

THE POEMS OF

Emily Dickinson

READING EDITION



EDITED BY

R. W. FRANKLIN

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259 A Clock stopped -
 Not the Mantel's -
 Geneva's farthest skill
 Cant put the puppet bowing -
 That just now dangled still - 5

An awe came on the Trinket!
 The Figures hunched - with pain -
 Then quivered out of Decimals -
 Into Degreeless noon -

It will not stir for Doctor's - 10
 This Pendulum of snow -
 The Shopman importunes it -
 While cool - concernless No -

Nods from the Gilded pointers -
 Nods from the Seconds slim - 15
 Decades of Arrogance between
 The Dial life -
 And Him -

1668 Apparently with no surprise
 To any happy Flower
 The Frost beheads it at it's play -
 In accidental power -
 The blonde Assassin passes on -
 The Sun proceeds unmoved
 To measure off another Day
 For an Approving God -

5

140 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 -

Tell me what time the weaver sleeps Who spun the breadths of blue!	5
Write me how many notes there be In the new Robin's extasy Among astonished boughs - How many trips the Tortoise makes - How many cups the Bee partakes, The Debauchee of Dews!	10
Also, Who laid the Rainbow's piers, Also, Who leads the docile spheres By withes of supple blue? Whose fingers string the stalactite - Who counts the wampum of the night To see that none is due?	15
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?	20

314 “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 - 5
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 - 10
Yet - never - in Extremity,
It asked a crumb - of me.

339 I like a look of Agony,
Because I know it's true -
Men do not sham Convulsion,
Nor simulate, a Throe -

The eyes glaze once - and that is Death -
Impossible to feign
The Beads upon the Forehead
By homely Anguish strung.

5

905 Split the Lark - and you'll find the Music -
Bulb after Bulb, in Silver rolled -
Scantily 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?

5

675	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 -	5
	It's such a common - Glory - A Fisherman's - Degree - Redemption - Brittle Lady - Be so - ashamed of Thee -	10

359 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 5
 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 - 10
 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, 15
 And rowed him softer Home -

 Than Oars divide the Ocean,
 Too silver for a seam,
 Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon,
 Leap, plashless as they swim. 20

1096 A narrow Fellow in the Grass
Occasionally rides -
You may have met him? Did you not
His notice instant is -

The Grass divides as with a Comb - 5
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 - 10
But when a Boy and Barefoot
I more than once at Noon

Have passed I thought a Whip Lash
Unbraiding in the Sun
When stooping to secure it
It wrinkled And was gone - 15

Several of Nature's People
I know and they know me
I feel for them a transport
Of Cordiality 20

But never met this Fellow
Attended or alone
Without a tighter Breathing
And Zero at the Bone.

330 He put the Belt around my life -
 I heard the Buckle snap -
 And turned away, imperial,
 My Lifetime folding up -
 Deliberate, as a Duke would do 5
 A Kingdom's Title Deed -
 Henceforth - a Dedicated sort -
 A Member of the Cloud -

 Yet not too far to come at call -
 And do the little Toils 10
 That make the Circuit of the Rest -
 And deal occasional smiles
 To lives that stoop to notice mine -
 And kindly ask it in -
 Whose invitation, know you not 15
 For Whom I must decline?

327 How the old Mountains drip with Sunset
How the Hemlocks burn -

145 ∞ 1862

How the Dun Brake is draped in Cinder By the Wizard Sun -	
How the old Steeples hand the Scarlet Till the Ball is full - Have I the lip of the Flamingo That I dare to tell?	5
Then, how the Fire ebbs like Billows - Touching all the Grass With a departing - Sapphire - feature - As a Duchess passed -	10
How a small Dusk crawls on the Village Till the Houses blot And the odd Flambeau, no men carry Glimmer on the Street -	15
How it is Night - in Nest and Kennel - And where was the Wood - Just a Dome of Abyss is Bowing Into Solitude -	20
These are the Visions flitted Guido - Titian - never told - Domenichino dropped his pencil - Paralyzed, with Gold -	

308 I breathed enough to take 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 numb, the Bellows feels!

5

706 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 -

5

□

Discarded of the Housewife - Quaint - or Broke - A newer Sevres pleases - Old Ones crack -	10
I could not die - with You - For One must wait To shut the Other's Gaze down - You - could not -	15
And I - Could I stand by And see You - freeze - Without my Right of Frost - Death's privilege?	20
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 -	25
They'd judge Us - How - For You - served Heaven - You know, Or sought to - I could not -	30
Because You saturated sight - And I had no more eyes For sordid excellence As Paradise	35
And were You lost, I would be - Though my name Rang loudest On the Heavenly fame -	40
And were You - saved - And I - condemned to be Where You were not That self - were Hell to me -	□

So we must meet apart - 45
You there - I - here -
With just the Door ajar
That Oceans are - and Prayer -
And that White Sustenance -
Despair - 50

340 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, 5
 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 10
 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 15
 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 - 20

591 I heard a Fly buzz - when I died -
The Stillness in the Room
Was like the Stillness in the Air -
Between the Heaves of Storm -

The Eyes around - had wrung them dry - 5
And Breaths were gathering firm
For that last Onset - when the King
Be witnessed - in the Room -

I willed my Keepsakes - Signed away
What portion of me be 10

Assignable - and then it was
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 -

15

207 I taste a liquor never brewed -
 From Tankards scooped in Pearl -
 Not all the Frankfort Berries
 Yield such an Alcohol!

Inebriate of air - am I - 5
 And Debauchee of Dew -
 Reeling - thro' endless summer days -
 From inns of molten Blue -

When "Landlords" turn the drunken Bee
 Out of the Foxglove's door - 10
 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 15
 Leaning against the - Sun!

260 I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you - Nobody - too?
Then there's a pair of us!
Dont tell! they'd advertise - you know!

How dreary - to be - Somebody!
How public - like a Frog -

5

To tell one's name - the livelong June -
To an admiring Bog!

760 Pain - has an Element of Blank -
It cannot recollect

339 ∞ 1863

When it begun - Or if there were
A time when it was not -

It has no Future - but itself -
It's Infinite contain
It's Past - enlightened to perceive
New Periods - Of Pain.

5

781 Remorse - is Memory - awake -
Her Parties all astir -
A Presence of Departed Acts -
At window - and at Door -

It's Past - set down before the Soul
And lighted with a match -

5

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 -

IO

598 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 - 5
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 - 10
And they will differ - if they do -
As Syllable from Sound -

320 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,

5

But internal difference -
Where the Meanings, are -

None may teach it - Any -
'Tis the Seal Despair -
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the Air -

10

When it comes, the Landscape listens -
Shadows - hold their breath -
When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
On the look of Death -

15

1353 To pile like Thunder to it's close
Then crumble grand away
While everything created hid
This - would be Poetry -

Or Love - the two coeval come -
We both and neither prove -
Experience either and consume -
For none see God and live -

5

456 A Prison gets to be a friend -
 Between it's Ponderous face
 And Our's - a Kinsmanship express -
 And in it's narrow Eyes -

We come to look with gratitude 5
 For the appointed Beam
 It deal us - stated as Our food -
 And hungered for - the same -

We learn to know the Planks -
 That answer to Our feet - 10
 So miserable a sound - at first -
 Nor even now - so sweet -

As plashing in the Pools -
 When Memory was a Boy -
 But a Demurer Circuit - 15
 A Geometric Joy -

The Posture of the Key
 That interrupt the Day
 To Our Endeavor - Not so real
 The Cheek of Liberty - 20

As this Phantasm steel -
 Whose features - Day and Night -
 Are present to us - as Our Own -
 And as escapeless - quite -

The narrow Round - the stint - 25
 The slow exchange of Hope -
 For something passiver - Content
 Too steep for looking up -

The Liberty we knew
 Avoided - like a Dream - 30
 Too wide for any night but Heaven -
 If That - indeed - redeem -

307 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 5
Into the purple well -
Too plummetless - that it return -
Eternity - until -

I pondered how the bliss would look -
And would it feel as big - 10
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"!

15

372 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 - 5
A Wooden way
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought -
Regardless grown,
A Quartz contentment, like a stone -

This is the Hour of Lead - 10
Remembered, if outlived,
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow -
First - Chill - then Stupor - then the letting go -

605 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

5

Across my mouth - it blurs it -
 Physician's - proof of Breath -

 I am alive - because
 I am not in a Room - 10
 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"? 15

 I am alive - because
 I do not own a House -
 Entitled to myself - precise -
 And fitting no one else - 20

 And marked my Girlhood's name -
 So Visitors may know
 Which Door is mine - and not mistake -
 And try another Key -

 How good - to be alive! 25
 How infinite - to be
 Alive - two-fold - The Birth I had -
 And this - besides, in Thee!

381 I cannot dance upon my Toes -
 No Man instructed me -
 But oftentimes, among my mind,
 A Glee possesseth me,

 That had I Ballet Knowledge - 5
 Would put itself abroad
 In Pirouette to blanch a Troupe -
 Or lay a Prima, mad,

 And though I had no Gown of Gauze -
 No Ringleet, to my Hair, 10
 Nor hopped for 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, 15
 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 - 20

466	<p>I dwell in Possibility - A fairer House than Prose - More numerous of Windows - Superior - for Doors -</p> <p>Of Chambers as the Cedars - Impregnable of eye - And for an everlasting Roof The Gambrels of the Sky -</p> <p>Of Visitors - the fairest - For Occupation - This - The spreading wide my narrow Hands To gather Paradise -</p>	<p>5</p> <p>10</p>
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348	<p>I would not paint - a picture - I'd rather be the One It's bright impossibility To dwell - delicious - on - And wonder how the fingers feel Whose rare - celestial - stir - Evokes so sweet a torment - Such sumptuous - Despair -</p>	5
	<p>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 -</p>	<p>10 15</p>
		□

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!

20

329 If your Nerve, deny you -
Go above your Nerve -
He can lean against the Grave,
If he fear to swerve -

That's a steady posture - 5
Never any bend
Held of those Brass arms -
Best Giant made -

If your Soul seesaw -
Lift the Flesh door - 10
The Poltroon wants Oxygen -
Nothing more -

764 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 Sovreign Woods -	5
And now We hunt the Doe -	
And every time I speak for Him	
The Mountains straight reply -	
And do I smile, such cordial light	
Opon the Valley glow -	10
It is as a Vesuvian face	
Had let it's pleasure through -	
And when at Night - Our good Day done -	
I guard My Master's Head -	
'Tis better than the Eider Duck's	15
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 -	20
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 -	

833 Pain - expands the Time -
Ages coil within
The minute Circumference
Of a single Brain -

Pain contracts - the Time -
Occupied with Shot
Gammuts of Eternities
Are as they were not -

5

1263 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 -

5

930 The Poets light but Lamps -
Themselves - go out -

397 ∞ 1865

The Wicks they stimulate
If vital Light

Inhere as do the Suns -
Each Age a Lens
Disseminating their
Circumference -

5

360 The Soul has Bandaged moments -
When too appalled to stir -
She feels some ghastly Fright come up
And stop to look at her -

Salute her, with long fingers - 5
Caress her freezing hair -
Sip, Goblin, from the very lips
The Lover - hovered - o'er -
Unworthy, that a thought so mean
Accost a Theme - so - fair - 10

The soul has moments of escape -
When bursting all the doors -
She dances like a Bomb, abroad,
And swings upon the Hours,
□

As do the Bee - delirious borne - 15
Long Dungeoned from his Rose -
Touch Liberty - then know no more -
But Noon, and Paradise -

The Soul's retaken moments -
When, Felon led along, 20
With shackles on the plumed feet,
And staples, in the song,

The Horror welcomes her, again,
These, are not brayed of Tongue -

796 The Wind begun to rock the Grass
 With threatening Tunes and low -
 He threw a Menace at the Earth -
 Another, at the Sky -
 The Leaves unhooked themselves from Trees 5
 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 - 10
 The Lightning showed a yellow Beak
 And then a livid Claw -
 The Birds put up the Bars to Nests -
 The Cattle clung to Barns -
 Then came one Drop of Giant Rain 15
 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 -

20

- 445 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 - 5
 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 10
 Look down upon Captivity -
 And laugh - No more have I -
- 446 This was a Poet -
 It is That
 Distills amazing sense
 From Ordinary Meanings -
 And Attar so immense 5
- From the familiar species
 That perished by the Door -
 We wonder it was not Ourselves
 Arrested it - before -
- Of Pictures, the Discloser - 10
 The Poet - it is He -
 Entitles Us - by Contrast -
 To ceaseless Poverty -
- Of Portion - so unconscious -
 The Robbing - could not harm - 15
 Himself - to Him - a Fortune -
 Exterior - to Time -

194	Title divine, is mine.	
	The Wife without the Sign -	
	Acute Degree conferred on me -	
	Empress of Calvary -	
	Royal, all but the Crown -	5
	Betrothed, without the Swoon	
	God gives us Women -	
	When You hold Garnet to Garnet -	
	Gold - to Gold -	
	Born - Bridalled - Shrouded -	10
	In a Day -	
	Tri Victory -	
	“My Husband” - Women say	
	Stroking the Melody -	
	Is this the way -	15

1091 To own the Art within the Soul
The Soul to entertain
With Silence as a Company
And Festival maintain

In an unfurnished Circumstance
Possession is to One
As an Estate perpetual
Or a reduceless Mine.

5

428 We grow accustomed to the Dark -
 When Light is put away -
 As when the Neighbor holds the Lamp
 To witness her Good bye -

A Moment - We uncertain step 5
 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 - 10
 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 - 15
 But as they learn to see -

Either the Darkness alters -
 Or something in the sight
 Adjusts itself to Midnight -
 And Life steps almost straight. 20

1476 Your thoughts dont have words every day
They come a single time
Like signal esoteric sips
Of the communion Wine
Which while you taste so free seems 5
So affable so to be
You cannot comprehend it's price -
Nor it's infrequency

620 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 straightway dangerous -
And handled with a Chain -

5

849 By my Window have I for Scenery
Just a Sea - with a Stem -
If the Bird and the Farmer - deem it a "Pine" -
The Opinion will do - for them -

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

5

□

For Inlands - the Earth is the under side -	
And the upper side - is the Sun -	10
And it's Commerce - if Commerce it have -	
Of Spice - I infer from the Odors borne -	
Of it's Voice - to affirm - when the Wind is within -	
Can the Dumb - define the Divine?	
The Definition of Melody - is -	15
That Definition is none -	
It - suggests to our Faith -	
They - suggest to our Sight -	
When the latter - is put away	
I shall meet with Conviction I somewhere met	20
That Immortality -	
Was the Pine at my Window a "Fellow	
Of the Royal" Infinity?	
Apprehensions - are God's introductions -	
To be hallowed - accordingly -	25

358 Perhaps I asked too large -
I take - no less than skies -
For Earths, grow thick as
Berries, in my native Town -

My Basket holds - just - Firmaments -
Those - dangle easy - on my arm,
But smaller bundles - Cram.

5

1261	The Lilac is an ancient Shrub But ancienter than that The Firmamental Lilac Opon the Hill Tonight - The Sun subsiding on his Course Bequeathes this final plant To Contemplation - not to Touch - The Flower of Occident.	5
	Of one Corolla is the West - The Calyx is the Earth - The Capsule's burnished Seeds the Stars - The Scientist of Faith His research has but just begun - Above his Synthesis	10
	The Flora unimpeachable To Time's Analysis - "Eye hath not seen" may possibly Be current with the Blind But let not Revelation By Theses be detained -	15 20

1565 The Dandelion's pallid Tube
Astonishes the Grass -
And Winter instantly becomes
An infinite Alas -

577 ∞ 1881

The Tube uplifts a signal Bud
And then a shouting Flower -
The Proclamation of the Suns
That sepulture is o'er -

5

1355	His Mansion in the Pool	
	The Frog forsakes -	
	He rises on a Log	
	And statements makes -	
	His Auditors two Worlds	5
	Deducting me -	
	The Orator of April	
	Is hoarse Today -	
	His Mittens at his Feet	
	No Hand hath he -	10
	His eloquence a Bubble	
	As Fame should be -	
	Applaud him to discover	
	To your chagrin	
	Demosthenes has vanished	15
	In Waters Green -	

476 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? 5

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 - 10
 Where - Omnipresence - fly?

740 On a Columnar Self -
How ample to rely
In Tumult - or Extremity -
How good the Certainty

That Lever cannot pry -
And Wedge cannot divide

5

Conviction - That Granitic Base -
Though none be on our side -

Suffice Us - for a Crowd -
Ourself - and Rectitude -
And that Assembly - not far off
From furthest Spirit - God -

IO

1295 I think that the Root of the Wind is Water -
It would not sound so deep
Were it a Firmamental Product -
Airs no Oceans keep -
Mediterranean intonations -
To a Current's Ear -
There is a maritime conviction
In the Atmosphere -

5

319 Of Bronze - and Blaze -
 The North - tonight -
 So adequate - it forms -
 So preconcerted with itself -
 So distant - to alarms - 5
 An Unconcern so sovrein
 To Universe, or me -
 Infects my simple spirit
 With Taints of Majesty -
 Till I take vaster attitudes - 10
 And strut upon my stem -
 Disdaining Men, and Oxygen,
 For Arrogance of them -

 My Splendors, are Menagerie -
 But their Competeless Show 15
 Will entertain the Centuries
 When I, am long ago,
 An Island in dishonored Grass -
 Whom none but Daisies, know -

318 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 - 5
You dropped an Amber Thread -
And now you've littered all the East
With Duds of Emerald -

And still she plies Her spotted thrift
And still the scene prevails 10
Till Dusk obstructs the Diligence -
Or Contemplation fails.

321 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

5

373	This World is not conclusion.	
	A Species stands beyond -	
	Invisible, as Music -	
	But positive, as Sound -	
	It beckons, and it baffles -	5
	Philosophy, dont know -	
	And through a Riddle, at the last -	
	Sagacity, must go -	
	To guess it, puzzles scholars -	
	To gain it, Men have borne	10
	Contempt of Generations	
	And Crucifixion, shown -	
	Faith slips - and laughs, and rallies -	
	Blushes, if any see -	
	Plucks at a twig of Evidence -	15
	And asks a Vane, the way -	
	Much Gesture, from the Pulpit -	
	Strong Hallelujahs roll -	
	Narcotics cannot still the Tooth	
	That nibbles at the soul -	20

735	The Moon was but a Chin of Gold A night or two ago - And now she turns Her perfect Face Upon the World below -	
	Her Forehead is of Amplest Blonde - Her Cheek - a Beryl hewn - Her Eye unto the Summer Dew The likest I have known -	5
	Her Lips of Amber never part - But what must be the smile Upon Her Friend she could confer Were such Her silver will -	10
	And what a privilege to be But the remotest star - For Certainty she take Her way Beside Your Palace Door -	15
	Her Bonnet is the Firmament - The Universe - Her shoe - The Stars - the Trinkets at Her Belt - Her Dimities - of Blue -	20