

**Emily Dickinson**

**Because I Could Not Stop for Death (#712)**

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 –

**I Heard a Fly (#465)**

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 –  
And Breaths were gathering firm  
For that last Onset – when the King  
Be witnessed – in the Room –

I willed my Keepsakes – Signed away  
What portions of me be  
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 –

**Emily Dickinson**

**I Like a Look of Agony (#241)**

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.

**Wild Nights – Wild Nights! (#249)**

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 moor – Tonight –  
In thee!

**Safe in their Alabaster Chambers— (#216)**

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 above them—  
Babbles the Bee in a stolid Ear,  
Pipe the Sweet Birds in gorant cadence—  
Ah, what sagacity perished here!

1859 Version

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Safe in their Alabaster Chambers—  
Untouched by Morning  
And untouched by Noon—  
Lie the meek members of the Resurrection—  
Rafters of Satin—and Roof of Stone!

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 Disc of Snow—

1861 Version