

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 mistake -
And try another Key -

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