Being's Peasantry&mdash;

Recognizing in Procession

Ones We former knew&mdash;

When Ourselves were also dusty&mdash;

Centuries ago&mdash;

Had the Triumph no Conviction

Of how many be&mdash;

Stimulated&mdash;by the Contrast&mdash;

Unto Misery&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Snow Beneath Whose Chilly Softness

942

Snow beneath whose chilly softness  
Some that never lay  
Make their first Repose this Winter  
I admonish Thee

Blanket Wealthier the Neighbor  
We so new bestow  
Than thine acclimated Creature  
Wilt Thou, Austere Snow?

Emily Dickinson

# Snow Flakes

I counted till they danced so  
Their slippers leaped the town,  
And then I took a pencil  
To note the rebels down.  
And then they grew so jolly  
I did resign the prig,  
And ten of my once stately toes  
Are marshalled for a jig!

Emily Dickinson

# So Bashful When I Spied Her!

91

So bashful when I spied her!  
So pretty&mdash;so ashamed!  
So hidden in her leaflets  
Lest anybody find&mdash;

So breathless till I passed here&mdash;  
So helpless when I turned  
And bore her struggling, blushing,  
Her simple haunts beyond!

For whom I robbed the Dingle&mdash;  
For whom I betrayed the Dell&mdash;  
Many, will doubtless ask me,  
But I shall never tell!

Emily Dickinson



# So From The Mould

66

So from the mould  
Scarlet and Gold  
Many a Bulb will rise&mdash;  
Hidden away, cunningly, From sagacious eyes.

So from Cocoon  
Many a Worm  
Leap so Highland gay,  
Peasants like me,  
Peasants like Thee  
Gaze perplexedly!

Emily Dickinson

# So Glad We Are—a Stranger'D Deem

329

So glad we are—a Stranger'd deem  
'Twas sorry, that we were—  
For where the Holiday should be  
There publishes a Tear—  
Nor how Ourselves be justified—  
Since Grief and Joy are done  
So similar—An Optizan  
Could not decide between—

Emily Dickinson

# So Has A Daisy Vanished

28

So has a Daisy vanished  
From the fields today&mdash;  
So tiptoed many a slipper  
To Paradise away&mdash;

Oozed so in crimson bubbles  
Day's departing tide&mdash;  
Blooming&mdash;tripping&mdash;flowing  
Are ye then with God?

Emily Dickinson

# So much of Heaven has gone from Earth

So much of Heaven has gone from Earth  
That there must be a Heaven  
If only to enclose the Saints  
To Affidavit given.

The Missionary to the Mole  
Must prove there is a Sky  
Location doubtless he would plead  
But what excuse have I?

Too much of Proof affronts Belief  
The Turtle will not try  
Unless you leave him - then return  
And he has hauled away.

Emily Dickinson

# So Much Summer

651

So much Summer  
Me for showing  
Illegitimate&mdash;  
Would a Smile's minute bestowing  
Too exorbitant

To the Lady  
With the Guinea  
Look&mdash;if She should know  
Crumb of Mine  
A Robin's Larder  
Would suffice to stow&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# So Proud She Was To Die

So proud she was to die  
It made us all ashamed  
That what we cherished, so unknown  
To her desire seemed.

So satisfied to go  
Where none of us should be,  
Immediately, that anguish stooped  
Almost to jealousy.

Emily Dickinson

# So Set Its Sun In Thee

808

So set its Sun in Thee  
What Day be dark to me&mdash;  
What Distance&mdash;far&mdash;  
So I the Ships may see  
That touch&mdash;how seldomly&mdash;  
Thy Shore?

Emily Dickinson

# So The Eyes Accost—and Sunder

752

So the Eyes accost—and sunder  
In an Audience—  
Stamped—occasionally—forever—  
So may Countenance

Entertain—without addressing  
Countenance of One  
In a Neighboring Horizon—  
Gone—as soon as known—

Emily Dickinson



# So Well That I Can Live Without

456

So well that I can live without—  
I love thee—then How well is that?  
As well as Jesus?  
Prove it me  
That He—loved Men—  
As I—love thee—

Emily Dickinson

# Soil Of Flint, If Steady Tilled

681

Soil of Flint, if steady tilled&mdash;  
Will refund by Hand&mdash;  
Seed of Palm, by Libyan Sun  
Fructified in Sand&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Some Days retired from the rest

Some Days retired from the rest  
In soft distinction lie  
The Day that a Companion came  
Or was obliged to die

Emily Dickinson

# Some Keep The Sabbath Going To Church

Some keep the Sabbath going to Church --  
I keep it, staying at Home --  
With a Bobolink for a Chorister --  
And an Orchard, for a Dome --

Some keep the Sabbath in Surplice --  
I just wear my Wings --  
And instead of tolling the Bell, for Church,  
Our little Sexton -- sings.

God preaches, a noted Clergyman --  
And the sermon is never long,  
So instead of getting to Heaven, at least --  
I'm going, all along.

Emily Dickinson

# Some Rainbow—coming From The Fair!

64

Some Rainbow—coming from the Fair!  
Some Vision of the World Cashmere—  
I confidently see!  
Or else a Peacock's purple Train  
Feather by feather—on the plain  
Fritters itself away!

The dreamy Butterflies bestir!  
Lethargic pools resume the whir  
Of last year's sundered tune!  
From some old Fortress on the sun  
Baronial Bees—march—one by one—  
In murmuring platoon!

The Robins stand as thick today  
As flakes of snow stood yesterday—  
On fence—and Roof—and Twig!  
The Orchis binds her feather on  
For her old lover - Don the Sun!  
Revisiting the Bog!

Without Commander! Countless! Still!  
The Regiments of Wood and Hill  
In bright detachment stand!  
Behold! Whose Multitudes are these?  
The children of whose turbaned seas—  
Or what Circassian Land?

Emily Dickinson

# Some Such Butterfly Be Seen

541

Some such Butterfly be seen  
On Brazilian Pampas&mdash;  
Just at noon&mdash;no later&mdash;Sweet&mdash;  
Then&mdash;the License closes&mdash;

Some such Spice&mdash;express and pass&mdash;  
Subject to Your Plucking&mdash;  
As the Stars&mdash;You knew last Night&mdash;  
Foreigners&mdash;This Morning&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Some Things That Fly There Be

89

Some things that fly there be&mdash;  
Birds&mdash;Hours&mdash;the Bumblebee&mdash;  
Of these no Elegy.

Some things that stay there be&mdash;  
Grief&mdash;Hills&mdash;Eternity&mdash;  
Nor this behooveth me.

There are that resting, rise.  
Can I expound the skies?  
How still the Riddle lies!

Emily Dickinson

# Some, Too Fragile For Winter Winds

141

Some, too fragile for winter winds  
The thoughtful grave encloses&mdash;  
Tenderly tucking them in from frost  
Before their feet are cold.

Never the treasures in her nest  
The cautious grave exposes,  
Building where schoolboy dare not look,  
And sportsman is not bold.

This covert have all the children  
Early aged, and often cold,  
Sparrow, unnoticed by the Father&mdash;  
Lambs for whom time had not a fold.

Emily Dickinson



# Sometimes with the Heart

Sometimes with the Heart  
Seldom with the Soul  
Scarcer once with the Might  
Few - love at all.

Emily Dickinson

# Soto! Explore Thyself!

832

Soto! Explore thyself!  
Therein thyself shalt find  
The "Undiscovered Continent"—  
No Settler had the Mind.

Emily Dickinson

# Soul, Wilt Thou Toss Again?

139

Soul, Wilt thou toss again?  
By just such a hazard  
Hundreds have lost indeed&mdash;  
But tens have won an all&mdash;

Angel's breathless ballot  
Lingers to record thee&mdash;  
Imps in eager Caucus  
Raffle for my Soul!

Emily Dickinson

# South Winds Jostle Them

86

South Winds jostle them&mdash;  
Bumblebees come&mdash;  
Hover&mdash;hesitate&mdash;  
Drink, and are gone&mdash;

Butterflies pause  
On their passage Cashmere&mdash;  
I&mdash;softly plucking,  
Present them here!

Emily Dickinson

# Sown In Dishonor

62

"Sown in dishonor"!

Ah! Indeed!

May this "dishonor" be?

If I were half so fine myself

I'd notice nobody!

"Sown in corruption"!

Not so fast!

Apostle is askew!

Corinthians 1. 15. narrates

A Circumstance or two!

Emily Dickinson

# Speech is one symptom of Affection

Speech is one symptom of Affection  
And Silence one -  
The perfectest communication  
Is heard of none -

Exists and its indorsement  
Is had within -  
Behold, said the Apostle,  
Yet had not seen!

Emily Dickinson

# 'Speech'—is A Prank Of Parliament

688

'Speech'—is a prank of Parliament—  
'Tears'—is a trick of the nerve—  
But the Heart with the heaviest freight on—  
Doesn't—always—move —

Emily Dickinson

# Split The Lark—and You'll Find The Music

861

Split the Lark—and you'll find the Music—  
Bulb after Bulb, in Silver rolled—  
Scantilly dealt to the Summer Morning  
Saved for your Ear when Lutes be old.

Loose the Flood—you shall find it patent—  
Gush after Gush, reserved for you—  
Scarlet Experiment! Sceptic Thomas!  
Now, do you doubt that your Bird was true?

Emily Dickinson



# Spring comes on the World

Spring comes on the World -  
I sight the Aprils -  
Hueless to me until thou come  
As, till the Bee  
Blossoms stand negative,  
Touched to Conditions  
By a Hum.

Emily Dickinson

# Spring Is The Period

844

Spring is the Period  
Express from God.  
Among the other seasons  
Himself abide,

But during March and April  
None stir abroad  
Without a cordial interview  
With God.

Emily Dickinson

## STEP lightly on this narrow spot

STEP lightly on this narrow spot!□  
The broadest land that grows□  
Is not so ample as the breast□  
These emerald seams enclose.□

Step lofty; for this name is told□  
As far as cannon dwell,□  
Or flag subsist, or fame export□  
Her deathless syllable.

Emily Dickinson

# Strong Draughts Of Their Refreshing Minds

711

Strong Draughts of Their Refreshing Minds  
To drink&mdash;enables Mine  
Through Desert or the Wilderness  
As bore it Sealed Wine&mdash;

To go elastic&mdash;Or as One  
The Camel's trait&mdash;attained&mdash;  
How powerful the Stimulus  
Of an Hermetic Mind&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Struck, Was I, Not Yet By Lightning

925

Struck, was I, not yet by Lightning—  
Lightning—lets away  
Power to perceive His Process  
With Vitality.

Maimed—was I—yet not by Venture—  
Stone of stolid Boy—  
Nor a Sportsman's Peradventure—  
Who mine Enemy?

Robbed—was I—intact to Bandit—  
All my Mansion torn—  
Sun—withdrawn to Recognition—  
Furthest shining—done—

Yet was not the foe—of any—  
Not the smallest Bird  
In the nearest Orchard dwelling  
Be of Me—afraid.

Most—I love the Cause that slew Me.  
Often as I die  
Its beloved Recognition  
Holds a Sun on Me—

Best—at Setting—as is Nature's—  
Neither witnessed Rise  
Till the infinite Aurora  
In the other's eyes.

Emily Dickinson

# Success Is Counted Sweetest

Success is counted sweetest  
By those who ne'er succeed.  
To comprehend a nectar  
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple Host  
Who took the Flag today  
Can tell the definition  
So clear of Victory

As he defeated--dying--  
On whose forbidden ear  
The distant strains of triumph  
Burst agonized and clear!

Emily Dickinson

# Such Is The Force Of Happiness

787

Such is the Force of Happiness&mdash;  
The Least&mdash;can lift a Ton  
Assisted by its stimulus&mdash;

Who Misery&mdash;sustain&mdash;  
No Sinew can afford&mdash;  
The Cargo of Themselves&mdash;  
Too infinite for Consciousness'  
Slow capabilities.

Emily Dickinson

# Summer For Thee, Grant I May Be

31

Summer for thee, grant I may be  
When Summer days are flown!  
Thy music still, when Whipporwill  
And Oriole&mdash;are done!

For thee to bloom, I'll skip the tomb  
And row my blossoms o'er!  
Pray gather me&mdash;  
Anemone&mdash;  
Thy flower&mdash;forevermore!

Emily Dickinson



# Summer Shower

A drop fell on the apple tree,  
Another on the roof;  
A half a dozen kissed the eaves,  
And made the gables laugh.

A few went out to help the brook,  
That went to help the sea.  
Myself conjectured, Were they pearls,  
What necklaces could be!

The dust replaced in hoisted roads,  
The birds jocosely sung;  
The sunshine threw his hat away,  
The orchards spangles hung.

The breezes brought dejected lutes,  
And bathed them in the glee;  
The East put out a single flag,  
And signed the fete away.

Emily Dickinson

# Sunset At Night—is Natural

415

Sunset at Night—is natural—  
But Sunset on the Dawn  
Reverses Nature—Master—  
So Midnight's—due—at Noon.

Eclipses be—predicted—  
And Science bows them in—  
But do one face us suddenly—  
Jehovah's Watch—is wrong.

Emily Dickinson

# Superfluous Were The Sun

999

Superfluous were the Sun  
When Excellence be dead  
He were superfluous every Day  
For every Day be said

That syllable whose Faith  
Just saves it from Despair  
And whose "I'll meet You" hesitates  
If Love inquire "Where"?

Upon His dateless Fame  
Our Periods may lie  
As Stars that drop anonymous  
From an abundant sky.

Emily Dickinson

# Surgeons Must Be Very Careful

108

Surgeons must be very careful  
When they take the knife!  
Underneath their fine incisions  
Stirs the Culprit&mdash;Life!

Emily Dickinson

# Suspense—is Hostiler Than Death

705

Suspense—is Hostiler than Death—  
Death—tho'soever Broad,  
Is Just Death, and cannot increase—  
Suspense—does not conclude—

But perishes—to live anew—  
But just anew to die—  
Annihilation—plated fresh  
With Immortality—

Emily Dickinson

# Sweet Mountains—ye Tell Me No Lie

722

Sweet Mountains—Ye tell Me no lie—  
Never deny Me—Never fly—  
Those same unvarying Eyes  
Turn on Me—when I fail—or feign,  
Or take the Royal names in vain—  
Their far—slow—Violet Gaze—

My Strong Madonnas—Cherish still—  
The Wayward Nun—beneath the Hill—  
Whose service—is to You—  
Her latest Worship—When the Day  
Fades from the Firmament away—  
To lift Her Brows on You—

Emily Dickinson

# Sweet&Mdash;Safe&Mdash;Houses

457

Sweet&mdash;safe&mdash;Houses&mdash;  
Glad&mdash;gay&mdash;Houses&mdash;  
Sealed so stately tight&mdash;  
Lids of Steel&mdash;on Lids of Marble&mdash;  
Locking Bare feet out&mdash;

Brooks of Plush&mdash;in Banks of Satin  
Not so softly fall  
As the laughter&mdash;and the whisper&mdash;  
From their People Pearl&mdash;

No Bald Death&mdash;affront their Parlors&mdash;  
No Bold Sickness come  
To deface their Stately Treasures&mdash;  
Anguish&mdash;and the Tomb&mdash;

Hum by&mdash;in Muffled Coaches&mdash;  
Lest they&mdash;wonder Why&mdash;  
Any&mdash;for the Press of Smiling&mdash;  
Interrupt&mdash;to die&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Sweet&Mdash;You Forgot&Mdash;But I Remembered

523

Sweet&mdash;You forgot&mdash;but I remembered  
Every time&mdash;for Two&mdash;  
So that the Sum be never hindered  
Through Decay of You&mdash;

Say if I erred? Accuse my Farthings&mdash;  
Blame the little Hand  
Happy it be for You&mdash;a Beggar's&mdash;  
Seeking More&mdash;to spend&mdash;

Just to be Rich&mdash;to waste my Guineas  
On so Best a Heart&mdash;  
Just to be Poor&mdash;for Barefoot Vision  
You&mdash;Sweet&mdash;Shut me out&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# Sweet, To Have Had Them Lost

901

Sweet, to have had them lost  
For news that they be saved&mdash;  
The nearer they departed Us  
The nearer they, restored,

Shall stand to Our Right Hand&mdash;  
Most precious and the Dead&mdash;  
Next precious  
Those that rose to go&mdash;  
Then thought of Us, and stayed.

Emily Dickinson

# Sweet—you Forgot—but I Remembered

523

Sweet—You forgot—but I remembered  
Every time—for Two—  
So that the Sum be never hindered  
Through Decay of You—

Say if I erred? Accuse my Farthings—  
Blame the little Hand  
Happy it be for You—a Beggar's—  
Seeking More—to spend—

Just to be Rich—to waste my Guineas  
On so Best a Heart—  
Just to be Poor—for Barefoot Vision  
You—Sweet—Shut me out—

Emily Dickinson

# T Was Just This Time Last Year I Died.

'T was just this time last year I died.

I know I heard the corn,  
When I was carried by the farms,--  
It had the tassels on.

I thought how yellow it would look  
When Richard went to mill;  
And then I wanted to get out,  
But something held my will.

I thought just how red apples wedged  
The stubble's joints between;  
And carts went stooping round the fields  
To take the pumpkins in.

I wondered which would miss me least,  
And when Thanksgiving came,  
If father'd multiply the plates  
To make an even sum.

And if my stocking hung too high,  
Would it blur the Christmas glee,  
That not a Santa Claus could reach  
The altitude of me?

But this sort grieved myself, and so  
I thought how it would be  
When just this time, some perfect year,  
Themselves should come to me.

Emily Dickinson

# Take Your Heaven Further On

388

Take your Heaven further on&mdash;  
This&mdash;to Heaven divine Has gone&mdash;  
Had You earlier blundered in  
Possibly, e'en You had seen  
An Eternity&mdash;put on&mdash;  
Now&mdash;to ring a Door beyond  
Is the utmost of Your Hand&mdash;  
To the Skies&mdash;apologize&mdash;  
Nearer to Your Courtesies  
Than this Sufferer polite&mdash;  
Dressed to meet You&mdash;  
See&mdash;in White!

Emily Dickinson

# Taking Up The Fair Ideal

428

Taking up the fair Ideal,  
Just to cast her down  
When a fracture&mdash;we discover&mdash;  
Or a splintered Crown&mdash;  
Makes the Heavens portable&mdash;  
And the Gods&mdash;a lie&mdash;  
Doubtless&mdash;"Adam"&mdash;scowled at Eden&mdash;  
For his perjury!

Cherishing&mdash;our pool Ideal&mdash;  
Till in purer dress&mdash;  
We behold her&mdash;glorified&mdash;  
Comforts&mdash;search&mdash;like this&mdash;  
Till the broken creatures&mdash;  
We adored&mdash;for whole&mdash;  
Stains&mdash;all washed&mdash;  
Transfigured&mdash;mended&mdash;  
Meet us&mdash;with a smile&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Talk With Prudence To A Beggar

119

Talk with prudence to a Beggar  
Of "Potosi," and the mines!  
Reverently, to the Hungry  
Of your viands, and your wines!

Cautious, hint to any Captive  
You have passed enfranchised feet!  
Anecdotes of air in Dungeons  
Have sometimes proved deadly sweet!

Emily Dickinson

# Teach Him—when He Makes The Names

227

Teach Him—When He makes the names—  
Such an one—to say—  
On his babbling—Berry—lips—  
As should sound—to me—  
Were my Ear—as near his nest—  
As my thought—today—  
As should sound—  
"Forbid us not"—  
Some like "Emily."

Emily Dickinson

# Tell All The Truth

Tell all the truth but tell it slant,  
Success in circuit lies,  
Too bright for our infirm delight  
The truth's superb surprise;

As lightning to the children eased  
With explanation kind,  
The truth must dazzle gradually  
Or every man be blind.

Emily Dickinson



# Tell as a Marksman - were forgotten

Tell as a Marksman - were forgotten  
Tell - this Day endures  
Ruddy as that coeval Apple  
The Tradition bears -

Fresh as Mankind that humble story  
Though a statelier Tale  
Grown in the Repetition hoary  
Scarcely would prevail -

Tell had a son - The ones that knew it  
Need not linger here -  
Those who did not to Human Nature  
Will subscribe a Tear -

Tell would not bare his Head  
In Presence  
Of the Ducal Hat -  
Threatened for that with Death - by Gessler -  
Tyranny bethought

Make of his only Boy a Target  
That surpasses Death -  
Stolid to Love's supreme entreaty  
Not forsook of Faith -

Mercy of the Almighty begging -  
Tell his Arrow sent -  
God it is said replies in Person  
When the cry is meant -

Emily Dickinson

# That After Horror—that 'Twas Us

286

That after Horror—that 'twas us—  
That passed the mouldering Pier—  
Just as the Granite Crumb let go—  
Our Savior, by a Hair—

A second more, had dropped too deep  
For Fisherman to plumb—  
The very profile of the Thought  
Puts Recollection numb—

The possibility—to pass  
Without a Moment's Bell—  
Into Conjecture's presence—  
Is like a Face of Steel—  
That suddenly looks into ours  
With a metallic grin—  
The Cordiality of Death—  
Who drills his Welcome in—

Emily Dickinson

# That Distance Was Between Us

863

That Distance was between Us  
That is not of Mile or Main&mdash;  
The Will it is that situates&mdash;  
Equator&mdash;never can&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# That First Day, When You Praised Me, Sweet

659

That first Day, when you praised Me, Sweet,  
And said that I was strong&mdash;  
And could be mighty, if I liked&mdash;  
That Day&mdash;the Days among&mdash;

Glows Central&mdash;like a Jewel  
Between Diverging Golds&mdash;  
The Minor One&mdash;that gleamed behind&mdash;  
And Vaster&mdash;of the World's.

Emily Dickinson

# That I Did Always Love

549

That I did always love  
I bring thee Proof  
That till I loved  
I never lived&mdash;Enough&mdash;

That I shall love alway&mdash;  
I argue thee  
That love is life&mdash;  
And life hath Immortality&mdash;

This&mdash;dost thou doubt&mdash;Sweet&mdash;  
Then have I  
Nothing to show  
But Calvary&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# That Is Solemn We Have Ended

934

That is solemn we have ended  
Be it but a Play  
Or a Glee among the Garret  
Or a Holiday

Or a leaving Home, or later,  
Parting with a World  
We have understood for better  
Still to be explained.

Emily Dickinson

# The Admirations—and Contempts—of Time

906

The Admirations—and Contempts—of time—  
Show justest—through an Open Tomb—  
The Dying—as it were a Height  
Reorganizes Estimate  
And what We saw not  
We distinguish clear—  
And mostly—see not  
What We saw before—

'Tis Compound Vision—  
Light—enabling Light—  
The Finite—furnished  
With the Infinite—  
Convex—and Concave Witness—  
Back—toward Time—  
And forward—  
Toward the God of Him—

Emily Dickinson

# The Angle Of A Landscape

375

The Angle of a Landscape&mdash;  
That every time I wake&mdash;  
Between my Curtain and the Wall  
Upon an ample Crack&mdash;

Like a Venetian&mdash;waiting&mdash;  
Accosts my open eye&mdash;  
Is just a Bough of Apples&mdash;  
Held slanting, in the Sky&mdash;

The Pattern of a Chimney&mdash;  
The Forehead of a Hill&mdash;  
Sometimes&mdash;a Vane's Forefinger&mdash;  
But that's&mdash;Occasional&mdash;

The Seasons&mdash;shift&mdash;my Picture&mdash;  
Upon my Emerald Bough,  
I wake&mdash;to find no&mdash;Emeralds&mdash;  
Then&mdash;Diamonds&mdash;which the Snow

From Polar Caskets&mdash;fetched me&mdash;  
The Chimney&mdash;and the Hill&mdash;  
And just the Steeple's finger&mdash;  
These&mdash;never stir at all&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# The Bat Is Dun With Wrinkled Wings□

THE BAT is dun with wrinkled wings□

Like fallow article,□

And not a song pervades his lips,□

Or none perceptible.□

His small umbrella, quaintly halved,

Describing in the air□

An arc alike inscrutable,—□

Elate philosopher!□

Deputed from what firmament□

Of what astute abode,

Empowered with what malevolence□

Auspiciously withheld.□

To his adroit Creator□

Ascribe no less the praise;□

Beneficent, believe me,

His eccentricities.

Emily Dickinson

# The Battle Fought Between The Soul

594

The Battle fought between the Soul  
And No Man&mdash;is the One  
Of all the Battles prevalent&mdash;  
By far the Greater One&mdash;

No News of it is had abroad&mdash;  
Its Bodiless Campaign  
Establishes, and terminates&mdash;  
Invisible&mdash;Unknown&mdash;

Nor History&mdash;record it&mdash;  
As Legions of a Night  
The Sunrise scatters&mdash;These endure&mdash;  
Enact&mdash;and terminate&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Battlefield

They dropped like flakes, they dropped like stars,  
Like petals from a rose,  
When suddenly across the June  
A wind with fingers goes.  
They perished in the seamless grass, —  
No eye could find the place;  
But God on his repealless list  
Can summon every face.

Emily Dickinson

# The Bee Is Not Afraid Of Me

111

The Bee is not afraid of me.  
I know the Butterfly.  
The pretty people in the Woods  
Receive me cordially&mdash;

The Brooks laugh louder when I come&mdash;  
The Breezes madder play;  
Wherefore mine eye thy silver mists,  
Wherefore, Oh Summer's Day?

Emily Dickinson

# The Beggar at the Door for Fame

The Beggar at the Door for Fame  
Were easily supplied  
But Bread is that Diviner thing  
Disclosed to be denied

Emily Dickinson

# The Beggar Lad—Dies Early

717

The Beggar Lad—dies early—  
It's Somewhat in the Cold—  
And Somewhat in the Trudging feet—  
And haply, in the World—

The Cruel—smiling—bowing World—  
That took its Cambric Way—  
Nor heard the timid cry for "Bread"—  
"Sweet Lady—Charity"—

Among Redeemed Children  
If Trudging feet may stand  
The Barefoot time forgotten—so—  
The Sleet—the bitter Wind—

The Childish Hands that teased for Pence  
Lifted adoring—them—  
To Him whom never Ragged—Coat  
Did supplicate in vain—

Emily Dickinson

# The Bible Is An Antique Volume

1545

The Bible is an antique Volume&mdash;  
Written by faded men  
At the suggestion of Holy Spectres&mdash;  
Subjects&mdash;Bethlehem&mdash;  
Eden&mdash;the ancient Homestead&mdash;  
Satan&mdash;the Brigadier&mdash;  
Judas&mdash;the Great Defaulter&mdash;  
David&mdash;the Troubador&mdash;  
Sin&mdash;a distinguished Precipice  
Others must resist&mdash;  
Boys that "believe" are very lonesome&mdash;  
Other Boys are "lost"&mdash;  
Had but the Tale a warbling Teller&mdash;  
All the Boys would come&mdash;  
Orpheus' Sermon captivated&mdash;  
It did not condemn&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Bird Must Sing To Earn The Crumb

880

The Bird must sing to earn the Crumb

What merit have the Tune

No Breakfast if it guaranty

The Rose content may bloom

To gain renown of Lady's Drawer

But if the Lady come

But once a Century, the Rose

Superfluous become&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# The Birds Begun At Four O'Clock

783

The Birds begun at Four o'clock&mdash;  
Their period for Dawn&mdash;  
A Music numerous as space&mdash;  
But neighboring as Noon&mdash;

I could not count their Force&mdash;  
Their Voices did expend  
As Brook by Brook bestows itself  
To multiply the Pond.

Their Witnesses were not&mdash;  
Except occasional man&mdash;  
In homely industry arrayed&mdash;  
To overtake the Morn&mdash;

Nor was it for applause&mdash;  
That I could ascertain&mdash;  
But independent Ecstasy  
Of Deity and Men&mdash;

By Six, the Flood had done&mdash;  
No Tumult there had been  
Of Dressing, or Departure&mdash;  
And yet the Band was gone&mdash;

The Sun engrossed the East&mdash;  
The Day controlled the World&mdash;  
The Miracle that introduced  
Forgotten, as fulfilled.

Emily Dickinson

# The Birds Reported From The South

743

The Birds reported from the South—  
A News express to Me—  
A spicy Charge, My little Posts—  
But I am deaf—Today—

The Flowers—appealed—a timid Throng—  
I reinforced the Door—  
Go blossom for the Bees—I said—  
And trouble Me—no More—

The Summer Grace, for Notice strove—  
Remote—Her best Array—  
The Heart—to stimulate the Eye  
Refused too utterly—

At length, a Mourner, like Myself,  
She drew away austere—  
Her frosts to ponder—then it was  
I recollected Her—

She suffered Me, for I had mourned—  
I offered Her no word—  
My Witness—was the Crape I bore—  
Her—Witness—was Her Dead—

Thenceforward—We—together dwelt—  
I never questioned Her—  
Our Contract  
A Wiser Sympathy

Emily Dickinson

# The Black Berry—wears A Thorn In His Side

The Black Berry—wears a Thorn in his side—  
But no Man heard Him cry—  
He offers His Berry, just the same  
To Partridge—and to Boy—

He sometimes holds upon the Fence—  
Or struggles to a Tree—  
Or clasps a Rock, with both His Hands—  
But not for Sympathy—

We—tell a Hurt—to cool it—  
This Mourner—to the Sky  
A little further reaches—instead—  
Brave Black Berry—

Emily Dickinson

# The Blue Jay

No brigadier throughout the year  
So civic as the jay.  
A neighbor and a warrior too,  
With shrill felicity

Pursuing winds that censure us  
A February day,  
The brother of the universe  
Was never blown away.

The snow and he are intimate;  
I 've often seen them play  
When heaven looked upon us all  
With such severity,

I felt apology were due  
To an insulted sky,  
Whose pompous frown was nutriment  
To their temerity.

The pillow of this daring head  
Is pungent evergreens;  
His larder — terse and militant —  
Unknown, refreshing things;

His character a tonic,  
His future a dispute;  
Unfair an immortality  
That leaves this neighbor out.

Emily Dickinson

# The Body Grows Without

578

The Body grows without&mdash;  
The more convenient way&mdash;  
That if the Spirit&mdash;like to hide  
Its Temple stands, always,

Ajar&mdash;secure&mdash;inviting&mdash;  
It never did betray  
The Soul that asked its shelter  
In solemn honesty

Emily Dickinson

# The Brain Within It's Groove

The brain within its groove  
Runs evenly and true;  
But let a splinter swerve,  
'T were easier for you  
To put the water back  
When floods have slit the hills,  
And scooped a turnpike for themselves,  
And blotted out the mills!

Emily Dickinson

# The Brain—Is Wider Than The Sky

632

The Brain—;is wider than the Sky—;  
For—;put them side by side—;  
The one the other will contain  
With ease—and You—;beside—;

The Brain is deeper than the sea—;  
For—;hold them—;Blue to Blue—;  
The one the other will absorb—;  
As Sponges—;Buckets—;do—;

The Brain is just the weight of God—;  
For—;Heft them—;Pound for Pound—;  
And they will differ—;if they do—;  
As Syllable from Sound—;

Emily Dickinson

# The Brain, Within Its Groove

556

The Brain, within its Groove  
Runs evenly&mdash;and true&mdash;  
But let a Splinter swerve&mdash;  
'Twere easier for You&mdash;

To put a Current back&mdash;  
When Floods have slit the Hills&mdash;  
And scooped a Turnpike for Themselves&mdash;  
And trodden out the Mills&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# The Brain—is Wider Than The Sky

632

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For—put them side by side—  
The one the other will contain  
With ease—and You—beside—

The Brain is deeper than the sea—  
For—hold them—Blue to Blue—  
The one the other will absorb—  
As Sponges—Buckets—do—

The Brain is just the weight of God—  
For—Heft them—Pound for Pound—  
And they will differ—if they do—  
As Syllable from Sound—

Emily Dickinson

# The Bustle In A House

The bustle in a house  
The morning after death  
Is solemnest of industries  
Enacted upon earth,--

The sweeping up the heart,  
And putting love away  
We shall not want to use again  
Until eternity.

Emily Dickinson

# The Bustle In A House

The bustle in a house  
The morning after death  
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Enacted upon earth,-

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Emily Dickinson

# The Butterfly In Honored Dust

The Butterfly in honored Dust  
Assuredly will lie  
But none will pass the Catacomb  
So chastened as the Fly -

Emily Dickinson

# The Butterfly Obtains

The butterfly obtains  
But little sympathy  
Though favorably mentioned  
In Entomology -

Because he travels freely  
And wears a proper coat  
The circumspect are certain  
That he is dissolute -

Had he the homely scutcheon  
Of modest Industry  
'Twere fitter certifying  
For Immortality -

Emily Dickinson

# The Butterfly Upon The Sky

The Butterfly upon the Sky,  
That doesn't know its Name  
And hasn't any tax to pay  
And hasn't any Home  
Is just as high as you and I,  
And higher, I believe,  
So soar away and never sigh  
And that's the way to grieve -

Emily Dickinson

# The Butterfly's Assumption Gown

The Butterfly's Assumption Gown  
In Chrysoprase Apartments hung  
This afternoon put on -

How condescending to descend  
And be of Buttercups the friend  
In a New England Town -

Emily Dickinson

# The Chariot

Because I could not stop for Death,  
He kindly stopped for me;  
The carriage held but just ourselves  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,  
And I had put away  
My labor, and my leisure too,  
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played,  
Their lessons scarcely done;  
We passed the fields of gazing grain,  
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed  
A swelling of the ground;  
The roof was scarcely visible,  
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries; but each  
Feels shorter than the day  
I first surmised the horses' heads  
Were toward eternity.

Emily Dickinson



# The Chemical Conviction

954

The Chemical conviction  
That Nought be lost  
Enable in Disaster  
My fractured Trust&mdash;

The Faces of the Atoms  
If I shall see  
How more the Finished Creatures  
Departed me!

Emily Dickinson

# The Child's Faith Is New

637

The Child's faith is new&mdash;  
Whole&mdash;like His Principle&mdash;  
Wide&mdash;like the Sunrise  
On fresh Eyes&mdash;  
Never had a Doubt&mdash;  
Laughs&mdash;at a Scruple&mdash;  
Believes all sham  
But Paradise&mdash;

Credits the World&mdash;  
Deems His Dominion  
Broadest of Sovereignties&mdash;  
And Caesar&mdash;mean&mdash;  
In the Comparison&mdash;  
Baseless Emperor&mdash;  
Ruler of Nought&mdash;  
Yet swaying all&mdash;

Grown bye and bye  
To hold mistaken  
His pretty estimates  
Of Prickly Things  
He gains the skill  
Sorrowful&mdash;as certain&mdash;  
Men&mdash;to anticipate  
Instead of Kings&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Clover's simple Fame

The Clover's simple Fame  
Remembered of the Cow -  
Is better than enameled Realms  
Of notability.  
Renown perceives itself  
And that degrades the Flower -  
The Daisy that has looked behind  
Has compromised its power -

Emily Dickinson

# The Color Of A Queen, Is This

776

The Color of a Queen, is this&mdash;  
The Color of a Sun  
At setting&mdash;this and Amber&mdash;  
Beryl&mdash;and this, at Noon&mdash;

And when at night&mdash;Auroran widths  
Fling suddenly on men&mdash;  
'Tis this&mdash;and Witchcraft&mdash;nature keeps  
A Rank&mdash;for Iodine&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Color Of The Grave Is Green

411

The Color of the Grave is Green&mdash;  
The Outer Grave&mdash;I mean&mdash;  
You would not know it from the Field&mdash;  
Except it own a Stone&mdash;

To help the fond&mdash;to find it&mdash;  
Too infinite asleep  
To stop and tell them where it is&mdash;  
But just a Daisy&mdash;deep&mdash;

The Color of the Grave is white&mdash;  
The outer Grave&mdash;I mean&mdash;  
You would not know it from the Drifts&mdash;  
In Winter&mdash;till the Sun&mdash;

Has furrowed out the Aisles&mdash;  
Then&mdash;higher than the Land  
The little Dwelling Houses rise  
Where each&mdash;has left a friend&mdash;

The Color of the Grave within&mdash;  
The Duplicate&mdash;I mean&mdash;  
Not all the Snows could make it white&mdash;  
Not all the Summers&mdash;Green&mdash;

You've seen the Color&mdash;maybe&mdash;  
Upon a Bonnet bound&mdash;  
When that you met it with before&mdash;  
The Ferret&mdash;cannot find&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Court Is Far Away

235

The Court is far away—  
No Umpire—have I—  
My Sovereign is offended—  
To gain his grace—I'd die!

I'll seek his royal feet—  
I'll say—Remember—King—  
Thou shalt—thyself—one day—a Child—  
Implore a larger—thing—

That Empire—is of Czars—  
As small—they say—as I—  
Grant me—that day—the royalty—  
To intercede—for Thee—

Emily Dickinson

# The Cricket Sang,

The cricket sang,  
And set the sun,  
And workmen finished, one by one,  
Their seam the day upon.

The low grass loaded with the dew,  
The twilight stood as strangers do  
With hat in hand, polite and new,  
To stay as if, or go.

A vastness, as a neighbor, came,--  
A wisdom without face or name,  
A peace, as hemispheres at home,--  
And so the night became.

Emily Dickinson

# The Daisy Follows Soft The Sun

106

The Daisy follows soft the Sun—  
And when his golden walk is done—  
Sits shyly at his feet—  
He—waking—finds the flower there—  
Wherefore—Marauder—art thou here?  
Because, Sir, love is sweet!

We are the Flower—Thou the Sun!  
Forgive us, if as days decline—  
We nearer steal to Thee!  
Enamored of the parting West—  
The peace—the flight—the Amethyst—  
Night's possibility!

Emily Dickinson



# The Day Came Slow

The day came slow, till five o'clock,  
Then sprang before the hills,  
Like hindered rubies, or the light,  
A sudden musket spills.

The purple could not keep the east.  
The sunrise shook from fold.  
Like breadths of topaz, packed a night,  
The lady just unrolled.

The happy winds their timbrels took;  
The birds in docile rows,  
Arranged themselves around their prince.  
(The wind is prince of those.)

The orchard sparkled like a Jew,---  
How mighty 'twas to stay,  
A guest in this stupendous place,  
The parlor of the day.

Emily Dickinson

# The Day That I Was Crowned

356

The Day that I was crowned  
Was like the other Days&mdash;  
Until the Coronation came&mdash;  
And then&mdash;'twas Otherwise&mdash;

As Carbon in the Coal  
And Carbon in the Gem  
Are One&mdash;and yet the former  
Were dull for Diadem&mdash;

I rose, and all was plain&mdash;  
But when the Day declined  
Myself and It, in Majesty  
Were equally&mdash;adorned&mdash;

The Grace that I&mdash;was chose&mdash;  
To Me&mdash;surpassed the Crown  
That was the Witness for the Grace&mdash;  
'Twas even that 'twas Mine&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Day Undressed—Herself

716

The Day undressed—Herself—  
Her Garter—was of Gold—  
Her Petticoat—of Purple plain—  
Her Dimities—as old

Exactly—as the World—  
And yet the newest Star—  
Enrolled upon the Hemisphere  
Be wrinkled—much as Her—

Too near to God—to pray—  
Too near to Heaven—to fear—  
The Lady of the Occident  
Retired without a care—

Her Candle so expire  
The flickering be seen  
On Ball of Mast in Bosporus—  
And Dome—and Window Pane—

Emily Dickinson

# The Definition Of Beauty Is

988

The Definition of Beauty is  
That Definition is none&mdash;  
Of Heaven, easing Analysis,  
Since Heaven and He are one.

Emily Dickinson

# The Devil - had he fidelity

The Devil - had he fidelity  
Would be the best friend -  
Because he has ability -  
But Devils cannot mend -  
Perfidy is the virtue  
That would but he resign  
The Devil - without question  
Were thoroughly divine

Emily Dickinson

# The Difference Between Despair

305

The difference between Despair  
And Fear&mdash;is like the One  
Between the instant of a Wreck  
And when the Wreck has been&mdash;

The Mind is smooth&mdash;no Motion&mdash;  
Contented as the Eye  
Upon the Forehead of a Bust&mdash;  
That knows&mdash;it cannot see&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Doomed—regard The Sunrise

294

The Doomed—regard the Sunrise  
With different Delight—  
Because—when next it burns abroad  
They doubt to witness it—

The Man—to die—tomorrow—  
Harks for the Meadow Bird—  
Because its Music stirs the Axe  
That clamors for his head—

Joyful—to whom the Sunrise  
Precedes Enamored—Day—  
Joyful—for whom the Meadow Bird  
Has ought but Elegy!

Emily Dickinson

# The Drop, That Wrestles In The Sea

284

The Drop, that wrestles in the Sea&mdash;  
Forgets her own locality&mdash;  
As I&mdash;toward Thee&mdash;

She knows herself an incense small&mdash;  
Yet small&mdash;she sighs&mdash;if All&mdash;is All&mdash;  
How larger&mdash;be?

The Ocean&mdash;smiles&mdash;at her Conceit&mdash;  
But she, forgetting Amphitrite&mdash;  
Pleads&mdash;"Me"?

Emily Dickinson



# The Dust Behind I Strove To Join

992

The Dust behind I strove to join  
Unto the Disk before&mdash;  
But Sequence ravelled out of Sound  
Like Balls upon a Floor&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Duties Of The Wind Are Few

The duties of the Wind are few,  
To cast the ships, at Sea,  
Establish March, the Floods escort,  
And usher Liberty.

The pleasures of the Wind are broad,  
To dwell Extent among,  
Remain, or wander,  
Speculate, or Forests entertain.

The kinsmen of the Wind are Peaks  
Azof - the Equinox,  
Also with Bird and Asteroid  
A bowing intercourse.

The limitations of the Wind  
Do he exist, or die,  
Too wise he seems for Wakelessness,  
However, know not i.

Emily Dickinson

## The Dying Need But Little, Dear,--

The dying need but little, dear,--

A glass of water's all,  
A flower's unobtrusive face  
To punctuate the wall,

A fan, perhaps, a friend's regret,  
And certainly that one  
No color in the rainbow  
Perceives when you are gone.

Emily Dickinson

# The Earth Has Many Keys

The earth has many keys,  
Where melody is not  
Is the unknown peninsula.  
Beauty is nature's fact.

But witness for her land,  
And witness for her sea,  
The cricket is her utmost  
Of elegy to me.

Emily Dickinson

# The Face I Carry With Me—last

336

The face I carry with me—last—  
When I go out of Time—  
To take my Rank—by—in the West—  
That face—will just be thine—

I'll hand it to the Angel—  
That—Sir—was my Degree—  
In Kingdoms—you have heard the Raised—  
Refer to—possibly.

He'll take it—scan it—step aside—  
Return—with such a crown  
As Gabriel—never capered at—  
And beg me put it on—

And then—he'll turn me round and round—  
To an admiring sky—  
As one that bore her Master's name—  
Sufficient Royalty!

Emily Dickinson

# The Face we choose to miss

The Face we choose to miss -  
Be it but for a Day  
As absent as a Hundred Years,  
When it has rode away.

Emily Dickinson

# The Feet Of People Walking Home

7

The feet of people walking home  
With gayer sandals go&mdash;  
The Crocus&mdash; til she rises  
The Vassal of the snow&mdash;  
The lips at Hallelujah  
Long years of practise bore  
Til bye and bye these Bargemen  
Walked singing on the shore.

Pearls are the Diver's farthings  
Extorted from the Sea&mdash;  
Pinions&mdash; the Seraph's wagon  
Pedestrian once&mdash; as we&mdash;  
Night is the morning's Canvas  
Larceny&mdash; legacy&mdash;  
Death, but our rapt attention  
To Immortality.

My figures fail to tell me  
How far the Village lies&mdash;  
Whose peasants are the Angels&mdash;  
Whose Cantons dot the skies&mdash;  
My Classics veil their faces&mdash;  
My faith that Dark adores&mdash;  
Which from its solemn abbeys  
Such ressurection pours.

Emily Dickinson

# The Fingers Of The Light

1000

The Fingers of the Light  
Tapped soft upon the Town  
With "I am great and cannot wait  
So therefore let me in."

"You're soon," the Town replied,  
"My Faces are asleep—  
But swear, and I will let you by,  
You will not wake them up."

The easy Guest complied  
But once within the Town  
The transport of His Countenance  
Awakened Maid and Man

The Neighbor in the Pool  
Upon His Hip elate  
Made loud obeisance and the Gnat  
Held up His Cup for Light.

Emily Dickinson



# The First Day That I Was A Life

902

The first Day that I was a Life  
I recollect it&mdash;How still&mdash;  
That last Day that I was a Life  
I recollect it&mdash;as well&mdash;

'Twas stiller&mdash;though the first  
Was still&mdash;  
"Twas empty&mdash;but the first  
Was full&mdash;

This&mdash;was my finallest Occasion&mdash;  
But then  
My tenderer Experiment  
Toward Men&mdash;

"Which choose I"?  
That&mdash;I cannot say&mdash;  
"Which choose They"?  
Question Memory!

Emily Dickinson

# The First Day's Night Had Come

410

The first Day's Night had come&mdash;  
And grateful that a thing  
So terrible&mdash;had been endured&mdash;  
I told my Soul to sing&mdash;

She said her Strings were snapt&mdash;  
Her Bow&mdash;to Atoms blown&mdash;  
And so to mend her&mdash;gave me work  
Until another Morn&mdash;

And then&mdash;a Day as huge  
As Yesterdays in pairs,  
Unrolled its horror in my face&mdash;  
Until it blocked my eyes&mdash;

My Brain&mdash;begun to laugh&mdash;  
I mumbled&mdash;like a fool&mdash;  
And tho' 'tis Years ago&mdash;that Day&mdash;  
My Brain keeps giggling&mdash;still.

And Something's odd&mdash;within&mdash;  
That person that I was&mdash;  
And this One&mdash;do not feel the same&mdash;  
Could it be Madness&mdash;this?

Emily Dickinson

# The Flower Must Not Blame The Bee

206

The Flower must not blame the Bee&mdash;  
That seeketh his felicity  
Too often at her door&mdash;

But teach the Footman from Vevay&mdash;  
Mistress is "not at home"&mdash;to say&mdash;  
To people&mdash;any more!

Emily Dickinson

# The Future—never Spoke

672

The Future—never spoke—  
Nor will He—like the Dumb—  
Reveal by sign—a syllable  
Of His Profound To Come—

But when the News be ripe—  
Presents it—in the Act—  
Forestalling Preparation—  
Escape—or Substitute—

Indifference to Him—  
The Dower—as the Doom—  
His Office—but to execute  
Fate's—Telegram—to Him—

Emily Dickinson

# The Gentian Weaves Her Fringes

18

The Gentian weaves her fringes&mdash;  
The Maple's loom is red&mdash;  
My departing blossoms  
    Obviate parade.

A brief, but patient illness&mdash;  
An hour to prepare,  
And one below this morning  
Is where the angels are&mdash;  
It was a short procession,  
The Bobolink was there&mdash;  
An aged Bee addressed us&mdash;  
And then we knelt in prayer&mdash;  
We trust that she was willing&mdash;  
We ask that we may be.  
Summer&mdash;Sister&mdash;Seraph!  
Let us go with thee!

In the name of the Bee&mdash;  
And of the Butterfly&mdash;  
And of the Breeze&mdash;Amen!

Emily Dickinson

# The Going From A World We Know

The going from a world we know  
To one a wonder still  
Is like the child's adversity  
Whose vista is a hill,  
Behind the hill is sorcery  
And everything unknown,  
But will the secret compensate  
For climbing it alone?

Emily Dickinson

# The Good Will Of A Flower

849

The good Will of a Flower  
The Man who would possess  
Must first present  
Certificate  
Of minted Holiness.

Emily Dickinson

# The Grace—myself—might Not Obtain

707

The Grace—Myself—might not obtain—  
Confer upon My flower—  
Refracted but a Countenance—  
For I—inhabit Her—

Emily Dickinson



# The Grass So Little Has To Do

The Grass so little has to do –  
A Sphere of simple Green –  
With only Butterflies to brood  
And Bees to entertain –  
And stir all day to pretty Tunes  
The Breezes fetch along –  
And hold the Sunshine in its lap  
And bow to everything –

And thread the Dews, all night, like Pearls –  
And make itself so fine  
A Duchess were too common  
For such a noticing –

And even when it dies – to pass  
In Odors so divine –  
Like Lowly spices, lain to sleep –  
Or Spikenards, perishing –

And then, in Sovereign Barns to dwell –  
And dream the Days away,  
The Grass so little has to do  
I wish I were a Hay –

Emily Dickinson

# The grave my little cottage is

The grave my little cottage is,  
Where 'Keeping house' for thee  
I make my parlor orderly  
And lay the marble tea.

For two divided, briefly,  
A cycle, it may be,  
Till everlasting life unite  
In strong society.

Emily Dickinson

# The Guest Is Gold And Crimson

15

The Guest is gold and crimson&mdash;  
An Opal guest and gray&mdash;  
Of Ermine is his doublet&mdash;  
His Capuchin gay&mdash;

He reaches town at nightfall&mdash;  
He stops at every door&mdash;  
Who looks for him at morning  
I pray him too&mdash;explore  
The Lark's pure territory&mdash;  
Or the Lapwing's shore!

Emily Dickinson

# The Hallowing Of Pain

772

The hallowing of Pain  
Like hallowing of Heaven,  
Obtains at a corporeal cost&mdash;  
The Summit is not given

To Him who strives severe  
At middle of the Hill&mdash;  
But He who has achieved the Top&mdash;  
All&mdash;is the price of All&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Heart Asks Pleasure First

The heart asks pleasure first  
And then, excuse from pain-  
And then, those little anodynes  
That deaden suffering;

And then, to go to sleep;  
And then, if it should be  
The will of its Inquisitor,  
The liberty to die.

Emily Dickinson

# The Heart Has Narrow Banks

928

The Heart has narrow Banks  
It measures like the Sea  
In mighty&mdash;unremitting Bass  
And Blue Monotony

Till Hurricane bisect  
And as itself discerns  
Its sufficient Area  
The Heart convulsive learns

That Calm is but a Wall  
Of unattempted Gauze  
An instant's Push demolishes  
A Questioning&mdash;dissolves.

Emily Dickinson

# The Heaven Vests For Each

694

The Heaven vests for Each  
In that small Deity  
It craved the grace to worship  
Some bashful Summer's Day&mdash;

Half shrinking from the Glory  
It importuned to see  
Till these faint Tabernacles drop  
In full Eternity&mdash;

How imminent the Venture&mdash;  
As one should sue a Star&mdash;  
For His mean sake to leave the Row  
And entertain Despair&mdash;

A Clemency so common&mdash;  
We almost cease to fear&mdash;  
Enabling the minutest&mdash;  
And furthest&mdash;to adore&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Hills erect their Purple Heads

The Hills erect their Purple Heads  
The Rivers lean to see  
Yet Man has not of all the Throng  
A Curiosity.

Emily Dickinson



# The Hills in Purple syllables

The Hills in Purple syllables  
The Day's Adventures tell  
To little Groups of Continents  
Just going Home from School.

Emily Dickinson

# The Himmaleh Was Known To Stoop

481

The Himmaleh was known to stoop  
Unto the Daisy low&mdash;  
Transported with Compassion  
That such a Doll should grow  
Where Tent by Tent&mdash;Her Universe  
Hung out its Flags of Snow&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Hollows Round His Eager Eyes

955

The Hollows round His eager Eyes  
Were Pages where to read  
Pathetic Histories&mdash;although  
Himself had not complained.  
Biography to All who passed  
Of Unobtrusive Pain  
Except for the italic Face  
Endured, unhelped&mdash;unknown.

Emily Dickinson

# The inundation of the Spring

The inundation of the Spring  
Enlarges every soul -  
It sweeps the tenement away  
But leaves the Water whole -

In which the soul at first estranged -  
Seeks faintly for its shore  
But acclimated - pines no more  
For that Peninsula -

Emily Dickinson

# The Judge Is Like The Owl

699

The Judge is like the Owl&mdash;  
I've heard my Father tell&mdash;  
And Owls do build in Oaks&mdash;  
So here's an Amber Sill&mdash;

That slanted in my Path&mdash;  
When going to the Barn&mdash;  
And if it serve You for a House&mdash;  
Itself is not in vain&mdash;

About the price&mdash;'tis small&mdash;  
I only ask a Tune  
At Midnight&mdash;Let the Owl select  
His favorite Refrain.

Emily Dickinson

# The Juggler's Hat Her Country Is

330

The Juggler's Hat her Country is—  
The Mountain Gorse—the Bee's!

Emily Dickinson

# The Lady Feeds Her Little Bird

941

The Lady feeds Her little Bird  
At rarer intervals&mdash;  
The little Bird would not dissent  
But meekly recognize

The Gulf between the Hand and Her  
And crumbless and afar  
And fainting, on Her yellow Knee  
Fall softly, and adore&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Lamp Burns Sure—within

233

The Lamp burns sure—within—  
Tho' Serfs—supply the Oil—  
It matters not the busy Wick—  
At her phosphoric toil!

The Slave—forgets—to fill—  
The Lamp—burns golden—on—  
Unconscious that the oil is out—  
As that the Slave—is gone.

Emily Dickinson



# The Last Night That She Lived

1100

The last Night that She lived  
It was a Common Night  
Except the Dying&mdash;this to Us  
Made Nature different

We noticed smallest things&mdash;  
Things overlooked before  
By this great light upon our Minds  
Italicized&mdash;as 'twere.

As We went out and in  
Between Her final Room  
And Rooms where Those to be alive  
Tomorrow were, a Blame

That Others could exist  
While She must finish quite  
A Jealousy for Her arose  
So nearly infinite&mdash;

We waited while She passed&mdash;  
It was a narrow time&mdash;  
Too jostled were Our Souls to speak  
At length the notice came.

She mentioned, and forgot&mdash;  
Then lightly as a Reed  
Bent to the Water, struggled scarce&mdash;  
Consented, and was dead&mdash;

And We&mdash;We placed the Hair&mdash;  
And drew the Head erect&mdash;  
And then an awful leisure was  
Belief to regulate&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Leaves Like Women Interchange

987

The Leaves like Women interchange  
Exclusive Confidence&mdash;  
Somewhat of nods and somewhat  
Portentous inference.

The Parties in both cases  
Enjoining secrecy&mdash;  
Inviolable compact  
To notoriety.

Emily Dickinson

# The Loneliness One Dare Not Sound

777

The Loneliness One dare not sound&mdash;  
And would as soon surmise  
As in its Grave go plumbing  
To ascertain the size&mdash;

The Loneliness whose worst alarm  
Is lest itself should see&mdash;  
And perish from before itself  
For just a scrutiny&mdash;

The Horror not to be surveyed&mdash;  
But skirted in the Dark&mdash;  
With Consciousness suspended&mdash;  
And Being under Lock&mdash;

I fear me this&mdash;is Loneliness&mdash;  
The Maker of the soul  
Its Caverns and its Corridors  
Illuminate&mdash;or seal&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Lonesome For They Know Not What

262

The lonesome for they know not What—  
The Eastern Exiles—be—  
Who strayed beyond the Amber line  
Some madder Holiday—

And ever since—the purple Moat  
They strive to climb—in vain—  
As Birds—that tumble from the clouds  
Do fumble at the strain—

The Blessed Ether—taught them—  
Some Transatlantic Morn—  
When Heaven—was too common—to miss—  
Too sure—to dote upon!

Emily Dickinson

# The Love A Life Can Show Below

673

The Love a Life can show Below  
Is but a filament, I know,  
Of that diviner thing  
That faints upon the face of Noon&mdash;  
And smites the Tinder in the Sun&mdash;  
And hinders Gabriel's Wing&mdash;

'Tis this&mdash;in Music&mdash;hints and sways&mdash;  
And far abroad on Summer days&mdash;  
Distils uncertain pain&mdash;  
'Tis this enamors in the East&mdash;  
And tints the Transit in the West  
With harrowing Iodine&mdash;

'Tis this&mdash;invites&mdash;appalls&mdash;endows&mdash;  
Flits&mdash;glimmers&mdash;proves&mdash;dissolves&mdash;  
Returns&mdash;suggests&mdash;convicts&mdash;enchants&mdash;  
Then&mdash;flings in Paradise&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Luxury To Apprehend

815

The Luxury to apprehend  
The Luxury 'twould be  
To look at Thee a single time  
An Epicure of Me

In whatsoever Presence makes  
Till for a further Food  
I scarcely recollect to starve  
So first am I supplied&mdash;

The Luxury to meditate  
The Luxury it was  
To banquet on thy Countenance  
A Sumptuousness bestows

On plainer Days, whose Table far  
As Certainty can see  
Is laden with a single Crumb  
The Consciousness of Thee.

Emily Dickinson

# The Malay—took The Pearl

452

The Malay—took the Pearl—  
Not—I—the Earl—  
I—feared the Sea—too much  
Unsanctified—to touch—

Praying that I might be  
Worthy—the Destiny—  
The Swarthy fellow swam—  
And bore my Jewel—Home—

Home to the Hut! What lot  
Had I—the Jewel—got—  
Borne on a Dusky Breasty—  
I had not deemed a Vest  
Of Amber—fit—

The Negro never knew  
I—wooded it—too—  
To gain, or be undone—  
Alike to Him—One—

Emily Dickinson

# The Manner Of Its Death

468

The Manner of its Death

When Certain it must die&mdash;  
'Tis deemed a privilege to choose&mdash;  
'Twas Major Andre's Way&mdash;

When Choice of Life&mdash;is past&mdash;  
There yet remains a Love  
Its little Fate to stipulate&mdash;

How small in those who live&mdash;

The Miracle to tease

With Bable of the styles&mdash;  
How "they are Dying mostly&mdash;now"&mdash;  
And Customs at "St. James"!

Emily Dickinson



# The Martyr Poets—did Not Tell

544

The Martyr Poets—did not tell—  
But wrought their Pang in syllable—  
That when their mortal name be numb—  
Their mortal fate—encourage Some—

The Martyr Painters—never spoke—  
Bequeathing—rather—to their Work—  
That when their conscious fingers cease—  
Some seek in Art—the Art of Peace—

Emily Dickinson

# The Missing All—prevented Me

985

The Missing All—prevented Me  
From missing minor Things.  
If nothing larger than a World's  
Departure from a Hinge—  
Or Sun's extinction, be observed—  
'Twas not so large that I  
Could lift my Forehead from my work  
For Curiosity.

Emily Dickinson

# The Months Have Ends—the Years—a Knot

423

The Months have ends—the Years—a knot—  
No Power can untie  
To stretch a little further  
A Skein of Misery—

The Earth lays back these tired lives  
In her mysterious Drawers—  
Too tenderly, that any doubt  
An ultimate Repose—

The manner of the Children—  
Who weary of the Day—  
Themselves—the noisy Plaything  
They cannot put away—

Emily Dickinson

# The Moon Was But A Chin Of Gold

737

The Moon was but a Chin of Gold  
A Night or two ago&mdash;  
And now she turns Her perfect Face  
Upon the World below&mdash;

Her Forehead is of Amplest Blonde&mdash;  
Her Cheek&mdash;a Beryl hewn&mdash;  
Her Eye unto the Summer Dew  
The likest I have known&mdash;

Her Lips of Amber never part&mdash;  
But what must be the smile  
Upon Her Friend she could confer  
Were such Her Silver Will&mdash;

And what a privilege to be  
But the remotest Star&mdash;  
For Certainty She take Her Way  
Beside Your Palace Door&mdash;

Her Bonnet is the Firmament&mdash;  
The Universe&mdash;Her Shoe&mdash;  
The Stars&mdash;the Trinkets at Her Belt&mdash;  
Her Dimities&mdash;of Blue&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Morning After Woe

364

The Morning after Woe—  
'Tis frequently the Way—  
Surpasses all that rose before—  
For utter Jubilee—

As Nature did not care—  
And piled her Blossoms on—  
And further to parade a Joy  
Her Victim stared upon—

The Birds declaim their Tunes—  
Pronouncing every word  
Like Hammers—Did they know they fell  
Like Litanies of Lead—

On here and there—a creature—  
They'd modify the Glee  
To fit some Crucifixal Clef—  
Some Key of Calvary—

Emily Dickinson

# The Morns Are Meeker Than They Were

12

The morns are meeker than they were&mdash;  
The nuts are getting brown&mdash;  
The berry's cheek is plumper&mdash;  
The Rose is out of town.

The Maple wears a gayer scarf&mdash;  
The field a scarlet gown&mdash;  
Lest I should be old fashioned  
I'll put a trinket on.

Emily Dickinson

# The Mountain Sat Upon The Plain

975

The Mountain sat upon the Plain  
In his tremendous Chair&mdash;  
His observation omnifold,  
His inquest, everywhere&mdash;

The Seasons played around his knees  
Like Children round a sire&mdash;  
Grandfather of the Days is He  
Of Dawn, the Ancestor&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Mountains—grow Unnoticed

757

The Mountains—grow unnoticed—  
Their Purple figures rise  
Without attempt—Exhaustion—  
Assistance—or Applause—

In Their Eternal Faces  
The Sun—with just delight  
Looks long—and last—and golden—  
For fellowship—at night—

Emily Dickinson



# The Murmur Of A Bee

155

The Murmur of a Bee  
A Witchcraft&mdash;yieldeth me&mdash;  
If any ask me why&mdash;  
'Twere easier to die&mdash;  
Than tell&mdash;

The Red upon the Hill  
Taketh away my will&mdash;  
If anybody sneer&mdash;  
Take care&mdash;for God is here&mdash;  
That's all.

The Breaking of the Day  
Addeth to my Degree&mdash;  
If any ask me how&mdash;  
Artist&mdash;who drew me so&mdash;  
Must tell!

Emily Dickinson

# The Mushroom is the Elf of Plants

The Mushroom is the Elf of Plants -  
At Evening, it is not  
At Morning, in a Truffled Hut  
It stop opon a Spot

As if it tarried always  
And yet it's whole Career  
Is shorter than a Snake's Delay -  
And fleeter than a Tare -

'Tis Vegetation's Juggler -  
The Germ of Alibi -  
Doth like a Bubble antedate  
And like a Bubble, hie -

I feel as if the Grass was pleased  
To have it intermit -  
This surreptitious Scion  
Of Summer's circumspect.

Had Nature any supple Face  
Or could she one contemn -  
Had Nature an Apostate -  
That Mushroom - it is Him!

Emily Dickinson

# The Mystery Of Pain

Pain has an element of blank;  
It cannot recollect  
When it began, or if there were  
A day when it was not.

It has no future but itself,  
Its infinite realms contain  
Its past, enlightened to perceive  
New periods of pain.

Emily Dickinson

# The Name—of It—is 'Autumn'

656

The name—of it—is 'Autumn'—  
The hue—of it—is Blood—  
An Artery—upon the Hill—  
A Vein—along the Road—

Great Globules—in the Alleys—  
And Oh, the Shower of Stain—  
When Winds—upset the Basin—  
And spill the Scarlet Rain—

It sprinkles Bonnets—far below—  
It gathers ruddy Pools—  
Then—eddies like a Rose—away—  
Upon Vermilion Wheels—

Emily Dickinson

# The Nearest Dream Recedes, Unrealized.

The nearest dream recedes, unrealized.

The heaven we chase

Like the June bee

Before the school-boy

Invites the race;

Stoops to an easy clover

Dips--evades--teases--deploys;

Then to the royal clouds

Lifts his light pinnace

Heedless of the boy

Staring, bewildered, at the mocking sky.

Homesick for steadfast honey,

Ah! the bee flies not

That brews that rare variety.

Emily Dickinson

# The Night Was Wide, And Furnished Scant

589

The Night was wide, and furnished scant  
With but a single Star&mdash;  
That often as a Cloud it met&mdash;  
Blew out itself&mdash;for fear&mdash;

The Wind pursued the little Bush&mdash;  
And drove away the Leaves  
November left&mdash;then clambered up  
And fretted in the Eaves&mdash;

No Squirrel went abroad&mdash;  
A Dog's belated feet  
Like intermittent Plush, he heard  
Adown the empty Street&mdash;

To feel if Blinds be fast&mdash;  
And closer to the fire&mdash;  
Her little Rocking Chair to draw&mdash;  
And shiver for the Poor&mdash;

The Housewife's gentle Task&mdash;  
How pleasanter&mdash;said she  
Unto the Sofa opposite&mdash;  
The Sleet&mdash;than May, no Thee&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Notice that is called the Spring

The Notice that is called the Spring  
Is but a month from here -  
Put up my Heart thy Hoary work  
And take a Rosy Chair.

Not any House the Flowers keep -  
The Birds enamor Care -  
Our salary the longest Day  
Is nothing but a Bier.

Emily Dickinson

# The One Who Could Repeat The Summer Day

307

The One who could repeat the Summer day&mdash;  
Were greater than itself&mdash;though He  
Minutest of Mankind should be&mdash;

And He&mdash;could reproduce the Sun&mdash;  
At period of going down&mdash;  
The Lingering&mdash;and the Stain&mdash;I mean&mdash;

When Orient have been outgrown  
And Occident&mdash;become Unknown&mdash;  
His Name&mdash;remain&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# The Only Ghost I Ever Saw

The only ghost I ever saw  
Was dressed in mechlin, --so;  
He wore no sandal on his foot,  
And stepped like flakes of snow.  
His gait was soundless, like the bird,  
But rapid, like the roe;  
His fashions quaint, mosaic,  
Or, haply, mistletoe.

Hi conversation seldom,  
His laughter like the breeze  
That dies away in dimples  
Among the pensive trees.  
Our interview was transient, --  
Of me, himself was shy;  
And God forbid I look behind  
Since that appalling day!

Emily Dickinson

# The Only News I Know

827

The Only News I know  
Is Bulletins all Day  
From Immortality.

The Only Shows I see&mdash;  
Tomorrow and Today&mdash;  
Perchance Eternity&mdash;

The Only One I meet  
Is God&mdash;The Only Street&mdash;  
Existence&mdash;This traversed

If Other News there be&mdash;  
Or Admirable Show&mdash;  
I'll tell it You&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Outer—from The Inner

451

The Outer—from the Inner  
Derives its Magnitude—  
'Tis Duke, or Dwarf, according  
As is the Central Mood—

The fine—unvarying Axis  
That regulates the Wheel—  
Though Spokes—spin—more conspicuous  
And fling a dust—the while.

The Inner—paints the Outer—  
The Brush without the Hand—  
Its Picture publishes—precise—  
As is the inner Brand—

On fine—Arterial Canvas—  
A Cheek—perchance a Brow—  
The Star's whole Secret—in the Lake—  
Eyes were not meant to know.

Emily Dickinson

# The Pedigree Of Honey

The pedigree of honey  
Does not concern the bee;  
A clover, any time, to him  
Is aristocracy.

Emily Dickinson

# The Poets Light But Lamps

883

The Poets light but Lamps—  
Themselves—go out—  
The Wicks they stimulate—  
If vital Light

Inhere as do the Suns—  
Each Age a Lens  
Disseminating their  
Circumference—

Emily Dickinson

# The Power To Be True To You

464

The power to be true to You,  
Until upon my face  
The Judgment push his Picture&mdash;  
Presumptuous of Your Place&mdash;

Of This&mdash;Could Man deprive Me&mdash;  
Himself&mdash;the Heaven excel&mdash;  
Whose invitation&mdash;Yours reduced  
Until it showed too small&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Province Of The Saved

539

The Province of the Saved  
Should be the Art&mdash;To save&mdash;  
Through Skill obtained in Themselves&mdash;  
The Science of the Grave

No Man can understand  
But He that hath endured  
The Dissolution&mdash;in Himself&mdash;  
That Man&mdash;be qualified

To qualify Despair  
To Those who failing new&mdash;  
Mistake Defeat for Death&mdash;Each time&mdash;  
Till acclimated&mdash;to&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Railway Train

I like to see it lap the miles,  
And lick the valleys up,  
And stop to feed itself at tanks;  
And then, prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains,  
And, supercilious, peer  
In shanties by the sides of roads;  
And then a quarry pare

To fit its sides, and crawl between,  
Complaining all the while  
In horrid, hooting stanza;  
Then chase itself down the hill

And neigh like Boanerges;  
Then, punctual as a star,  
Stop - docile and omnipotent -  
At its own stable door.

Emily Dickinson



# The Rainbow Never Tells Me

97

The rainbow never tells me  
That gust and storm are by,  
Yet is she more convincing  
Than Philosophy.

My flowers turn from Forums&mdash;  
Yet eloquent declare  
What Cato couldn't prove me  
Except the birds were here!

Emily Dickinson

# The Red—blaze—is The Morning

469

The Red—Blaze—is the Morning—  
The Violet—is Noon—  
The Yellow—Day—is falling—  
And after that—is none—

But Miles of Sparks—at Evening—  
Reveal the Width that burned—  
The Territory Argent—that  
Never yet—consumed—

Emily Dickinson

# The reticent volcano keeps

The reticent volcano keeps  
His never slumbering plan -  
Confided are his projects pink  
To no precarious man.

If nature will not tell the tale  
Jehovah told to her  
Can human nature not survive  
Without a listener?

Admonished by her buckled lips  
Let every babbler be  
The only secret people keep  
Is Immortality.

Emily Dickinson

# The Road Was Lit With Moon And Star

The Road was lit with Moon and star -  
The Trees were bright and still -  
Descried I - by the distant Light  
A Traveller on a Hill -  
To magic Perpendiculars  
Ascending, though Terrene -  
Unknown his shimmering ultimate -  
But he indorsed the sheen -

Emily Dickinson

# The Robin For The Crumb

864

The Robin for the Crumb  
Returns no syllable  
But long records the Lady's name  
In Silver Chronicle.

Emily Dickinson

# The Robin Is The One

828

The Robin is the One  
That interrupt the Morn  
With hurried&mdash;few&mdash;express Reports  
When March is scarcely on&mdash;

The Robin is the One  
That overflow the Noon  
With her cherubic quantity&mdash;  
An April but begun&mdash;

The Robin is the One  
That speechless from her Nest  
Submit that Home&mdash;and Certainty  
And Sanctity, are best

Emily Dickinson

# The Robin's My Criterion For Tune

285

The Robin's my Criterion for Tune—  
Because I grow—where Robins do—  
But, were I Cuckoo born—  
I'd swear by him—  
The ode familiar—rules the Noon—  
The Buttercup's, my Whim for Bloom—  
Because, we're Orchard sprung—  
But, were I Britain born,  
I'd Daisies spurn—  
None but the Nut—October fit—  
Because, through dropping it,  
The Seasons flit—I'm taught—  
Without the Snow's Tableau  
Winter, were lie—to me—  
Because I see—New Englandly—  
The Queen, discerns like me—  
Provincially—

Emily Dickinson

# The Rose Did Caper On Her Cheek

208

The Rose did caper on her cheek&mdash;  
Her Bodice rose and fell&mdash;  
Her pretty speech&mdash;like drunken men&mdash;  
Did stagger pitiful&mdash;

Her fingers fumbled at her work&mdash;  
Her needle would not go&mdash;  
What ailed so smart a little Maid&mdash;  
It puzzled me to know&mdash;

Till opposite&mdash;I spied a cheek  
That bore another Rose&mdash;  
Just opposite&mdash;Another speech  
That like the Drunkard goes&mdash;

A Vest that like her Bodice, danced&mdash;  
To the immortal tune&mdash;  
Till those two troubled&mdash;little Clocks  
Ticked softly into one.

Emily Dickinson



# The Savior Must Have Been A Docile Gentleman (1487)

The Savior must have been  
A docile Gentleman—  
To come so far so cold a Day  
For little Fellowmen—

The Road to Bethlehem  
Since He and I were Boys  
Was leveled, but for that 'twould be  
A rugged Billion Miles—

Emily Dickinson

# The Sea Said 'Come' To The Brook

The Sea said 'Come' to the Brook -  
The Brook said 'Let me grow' -  
The Sea said 'Then you will be a Sea -  
I want a Brook - Come now'!

The Sea said 'Go' to the Sea -  
The Sea said 'I am he  
You cherished' - 'Learned Waters -  
Wisdom is stale - to Me'

Emily Dickinson

# The Service Without Hope

779

The Service without Hope&mdash;  
Is tenderest, I think&mdash;  
Because 'tis unsustained  
By stint&mdash;Rewarded Work&mdash;

Has impetus of Gain&mdash;  
And impetus of Goal&mdash;  
There is no Diligence like that  
That knows not an Until&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Show Is Not The Show,

The show is not the show,  
But they that go.  
Menagerie to me  
My neighbor be.  
Fair play--  
Both went to see.

Emily Dickinson

# The Skies Can'T Keep Their Secret!

191

The Skies can't keep their secret!  
They tell it to the Hills&mdash;  
The Hills just tell the Orchards&mdash;  
And they&mdash;the Daffodils!

A Bird&mdash;by chance&mdash;that goes that way&mdash;  
Soft overhears the whole&mdash;  
If I should bribe the little Bird&mdash;  
Who knows but she would tell?

I think I won't&mdash;however&mdash;  
It's finer&mdash;not to know&mdash;  
If Summer were an Axiom&mdash;  
What sorcery had Snow?

So keep your secret&mdash;Father!  
I would not&mdash;if I could,  
Know what the Sapphire Fellows, do,  
In your new-fashioned world!

Emily Dickinson

# The Sky Is Low, The Clouds Are Mean,

The sky is low, the clouds are mean,  
A travelling flake of snow  
Across a barn or through a rut  
Debates if it will go.

A narrow wind complains all day  
How some one treated him;  
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught  
Without her diadem.

Emily Dickinson

# The Snow That Never Drifts

The Snow that never drifts -  
The transient, fragrant snow  
That comes a single time a Year  
Is softly driving now -

So thorough in the Tree  
At night beneath the star  
That it was February's Foot  
Experience would swear -

Like Winter as a Face  
We stern and former knew  
Repaired of all but Loneliness  
By Nature's Alibit -

Were every storm so spice  
The Value could not be -  
We buy with contrast - Pang is good  
As near as memory -

Emily Dickinson

# The Soul Has Bandaged Moments

512

The Soul has Bandaged moments&mdash;  
When too appalled to stir&mdash;  
She feels some ghastly Fright come up  
And stop to look at her&mdash;

Salute her&mdash;with long fingers&mdash;  
Caress her freezing hair&mdash;  
Sip, Goblin, from the very lips  
The Lover&mdash;hovered&mdash;o'er&mdash;  
Unworthy, that a thought so mean  
Accost a Theme&mdash;so&mdash;fair&mdash;

The soul has moments of Escape&mdash;  
When bursting all the doors&mdash;  
She dances like a Bomb, abroad,  
And swings upon the Hours,

As do the Bee&mdash;delirious borne&mdash;  
Long Dungeoned from his Rose&mdash;  
Touch Liberty&mdash;then know no more,  
But Noon, and Paradise&mdash;

The Soul's retaken moments&mdash;  
When, Felon led along,  
With shackles on the plumed feet,  
And staples, in the Song,

The Horror welcomes her, again,  
These, are not brayed of Tongue&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# The Soul Selects Her Own Society

The Soul selects her own Society --  
Then -- shuts the Door --  
To her divine Majority --  
Present no more --

Unmoved -- she notes the Chariots -- pausing --  
At her low Gate --  
Unmoved -- an Emperor be kneeling  
Upon her Mat --

I've known her -- from an ample nation --  
Choose One --  
Then -- close the Valves of her attention --  
Like Stone --

Emily Dickinson

# The Soul That Hath A Guest

674

The Soul that hath a Guest  
Doth seldom go abroad&mdash;  
Diviner Crowd at Home&mdash;  
Obliterate the need&mdash;

And Courtesy forbid  
A Host's departure when  
Upon Himself be visiting  
The Emperor of Men&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Soul Unto Itself (683)

The Soul unto itself  
Is an imperial friend --  
Or the most agonizing Spy --  
An Enemy -- could send --

Secure against its own --  
No treason it can fear --  
Itself -- its Sovereign -- of itself  
The Soul should stand in Awe --

Emily Dickinson

# The Soul's Distinct Connection

974

The Soul's distinct connection  
With immortality  
Is best disclosed by Danger  
Or quick Calamity&mdash;

As Lightning on a Landscape  
Exhibits Sheets of Place&mdash;  
Not yet suspected&mdash;but for Flash&mdash;  
And Click&mdash;and Suddenness.

Emily Dickinson

# The Soul's Superior Instants

306

The Soul's Superior instants  
Occur to Her&mdash;alone&mdash;  
When friend&mdash;and Earth's occasion  
Have infinite withdrawn&mdash;

Or She&mdash;Herself&mdash;ascended  
To too remote a Height  
For lower Recognition  
Than Her Omnipotent&mdash;

This Mortal Abolition  
Is seldom&mdash;but as fair  
As Apparition&mdash;subject  
To Autocratic Air&mdash;

Eternity's disclosure  
To favorites&mdash;a few&mdash;  
Of the Colossal substance  
Of Immortality

Emily Dickinson

# The Spider as an Artist

The Spider as an Artist  
Has never been employed -  
Though his surpassing Merit  
Is freely certified

By every Broom and Bridget  
Throughout a Christian Land -  
Neglected Son of Genius  
I take thee by the Hand -

Emily Dickinson

# The Spider Holds A Silver Ball

The spider holds a Silver Ball  
In unperceived Hands--  
And dancing softly to Himself  
His Yarn of Pearl--unwinds--

He plies from Nought to Nought--  
In unsubstantial Trade--  
Supplants our Tapestries with His--  
In half the period--

An Hour to rear supreme  
His Continents of Light--  
Then dangle from the Housewife's Broom--  
His Boundaries--forgot--

Emily Dickinson

# The Spirit Is The Conscious Ear

733

The Spirit is the Conscious Ear.  
We actually Hear  
When We inspect&mdash;that's audible&mdash;  
That is admitted&mdash;Here&mdash;

For other Services&mdash;as Sound&mdash;  
There hangs a smaller Ear  
Outside the Castle&mdash;that Contain&mdash;  
The other&mdash;only&mdash;Hear&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# The Spry Arms Of The Wind

The spry Arms of the Wind  
If I could crawl between  
I have an errand imminent  
To an adjoining Zone -

I should not care to stop  
My Process is not long  
The Wind could wait without the Gate  
Or stroll the Town among.

To ascertain the House  
And is the soul at Home  
And hold the Wick of mine to it  
To light, and then return -

Emily Dickinson

# The Sun And Moon Must Make Their Haste

871

The Sun and Moon must make their haste&mdash;  
The Stars express around  
For in the Zones of Paradise  
The Lord alone is burned&mdash;

His Eye, it is the East and West&mdash;  
The North and South when He  
Do concentrate His Countenance  
Like Glow Worms, flee away&mdash;

Oh Poor and Far&mdash;  
Oh Hindred Eye  
That hunted for the Day&mdash;  
The Lord a Candle entertains  
Entirely for Thee&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Sun Is Gay Or Stark

878

The Sun is gay or stark  
According to our Deed.  
If Merry, He is merrier&mdash;  
If eager for the Dead

Or an expended Day  
He helped to make too bright  
His mighty pleasure suits Us not  
It magnifies our Freight

Emily Dickinson

# The Sun Kept Setting—setting—still

692

The Sun kept setting—setting—still  
No Hue of Afternoon—  
Upon the Village I perceived  
From House to House 'twas Noon—

The Dusk kept dropping—dropping—still  
No Dew upon the Grass—  
But only on my Forehead stopped—  
And wandered in my Face—

My Feet kept drowsing—drowsing—still  
My fingers were awake—  
Yet why so little sound—Myself  
Unto my Seeming—make?

How well I knew the Light before—  
I could see it now—  
'Tis Dying—I am doing—but  
I'm not afraid to know—

Emily Dickinson

# The Sun Kept Stooping—stooping

152

The Sun kept stooping—stooping—low!  
The Hills to meet him rose!  
On his side, what Transaction!  
On their side, what Repose!

Deeper and deeper grew the stain  
Upon the window pane—  
Thicker and thicker stood the feet  
Until the Tyrian

Was crowded dense with Armies—  
So gay, so Brigadier—  
That I felt martial stirrings  
Who once the Cockade wore—

Charged from my chimney corner—  
But Nobody was there!

Emily Dickinson

# The Sun—just Touched The Morning

232

The Sun—just touched the Morning—  
The Morning—Happy thing—  
Supposed that He had come to dwell—  
And Life would all be Spring!

She felt herself supremer—  
A Raised—Ethereal Thing!  
Henceforth—for Her—What Holiday!  
Meanwhile—Her wheeling King—  
Trailed—slow—along the Orchards—  
His haughty—spangled Hems—  
Leaving a new necessity!  
The want of Diadems!

The Morning—fluttered—staggered—  
Felt feebly—for Her Crown—  
Her unanointed forehead—  
Henceforth—Her only One!

Emily Dickinson

# The Sunrise Runs For Both

710

The Sunrise runs for Both—  
The East—Her Purple Troth  
Keeps with the Hill—  
The Noon unwinds Her Blue  
Till One Breadth cover Two—  
Remotest—still—

Nor does the Night forget  
A Lamp for Each—to set—  
Wicks wide away—  
The North—Her blazing Sign  
Erects in Iodine—  
Till Both—can see—

The Midnight's Dusky Arms  
Clasp Hemispheres, and Homes  
And so  
Upon Her Bosom—One—  
And One upon Her Hem—  
Both lie—

Emily Dickinson

# The Sunset Stopped On Cottages

950

The Sunset stopped on Cottages  
Where Sunset hence must be  
For treason not of His, but Life's,  
Gone Westerly, Today&mdash;

The Sunset stopped on Cottages  
Where Morning just begun&mdash;  
What difference, after all, Thou mak'st  
Thou supercilious Sun?

Emily Dickinson



# The Sweetest Heresy Received

387

The sweetest Heresy received  
That Man and Woman know&mdash;  
Each Other's Convert&mdash;  
Though the Faith accommodate but Two&mdash;

The Churches are so frequent&mdash;  
The Ritual&mdash;so small&mdash;  
The Grace so unavoidable&mdash;  
To fail&mdash;is Infidel&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Test Of Love—is Death

573

The Test of Love—is Death—  
Our Lord—"so loved"—it saith—  
What Largest Lover—hath  
Another—doth—

If smaller Patience—be—  
Through less Infinity—  
If Bravo, sometimes swerve—  
Through fainter Nerve—

Accept its Most—  
And overlook—the Dust—  
Last—Least—  
The Cross'—Request—

Emily Dickinson

# The Thought Beneath So Slight A Film

The thought beneath so slight a film  
Is more distinctly seen, --  
As laces just reveal the surge,  
Or mists the Apennine.

Emily Dickinson

# The Tint I Cannot Take—is Best

627

The Tint I cannot take—is best—  
The Color too remote  
That I could show it in Bazaar—  
A Guinea at a sight—

The fine—impalpable Array—  
That swaggers on the eye  
Like Cleopatra's Company—  
Repeated—in the sky—

The Moments of Dominion  
That happen on the Soul  
And leave it with a Discontent  
Too exquisite—to tell—

The eager look—on Landscapes—  
As if they just repressed  
Some Secret—that was pushing  
Like Chariots—in the Vest—

The Pleading of the Summer—  
That other Prank—of Snow—  
That Cushions Mystery with Tulle,  
For fear the Squirrels—know.

Their Graspless manners—mock us—  
Until the Cheated Eye  
Shuts arrogantly—in the Grave—  
Another way—to see—

Emily Dickinson

# The Trees Like Tassels—hit—and Swung

606

The Trees like Tassels—hit—and swung—  
There seemed to rise a Tune  
From Miniature Creatures  
Accompanying the Sun—

Far Psalteries of Summer—  
Enamoring the Ear  
They never yet did satisfy—  
Remotest—when most fair

The Sun shone whole at intervals—  
Then Half—then utter hid—  
As if Himself were optional  
And had Estates of Cloud

Sufficient to enfold Him  
Eternally from view—  
Except it were a whim of His  
To let the Orchards grow—

A Bird sat careless on the fence—  
One gossipped in the Lane  
On silver matters charmed a Snake  
Just winding round a Stone—

Bright Flowers slit a Calyx  
And soared upon a Stem  
Like Hindered Flags—Sweet hoisted—  
With Spices—in the Hem—

'Twas more—I cannot mention—  
How mean—to those that see—  
Vandyke's Delineation  
Of Nature's—Summer Day!

Emily Dickinson

# The Truth—is Stirless

780

The Truth—is stirless—  
Other force—may be presumed to move—  
This—then—is best for confidence—  
When oldest Cedars swerve—

And Oaks untwist their fists—  
And Mountains—feeble—lean—  
How excellent a Body, that  
Stands without a Bone—

How vigorous a Force  
That holds without a Prop—  
Truth stays Herself—and every man  
That trusts Her—boldly up—

Emily Dickinson

# The Veins Of Other Flowers

811

The Veins of other Flowers  
The Scarlet Flowers are  
Till Nature leisure has for Terms  
As "Branch," and "Jugular."

We pass, and she abides.  
We conjugate Her Skill  
While She creates and federates  
Without a syllable.

Emily Dickinson

# The Way I Read A Letter's—this

636

The Way I read a Letter's—this—  
'Tis first—I lock the Door—  
And push it with my fingers—next—  
For transport it be sure—

And then I go the furthest off  
To counteract a knock—  
Then draw my little Letter forth  
And slowly pick the lock—

Then—glancing narrow, at the Wall—  
And narrow at the floor  
For firm Conviction of a Mouse  
Not exorcised before—

Peruse how infinite I am  
To no one that You—know—  
And sigh for lack of Heaven—but not  
The Heaven God bestow—

Emily Dickinson



# The White Heat

Dare you see a Soul at the White Heat?

Then crouch within the door --  
Red -- is the Fire's common tint --  
But when the vivid Ore  
Has vanquished Flame's conditions,  
It quivers from the Forge  
Without a color, but the light  
Of unanointed Blaze.  
Least Village has its Blacksmith  
Whose Anvil's even ring  
Stands symbol for the finer Forge  
That soundless tugs -- within --  
Re[f]ining these impatient Ores  
With Hammer, and with Blaze  
Untile the Designated Light  
Repudiate the Forge

Emily Dickinson

# The Whole Of It Came Not At Once

762

The Whole of it came not at once&mdash;  
'Twas Murder by degrees&mdash;  
A Thrust&mdash;and then for Life a chance&mdash;  
The Bliss to cauterize&mdash;

The Cat reprieves the Mouse  
She eases from her teeth  
Just long enough for Hope to tease&mdash;  
Then mashes it to death&mdash;

'Tis Life's award&mdash;to die&mdash;  
Contenteder if once&mdash;  
Than dying half&mdash;then rallying  
For consciouser Eclipse&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Wind Begun To Knead The Grass

824

[first version]

The Wind begun to knead the Grass&mdash;  
As Women do a Dough&mdash;  
He flung a Hand full at the Plain&mdash;  
A Hand full at the Sky&mdash;  
The Leaves unhooked themselves from Trees&mdash;  
And started all abroad&mdash;  
The Dust did scoop itself like Hands&mdash;  
And throw away the Road&mdash;  
The Wagons&mdash;quickenened on the Street&mdash;  
The Thunders gossiped low&mdash;  
The Lightning showed a Yellow Head&mdash;  
And then a livid Toe&mdash;  
The Birds put up the Bars to Nests&mdash;  
The Cattle flung to Barns&mdash;  
Then came one drop of Giant Rain&mdash;  
And then, as if the Hands  
That held the Dams&mdash;had parted hold&mdash;  
The Waters Wrecked the Sky&mdash;  
But overlooked my Father's House&mdash;  
Just Quartering a Tree&mdash;

[second version]

The Wind begun to rock the Grass  
With threatening Tunes and low&mdash;  
He threw a Menace at the Earth&mdash;  
A Menace at the Sky.

The Leaves unhooked themselves from Trees&mdash;  
And started all abroad  
The Dust did scoop itself like Hands  
And threw away the Road.

The Wagons quickened on the Streets  
The Thunder hurried slow&mdash;

The Lightning showed a Yellow Beak  
And then a livid Claw.

The Birds put up the Bars to Nests&mdash;  
The Cattle fled to Barns&mdash;  
There came one drop of Giant Rain  
And then as if the Hands

That held the Dams had parted hold  
The Waters Wrecked the Sky,  
But overlooked my Father's House&mdash;  
Just quartering a Tree&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Wind Begun To Rock The Grass

The wind begun to rock the grass  
With threatening tunes and low,--  
He flung a menace at the earth,  
A menace at the sky.

The leaves unhooked themselves from trees  
And started all abroad;  
The dust did scoop itself like hands  
And throw away the road.

The wagons quickened on the streets,  
The thunder hurried slow;  
The lightning showed a yellow beak,  
And then a livid claw.

The birds put up the bars to nests,  
The cattle fled to barns;  
There came one drop of giant rain,  
And then, as if the hands

That held the dams had parted hold,  
The waters wrecked the sky  
But overlooked my father's house,  
Just quartering a tree.

Emily Dickinson

# The Wind Didn'T Come From The Orchard—today

316

The Wind didn't come from the Orchard—today—  
Further than that—  
Nor stop to play with the Hay—  
Nor joggle a Hat—  
He's a transitive fellow—very—  
Rely on that—

If He leave a Bur at the door  
We know He has climbed a Fir—  
But the Fir is Where—Declare—  
Were you ever there?

If He brings Odors of Clovers—  
And that is His business—not Ours—  
Then He has been with the Mowers—  
Whetting away the Hours  
To sweet pauses of Hay—  
His Way—of a June Day—

If He fling Sand, and Pebble—  
Little Boys Hats—and Stubble—  
With an occasional Steeple—  
And a hoarse "Get out of the way, I say,"  
Who'd be the fool to stay?  
Would you—Say—  
Would you be the fool to stay?

Emily Dickinson

# The Wind Tapped Like A Tired Man,

The wind tapped like a tired man,  
And like a host, 'Come in,'  
I boldly answered; entered then  
My residence within

A rapid, footless guest,  
To offer whom a chair  
Were as impossible as hand  
A sofa to the air.

No bone had he to bind him,  
His speech was like the push  
Of numerous humming-birds at once  
From a superior bush.

His countenance a billow,  
His fingers, if he pass,  
Let go a music, as of tunes  
Blown tremulous in glass.

He visited, still flitting;  
Then, like a timid man,  
Again he tapped- 't was flurriedly-  
And I became alone.

Emily Dickinson

# The Wind Took Up The Northern Things

The Wind took up the Northern Things  
And piled them in the south -  
Then gave the East unto the West  
And opening his mouth

The four Divisions of the Earth  
Did make as to devour  
While everything to corners slunk  
Behind the awful power -

The Wind - unto his Chambers went  
And nature ventured out -  
Her subjects scattered into place  
Her systems ranged about

Again the smoke from Dwellings rose  
The Day abroad was heard -  
How intimate, a Tempest past  
The Transport of the Bird -

Emily Dickinson



# The Winters Are So Short

403

The Winters are so short&mdash;  
I'm hardly justified  
In sending all the Birds away&mdash;  
And moving into Pod&mdash;

Myself&mdash;for scarcely settled&mdash;  
The Phoebes have begun&mdash;  
And then&mdash;it's time to strike my Tent&mdash;  
And open House&mdash;again&mdash;

It's mostly, interruptions&mdash;  
My Summer&mdash;is despoiled&mdash;  
Because there was a Winter&mdash;once&mdash;  
And al the Cattle&mdash;starved&mdash;

And so there was a Deluge&mdash;  
And swept the World away&mdash;  
But Ararat's a Legend&mdash;now&mdash;  
And no one credits Noah&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# The Woodpecker

His bill an auger is,  
His head, a cap and frill.  
He laboreth at every tree,--  
A worm his utmost goal.

Emily Dickinson

# The Words The Happy Say

The words the happy say  
Are paltry melody  
But those the silent feel  
Are beautiful—

Emily Dickinson

# The Work Of Her That Went

The Work of Her that went,  
The Toil of Fellows done -  
In Ovens green our Mother bakes,  
By Fires of the Sun.

Emily Dickinson

# The World—Feels Dusty

715

The World—feels Dusty  
When We stop to Die—  
We want the Dew—then—  
Honors—taste dry—

Flags—vex a Dying face—  
But the least Fan  
Stirred by a friend's Hand—  
Cools—like the Rain—

Mine be the Ministry  
When they Thirst comes—  
And Hybla Balms—  
Dews of Thessaly, to fetch—

Emily Dickinson

The

World—Stands—Solemn—To Me

493

The World—stands—solemn—to me—  
Since I was wed—to Him—  
A modesty befits the soul  
That bears another's—name—  
A doubt—if it be fair—indeed—  
To wear that perfect—pearl—  
The Man—upon the Woman—binds—  
To clasp her soul—for all—  
A prayer, that it more angel—prove—  
A whiter Gift—within—  
To that munificence, that chose—  
So unadorned—a Queen—  
A Gratitude—that such be true—  
It had esteemed the Dream—  
Too beautiful—for Shape to prove—  
Or posture—to redeem!

Emily Dickinson

# The World—stands—solemner—to Me

493

The World—stands—solemner—to me—  
Since I was wed—to Him—  
A modesty befits the soul  
That bears another's—name—  
A doubt—if it be fair—indeed—  
To wear that perfect—pearl—  
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A Gratitude—that such be true—  
It had esteemed the Dream—  
Too beautiful—for Shape to prove—  
Or posture—to redeem!

Emily Dickinson

# The Zeroes—taught Us—phosphorous

689

The Zeroes—taught us—Phosphorous—  
We learned to like the Fire  
By playing Glaciers—when a Boy—  
And Tinder—guessed—by power  
Of Opposite—to balance Odd—  
If White—a Red—must be!  
Paralysis—our Primer—dumb—  
Unto Vitality!

Emily Dickinson



# Their Height In Heaven Comforts Not

696

Their Height in Heaven comforts not&mdash;  
Their Glory&mdash;nought to me&mdash;  
'Twas best imperfect&mdash;as it was&mdash;  
I'm finite&mdash;I can't see&mdash;

The House of Supposition&mdash;  
The Glimmering Frontier that  
Skirts the Acres of Perhaps&mdash;  
To Me&mdash;shows insecure&mdash;

The Wealth I had&mdash;contented me&mdash;  
If 'twas a meaner size&mdash;  
Then I had counted it until  
It pleased my narrow Eyes&mdash;

Better than larger values&mdash;  
That show however true&mdash;  
This timid life of Evidence  
Keeps pleading&mdash;"I don't know."

Emily Dickinson

# There Are Two Ripenings—one—of Sight

332

There are two Ripenings—one—of sight—  
Whose forces Spheric wind  
Until the Velvet product  
Drop spicy to the ground—  
A homelier maturing—  
A process in the Bur—  
That teeth of Frosts alone disclose  
In far October Air.

Emily Dickinson

# There Came A Day At Summer's Full

322

There came a Day at Summer's full,  
Entirely for me&mdash;  
I thought that such were for the Saints,  
Where Resurrections&mdash;be&mdash;

The Sun, as common, went abroad,  
The flowers, accustomed, blew,  
As if no soul the solstice passed  
That maketh all things new&mdash;

The time was scarce profaned, by speech&mdash;  
The symbol of a word  
Was needless, as at Sacrament,  
The Wardrobe&mdash;of our Lord&mdash;

Each was to each The Sealed Church,  
Permitted to commune this&mdash;time&mdash;  
Lest we too awkward show  
At Supper of the Lamb.

The Hours slid fast&mdash;as Hours will,  
Clutched tight, by greedy hands&mdash;  
So faces on two Decks, look back,  
Bound to opposing lands&mdash;

And so when all the time had leaked,  
Without external sound  
Each bound the Other's Crucifix&mdash;  
We gave no other Bond&mdash;

Sufficient troth, that we shall rise&mdash;  
Deposed&mdash;at length, the Grave&mdash;  
To that new Marriage,  
Justified&mdash;through Calvaries of Love&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# There Came A Wind Like A Bugle

There came a Wind like a Bugle -  
It quivered through the Grass  
And a Green Chill upon the Heat  
So ominous did pass  
We barred the Windows and the Doors  
As from an Emerald Ghost -  
The Doom's electric Moccasin  
The very instant passed -  
On a strange Mob of panting Trees  
And Fences fled away  
And Rivers where the Houses ran  
Those looked that lived - that Day -  
The Bell within the steeple wild  
The flying tidings told -  
How much can come  
And much can go,  
And yet abide the World!

Emily Dickinson

# There comes a warning like a spy

There comes a warning like a spy  
A shorter breath of Day  
A stealing that is not a stealth  
And Summers are away

Emily Dickinson

# There Is A Finished Feeling

856

There is a finished feeling  
Experienced at Graves&mdash;  
A leisure of the Future&mdash;  
A Wilderness of Size.

By Death's bold Exhibition  
Preciser what we are  
And the Eternal function  
Enabled to infer.

Emily Dickinson

# There Is A Flower That Bees Prefer

380

There is a flower that Bees prefer&mdash;  
And Butterflies&mdash;desire&mdash;  
To gain the Purple Democrat  
The Humming Bird&mdash;aspire&mdash;

And Whatsoever Insect pass&mdash;  
A Honey bear away  
Proportioned to his several dearth  
And her&mdash;capacity&mdash;

Her face be rounder than the Moon  
And ruddier than the Gown  
Or Orchis in the Pasture&mdash;  
Or Rhododendron&mdash;worn&mdash;

She doth not wait for June&mdash;  
Before the World be Green&mdash;  
Her sturdy little Countenance  
Against the Wind&mdash;be seen&mdash;

Contending with the Grass&mdash;  
Near Kinsman to Herself&mdash;  
For Privilege of Sod and Sun&mdash;  
Sweet Litigants for Life&mdash;

And when the Hills be full&mdash;  
And newer fashions blow&mdash;  
Doth not retract a single spice  
For pang of jealousy&mdash;

Her Public&mdash;be the Noon&mdash;  
Her Providence&mdash;the Sun&mdash;  
Her Progress&mdash;by the Bee&mdash;proclaimed&mdash;  
In sovereign&mdash;Swerveless Tune&mdash;

The Bravest&mdash;of the Host&mdash;  
Surrendering&mdash;the last&mdash;

Nor even of Defeat&mdash;aware&mdash;  
What cancelled by the Frost&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# There Is A June When Corn Is Cut

930

There is a June when Corn is cut  
And Roses in the Seed&mdash;  
A Summer briefer than the first  
But tenderer indeed

As should a Face supposed the Grave's  
Emerge a single Noon  
In the Vermilion that it wore  
Affect us, and return&mdash;

Two Seasons, it is said, exist&mdash;  
The Summer of the Just,  
And this of Ours, diversified  
With Prospect, and with Frost&mdash;

May not our Second with its First  
So infinite compare  
That We but recollect the one  
The other to prefer?

Emily Dickinson

# There Is A Languor Of The Life

396

There is a Languor of the Life  
More imminent than Pain&mdash;  
'Tis Pain's Successor&mdash;When the Soul  
Has suffered all it can&mdash;

A Drowsiness&mdash;diffuses&mdash;  
A Dimness like a Fog  
Envelops Consciousness&mdash;  
As Mists&mdash;obliterate a Crag.

The Surgeon&mdash;does not blanch&mdash;at pain  
His Habit&mdash;is severe&mdash;  
But tell him that it ceased to feel&mdash;  
The Creature lying there&mdash;

And he will tell you&mdash;skill is late&mdash;  
A Mightier than He&mdash;  
Has ministered before Him&mdash;  
There's no Vitality.

Emily Dickinson

# There Is A Morn By Men Unseen

24

There is a morn by men unseen&mdash;  
Whose maids upon remoter green  
Keep their Seraphic May&mdash;  
And all day long, with dance and game,  
And gambol I may never name&mdash;  
Employ their holiday.

Here to light measure, move the feet  
Which walk no more the village street&mdash;  
Nor by the wood are found&mdash;  
Here are the birds that sought the sun  
When last year's distaff idle hung  
And summer's brows were bound.

Ne'er saw I such a wondrous scene&mdash;  
Ne'er such a ring on such a green&mdash;  
Nor so serene array&mdash;  
As if the stars some summer night  
Should swing their cups of Chrysolite&mdash;  
And revel till the day&mdash;

Like thee to dance&mdash;like thee to sing&mdash;  
People upon the mystic green&mdash;  
I ask, each new May Morn.  
I wait thy far, fantastic bells&mdash;  
Unto the different dawn!

Emily Dickinson

# There Is A Pain—so Utter

599

There is a pain—so utter—  
It swallows substance up—  
Then covers the Abyss with Trance—  
So Memory can step  
Around—across—upon it—  
As one within a Swoon—  
Goes safely—where an open eye—  
Would drop Him—Bone by Bone.

Emily Dickinson

# There Is A Shame Of Nobleness

551

There is a Shame of Nobleness&mdash;  
Confronting Sudden Pelf&mdash;  
A finer Shame of Ecstasy&mdash;  
Convicted of Itself&mdash;

A best Disgrace&mdash;a Brave Man feels&mdash;  
Acknowledged&mdash;of the Brave&mdash;  
One More&mdash;"Ye Blessed"&mdash;to be told&mdash;  
But that's&mdash;Behind the Grave&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# There Is A Word

8

There is a word  
Which bears a sword  
Can pierce an armed man&mdash;  
It hurls its barbed syllables  
And is mute again&mdash;  
But where it fell  
The saved will tell  
On patriotic day,  
Some epauletted Brother  
Gave his breath away.

Wherever runs the breathless sun&mdash;  
Wherever roams the day&mdash;  
There is its noiseless onset&mdash;  
There is its victory!  
Behold the keenest marksman!  
The most accomplished shot!  
Time's sublimest target  
Is a soul "forgot!"

Emily Dickinson

# There Is An Arid Pleasure

782

There is an arid Pleasure—  
As different from Joy—  
As Frost is different from Dew—  
Like element—are they—

Yet one—rejoices Flowers—  
And one—the Flowers abhor—  
The finest Honey—curdled—  
Is worthless—to the Bee—

Emily Dickinson

# There is another Loneliness

There is another Loneliness  
That many die without -  
Not want of friend occasions it  
Or circumstances of Lot

But nature, sometimes, sometimes thought  
And whoso it befall  
Is richer than could be revealed  
By mortal numeral

Emily Dickinson



# There Is Another Sky

There is another sky,  
Ever serene and fair,  
And there is another sunshine,  
Though it be darkness there;  
Never mind faded forests, Austin,  
Never mind silent fields—  
Here is a little forest,  
Whose leaf is ever green;  
Here is a brighter garden,  
Where not a frost has been;  
In its unfading flowers  
I hear the bright bee hum:  
Prithee, my brother,  
Into my garden come!

Emily Dickinson

# There Is No Frigate Like A Book

There is no frigate like a book  
To take us lands away,  
Nor any coursers like a page  
Of prancing poetry.  
This traverse may the poorest take  
Without oppress of toll;  
How frugal is the chariot  
That bears a human soul!

Emily Dickinson

# There is no Silence in the Earth

There is no Silence in the Earth - so silent  
As that endured  
Which uttered, would discourage Nature  
And haunt the World.

Emily Dickinson

## There's A Certain Slant Of Light (258)

There's a certain Slant of light,  
Winter Afternoons--  
That oppresses, like the Heft  
Of Cathedral Tunes--

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us--  
We can find no scar,  
But internal difference,  
Where the Meanings, are--

None may teach it--Any--  
'Tis the Seal Despair--  
An imperial affliction  
Sent us of the air--

When it comes, the Landscape listens--  
Shadows--hold their breath--  
When it goes, 'tis like the Distance  
On the look of Death--

Emily Dickinson

# There's Been A Death In The Opposite House

There's been a death in the opposite house  
As lately as to-day.  
I know it by the numb look  
Such houses have always.

The neighbors rustle in and out,  
The doctor drives away.  
A window opens like a pod,  
Abrupt, mechanically;

Somebody flings a mattress out,--  
The children hurry by;  
They wonder if It died on that,--  
I used to when a boy.

The minister goes stiffly in  
As if the house were his,  
And he owned all the mourners now,  
And little boys besides;

And then the milliner, and the man  
Of the appalling trade,  
To take the measure of the house.  
There'll be that dark parade

Of tassels and of coaches soon;  
It's easy as a sign,--  
The intuition of the news  
In just a country town.

Emily Dickinson

# There's Something Quieter Than Sleep

45

There's something quieter than sleep  
Within this inner room!  
It wears a sprig upon its breast—  
And will not tell its name.

Some touch it, and some kiss it—  
Some chafe its idle hand—  
It has a simple gravity  
I do not understand!

I would not weep if I were they—  
How rude in one to sob!  
Might scare the quiet fairy  
Back to her native wood!

While simple-hearted neighbors  
Chat of the "Early dead"—  
We—prone to periphrasis  
Remark that Birds have fled!

Emily Dickinson

# These Are The Days When Birds Come Back

130

These are the days when Birds come back&mdash;  
A very few&mdash;a Bird or two&mdash;  
To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies resume  
The old&mdash;old sophistries of June&mdash;  
A blue and gold mistake.

Oh fraud that cannot cheat the Bee&mdash;  
Almost thy plausibility  
Induces my belief.

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear&mdash;  
And softly thro' the altered air  
Hurries a timid leaf.

Oh Sacrament of summer days,  
Oh Last Communion in the Haze&mdash;  
Permit a child to join.

Thy sacred emblems to partake&mdash;  
They consecrated bread to take  
And thine immortal wine!

Emily Dickinson

# These Fevered Days - to take them to the Forest

These Fevered Days - to take them to the Forest  
Where Waters cool around the mosses crawl -  
And shade is all that devastates the stillness  
Seems it sometimes this would be all -

Emily Dickinson



# These Tested Our Horizon

886

These tested Our Horizon—  
Then disappeared  
As Birds before achieving  
A Latitude.

Our Retrospection of Them  
A fixed Delight,  
But our Anticipation  
A Dice—a Doubt—

Emily Dickinson

# These—saw Visions

758

These—saw Visions—  
Latch them softly—  
These—held Dimples—  
Smooth them slow—  
This—addressed departing accents—  
Quick—Sweet Mouth—to miss thee so—

This—We stroked—  
Unnumbered Satin—  
These—we held among our own—  
Fingers of the Slim Aurora—  
Not so arrogant—this Noon—

These—adjust—that ran to meet us—  
Pearl—for Stocking—Pearl for Shoe—  
Paradise—the only Palace  
Fit for Her reception—now—

Emily Dickinson

# They Ask But Our Delight

868

They ask but our Delight—  
The Darlings of the Soil  
And grant us all their Countenance  
For a penurious smile.

Emily Dickinson

# They Called Me To The Window, For

628

They called me to the Window, for  
" 'Twas Sunset"—Some one said—  
I only saw a Sapphire Farm—  
And just a Single Herd—

Of Opal Cattle—feeding far  
Upon so vain a Hill—  
As even while I looked—dissolved—  
Nor Cattle were—nor Soil—

But in their stead—a Sea—displayed—  
And Ships—of such a size  
As Crew of Mountains—could afford—  
And Decks—to seat the skies—

This—too—the Showman rubbed away—  
And when I looked again—  
Nor Farm—nor Opal Herd—was there—  
Nor Mediterranean—

Emily Dickinson

# They Dropped Like Flakes

They dropped like flakes, they dropped like stars,  
Like petals from a rose,  
When suddenly across the lune  
A wind with fingers goes.

They perished in the seamless grass,--  
No eye could find the place;  
But God on his repealless list  
Can summon every face

Emily Dickinson

# They Have A Little Odor—that To Me

785

They have a little Odor—that to me  
Is metre—nay—'tis melody—  
And spiciest at fading—indicate—  
A Habit—of a Laureate—

Emily Dickinson

# 'They Have Not Chosen Me,' He Said

'They have not chosen me,' he said,  
'But I have chosen them!'  
Brave—Broken hearted statement—  
Uttered in Bethlehem!

I could not have told it,  
But since Jesus dared—  
Sovereign! Know a Daisy  
They dishonor shared!

Emily Dickinson

# They Leave Us With The Infinite

350

They leave us with the Infinite.  
But He&mdash;is not a man&mdash;  
His fingers are the size of fists&mdash;  
His fists, the size of men&mdash;

And whom he foundeth, with his Arm  
As Himmaleh, shall stand&mdash;  
Gibraltar's Everlasting Shoe  
Poised lightly on his Hand,

So trust him, Comrade&mdash;  
You for you, and I, for you and me  
Eternity is ample,  
And quick enough, if true.

Emily Dickinson



# They Put Us Far Apart

474

They put Us far apart&mdash;  
As separate as Sea  
And Her unsown Peninsula&mdash;  
We signified "These see"&mdash;

They took away our Eyes&mdash;  
They thwarted Us with Guns&mdash;  
"I see Thee" each responded straight  
Through Telegraphic Signs&mdash;

With Dungeons&mdash;They devised&mdash;  
But through their thickest skill&mdash;  
And their opaquest Adamant&mdash;  
Our Souls saw&mdash;just as well&mdash;

They summoned Us to die&mdash;  
With sweet alacrity  
We stood upon our stapled feet&mdash;  
Condemned&mdash;but just&mdash;to see&mdash;

Permission to recant&mdash;  
Permission to forget&mdash;  
We turned our backs upon the Sun  
For perjury of that&mdash;

Not Either&mdash;noticed Death&mdash;  
Of Paradise&mdash;aware&mdash;  
Each other's Face&mdash;was all the Disc  
Each other's setting&mdash;saw&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

## They Say That 'Time Assuages,

They say that 'time assuages,'--  
Time never did assuage;  
An actual suffering strengthens,  
As sinews do, with age.

Time is a test of trouble,  
But not a remedy.  
If such it prove, it prove too  
There was no malady.

Emily Dickinson

# They Shut Me Up In Prose

They shut me up in Prose --  
As when a little Girl  
They put me in the Closet --  
Because they liked me "still" --

Still! Could themself have peeped --  
And seen my Brain -- go round --  
They might as wise have lodged a Bird  
For Treason -- in the Pound --

Himself has but to will  
And easy as a Star  
Abolish his Captivity --  
And laugh -- No more have I --

Emily Dickinson

# They Won'T Frown Always—some Sweet Day

874

They won't frown always—some sweet Day  
When I forget to tease—  
They'll recollect how cold I looked  
And how I just said "Please."

Then They will hasten to the Door  
To call the little Girl  
Who cannot thank Them for the Ice  
That filled the lipping full.

Emily Dickinson

# This Bauble Was Preferred Of Bees

805

This Bauble was preferred of Bees&mdash;  
By Butterflies admired  
At Heavenly&mdash;Hopeless Distances&mdash;  
Was justified of Bird&mdash;

Did Noon&mdash;enamel&mdash;in Herself  
Was Summer to a Score  
Who only knew of Universe&mdash;  
It had created Her.

Emily Dickinson

# This Chasm, Sweet, Upon My Life

858

This Chasm, Sweet, upon my life  
I mention it to you,  
When Sunrise through a fissure drop  
The Day must follow too.

If we demur, its gaping sides  
Disclose as 'twere a Tomb  
Ourself am lying straight wherein  
The Favorite of Doom.

When it has just contained a Life  
Then, Darling, it will close  
And yet so bolder every Day  
So turbulent it grows

I'm tempted half to stitch it up  
With a remaining Breath  
I should not miss in yielding, though  
To Him, it would be Death&mdash;

And so I bear it big about  
My Burial&mdash;before  
A Life quite ready to depart  
Can harass me no more&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# This Consciousness That Is Aware

822

This Consciousness that is aware  
Of Neighbors and the Sun  
Will be the one aware of Death  
And that itself alone

Is traversing the interval  
Experience between  
And most profound experiment  
Appointed unto Men&mdash;

How adequate unto itself  
Its properties shall be  
Itself unto itself and none  
Shall make discovery.

Adventure most unto itself  
The Soul condemned to be&mdash;  
Attended by a single Hound  
Its own identity.

Emily Dickinson

# This Dust, And Its Feature

936

This Dust, and its Feature&mdash;  
Accredited&mdash;Today&mdash;  
Will in a second Future&mdash;  
Cease to identify&mdash;

This Mind, and its measure&mdash;  
A too minute Area  
For its enlarged inspection's  
Comparison&mdash;appear&mdash;

This World, and its species  
A too concluded show  
For its absorbed Attention's  
Remotest scrutiny&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# This Heart That Broke So Long

145

This heart that broke so long&mdash;  
These feet that never flagged&mdash;  
This faith that watched for star in vain,  
Give gently to the dead&mdash;

Hound cannot overtake the Hare  
That fluttered panting, here&mdash;  
Nor any schoolboy rob the nest  
Tenderness builded there.

Emily Dickinson

# This Is A Blossom Of The Brain

945

This is a Blossom of the Brain—  
A small—*Seed*  
Lodged by Design or Happening  
The Spirit fructified—

Shy as the Wind of his Chambers  
Swift as a Freshet's Tongue  
So of the Flower of the Soul  
Its process is unknown.

When it is found, a few rejoice  
The Wise convey it Home  
Carefully cherishing the spot  
If other Flower become.

When it is lost, that Day shall be  
The Funeral of God,  
Upon his Breast, a closing Soul  
The Flower of our Lord.

Emily Dickinson

# This Is My Letter To The World,

This is my letter to the world,  
That never wrote to me,-  
The simple news that Nature told,  
With tender majesty

Her message is committed  
To hands I cannot see;  
For love of her, sweet countrymen,  
Judge tenderly of me!

Emily Dickinson

## This Is The Land The Sunset Washes,

This is the land the sunset washes,  
These are the banks of the Yellow Sea;  
Where it rose, or whither it rushes,  
These are the western mystery!

Night after night her purple traffic  
Strews the landing with opal bales;  
Merchantmen poise upon horizons,  
Dip, and vanish with fairy sails.

Emily Dickinson

# This Merit Hath The Worst

979

This Merit hath the worst&mdash;  
It cannot be again&mdash;  
When Fate hath taunted last  
And thrown Her furthest Stone&mdash;

The Maimed may pause, and breathe,  
And glance securely round&mdash;  
The Deer attracts no further  
Than it resists&mdash;the Hound&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# This Quiet Dust Was Gentlemen And Ladies

This quiet dust was gentlemen and ladies  
And lads and girls;  
Was laughter and ability and sighing,  
And frocks and curls;

This passive place a summer's nimble mansion,  
Where bloom and bees  
Fulfilled their oriental circuit,  
Then ceased like these.

Emily Dickinson

# This That Would Greet—An Hour Ago

778

This that would greet—an hour ago—  
Is quaintest Distance—now—  
Had it a Guest from Paradise—  
Nor glow, would it, nor bow—

Had it a notice from the Noon  
Nor beam would it nor warm—  
Match me the Silver Reticence—  
Match me the Solid Calm—

Emily Dickinson

# This Was A Poet—It Is That

448

This was a Poet—It is That  
Distills amazing sense  
From ordinary Meanings—  
And Attar so immense

From the familiar species  
That perished by the Door—  
We wonder it was not Ourselves  
Arrested it—before—

Of Pictures, the Discloser—  
The Poet—it is He—  
Entitles Us—by Contrast—  
To ceaseless Poverty—

Of portion—so unconscious—  
The Robbing—could not harm—  
Himself—to Him—a Fortune—  
Exterior—to Time—

Emily Dickinson



# This Was In The White Of The Year

995

This was in the White of the Year&mdash;  
That&mdash;was in the Green&mdash;  
Drifts were as difficult then to think  
As Daisies now to be seen&mdash;

Looking back is best that is left  
Or if it be&mdash;before&mdash;  
Retrospection is Prospect's half,  
Sometimes, almost more.

Emily Dickinson

# This World Is Not Conclusion

501

This World is not Conclusion.

A Species stands beyond&mdash;

Invisible, as Music&mdash;

But positive, as Sound&mdash;

It beckons, and it baffles&mdash;

Philosophy&mdash;don't know&mdash;

And through a Riddle, at the last&mdash;

Sagacity, must go&mdash;

To guess it, puzzles scholars&mdash;

To gain it, Men have borne

Contempt of Generations

And Crucifixion, shown&mdash;

Faith slips&mdash;and laughs, and rallies&mdash;

Blushes, if any see&mdash;

Plucks at a twig of Evidence&mdash;

And asks a Vane, the way&mdash;

Much Gesture, from the Pulpit&mdash;

Strong Hallelujahs roll&mdash;

Narcotics cannot still the Tooth

That nibbles at the soul&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# This—Is The Land—the Sunset Washes

266

This—is the land—the Sunset washes—  
These—are the Banks of the Yellow Sea—  
Where it rose—or whither it rushes—  
These—are the Western Mystery!

Night after Night  
Her purple traffic  
Strews the landing with Opal Bales—  
Merchantmen—poise upon Horizons—  
Dip—and vanish like Orioles!

Emily Dickinson

# Tho' I Get Home How Late—how Late

207

Tho' I get home how late—how late—  
So I get home - 'twill compensate—  
Better will be the Ecstasy  
That they have done expecting me—  
When Night—descending—dumb—and dark—  
They hear my unexpected knock—  
Transporting must the moment be—  
Brewed from decades of Agony!

To think just how the fire will burn—  
Just how long-cheated eyes will turn—  
To wonder what myself will say,  
And what itself, will say to me—  
Beguiles the Centuries of way!

Emily Dickinson

# Tho' My Destiny Be Fustian

163

Tho' my destiny be Fustian&mdash;  
Hers be damask fine&mdash;  
Tho' she wear a silver apron&mdash;  
I, a less divine&mdash;

Still, my little Gypsy being  
I would far prefer,  
Still, my little sunburnt bosom  
To her Rosier,

For, when Frosts, their punctual fingers  
On her forehead lay,  
You and I, and Dr. Holland,  
Bloom Eternally!

Roses of a steadfast summer  
In a steadfast land,  
Where no Autumn lifts her pencil&mdash;  
And no Reapers stand!

Emily Dickinson

# Those Fair—fictitious People

499

Those fair—fictitious People—  
The Women—plucked away  
From our familiar Lifetime—  
The Men of Ivory—

Those Boys and Girls, in Canvas—  
Who stay upon the Wall  
In Everlasting Keepsake—  
Can Anybody tell?

We trust—in places perfecter—  
Inheriting Delight  
Beyond our faint Conjecture—  
Our dizzy Estimate—

Remembering ourselves, we trust—  
Yet Blessed—than We—  
Through Knowing—where We only hope—  
Receiving—where we—pray—

Of Expectation—also—  
Anticipating us  
With transport, that would be a pain  
Except for Holiness—

Esteeming us—as Exile—  
Themselves—admitted Home—  
Through easy Miracle of Death—  
The Way ourselves, must come—

Emily Dickinson

# Those Who Have Been In The Grave The Longest

922

Those who have been in the Grave the longest&mdash;  
Those who begin Today&mdash;  
Equally perish from our Practise&mdash;  
Death is the other way&mdash;

Foot of the Bold did least attempt it&mdash;  
It&mdash;is the White Exploit&mdash;  
Once to achieve, annuls the power  
Once to communicate&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Three Times—we Parted—breath—and I

598

Three times—we parted—Breath—and I—  
Three times—He would not go—  
But strove to stir the lifeless Fan  
The Waters—strove to stay.

Three Times—the Billows tossed me up—  
Then caught me—like a Ball—  
Then made Blue faces in my face—  
And pushed away a sail

That crawled Leagues off—I liked to see—  
For thinking—while I die—  
How pleasant to behold a Thing  
Where Human faces—be—

The Waves grew sleepy—Breath—did not—  
The Winds—like Children—lulled—  
Then Sunrise kissed my Chrysalis—  
And I stood up—and lived—

Emily Dickinson



# Through Lane It Lay—through Bramble

9

Through lane it lay—through bramble—  
Through clearing and through wood—  
Banditti often passed us  
Upon the lonely road.

The wolf came peering curious—  
The owl looked puzzled down—  
The serpent's satin figure  
Glid stealthily along—

The tempests touched our garments—  
The lightning's poinards gleamed—  
Fierce from the Crag above us  
The hungry Vulture screamed—

The satyr's fingers beckoned—  
The valley murmured "Come"—  
These were the mates—  
This was the road  
Those children fluttered home.

Emily Dickinson

# Through The Dark Sod—as Education

Through the Dark Sod—as Education—  
The Lily passes sure—  
Feels her white foot—no trepidation—  
Her faith—no fear—

Afterward—in the Meadow—  
Swinging her Beryl Bell—  
The Mold-life—all forgotten—now—  
In Ecstasy—and Dell—

Emily Dickinson

# Through The Strait Pass Of Suffering

792

Through the strait pass of suffering—  
The Martyrs— even— trod.  
Their feet— upon Temptations—  
Their faces— upon God—

A stately— shriven— Company—  
Convulsion— playing round—  
Harmless— as streaks of Meteor—  
Upon a Planet's Bond—

Their faith— the everlasting troth—  
Their Expectation— fair—  
The Needle— to the North Degree—  
Wades— so— thro' polar Air!

Emily Dickinson

# Tie The Strings To My Life, My Lord,

Tie the strings to my life, my Lord,  
Then I am ready to go!  
Just a look at the horses --  
Rapid! That will do!

Put me in on the firmest side,  
So I shall never fall;  
For we must ride to the Judgment,  
And it's partly down hill.

But never I mind the bridges,  
And never I mind the sea;  
Held fast in everlasting race  
By my own choice and thee.

Good-by to the life I used to live,  
And the world I used to know;  
And kiss the hills for me, just once;  
Now I am ready to go!

Emily Dickinson

# Till Death—is Narrow Loving

907

Till Death—is narrow Loving—  
The scantest Heart extant  
Will hold you till your privilege  
Of Finiteness—be spent—

But He whose loss procures you  
Such Destitution that  
Your Life too abject for itself  
Thenceforward imitate—

Until—Resemblance perfect—  
Yourself, for His pursuit  
Delight of Nature—abdicate—  
Exhibit Love—somewhat—

Emily Dickinson

# Time Feels So Vast That Were It Not

802

Time feels so vast that were it not  
For an Eternity&mdash;  
I fear me this Circumference  
Engross my Finity&mdash;

To His exclusion, who prepare  
By Processes of Size  
For the Stupendous Vision  
Of his diameters&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# 'Tis Anguish Grander Than Delight

984

'Tis Anguish grander than Delight  
'Tis Resurrection Pain&mdash;  
The meeting Bands of smitten Face  
We questioned to, again.

'Tis Transport wild as thrills the Graves  
When Cerements let go  
And Creatures clad in Miracle  
Go up by Two and Two.

Emily Dickinson

# 'Tis Customary As We Part

440

'Tis customary as we part  
A trinket&mdash;to confer&mdash;  
It helps to stimulate the faith  
When Lovers be afar&mdash;

'Tis various&mdash;as the various taste&mdash;  
Clematis&mdash;journeying far&mdash;  
Presents me with a single Curl  
Of her Electric Hair&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# 'Tis Good—The Looking Back On Grief

660

'Tis good—the looking back on Grief—  
To re-endure a Day—  
We thought the Mighty Funeral—  
Of All Conceived Joy—

To recollect how Busy Grass  
Did meddle—;one by one—  
Till all the Grief with Summer—waved  
And none could see the stone.

And though the Woe you have Today  
Be larger—;As the Sea  
Exceeds its Unremembered Drop—  
They're Water—;equally—

Emily Dickinson

# 'Tis Little I—could Care For Pearls

466

'Tis little I—could care for Pearls—  
Who own the ample sea—  
Or Brooches—when the Emperor—  
With Rubies—pelteth me—

Or Gold—who am the Prince of Mines—  
Or Diamonds—when have I  
A Diadem to fit a Dom—  
Continual upon me—

Emily Dickinson

# 'Tis Not That Dying Hurts Us So

335

'Tis not that Dying hurts us so&mdash;  
'Tis Living&mdash;hurts us more&mdash;  
But Dying&mdash;is a different way&mdash;  
A Kind behind the Door&mdash;

The Southern Custom&mdash;of the Bird&mdash;  
That ere the Frosts are due&mdash;  
Accepts a better Latitude&mdash;  
We&mdash;are the Birds&mdash;that stay.

The Shrivens round Farmers' doors&mdash;  
For whose reluctant Crumb&mdash;  
We stipulate&mdash;till pitying Snows  
Persuade our Feathers Home.

Emily Dickinson

# 'Tis One By One — The Father Counts

545

'Tis One by One — the Father counts —  
And then a Tract between  
Set Cypherless — to teach the Eye  
The Value of its Ten —

Until the peevish Student  
Acquire the Quick of Skill —  
Then Numerals are dowered back —  
Adorning all the Rule —

'Tis mostly Slate and Pencil —  
And Darkness on the School  
Distracts the Children's fingers —  
Still the Eternal Rule

Regards least Cypherer alike  
With Leader of the Band —  
And every separate Urchin's Sum —  
Is fashioned for his hand —

Emily Dickinson

# 'Tis Opposites&Mdash;Entice

355

'Tis Opposites&mdash;entice&mdash;  
Deformed Men&mdash;ponder Grace&mdash;  
Bright fires&mdash;the Blanketless&mdash;  
The Lost&mdash;Day's face&mdash;

The Blind&mdash;esteem it be  
Enough Estate&mdash;to see&mdash;  
The Captive&mdash;strangles new&mdash;  
For deeming&mdash;Beggars&mdash;play&mdash;

To lack&mdash;enamored Thee&mdash;  
Tho' the Divinity&mdash;  
Be only  
Me&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# 'Tis So Appalling&Mdash;It Exhilarates

281

'Tis so appalling&mdash;it exhilarates&mdash;  
So over Horror, it half Captivates&mdash;  
The Soul stares after it, secure&mdash;  
A Sepulchre, fears frost, no more&mdash;

To scan a Ghost, is faint&mdash;  
But grappling, conquers it&mdash;  
How easy, Torment, now&mdash;  
Suspense kept sawing so&mdash;

The Truth, is Bald, and Cold&mdash;  
But that will hold&mdash;  
If any are not sure&mdash;  
We show them&mdash;prayer&mdash;  
But we, who know,  
Stop hoping, now&mdash;

Looking at Death, is Dying&mdash;  
Just let go the Breath&mdash;  
And not the pillow at your Cheek  
So Slumbereth&mdash;

Others, Can wrestle&mdash;  
Yours, is done&mdash;  
And so of Woe, bleak dreaded&mdash;come,  
It sets the Fright at liberty&mdash;  
And Terror's free&mdash;  
Gay, Ghastly, Holiday!

Emily Dickinson

# 'Tis So Much Joy!

172

'Tis so much joy! 'Tis so much joy!  
If I should fail, what poverty!  
And yet, as poor as I,  
Have ventured all upon a throw!  
Have gained! Yes! Hesitated so—  
This side the Victory!

Life is but Life! And Death, but Death!  
Bliss is, but Bliss, and Breath but Breath!  
And if indeed I fail,  
At least, to know the worst, is sweet!  
Defeat means nothing but Defeat,  
No drearier, can befall!

And if I gain! Oh Gun at Sea!  
Oh Bells, that in the Steeples be!  
At first, repeat it slow!  
For Heaven is a different thing,  
Conjectured, and waked sudden in—  
And might extinguish me!

Emily Dickinson

# 'Tis Sunrise—Little Maid—Hast Thou

908

'Tis Sunrise—Little Maid—Hast Thou  
No Station in the Day?

'Twas not thy wont, to hinder so—  
Retrieve thine industry—

'Tis Noon—My little Maid—  
Alas—and art thou sleeping yet?  
The Lily—waiting to be Wed—  
The Bee—Hast thou forgot?

My little Maid—'Tis Night—Alas  
That Night should be to thee  
Instead of Morning—Had'st thou broached  
Thy little Plan to Die—  
Dissuade thee, if I could not, Sweet,  
I might have aided—thee—

Emily Dickinson



# 'Tis True—they Shut Me In The Cold

538

'Tis true—They shut me in the Cold—  
But then—Themselves were warm  
And could not know the feeling 'twas—  
Forget it—Lord—of Them—

Let not my Witness hinder Them  
In Heavenly esteem—  
No Paradise could be—Conferred  
Through Their beloved Blame—

The Harm They did—was short—And since  
Myself—who bore it—do—  
Forgive Them—Even as Myself—  
Or else—forgive not me—

Emily Dickinson

# To Be Alive—is Power

677

To be alive—is Power—  
Existence—in itself—  
Without a further function—  
Omnipotence—Enough—

To be alive—and Will!  
'Tis able as a God—  
The Maker—of Ourselves—be what—  
Such being Finitude!

Emily Dickinson

# To Die

To die--takes just a little while--  
They say it doesn't hurt--  
It's only fainter--by degrees--  
And then--it's out of sight--

A darker Ribbon--for a Day--  
A Crape upon the Hat--  
And then the pretty sunshine comes--  
And helps us to forget--

The absent--mystic--creature--  
That but for love of us--  
Had gone to sleep--that soundest time--  
Without the weariness--

Emily Dickinson

# To Die—takes Just A Little While

To die—takes just a little while—  
They say it doesn't hurt—  
It's only fainter—by degrees—  
And then—it's out of sight—

A darker Ribbon—for a Day—  
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And then the pretty sunshine comes—  
And helps us to forget—

The absent—mystic—creature—  
That but for love of us—  
Had gone to sleep—that soundest time—  
Without the weariness—

Emily Dickinson

# To Fight Aloud, Is Very Brave

126

To fight aloud, is very brave&mdash;  
But gallanter, I know  
Who charge within the bosom  
The Cavalry of Woe&mdash;

Who win, and nations do not see&mdash;  
Who fall&mdash;and none observe&mdash;  
Whose dying eyes, no Country  
Regards with patriot love&mdash;

We trust, in plumed procession  
For such, the Angels go&mdash;  
Rank after Rank, with even feet&mdash;  
And Uniforms of Snow.

Emily Dickinson

# To Fill A Gap

546

To fill a Gap

Insert the Thing that caused it&mdash;

Block it up

With Other&mdash;and 'twill yawn the more&mdash;

You cannot solder an Abyss

With Air.

Emily Dickinson

# To Flee From Memory

To flee from memory  
Had we the Wings  
Many would fly  
Inured to slower things  
Birds with surprise  
Would scan the cowering Van  
Of men escaping  
From the mind of man

Emily Dickinson

# To Hang Our Head—;Ostensibly

105

To hang our head—;ostensibly—;  
And subsequent, to find  
That such was not the posture  
Of our immortal mind—;

Affords the sly presumption  
That in so dense a fuzz—;  
You—;too—;take Cobweb attitudes  
Upon a plane of Gauze!

Emily Dickinson



# To Hear An Oriole Sing

526

To hear an Oriole sing  
May be a common thing&mdash;  
Or only a divine.

It is not of the Bird  
Who sings the same, unheard,  
As unto Crowd&mdash;

The Fashion of the Ear  
Attireth that it hear  
In Dun, or fair&mdash;

So whether it be Rune,  
Or whether it be none  
Is of within.

The "Tune is in the Tree&mdash;"  
The Skeptic&mdash;showeth me&mdash;  
"No Sir! In Thee!"

Emily Dickinson

# To Interrupt His Yellow Plan

591

To interrupt His Yellow Plan  
The Sun does not allow  
Caprices of the Atmosphere&mdash;  
And even when the Snow

Heaves Balls of Specks, like Vicious Boy  
Directly in His Eye&mdash;  
Does not so much as turn His Head  
Busy with Majesty&mdash;

'Tis His to stimulate the Earth&mdash;  
And magnetize the Sea&mdash;  
And bind Astronomy, in place,  
Yet Any passing by

Would deem Ourselves&mdash;the busier  
As the Minutest Bee  
That rides&mdash;emits a Thunder&mdash;  
A Bomb&mdash;to justify&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# To Know Just How He Suffered—Would Be Dear

622

To know just how He suffered—would be dear—  
To know if any Human eyes were near  
To whom He could entrust His wavering gaze—  
Until it settle broad—on Paradise—

To know if He was patient—part content—  
Was Dying as He thought—or different—  
Was it a pleasant Day to die—  
And did the Sunshine face his way—

What was His furthest mind—Of Home—or God—  
Or what the Distant say—  
At news that He ceased Human Nature  
Such a Day—

And Wishes—Had He Any—  
Just His Sigh—Accented—  
Had been legible—to Me—  
And was He Confident until  
Ill fluttered out—in Everlasting Well—

And if He spoke—What name was Best—  
What last  
What One broke off with  
At the Drowsiest—

Was He afraid—or tranquil—  
Might He know  
How Conscious Consciousness—could grow—  
Till Love that was—and Love too best to be—  
Meet—and the Junction be Eternity

Emily Dickinson

# To Learn The Transport By The Pain

167

To learn the Transport by the Pain  
As Blind Men learn the sun!  
To die of thirst&mdash;suspecting  
That Brooks in Meadows run!

To stay the homesick&mdash;homesick feet  
Upon a foreign shore&mdash;  
Haunted by native lands, the while&mdash;  
And blue&mdash;beloved air!

This is the Sovereign Anguish!  
This&mdash;the signal woe!  
These are the patient "Laureates"  
Whose voices&mdash;trained&mdash;below&mdash;

Ascend in ceaseless Carol&mdash;  
Inaudible, indeed,  
To us&mdash;the duller scholars  
Of the Mysterious Bard!

Emily Dickinson

# To Lose One's Faith—Surpass

377

To lose one's faith—surpass  
The loss of an Estate—  
Because Estates can be  
Replenished—faith cannot—

Inherited with Life—  
Belief—but once—can be—  
Annihilate a single clause—  
And Being's—Beggary—

Emily Dickinson

# To Lose Thee

To lose thee, sweeter than to gain  
All other hearts I knew.  
Tis true the drought is destitute  
But, then, I had the dew!

The Caspian has its realms of sand,  
Its other realm of sea.  
Without this sterile perquisite  
No Caspian could be.

Emily Dickinson

# To Love Thee Year By Year

434

To love thee Year by Year—  
May less appear  
Than sacrifice, and cease—  
However, dear,  
Forever might be short, I thought to show—  
And so I pieced it, with a flower, now.

Emily Dickinson

## To Make A Prairie (1755)

To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee,  
One clover, and a bee.  
And revery.  
The revery alone will do,  
If bees are few.

Emily Dickinson



# To Make One's Toilette—After Death

485

To make One's Toilette—after Death  
Has made the Toilette cool  
Of only Taste we cared to please  
Is difficult, and still—

That's easier—than Braid the Hair—  
And make the Bodice gay—  
When eyes that fondled it are wrenched  
By Decalogues—away—

Emily Dickinson

# To Mend Each Tattered Faith

To mend each tattered Faith  
There is a needle fair  
Though no appearance indicate  
'Tis threaded in the Air

And though it do not wear  
As if it never Tore  
'Tis very comfortable indeed  
And spacious as before

Emily Dickinson

# To My Quick Ear The Leaves Conferred;

To my quick ear the leaves conferred;  
The bushes they were bells;  
I could not find a privacy  
From Nature's sentinels.

In cave if I presumed to hide,  
The walls began to tell;  
Creation seemed a mighty crack  
To make me visible.

Emily Dickinson

# To My Small Hearth His Fire Came

638

To my small Hearth His fire came&mdash;  
And all my House aglow  
Did fan and rock, with sudden light&mdash;  
'Twas Sunrise&mdash;'twas the Sky&mdash;

Impanelled from no Summer brief&mdash;  
With limit of Decay&mdash;  
'Twas Noon&mdash;without the News of Night&mdash;  
Nay, Nature, it was Day&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# To Offer Brave Assistance

767

To offer brave assistance  
To Lives that stand alone&mdash;  
When One has failed to stop them&mdash;  
Is Human&mdash;but Divine

To lend an Ample Sinew  
Unto a Nameless Man&mdash;  
Whose Homely Benediction  
No other&mdash;stopped to earn&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# To One Denied The Drink

490

To One denied the drink  
To tell what Water is  
Would be acuter, would it not  
Than letting Him surmise?

To lead Him to the Well  
And let Him hear it drip  
Remind Him, would it not, somewhat  
Of His condemned lip?

Emily Dickinson

# To Own The Art Within The Soul

855

To own the Art within the Soul  
The Soul to entertain  
With Silence as a Company  
And Festival maintain

Is an unfurnished Circumstance  
Possession is to One  
As an Estate perpetual  
Or a reduceless Mine.

Emily Dickinson

# To Put This World Down, Like A Bundle

527

To put this World down, like a Bundle&mdash;  
And walk steady, away,  
Requires Energy&mdash;possibly Agony&mdash;  
'Tis the Scarlet way

Trodden with straight renunciation  
By the Son of God&mdash;  
Later, his faint Confederates  
Justify the Road&mdash;

Flavors of that old Crucifixion&mdash;  
Filaments of Bloom, Pontius Pilate sowed&mdash;  
Strong Clusters, from Barabbas' Tomb&mdash;

Sacrament, Saints partook before us&mdash;  
Patent, every drop,  
With the Brand of the Gentile Drinker  
Who indorsed the Cup&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# To See Her Is A Picture

To see her is a Picture —  
To hear her is a Tune —  
To know her an Intemperance  
As innocent as June —  
To know her not — Affliction —  
To own her for a Friend  
A warmth as near as if the Sun  
Were shining in your Hand.

Emily Dickinson

## To the bright east she flies,

To the bright east she flies,  
Brothers of Paradise  
Remit her home,  
Without a change of wings,  
Or Love's convenient things,  
Enticed to come.

Fashioning what she is,  
Fathoming what she was,  
We deem we dream -  
And that dissolves the days  
Through which existence strays  
Homeless at home.

Emily Dickinson

# To This World She Returned

830

To this World she returned.  
But with a tinge of that&mdash;  
A Compound manner,  
As a Sod  
Espoused a Violet,  
That chiefer to the Skies  
Than to himself, allied,  
Dwelt hesitating, half of Dust,  
And half of Day, the Bride.

Emily Dickinson

# To Venerate The Simple Days

57

To venerate the simple days  
Which lead the seasons by,  
Needs but to remember  
That from you or I,  
They may take the trifle  
Termed mortality!

Emily Dickinson

# To Wait An Hour—is Long

781

To wait an Hour—is long—  
If Love be just beyond—  
To wait Eternity—is short—  
If Love reward the end—

Emily Dickinson

# 'Tomorrow' - whose location

'Tomorrow' - whose location

The Wise deceives

Though its hallucination

Is last that leaves -

Tomorrow - thou Retriever

Of every tare -

Of Alibi art thou

Or ownest where?

Emily Dickinson

# Too cold is this

Too cold is this  
To warm with Sun -  
Too stiff to bended be,  
To joint this Agate were a work -  
Outstaring Masonry -

How went the Agile Kernel out  
Contusion of the Husk  
Nor Rip, nor wrinkle indicate  
But just an Asterisk.

Emily Dickinson

# Too Little Way The House Must Lie

911

Too little way the House must lie  
From every Human Heart  
That holds in undisputed Lease  
A white inhabitant&mdash;

Too narrow is the Right between&mdash;  
Too imminent the chance&mdash;  
Each Consciousness must emigrate  
And lose its neighbor once&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# Train

I like to see it lap the miles,  
And lick the valleys up,  
And stop to feed itself at tanks;  
And then, prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains,  
And, supercilious, peer  
In shanties by the sides of roads;  
And then a quarry pare

To fit its sides, and crawl between,  
Complaining all the while  
In horrid, hooting stanza;  
Then chase itself down the hill

And neigh like Boanerges;  
Then, punctual as a star,  
Stop - docile and omnipotent -  
At its own stable door.

Emily Dickinson

# Triumph—may Be Of Several Kinds

455

Triumph—may be of several kinds—  
There's Triumph in the Room  
When that Old Emperor—Death—  
By Faith

Emily Dickinson

# Trust In The Unexpected

555

Trust in the Unexpected—  
By this—was William Kidd  
Persuaded of the Buried Gold—  
As One had testified—

Through this—the old Philosopher—  
His Talismanic Stone  
Discern—;d—still withholden  
To effort undivine—

'Twas this—allured Columbus—  
When Genoa—withdrew  
Before an Apparition  
Baptized America—

The Same—afflicted Thomas—  
When Deity assured  
'Twas better—the perceiving not—  
Provided it believed—

Emily Dickinson

# Truth—is As Old As God

836

Truth—is as old as God—  
His Twin identity  
And will endure as long as He  
A Co-Eternity—

And perish on the Day  
Himself is borne away  
From Mansion of the Universe  
A lifeless Deity.

Emily Dickinson

# 'Twas A Long Parting&Mdash;But The Time

625

'Twas a long Parting&mdash;but the time  
For Interview&mdash;had Come&mdash;  
Before the Judgment Seat of God&mdash;  
The last&mdash;and second time

These Fleshless Lovers met&mdash;  
A Heaven in a Gaze&mdash;  
A Heaven of Heavens&mdash;the Privilege  
Of one another's Eyes&mdash;

No Lifetime&mdash;on Them&mdash;  
Appareled as the new  
Unborn&mdash;except They had beheld&mdash;  
Born infiner&mdash;now&mdash;

Was Bridal&mdash;e'er like This?  
A Paradise&mdash;the Host&mdash;  
And Cherubim&mdash;and Seraphim&mdash;  
The unobtrusive Guest&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# 'Twas comfort in her Dying Room

'Twas comfort in her Dying Room  
To hear the living Clock -  
A short relief to have the wind  
Walk boldly up and knock -  
Diversion from the Dying Theme  
To hear the children play -  
But wrong the more  
That these could live  
And this of ours must die.

Emily Dickinson

# 'Twas Crisis—all The Length Had Passed

'Twas Crisis—All the length had passed—  
That dull—benumbing time  
There is in Fever or Event—  
And now the Chance had come—

The instant holding in its claw  
The privilege to live  
Or warrant to report the Soul  
The other side the Grave.

The Muscles grappled as with leads  
That would not let the Will—  
The Spirit shook the Adamant—  
But could not make it feel.

The Second poised—debated—shot—  
Another had begun—  
And simultaneously, a Soul  
Escaped the House unseen—

Emily Dickinson

# 'Twas Just This Time, Last Year, I Died

445

'Twas just this time, last year, I died.  
I know I heard the Corn,  
When I was carried by the Farms&mdash;  
It had the Tassels on&mdash;

I thought how yellow it would look&mdash;  
When Richard went to mill&mdash;  
And then, I wanted to get out,  
But something held my will.

I thought just how Red&mdash;Apples wedged  
The Stubble's joints between&mdash;  
And the Carts stooping round the fields  
To take the Pumpkins in&mdash;

I wondered which would miss me, least,  
And when Thanksgiving, came,  
If Father'd multiply the plates&mdash;  
To make an even Sum&mdash;

And would it blur the Christmas glee  
My Stocking hang too high  
For any Santa Claus to reach  
The Altitude of me&mdash;

But this sort, grieved myself,  
And so, I thought the other way,  
How just this time, some perfect year&mdash;  
Themself, should come to me&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# 'Twas Like A Maelstrom, With A Notch

414

'Twas like a Maelstrom, with a notch,  
That nearer, every Day,  
Kept narrowing its boiling Wheel  
Until the Agony

Toyed coolly with the final inch  
Of your delirious Hem&mdash;  
And you dropt, lost,  
When something broke&mdash;  
And let you from a Dream&mdash;

As if a Goblin with a Gauge&mdash;  
Kept measuring the Hours&mdash;  
Until you felt your Second  
Weigh, helpless, in his Paws&mdash;

And not a Sinew&mdash;stirred&mdash;could help,  
And sense was setting numb&mdash;  
When God&mdash;remembered&mdash;and the Fiend  
Let go, then, Overcome&mdash;

As if your Sentence stood&mdash;pronounced&mdash;  
And you were frozen led  
From Dungeon's luxury of Doubt  
To Gibbets, and the Dead&mdash;

And when the Film had stitched your eyes  
A Creature gasped "Reprieve"  
Which Anguish was the utterest&mdash;then&mdash;  
To perish, or to live?

Emily Dickinson

# 'Twas Love—not Me

394

'Twas Love—not me—  
Oh punish—pray—  
The Real one died for Thee—  
Just Him—not me—

Such Guilt—to love Thee—most!  
Doom it beyond the Rest—  
Forgive it—last—  
'Twas base as Jesus—most!

Let Justice not mistake—  
We Two—looked so alike—  
Which was the Guilty Sake—  
'Twas Love's—Now Strike!

Emily Dickinson

# Twass Such A Little—little Boat

107

'Twas such a little—little boat  
That toddled down the bay!  
'Twas such a gallant—gallant sea  
That beckoned it away!

'Twas such a greedy, greedy wave  
That licked it from the Coast—  
Nor ever guessed the stately sails  
My little craft was lost!

Emily Dickinson

# 'Twas The Old—road—through Pain

344

'Twas the old—road—through pain—  
That unfrequented—one—  
With many a turn—and thorn—  
That stops—at Heaven—

This—was the Town—she passed—  
There—where she—rested—last—  
Then—stepped more fast—  
The little tracks—close prest—  
Then—not so swift—  
Slow—slow—as feet did weary—grow—  
Then—stopped—no other track!

Wait! Look! Her little Book—  
The leaf—at love—turned back—  
Her very Hat—  
And this worn shoe just fits the track—  
Herself—though—fled!

Another bed—a short one—  
Women make—tonight—  
In Chambers bright—  
Too out of sight—though—  
For our hoarse Good Night—  
To touch her Head!

Emily Dickinson

# 'Twas Warm—at First—like Us

519

'Twas warm—at first—like Us—  
Until there crept upon  
A Chill—like frost upon a Glass—  
Till all the scene—be gone.

The Forehead copied Stone—  
The Fingers grew too cold  
To ache—and like a Skater's Brook—  
The busy eyes—congealed—

It straightened—that was all—  
It crowded Cold to Cold—  
It multiplied indifference—  
As Pride were all it could—

And even when with Cords—  
'Twas lowered, like a Weight—  
It made no Signal, nor demurred,  
But dropped like Adamant.

Emily Dickinson

# Twice Had Summer Her Fair Verdure

846

Twice had Summer her fair Verdure  
Proffered to the Plain&mdash;  
Twice a Winter's silver Fracture  
On the Rivers been&mdash;

Two full Autumns for the Squirrel  
Bounteous prepared&mdash;  
Nature, Had'st thou not a Berry  
For thy wandering Bird?

Emily Dickinson

# Two Butterflies Went Out At Noon

Two butterflies went out at noon  
And waltzed above a stream,  
Then stepped straight through the firmament  
And rested on a beam;

And then together bore away  
Upon a shining sea,--  
Though never yet, in any port  
Their coming mentioned be.

If spoken by the distant bird,  
If met in ether sea  
By frigate or by merchantman,  
Report was not to me.

Emily Dickinson

# Two Swimmers Wrestled On The Spar

201

Two swimmers wrestled on the spar&mdash;  
Until the morning sun&mdash;  
When One&mdash;turned smiling to the land&mdash;  
Oh God! the Other One!

The stray ships&mdash;passing&mdash;  
Spied a face&mdash;  
Upon the waters borne&mdash;  
With eyes in death&mdash;still begging raised&mdash;  
And hands&mdash;beseeching&mdash;thrown!

Emily Dickinson



# Two Travellers Perishing In Snow

933

Two Travellers perishing in Snow  
The Forests as they froze  
Together heard them strengthening  
Each other with the words

That Heaven if Heaven&mdash;must contain  
What Either left behind  
And then the cheer too solemn grew  
For language, and the wind

Long steps across the features took  
That Love had touched the Morn  
With reverential Hyacinth&mdash;  
The taleless Days went on

Till Mystery impatient drew  
And those They left behind  
Led absent, were procured of Heaven  
As Those first furnished, said&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# 'Twould Ease—a Butterfly

682

'Twould ease—a Butterfly—  
Elate—a Bee—  
Thou'rt neither—  
Neither—thy capacity—

But, Blossom, were I,  
I would rather be  
Thy moment  
Than a Bee's Eternity—

Content of fading  
Is enough for me—  
Fade I unto Divinity—

And Dying—Lifetime—  
Ample as the Eye—  
Her least attention raise on me—

Emily Dickinson

## Two—were Immortal Twice

800

Two—were immortal twice—  
The privilege of few—  
Eternity—obtained—in Time—  
Reversed Divinity—

That our ignoble Eyes  
The quality conceive  
Of Paradise superlative—  
Through their Comparative.

Emily Dickinson

# Unable Are The Loved To Die

809

Unable are the Loved to die  
For Love is Immortality,  
Nay, it is Deity&mdash;

Unable they that love&mdash;to die  
For Love reforms Vitality  
Into Divinity.

Emily Dickinson

# Uncertain Lease—develops Lustre

857

Uncertain lease—develops lustre

On Time

Uncertain Grasp, appreciation

Of Sum—

The shorter Fate—is oftener the chiefest

Because

Inheritors upon a tenure

Prize—

Emily Dickinson

# Under The Light, Yet Under

949

Under the Light, yet under,  
Under the Grass and the Dirt,  
Under the Beetle's Cellar  
Under the Clover's Root,

Further than Arm could stretch  
Were it Giant long,  
Further than Sunshine could  
Were the Day Year long,

Over the Light, yet over,  
Over the Arc of the Bird&mdash;  
Over the Comet's chimney&mdash;  
Over the Cubit's Head,

Further than Guess can gallop  
Further than Riddle ride&mdash;  
Oh for a Disc to the Distance  
Between Ourselves and the Dead!

Emily Dickinson

# Undue Significance A Starving Man Attaches

439

Undue Significance a starving man attaches

To Food&mdash;

Far off&mdash;He sighs&mdash;and therefore&mdash;Hopeless&mdash;

And therefore&mdash;Good&mdash;

Partaken&mdash;it relieves&mdash;indeed&mdash;

But proves us

That Spices fly

In the Receipt&mdash;It was the Distance&mdash;

Was Savory&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Unfulfilled To Observation

972

Unfulfilled to Observation&mdash;  
Incomplete&mdash;to Eye&mdash;  
But to Faith&mdash;a Revolution  
In Locality&mdash;

Unto Us&mdash;the Suns extinguish&mdash;  
To our Opposite&mdash;  
New Horizons&mdash;they embellish&mdash;  
Fronting Us&mdash;with Night.

Emily Dickinson



# Unit, Like Death, For Whom?

408

Unit, like Death, for Whom?

True, like the Tomb,

Who tells no secret

Told to Him&mdash;

The Grave is strict&mdash;

Tickets admit

Just two&mdash;the Bearer&mdash;

And the Borne&mdash;

And seat&mdash;just One&mdash;

The Living&mdash;tell&mdash;

The Dying&mdash;but a Syllable&mdash;

The Coy Dead&mdash;None&mdash;

No Chatter&mdash;here&mdash;no tea&mdash;

So Babblers, and Boheas&mdash;stay there&mdash;

But Gravity&mdash;and Expectation&mdash;and Fear&mdash;

A tremor just, that All's not sure.

Emily Dickinson

# Unto Like Story—trouble Has Enticed Me

295

Unto like Story—Trouble has enticed me—  
How Kinsmen fell—  
Brothers and Sister—who preferred the Glory—  
And their young will  
Bent to the Scaffold, or in Dungeons—chanted—  
Till God's full time—  
When they let go the ignominy—smiling—  
And Shame went still—

Unto guessed Crests, my moaning fancy, leads me,  
Worn fair  
By Heads rejected—in the lower country—  
Of honors there—  
Such spirit makes her perpetual mention,  
That I—grown bold—  
Step martial—at my Crucifixion—  
As Trumpets—rolled—

Feet, small as mine—have marched in Revolution  
Firm to the Drum—  
Hands—not so stout—hoisted them—in witness—  
When Speech went numb—  
Let me not shame their sublime deportments—  
Drilled bright—  
Beckoning—Etruscan invitation—  
Toward Light—

Emily Dickinson

## Unto Me? I Do Not Know You—

"Unto Me?" I do not know you—  
Where may be your House?

"I am Jesus—Late of Judea—  
Now—of Paradise"—

Wagons—have you—to convey me?  
This is far from Thence—

"Arms of Mine—sufficient Phaeton—  
Trust Omnipotence"—

I am spotted—"I am Pardon"—  
I am small—"The Least  
Is esteemed in Heaven the Chiefest—  
Occupy my House"—

Emily Dickinson

# Unto My Books—so Good To Turn

604

Unto my Books—so good to turn—  
Far ends of tired Days—  
It half endears the Abstinence—  
And Pain—is missed—in Praise—

As Flavors—cheer Retarded Guests  
With Banquettings to be—  
So Spices—stimulate the time  
Till my small Library—

It may be Wilderness—without—  
Far feet of failing Men—  
But Holiday—excludes the night—  
And it is Bells—within—

I thank these Kinsmen of the Shelf—  
Their Countenances Kid  
Enamor—in Prospective—  
And satisfy—obtained—

Emily Dickinson

# Upon Concluded Lives

735

Upon Concluded Lives

There's nothing cooler falls&mdash;  
Than Life's sweet Calculations&mdash;  
The mixing Bells and Palls&mdash;

Make Lacerating Tune&mdash;  
To Ears the Dying Side&mdash;  
'Tis Coronal&mdash;and Funeral&mdash;  
Saluting&mdash;in the Road&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Victory Comes Late

690

Victory comes late&mdash;  
And is held low to freezing lips&mdash;  
Too rapt with frost  
To take it&mdash;  
How sweet it would have tasted&mdash;  
Just a Drop&mdash;  
Was God so economical?  
His Table's spread too high for Us&mdash;  
Unless We dine on tiptoe&mdash;  
Crumbs&mdash;fit such little mouths&mdash;  
Cherries&mdash;suit Robbins&mdash;  
The Eagle's Golden Breakfast strangles&mdash;Them&mdash;  
God keep His Oath to Sparrows&mdash;  
Who of little Love&mdash;know how to starve&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Volcanoes be in Sicily

Volcanoes be in Sicily  
And South America  
I judge from my Geography -  
Volcanos nearer here  
A Lava step at any time  
Am I inclined to climb -  
A Crater I may contemplate  
Vesuvius at Home.

Emily Dickinson

# Wait Till The Majesty Of Death

171

Wait till the Majesty of Death  
Invests so mean a brow!  
Almost a powdered Footman  
Might dare to touch it now!

Wait till in Everlasting Robes  
That Democrat is dressed,  
Then prate about "Preferment"&mdash;  
And "Station," and the rest!

Around this quiet Courtier  
Obsequious Angels wait!  
Full royal is his Retinue!  
Full purple is his state!

A Lord, might dare to lift the Hat  
To such a Modest Clay  
Since that My Lord, "the Lord of Lords"  
Receives unblushingly!

Emily Dickinson



# Warm in her Hand these accents lie

Warm in her Hand these accents lie  
While faithful and afar  
The Grace so awkward for her sake  
Its fond subjection wear -

Emily Dickinson

# Water Makes Many Beds

Water makes many Beds  
For those averse to sleep -  
Its awful chamber open stands -  
Its Curtains blandly sweep -  
Abhorrent is the Rest  
In undulating Rooms  
Whose Amplitude no end invades -  
Whose Axis never comes.

Emily Dickinson

# Water, Is Taught By Thirst

135

Water, is taught by thirst.  
Land&mdash;by the Oceans passed.  
Transport&mdash;by throe&mdash;  
Peace&mdash;by its battles told&mdash;  
Love, by Memorial Mold&mdash;  
Birds, by the Snow.

Emily Dickinson

# We Can But Follow To The Sun

920

We can but follow to the Sun&mdash;  
As oft as He go down  
He leave Ourselves a Sphere behind&mdash;  
'Tis mostly&mdash;following&mdash;

We go no further with the Dust  
Than to the Earthen Door&mdash;  
And then the Panels are reversed&mdash;  
And we behold&mdash;no more.

Emily Dickinson

# We Cover Thee—sweet Face

482

We Cover Thee—Sweet Face—  
Not that We tire of Thee—  
But that Thyself fatigue of Us—  
Remember—as Thou go—  
We follow Thee until  
Thou notice Us—no more—  
And then—reluctant—turn away  
To Con Thee o'er and o'er—

And blame the scanty love  
We were Content to show—  
Augmented—Sweet—a Hundred fold—  
If Thou would'st take it—now—

Emily Dickinson

# We Do Not Play On Graves

467

We do not play on Graves—  
Because there isn't Room—  
Besides—it isn't even—it slants  
And People come—

And put a Flower on it—  
And hang their faces so—  
We're fearing that their Hearts will drop—  
And crush our pretty play—

And so we move as far  
As Enemies—away—  
Just looking round to see how far  
It is—Occasionally—

Emily Dickinson

# We Don't Cry—tim And I

196

We don't cry—Tim and I,  
We are far too grand—  
But we bolt the door tight  
To prevent a friend—

Then we hide our brave face  
Deep in our hand—  
Not to cry—Tim and I—  
We are far too grand—

Nor to dream—he and me—  
Do we condescend—  
We just shut our brown eye  
To see to the end—

Tim—see Cottages—  
But, Oh, so high!  
Then—we shake—Tim and I—  
And lest I—cry—

Tim—reads a little Hymn—  
And we both pray—  
Please, Sir, I and Tim—  
Always lost the way!

We must die—by and by—  
Clergymen say—  
Tim—shall—if I—do—  
I—too—if he—

How shall we arrange it—  
Tim—was—so—shy?  
Take us simultaneous—Lord—  
I—"Tim"—and Me!

Emily Dickinson

# We Dream—it Is Good We Are Dreaming

531

We dream—it is good we are dreaming—  
It would hurt us—were we awake—  
But since it is playing—kill us,  
And we are playing—shriek—

What harm? Men die—externally—  
It is a truth—of Blood—  
But we—are dying in Drama—  
And Drama—is never dead—

Cautious—We jar each other—  
And either—open the eyes—  
Lest the Phantasm—prove the Mistake—  
And the livid Surprise

Cool us to Shafts of Granite—  
With just an Age—and Name—  
And perhaps a phrase in Egyptian—  
It's pruder—to dream—

Emily Dickinson



# We Grow Accustomed To The Dark

We grow accustomed to the Dark -  
When light is put away -  
As when the Neighbor holds the Lamp  
To witness her Goodbye -

A Moment - We uncertain step  
For newness of the night -  
Then - fit our Vision to the Dark -  
And meet the Road - erect -

And so of larger - Darkesses -  
Those Evenings of the Brain -  
When not a Moon disclose a sign -  
Or Star - come out - within -

The Bravest - grope a little -  
And sometimes hit a Tree  
Directly in the Forehead -  
But as they learn to see -

Either the Darkness alters -  
Or something in the sight  
Adjusts itself to Midnight -  
And Life steps almost straight.

Emily Dickinson

# We Learned The Whole Of Love

568

We learned the Whole of Love&mdash;  
The Alphabet&mdash;the Words&mdash;  
A Chapter&mdash;then the mighty Book&mdash;  
Then&mdash;Revelation closed&mdash;

But in Each Other's eyes  
An Ignorance beheld&mdash;  
Diviner than the Childhood's&mdash;  
And each to each, a Child&mdash;

Attempted to expound  
What Neither&mdash;understood&mdash;  
Alas, that Wisdom is so large&mdash;  
And Truth&mdash;so manifold!

Emily Dickinson

# We Like March, His Shoes Are Purple,

We like March, his shoes are purple,  
He is new and high;  
Makes he mud for dog and peddler,  
Makes he forest dry;  
Knows the adder's tongue his coming,  
And begets her spot.  
Stands the sun so close and mighty  
That our minds are hot.  
News is he of all the others;  
Bold it were to die  
With the blue-birds buccaneering  
On his British sky.

Emily Dickinson

# We Lose—because We Win

21

We lose—because we win—  
Gamblers—recollecting which  
Toss their dice again!

Emily Dickinson

# We Met As Sparks—diverging Flints

958

We met as Sparks—Diverging Flints  
Sent various—scattered ways—  
We parted as the Central Flint  
Were cloven with an Adze—  
Subsisting on the Light We bore  
Before We felt the Dark—  
A Flint unto this Day—perhaps—  
But for that single Spark.

Emily Dickinson

# We Miss Her, Not Because We See

993

We miss Her, not because We see&mdash;  
The Absence of an Eye&mdash;  
Except its Mind accompany  
Abridge Society

As slightly as the Routes of Stars&mdash;  
Ourselves&mdash;asleep below&mdash;  
We know that their superior Eyes  
Include Us&mdash;as they go&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# We Outgrow Love, Like Other Things

887

We outgrow love, like other things  
And put it in the Drawer&mdash;  
Till it an Antique fashion shows&mdash;  
Like Costumes Grandsires wore.

Emily Dickinson

## We Play At Paste,

We play at paste,  
Till qualified for pearl,  
Then drop the paste,  
And deem ourself a fool.  
The shapes, though, were similar,  
And our new hands  
Learned gem-tactics  
Practising sands.

Emily Dickinson



# We Pray—;To Heaven

489

We pray—to Heaven—;  
We prate—of Heaven—;  
Relate—when Neighbors die—;  
At what o'clock to heaven—they fled—;  
Who saw them—;Wherefore fly?

Is Heaven a Place—a Sky—a Tree?  
Location's narrow way is for Ourselves—;  
Unto the Dead  
There's no Geography—;

But State—;Endowal—;Focus—;  
Where—;Omnipresence—;fly?

Emily Dickinson

# We See—Comparatively

534

We see—Comparatively—  
The Thing so towering high  
We could not grasp its segment  
Unaided—Yesterday—

This Morning's finer Verdict—  
Makes scarcely worth the toil—  
A furrow—Our Cordillera—  
Our Apennine—a Knoll—

Perhaps 'tis kindly—done us—  
The Anguish—and the loss—  
The wrenching—for His Firmament  
The Thing belonged to us—

To spare these Striding Spirits  
Some Morning of Chagrin—  
The waking in a Gnat's—embrace—  
Our Giants—further on—

Emily Dickinson

# We Should Not Mind So Small A Flower

81

We should not mind so small a flower&mdash;  
Except it quiet bring  
Our little garden that we lost  
Back to the Lawn again.

So spicy her Carnations nod&mdash;  
So drunken, reel her Bees&mdash;  
So silver steal a hundred flutes  
From out a hundred trees&mdash;

That whoso sees this little flower  
By faith may clear behold  
The Bobolinks around the throne  
And Dandelions gold.

Emily Dickinson

# We Talked As Girls Do

586

We talked as Girls do—  
Fond, and late—  
We speculated fair, on every subject, but the Grave—  
Of ours, none affair—

We handled Destinies, as cool—  
As we—Disposers—be—  
And God, a Quiet Party  
To our Authority—

But fondest, dwelt upon Ourselves  
As we eventual—be—  
When Girls to Women, softly raised  
We—occupy—Degree—

We parted with a contract  
To cherish, and to write  
But Heaven made both, impossible  
Before another night.

Emily Dickinson

# We Thirst At First—'Tis Nature's Act

726

We thirst at first—'tis Nature's Act—  
And later—when we die—  
A little Water supplicate—  
Of fingers going by—

It intimates the finer want—  
Whose adequate supply  
Is that Great Water in the West—  
Termed Immortality—

Emily Dickinson

# We—bee And I—live By The Quaffing

230

We—Bee and I—live by the quaffing—  
'Tisn't all Hock—with us—  
Life has its Ale—  
But it's many a lay of the Dim Burgundy—  
We chant—for cheer—when the Wines—fail—

Do we "get drunk"?  
Ask the jolly Clovers!  
Do we "beat" our "Wife"?  
I—never wed—  
Bee—pledges his—in minute flagons—  
Dainty—as the trees—on our deft Head—

While runs the Rhine—  
He and I—revel—  
First—at the vat—and latest at the Vine—  
Noon—our last Cup—  
"Found dead"—"of Nectar"—  
By a humming Coroner—  
In a By-Thyme!

Emily Dickinson

# Went Up A Year This Evening!

93

Went up a year this evening!  
I recollect it well!  
Amid no bells nor bravoos  
The bystanders will tell!  
Cheerful&mdash;as to the village&mdash;  
Tranquil&mdash;as to repose&mdash;  
Chastened&mdash;as to the Chapel  
This humble Tourist rose!  
Did not talk of returning!  
Alluded to no time  
When, were the gales propitious&mdash;  
We might look for him!  
Was grateful for the Roses  
In life's diverse bouquet&mdash;  
Talked softly of new species  
To pick another day;  
Beguiling thus the wonder  
The wondrous nearer drew&mdash;  
Hands bustled at the moorings&mdash;  
The crown respectful grew&mdash;  
Ascended from our vision  
To Countenances new!  
A Difference&mdash;A Daisy&mdash;  
Is all the rest I knew!

Emily Dickinson

# Wert Thou But Ill—that I Might Show Thee

961

Wert Thou but ill—that I might show thee  
How long a Day I could endure  
Though thine attention stop not on me  
Nor the least signal, Me assure—

Wert Thou but Stranger in ungracious country—  
And Mine—the Door  
Thou paused at, for a passing bounty—  
No More—

Accused—wert Thou—and Myself—Tribunal—  
Convicted—Sentenced—Ermine—not to Me  
Half the Condition, thy Reverse—to follow—  
Just to partake—the infamy—

The Tenant of the Narrow Cottage, wert Thou—  
Permit to be  
The Housewife in thy low attendance  
Contenteth Me—

No Service hast Thou, I would not achieve it—  
To die—or live—  
The first—Sweet, proved I, ere I saw thee—  
For Life—be Love—

Emily Dickinson



# What Care The Dead, For Chanticleer

592

What care the Dead, for Chanticleer&mdash;  
What care the Dead for Day?  
'Tis late your Sunrise vex their face&mdash;  
And Purple Ribaldry&mdash;of Morning

Pour as blank on them  
As on the Tier of Wall  
The Mason builded, yesterday,  
And equally as cool&mdash;

What care the Dead for Summer?  
The Solstice had no Sun  
Could waste the Snow before their Gate&mdash;  
And knew One Bird a Tune&mdash;

Could thrill their Mortised Ear  
Of all the Birds that be&mdash;  
This One&mdash;beloved of Mankind  
Henceforward cherished be&mdash;

What care the Dead for Winter?  
Themselves as easy freeze&mdash;  
June Noon&mdash;as January Night&mdash;  
As soon the South&mdash;her Breeze

Of Sycamore&mdash;or Cinnamon&mdash;  
Deposit in a Stone  
And put a Stone to keep it Warm&mdash;  
Give Spices&mdash;unto Men&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# What Did They Do Since I Saw Them?

900

What did They do since I saw Them?  
Were They industrious?  
So many questions to put Them  
Have I the eagerness

That could I snatch Their Faces  
That could Their lips reply  
Not till the last was answered  
Should They start for the Sky.

Not if Their Party were waiting,  
Not if to talk with Me  
Were to Them now, Homesickness  
After Eternity.

Not if the Just suspect me  
And offer a Reward  
Would I restore my Booty  
To that Bold Person, God&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# What I See Not, I Better See

939

What I see not, I better see&mdash;  
Through Faith&mdash;my Hazel Eye  
Has periods of shutting&mdash;  
But, No lid has Memory&mdash;

For frequent, all my sense obscured  
I equally behold  
As someone held a light unto  
The Features so beloved&mdash;-

And I arise&mdash;and in my Dream&mdash;  
Do Thee distinguished Grace&mdash;  
Till jealous Daylight interrupt&mdash;  
And mar thy perfectness&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# What If I Say I Shall Not Wait!

277

What if I say I shall not wait!  
What if I burst the fleshly Gate&mdash;  
And pass escaped&mdash;to thee!

What if I file this Mortal&mdash;off&mdash;  
See where it hurt me&mdash;That's enough&mdash;  
And wade in Liberty!

They cannot take me&mdash;any more!  
Dungeons can call&mdash;and Guns implore  
Unmeaning&mdash;now&mdash;to me&mdash;

As laughter&mdash;was&mdash;an hour ago&mdash;  
Or Laces&mdash;or a Travelling Show&mdash;  
Or who died&mdash;yesterday!

Emily Dickinson

# What Inn Is This

115

What Inn is this  
Where for the night  
Peculiar Traveller comes?  
Who is the Landlord?  
Where the maids?  
Behold, what curious rooms!  
No ruddy fires on the hearth&mdash;  
No brimming Tankards flow&mdash;  
Necromancer! Landlord!  
Who are these below?

Emily Dickinson

# What Is—

215

What is—"Paradise"—  
Who live there—  
Are they "Farmers"—  
Do they "hoe"—  
Do they know that this is "Amherst"—  
And that I—am coming—too—

Do they wear "new shoes"—in "Eden"—  
Is it always pleasant—there—  
Won't they scold us—when we're homesick—  
Or tell God—how cross we are—

You are sure there's such a person  
As "a Father"—in the sky—  
So if I get lost—there—ever—  
Or do what the Nurse calls "die"—  
I shan't walk the "Jasper"—barefoot—  
Ransomed folks—won't laugh at me—  
Maybe—"Eden" a'n't so lonesome  
As New England used to be!

Emily Dickinson

# What Shall I Do When The Summer Troubles

956

What shall I do when the Summer troubles&mdash;  
What, when the Rose is ripe&mdash;  
What when the Eggs fly off in Music  
From the Maple Keep?

What shall I do when the Skies a'chirrup  
Drop a Tune on me&mdash;  
When the Bee hangs all Noon in the Buttercup  
What will become of me?

Oh, when the Squirrel fills His Pockets  
And the Berries stare  
How can I bear their jocund Faces  
Thou from Here, so far?

'Twouldn't afflict a Robin&mdash;  
All His Goods have Wings&mdash;  
I&mdash;do not fly, so wherefore  
My Perennial Things?

Emily Dickinson

# What Shall I Do—it Whimpers So

186

What shall I do—it whimpers so—  
This little Hound within the Heart  
All day and night with bark and start—  
And yet, it will not go—  
Would you untie it, were you me—  
Would it stop whining—if to Thee—  
I sent it—even now?

It should not tease you—  
By your chair—or, on the mat—  
Or if it dare—to climb your dizzy knee—  
Or—sometimes at your side to run—  
When you were willing—  
Shall it come?  
Tell Carlo—  
He'll tell me!

Emily Dickinson



# What Soft—cherubic Creatures

401

What Soft—Cherubic Creatures—  
These Gentlewomen are—  
One would as soon assault a Plush—  
Or violate a Star—

Such Dimity Convictions—  
A Horror so refined  
Of freckled Human Nature—  
Of Deity—ashamed—

It's such a common—Glory—  
A Fisherman's—Degree—  
Redemption—Brittle Lady—  
Be so—ashamed of Thee—

Emily Dickinson

# What Would I Give To See His Face?

247

What would I give to see his face?  
I'd give&mdash;I'd give my life&mdash;of course&mdash;  
But that is not enough!  
Stop just a minute&mdash;let me think!  
I'd give my biggest Bobolink!  
That makes two&mdash;Him&mdash;and Life!  
You know who "June" is&mdash;  
I'd give her&mdash;  
Roses a day from Zanzibar&mdash;  
And Lily tubes&mdash;like Wells&mdash;  
Bees&mdash;by the furlong&mdash;  
Straits of Blue  
Navies of Butterflies&mdash;sailed thro'&mdash;  
And dappled Cowslip Dells&mdash;

Then I have "shares" in Primrose "Banks"&mdash;  
Daffodil Dowries&mdash;spicy "Stocks"&mdash;  
Dominions&mdash;broad as Dew&mdash;  
Bags of Doublons&mdash;adventurous Bees  
Brought me&mdash;from firmamental seas&mdash;  
And Purple&mdash;from Peru&mdash;

Now&mdash;have I bought it&mdash;  
"Shylock"? Say!  
Sign me the Bond!  
"I vow to pay  
To Her&mdash;who pledges this&mdash;  
One hour&mdash;of her Sovereign's face"  
Ecstatic Contract!  
Niggard Grace!  
My Kingdom's worth of Bliss!

Emily Dickinson

# When a Lover is a Beggar

When a Lover is a Beggar  
Abject is his Knee -  
When a Lover is an Owner  
Different is he -

What he begged is then the Beggar -  
Oh disparity -  
Bread of Heaven resents bestowal  
Like an obloquy -

Emily Dickinson

# When Bells Stop Ringing—church—begins

633

When Bells stop ringing—Church—begins  
The Positive—of Bells—  
When Cogs—stop—that's Circumference—  
The Ultimate—of Wheels.

Emily Dickinson

# When Diamonds Are A Legend

397

When Diamonds are a Legend,  
And Diadems&mdash;a Tale&mdash;  
I Brooch and Earrings for Myself,  
Do sow, and Raise for sale&mdash;

And tho' I'm scarce accounted,  
My Art, a Summer Day&mdash;had Patrons&mdash;  
Once&mdash;it was a Queen&mdash;  
And once&mdash;a Butterfly&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# When I Count The Seeds

40

When I count the seeds  
That are sown beneath,  
To bloom so, bye and bye&mdash;

When I con the people  
Lain so low,  
To be received as high&mdash;

When I believe the garden  
Mortal shall not see&mdash;  
Pick by faith its blossom  
And avoid its Bee,  
I can spare this summer, unreluctantly.

Emily Dickinson

# When I Have Seen The Sun Emerge

888

When I have seen the Sun emerge  
From His amazing House&mdash;  
And leave a Day at every Door  
A Deed, in every place&mdash;

Without the incident of Fame  
Or accident of Noise&mdash;  
The Earth has seemed to me a Drum,  
Pursued of little Boys

Emily Dickinson

# When I Hoped, I Recollect

768

When I hoped, I recollect  
Just the place I stood&mdash;  
At a Window facing West&mdash;  
Roughest Air&mdash;was good&mdash;

Not a Sleet could bite me&mdash;  
Not a frost could cool&mdash;  
Hope it was that kept me warm&mdash;  
Not Merino shawl&mdash;

When I feared&mdash;I recollect  
Just the Day it was&mdash;  
Worlds were lying out to Sun&mdash;  
Yet how Nature froze&mdash;

Icicles upon my soul  
Prickled Blue and Cool&mdash;  
Bird went praising everywhere&mdash;  
Only Me&mdash;was still&mdash;

And the Day that I despaired&mdash;  
This&mdash;if I forget  
Nature will&mdash;that it be Night  
After Sun has set&mdash;  
Darkness intersect her face&mdash;  
And put out her eye&mdash;  
Nature hesitate&mdash;before  
Memory and I&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# When I Was Small, A Woman Died

596

When I was small, a Woman died—  
Today—her Only Boy  
Went up from the Potomac—  
His face all Victory

To look at her—How slowly  
The Seasons must have turned  
Till Bullets clipt an Angle  
And He passed quickly round—

If pride shall be in Paradise—  
Ourself cannot decide—  
Of their imperial Conduct—  
No person testified—

But, proud in Apparition—  
That Woman and her Boy  
Pass back and forth, before my Brain  
As even in the sky—

I'm confident that Bravoes—  
Perpetual break abroad  
For Braveries, remote as this  
In Scarlet Maryland—

Emily Dickinson

# When Katie Walks, This Simple Pair Accompany Her Side

222

When Katie walks, this simple pair accompany her side,  
When Katie runs unwearied they follow on the road,  
When Katie kneels, their loving hands still clasp her pious knee—  
Ah! Katie! Smile at Fortune, with two so knit to thee!

Emily Dickinson

# When Memory is full

When Memory is full  
Put on the perfect Lid -  
This Morning's finest syllable  
Presumptuous Evening said -

Emily Dickinson

# When Night Is Almost Done

347

When Night is almost done&mdash;  
And Sunrise grows so near  
That we can touch the Spaces&mdash;  
It's time to smooth the Hair&mdash;

And get the Dimples ready&mdash;  
And wonder we could care  
For that old&mdash;faded Midnight&mdash;  
That frightened&mdash;but an Hour&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# When One Has Given Up One's Life

853

When One has given up One's life  
The parting with the rest  
Feels easy, as when Day lets go  
Entirely the West

The Peaks, that lingered last  
Remain in Her regret  
As scarcely as the Iodine  
Upon the Cataract.

Emily Dickinson

# When Roses Cease To Bloom, Sir

32

When Roses cease to bloom, Sir,  
And Violets are done&mdash;  
When Bumblebees in solemn flight  
Have passed beyond the Sun&mdash;  
The hand that paused to gather  
Upon this Summer's day  
Will idle lie&mdash;in Auburn&mdash;  
Then take my flowers&mdash;pray!

Emily Dickinson

# When The Astronomer Stops Seeking

851

When the Astronomer stops seeking  
For his Pleiad's Face&mdash;  
When the lone British Lady  
Forsakes the Arctic Race

When to his Covenant Needle  
The Sailor doubting turns&mdash;  
It will be amply early  
To ask what treason means.

Emily Dickinson

# When We Stand On The Tops Of Things

242

When we stand on the tops of Things&mdash;  
And like the Trees, look down&mdash;  
The smoke all cleared away from it&mdash;  
And Mirrors on the scene&mdash;

Just laying light&mdash;no soul will wink  
Except it have the flaw&mdash;  
The Sound ones, like the Hills&mdash;shall stand&mdash;  
No Lighting, scares away&mdash;

The Perfect, nowhere be afraid&mdash;  
They bear their dauntless Heads,  
Where others, dare not go at Noon,  
Protected by their deeds&mdash;

The Stars dare shine occasionally  
Upon a spotted World&mdash;  
And Suns, go surer, for their Proof,  
As if an Axle, held&mdash;

Emily Dickinson



# Where Bells No More Affright The Morn

112

Where bells no more affright the morn&mdash;  
Where scrabble never comes&mdash;  
Where very nimble Gentlemen  
Are forced to keep their rooms&mdash;

Where tired Children placid sleep  
Thro' Centuries of noon  
This place is Bliss&mdash;this town is Heaven&mdash;  
Please, Pater, pretty soon!

"Oh could we climb where Moses stood,  
And view the Landscape o'er"  
Not Father's bells&mdash;nor Factories,  
Could scare us any more!

Emily Dickinson

# Where I Have Lost, I Softer Tread

104

Where I have lost, I softer tread—  
I sow sweet flower from garden bed—  
I pause above that vanished head  
    And mourn.

Whom I have lost, I pious guard  
From accent harsh, or ruthless word—  
Feeling as if their pillow heard,  
    Though stone!

When I have lost, you'll know by this—  
A Bonnet black—A dusk surplice—  
A little tremor in my voice  
    Like this!

Why, I have lost, the people know  
Who dressed in flocks of purest snow  
Went home a century ago  
    Next Bliss!

Emily Dickinson

# Where Ships Of Purple—gently Toss

265

Where Ships of Purple—gently toss—  
On Seas of Daffodil—  
Fantastic Sailors—mingle—  
And then—the Wharf is still!

Emily Dickinson

# Where Thou Art—that—is Home

725

Where Thou art—that—is Home—  
Cashmere—or Calvary—the same—  
Degree—or Shame—  
I scarce esteem Location's Name—  
So I may Come—

What Thou dost—is Delight—  
Bondage as Play—be sweet—  
Imprisonment—Content—  
And Sentence—Sacrament—  
Just We two—meet—

Where Thou art not—is Woe—  
Tho' Bands of Spices—row—  
What Thou dost not—Despair—  
Tho' Gabriel—praise me—Sire—

Emily Dickinson

# Whether My Bark Went Down At Sea

52

Whether my bark went down at sea&mdash;  
Whether she met with gales&mdash;  
Whether to isles enchanted  
She bent her docile sails&mdash;

By what mystic mooring  
She is held today&mdash;  
This is the errand of the eye  
Out upon the Bay.

Emily Dickinson

# Whether they have forgotten

Whether they have forgotten  
Or are forgetting now  
Or never remembered -  
Safer not to know -

Miseries of conjecture  
Are a softer woe  
Than a Fact of Iron  
Hardened with I know -

Emily Dickinson

# While Asters&Mdash;

331

While Asters&mdash;  
On the Hill&mdash;  
Their Everlasting fashions&mdash;set&mdash;  
And Covenant Gentians&mdash;Frill!

Emily Dickinson

# While It Is Alive

491

While it is alive  
Until Death touches it  
While it and I lap one Air  
Dwell in one Blood  
Under one Sacrament  
Show me Division can split or pare&mdash;

Love is like Life&mdash;merely longer  
Love is like Death, during the Grave  
Love is the Fellow of the Resurrection  
Scooping up the Dust and chanting "Live"!

Emily Dickinson



# Who Court Obtain Within Himself

803

Who Court obtain within Himself  
Sees every Man a King&mdash;  
And Poverty of Monarchy  
Is an interior thing&mdash;

No Man depose  
Whom Fate Ordain&mdash;  
And Who can add a Crown  
To Him who doth continual  
Conspire against His Own

Emily Dickinson

# Who Giants Know, With Lesser Men

796

Who Giants know, with lesser Men  
Are incomplete, and shy&mdash;  
For Greatness, that is ill at ease  
In minor Company&mdash;

A Smaller, could not be perturbed&mdash;  
The Summer Gnat displays&mdash;  
Unconscious that his single Fleet  
Do not comprise the skies&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# Who Never Lost, Are Unprepared

73

Who never lost, are unprepared  
A Coronet to find!  
Who never thirsted  
Flagons, and Cooling Tamarind!

Who never climbed the weary league&mdash;  
Can such a foot explore  
The purple territories  
On Pizarro's shore?

How many Legions overcome&mdash;  
The Emperor will say?  
How many Colors taken  
On Revolution Day?

How many Bullets bearest?  
Hast Thou the Royal scar?  
Angels! Write "Promoted"  
On this Soldier's brow!

Emily Dickinson

# Who Occupies This House?

892

Who occupies this House?  
A Stranger I must judge  
Since No one know His Circumstance&mdash;  
'Tis well the name and age

Are writ upon the Door  
Or I should fear to pause  
Where not so much as Honest Dog  
Approach encourages.

It seems a curious Town&mdash;  
Some Houses very old,  
Some&mdash;newly raised this Afternoon,  
Were I compelled to build

It should not be among  
Inhabitants so still  
But where the Birds assemble  
And Boys were possible.

Before Myself was born  
'Twas settled, so they say,  
A Territory for the Ghosts&mdash;  
And Squirrels, formerly.

Until a Pioneer, as  
Settlers often do  
Liking the quiet of the Place  
Attracted more unto&mdash;

And from a Settlement  
A Capital has grown  
Distinguished for the gravity  
Of every Citizen.

The Owner of this House  
A Stranger He must be&mdash;

Eternity's Acquaintances  
Are mostly so&mdash;to me.

Emily Dickinson

# Who Were 'The Father And The Son'

Who were 'the Father and the Son'  
We pondered when a child,  
And what had they to do with us  
And when portentous told

With inference appalling  
By Childhood fortified  
We thought, at least they are no worse  
Than they have been described.

Who are 'the Father and the Son'  
Did we demand Today  
'The Father and the Son' himself  
Would doubtless specify -

But had they the felicity  
When we desired to know.  
We better Friends had been, perhaps,  
Than time ensue to be -

We start - to learn that we believe  
But once - entirely -  
Belief, it does not fit so well  
When altered frequently -

We blush, that Heaven if we achieve -  
Event ineffable -  
We shall have shunned until ashamed  
To own the Miracle -

Emily Dickinson

# Whole Gulfs - of Red, and Fleets

Whole Gulfs - of Red, and Fleets - of Red -  
And Crews - of solid Blood -  
Did place upon the West - Tonight -  
As 'twere specific Ground -

And They - appointed Creatures -  
In Authorized Arrays -  
Due - promptly - as a Drama -  
That bows - and disappears -

Emily Dickinson

# Whose Are The Little Beds, I Asked

142

Whose are the little beds, I asked  
Which in the valleys lie?  
Some shook their heads, and others smiled&mdash;  
And no one made reply.

Perhaps they did not hear, I said,  
I will inquire again&mdash;  
Whose are the beds&mdash;the tiny beds  
So thick upon the plain?

'Tis Daisy, in the shortest&mdash;  
A little further on&mdash;  
Nearest the door&mdash;to wake the Ist&mdash;  
Little Leontoden.

'Tis Iris, Sir, and Aster&mdash;  
Anemone, and Bell&mdash;  
Bartsia, in the blanket red&mdash;  
And chubby Daffodil.

Meanwhile, at many cradles  
Her busy foot she plied&mdash;  
Humming the quaintest lullaby  
That ever rocked a child.

Hush! Epigea wakens!  
The Crocus stirs her lids&mdash;  
Rhodora's cheek is crimson,  
She's dreaming of the woods!

Then turning from them reverent&mdash;  
Their bedtime 'tis, she said&mdash;  
The Bumble bees will wake them  
When April woods are red.

Emily Dickinson



# Whose Cheek Is This?

82

Whose cheek is this?  
What rosy face  
Has lost a blush today?  
I found her&mdash;"pleiad"&mdash;in the woods  
And bore her safe away.

Robins, in the tradition  
Did cover such with leaves,  
But which the cheek&mdash;  
And which the pall  
My scrutiny deceives.

Emily Dickinson

## Whose Pink career may have a close

Whose Pink career may have a close  
Portentous as our own, who knows?  
To imitate these Neighbors fleet  
In awe and innocence, were meet.

Emily Dickinson

# Why Do I Love You, Sir?

"Why do I love" You, Sir?

Because—

The Wind does not require the Grass  
To answer—Wherefore when He pass  
She cannot keep Her place.

Because He knows—and

Do not You—

And We know not—

Enough for Us

The Wisdom it be so—

The Lightning—never asked an Eye

Wherefore it shut—when He was by—

Because He knows it cannot speak—

And reasons not contained—

—Of Talk—

There be—preferred by Daintier Folk—

The Sunrise—Sire—compelleth Me—

Because He's Sunrise—and I see—

Therefore—Then—

I love Thee—

Emily Dickinson

# Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven?

248

Why—do they shut Me out of Heaven?  
Did I sing—too loud?  
But—I can say a little 'Minor'  
Timid as a Bird!

Wouldn't the Angels try me—  
Just—once—more—  
Just—see—if I troubled them—  
But don't—shut the door!

Oh, if I—were the Gentleman  
In the 'White Robe'—  
And they—were the little Hand—that knocked—  
Could—I—forbid?

Emily Dickinson

# Why Make It Doubt—it Hurts It So

462

Why make it doubt—it hurts it so—  
So sick—to guess—  
So strong—to know—  
So brave—upon its little Bed  
To tell the very last They said  
Unto Itself—and smile—And shake—  
For that dear—distant—dangerous—Sake—  
But—the Instead—the Pinching fear  
That Something—it did do—or dare—  
Offend the Vision—and it flee—  
And They no more remember me—  
Nor ever turn to tell me why—  
Oh, Master, This is Misery—

Emily Dickinson

# Wild Nights! Wild Nights!

Wild Nights! Wild Nights!  
Were I with thee,  
Wild Nights should be  
Our luxury!

Futile the winds  
To a heart in port, --  
Done with the compass,  
Done with the chart!

Rowing in Eden!  
Ah! the sea!  
Might I but moor  
To-night in Thee!

Emily Dickinson

# Will There Really Be A "Morning"?

101

Will there really be a "Morning"?  
Is there such a thing as "Day"?  
Could I see it from the mountains  
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?  
Has it feathers like a Bird?  
Is it brought from famous countries  
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!  
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!  
Please to tell a little Pilgrim  
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

Emily Dickinson

# Witchcraft Has Not A Pedigree

Witchcraft has not a pedigree,  
'Tis early as our breath,  
And mourners meet it going out  
The moment of our death.

Emily Dickinson



# Witchcraft Was Hung, In History

'Twas such a little - little boat  
That toddled down the bay!  
'Twas such a gallant - gallant sea  
That beckoned it away!

'Twas such a greedy, greedy wave  
That licked it from the Coast -  
Nor ever guessed the stately sails  
My little craft was lost!

Emily Dickinson

## With A Flower

I hide myself within my flower,  
That wearing on your breast,  
You, unsuspecting, wear me too -  
And angels know the rest.

I hide myself within my flower,  
That, fading from your vase,  
You, unsuspecting, feel for me  
Almost a loneliness.

Emily Dickinson

# With Thee, In The Desert

209

With thee, in the Desert—  
With thee in the thirst—  
With thee in the Tamarind wood—  
Leopard breathes—at last!

Emily Dickinson

# Within My Garden, Rides A Bird

500

Within my Garden, rides a Bird  
Upon a single Wheel&mdash;  
Whose spokes a dizzy Music make  
As 'twere a travelling Mill&mdash;

He never stops, but slackens  
Above the Ripest Rose&mdash;  
Partakes without alighting  
And praises as he goes,

Till every spice is tasted&mdash;  
And then his Fairy Gig  
Reels in remoter atmospheres&mdash;  
And I rejoin my Dog,

And He and I, perplex us  
If positive, 'twere we&mdash;  
Or bore the Garden in the Brain  
This Curiosity&mdash;

But He, the best Logician,  
Refers my clumsy eye&mdash;  
To just vibrating Blossoms!  
An Exquisite Reply!

Emily Dickinson

# Within My Reach!

90

Within my reach!  
I could have touched!  
I might have chanced that way!  
Soft sauntered thro' the village&mdash;  
Sauntered as soft away!  
So unsuspected Violets  
Within the meadows go&mdash;  
Too late for striving fingers  
That passed, an hour ago!

Emily Dickinson

# Without This—there Is Nought

655

Without this—there is nought—  
All other Riches be  
As is the Twitter of a Bird—  
Heard opposite the Sea—

I could not care—to gain  
A lesser than the Whole—  
For did not this include themselves—  
As Seams—include the Ball?

I wished a way might be  
My Heart to subdivide—  
'Twould magnify—the Gratitude—  
And not reduce—the Gold—

Emily Dickinson

# Wolfe Demanded During Dying

678

Wolfe demanded during dying  
"Which obtain the Day"?  
"General, the British"—"Easy"  
Answered Wolfe "to die"

Montcalm, his opposing Spirit  
Rendered with a smile  
"Sweet" said he "my own Surrender  
Liberty's beguile"

Emily Dickinson

# Woodpecker, The

His bill an auger is,  
His head, a cap and frill.  
He laboreth at every tree,--  
A worm his utmost goal.

Emily Dickinson



# work For Immortality

406

Some—Work for Immortality—  
The Chief part, for Time—  
He—Compensates—immediately—  
The former—Checks—on Fame—

Slow Gold—but Everlasting—  
The Bullion of Today—  
Contrasted with the Currency  
Of Immortality—

A Beggar—Here and There—  
Is gifted to discern  
Beyond the Broker's insight—  
One's—Money—One's—the Mine—

Emily Dickinson

# Would You Like Summer? Taste Of Ours

691

Would you like summer? Taste of ours.  
Spices? Buy here!  
Ill! We have berries, for the parching!  
Weary! Furloughs of down!  
Perplexed! Estates of violet trouble ne'er looked on!  
Captive! We bring reprieve of roses!  
Fainting! Flasks of air!  
Even for Death, a fairy medicine.  
But, which is it, sir?

Emily Dickinson

# Yesterday Is History

Yesterday is History,  
'Tis so far away -  
Yesterday is Poetry -  
'Tis Philosophy -

Yesterday is mystery -  
Where it is Today  
While we shrewdly speculate  
Flutter both away

Emily Dickinson

# You Cannot Put A Fire Out

530

You cannot put a Fire out—  
A Thing that can ignite  
Can go, itself, without a Fan—  
Upon the slowest Night—

You cannot fold a Flood—  
And put it in a Drawer—  
Because the Winds would find it out—  
And tell your Cedar Floor—

Emily Dickinson

# You Constituted Time

765

You constituted Time&mdash;  
I deemed Eternity  
A Revelation of Yourself&mdash;  
'Twas therefore Deity

The Absolute&mdash;removed  
The Relative away&mdash;  
That I unto Himself adjust  
My slow idolatry&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# You Know That Portrait In The Moon

504

You know that Portrait in the Moon&mdash;  
So tell me who 'tis like&mdash;  
The very Brow&mdash;the stooping eyes&mdash;  
A fog for&mdash;Say&mdash;Whose Sake?

The very Pattern of the Cheek&mdash;  
It varies&mdash;in the Chin&mdash;  
But&mdash;Ishmael&mdash;since we met&mdash;'tis long&mdash;  
And fashions&mdash;intervene&mdash;

When Moon's at full&mdash;'Tis Thou&mdash;I say&mdash;  
My lips just hold the name&mdash;  
When crescent&mdash;Thou art worn&mdash;I note&mdash;  
But&mdash;there&mdash;the Golden Same&mdash;

And when&mdash;Some Night&mdash;Bold&mdash;slashing Clouds  
Cut Thee away from Me&mdash;  
That's easier&mdash;than the other film  
That glazes Holiday&mdash;

Emily Dickinson

# You left me—Sire—two Legacies

644

You left me—Sire—two Legacies—  
A Legacy of Love  
A Heavenly Father would suffice  
Had He the offer of—

You left me Boundaries of Pain—  
Capacious as the Sea—  
Between Eternity and Time—  
Your Consciousness—and Me—

Emily Dickinson

# You Love Me—you Are Sure

156

You love me—you are sure—  
I shall not fear mistake—  
I shall not cheated wake—  
Some grinning morn—  
To find the Sunrise left—  
And Orchards—unbereft—  
And Dollie—gone!

I need not start—you're sure—  
That night will never be—  
When frightened—home to Thee I run—  
To find the windows dark—  
And no more Dollie—mark—  
Quite none?

Be sure you're sure—you know—  
I'll bear it better now—  
If you'll just tell me so—  
Than when—a little dull Balm grown—  
Over this pain of mine—  
You sting—again!

Emily Dickinson



# You Love The Lord—you Cannot See

487

You love the Lord—you cannot see—  
You write Him—every day—  
A little note—when you awake—  
And further in the Day.

An Ample Letter—How you miss—  
And would delight to see—  
But then His House—is but a Step—  
And Mine's—in Heaven—You see.

Emily Dickinson

# You Said That I

You said that I "was Great"—one Day—  
Then "Great" it be—if that please Thee—  
Or Small—or any size at all—  
Nay—I'm the size suit Thee—

Tall—like the Stag—would that?  
Or lower—like the Wren—  
Or other heights of Other Ones  
I've seen?

Tell which—it's dull to guess—  
And I must be Rhinoceros  
Or Mouse—  
At once—for Thee—

So say—if Queen it be—  
Or Page—please Thee—  
I'm that—or nought—  
Or other thing—if other thing there be—  
With just this Stipulus—  
I suit Thee—

Emily Dickinson

# You See I Cannot See—your Lifetime

253

You see I cannot see—your lifetime—  
I must guess—  
How many times it ache for me—today—Confess—  
How many times for my far sake  
The brave eyes film—  
But I guess guessing hurts—  
Mine—got so dim!

Too vague—the face—  
My own—so patient—covers—  
Too far—the strength—  
My timidness enfolds—  
Haunting the Heart—  
Like her translated faces—  
Teasing the want—  
It—only—can suffice!

Emily Dickinson

# You Taught Me Waiting With Myself

740

You taught me Waiting with Myself—  
Appointment strictly kept—  
You taught me fortitude of Fate—  
This—also—I have learnt—

An Altitude of Death, that could  
No bitterer debar  
Than Life—had done—before it—  
Yet—there is a Science more—

The Heaven you know—to understand  
That you be not ashamed  
Of Me—in Christ's bright Audience  
Upon the further Hand—

Emily Dickinson

# You'LI Find—it When You Try To Die

610

You'll find—it when you try to die—  
The Easier to let go—  
For recollecting such as went—  
You could not spare—you know.

And though their places somewhat filled—  
As did their Marble names  
With Moss—they never grew so full—  
You chose the newer names—

And when this World—sets further back—  
As Dying—say it does—  
The former love—distincter grows—  
And supersedes the fresh—

And Thought of them—so fair invites—  
It looks too tawdry Grace  
To stay behind—with just the Toys  
We bought—to ease their place—

Emily Dickinson

# You'LI Know Her—by Her Foot

634

You'll know Her—by Her Foot—  
The smallest Gamboge Hand  
With Fingers—where the Toes should be—  
Would more affront the Sand—

Than this Quaint Creature's Boot—  
Adjusted by a Stern—  
Without a Button—I could vouch—  
Unto a Velvet Limb—

You'll know Her—by Her Vest—  
Tight fitting—Orange—Brown—  
Inside a Jacket duller—  
She wore when she was born—

Her Cap is small—and snug—  
Constructed for the Winds—  
She'd pass for Barehead—short way off—  
But as She Closer stands—

So finer 'tis than Wool—  
You cannot feel the Seam—  
Nor is it Clasped unto of Band—  
Nor held upon—of Brim—

You'll know Her—by Her Voice—  
At first—a doubtful Tone—  
A sweet endeavor—but as March  
To April—hurries on—

She squanders on your Ear  
Such Arguments of Pearl—  
You beg the Robin in your Brain  
To keep the other—still—

Emily Dickinson

# You'LI Know It—as You Know 'Tis Noon

420

You'll know it—as you know 'tis Noon—  
By Glory—  
As you do the Sun—  
By Glory—  
As you will in Heaven—  
Know God the Father—and the Son.

By intuition, Mightiest Things  
Assert themselves—and not by terms—  
"I'm Midnight"—need the Midnight say—  
"I'm Sunrise"—Need the Majesty?

Omnipotence—had not a Tongue—  
His listp—is Lightning—and the Sun—  
His Conversation—with the Sea—  
"How shall you know"?  
Consult your Eye!

Emily Dickinson

# Your Riches—taught Me—poverty

299

Your Riches—taught me—Poverty.  
Myself—a Millionaire  
In little Wealths, as Girls could boast  
Till broad as Buenos Ayre—

You drifted your Dominions—  
A Different Peru—  
And I esteemed All Poverty  
For Life's Estate with you—

Of Mines, I little know—myself—  
But just the names, of Gems—  
The Colors of the Commonest—  
And scarce of Diadems—

So much, that did I meet the Queen—  
Her Glory I should know—  
But this, must be a different Wealth—  
To miss it—beggars so—

I'm sure 'tis India—all Day—  
To those who look on You—  
Without a stint—without a blame,  
Might I—but be the Jew—

I'm sure it is Golconda—  
Beyond my power to deem—  
To have a smile for Mine—each Day,  
How better, than a Gem!

At least, it solaces to know  
That there exists—a Gold—  
Altho' I prove it, just in time  
Its distance—to behold—

Its far—far Treasure to surmise—  
And estimate the Pearl—



That slipped my simple fingers through—  
While just a Girl at School.

Emily Dickinson

# You'Re Right—

234

You're right—"the way is narrow"—  
And "difficult the Gate"—  
And "few there be"—Correct again—  
That "enter in—thereat"—

'Tis Costly—So are purples!  
'Tis just the price of Breath—  
With but the "Discount" of the Grave—  
Termed by the Brokers—"Death"!

And after that—there's Heaven—  
The Good Man's—"Dividend"—  
And Bad Men—"go to Jail"—  
I guess—

Emily Dickinson