The Project Gutenberg eBook of Poems by Emily Dickinson, Three Series, Complete, by Emily Dickinson

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON, THREE SERIES, COMPLETE ***

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE

As is well documented, Emily Dickinson's poems were edited in these early editions by her friends, better to fit the conventions of the times. In particular, her dashes, often small enough to appear as dots, became commas and semi-colons.

In the second series of poems published, a facsimile of her handwritten poem which her editors titled "Renunciation" is given, and comparing this to the printed version gives a flavor of the changes made in these early editions.

—-JT

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POEMS

by EMILY DICKINSON

Edited by two of her friends

MABEL LOOMIS TODD and T.W. HIGGINSON

The verses of Emily Dickinson belong emphatically to what Emerson long since called "the Poetry of the Portfolio,"—something produced absolutely without the thought of publication, and solely by way of expression of the writer's own mind. Such verse must inevitably forfeit whatever advantage lies in the discipline of public criticism and the enforced conformity to accepted ways. On the other hand, it may often gain something through the habit of freedom and the unconventional utterance of daring thoughts. In the case of the present author, there was absolutely no choice in the matter; she must write thus, or not at all. A recluse by temperament and habit, literally spending years without setting her foot beyond the doorstep, and many more years during which her walks were strictly limited to her father's grounds, she habitually concealed her mind, like her person, from all but a very few friends; and it was with great difficulty that she was persuaded to print, during her lifetime, three or four poems. Yet she wrote verses in great abundance; and though brought curiously indifferent to all conventional rules, had yet a rigorous literary standard of her own, and often altered a word many times to suit an ear which had its own tenacious fastidiousness.

Miss Dickinson was born in Amherst, Mass., Dec. 10, 1830, and died there May 15, 1886. Her father, Hon. Edward Dickinson, was the leading lawyer of Amherst, and was treasurer of the well-known college there situated. It was his custom once a year to hold a large reception at his house, attended by all the families connected with the institution and by the leading people of the town. On these occasions his daughter Emily emerged from her wonted retirement and did her part as gracious hostess; nor would any one have known from her manner, I have been told, that this was not a daily occurrence. The annual occasion once past, she withdrew again into her seclusion, and except for a very few friends was as invisible to the world as if she had dwelt in a nunnery. For myself, although I had corresponded with her for many years, I saw her but twice face to face, and brought away the impression of something as unique and remote as Undine or Mignon or Thekla.

This selection from her poems is published to meet the desire of her personal friends, and especially of her surviving sister. It is believed that the thoughtful reader will find in these pages a quality more suggestive of the poetry of William Blake than of anything to be elsewhere found,—flashes of wholly original and profound insight into nature and life; words and phrases exhibiting an extraordinary vividness of descriptive and imaginative power, yet often set in a seemingly whimsical or even rugged frame. They are here published as they were written, with very few and superficial changes; although it is fair to say that the titles have been assigned, almost invariably, by the editors. In many cases these verses will seem to the reader like poetry torn up by the roots, with rain and dew and earth still clinging to them, giving a freshness and a fragrance not otherwise to be conveyed. In other cases, as in the few poems of shipwreck or of mental conflict, we can only wonder at the gift of vivid imagination by which this recluse woman can delineate, by a few touches, the very crises of physical or mental struggle. And sometimes again we catch glimpses of a lyric strain, sustained perhaps but for a line or two at a time, and making the reader regret its sudden cessation. But the main quality of these poems is that of extraordinary grasp and insight, uttered with an uneven vigor sometimes exasperating, seemingly wayward, but really unsought and inevitable. After all, when a thought takes one's breath away, a lesson on grammar seems an impertinence. As Ruskin wrote in his earlier and better days, "No weight nor mass nor beauty of execution can outweigh one grain or fragment of thought."

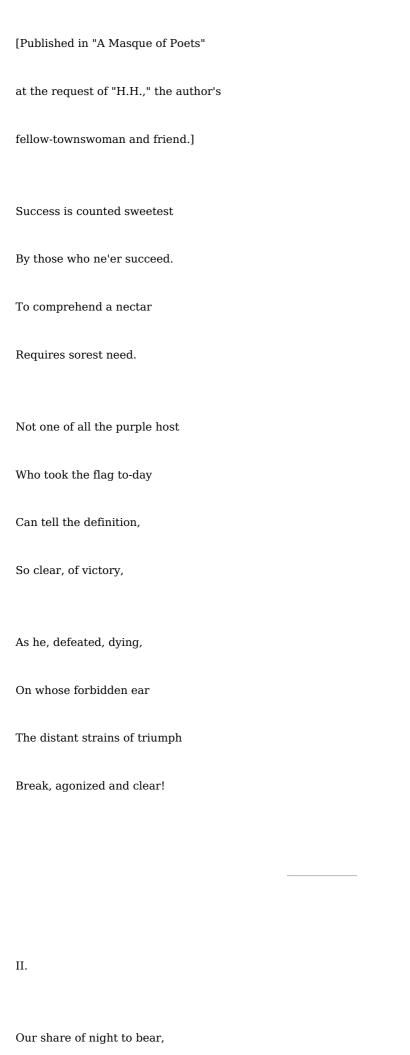
—-Thomas Wentworth Higginson

This is my letter to the world,
That never wrote to me,—
The simple news that Nature told,
With tender majesty.

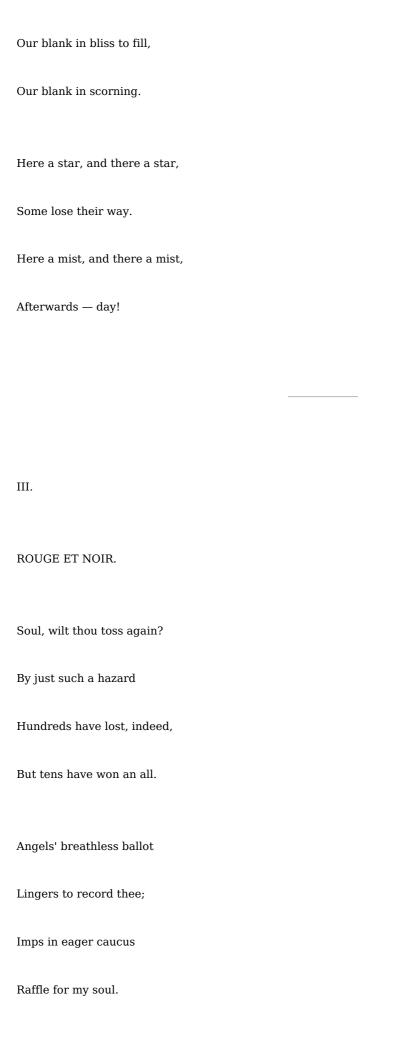
Her message is committed
To hands I cannot see;
For love of her, sweet countrymen,
Judge tenderly of me!

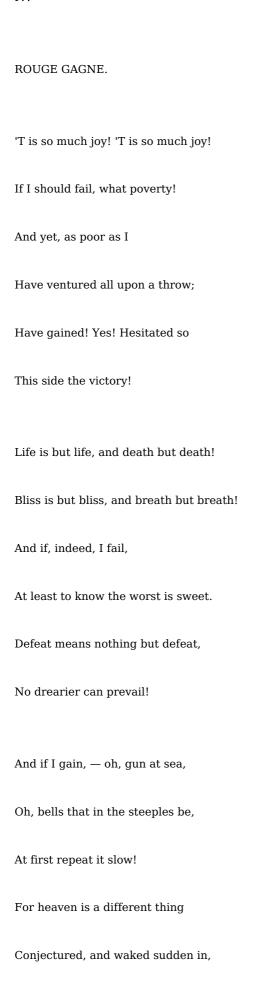
I. LIFE.

I.



Our share of morning,





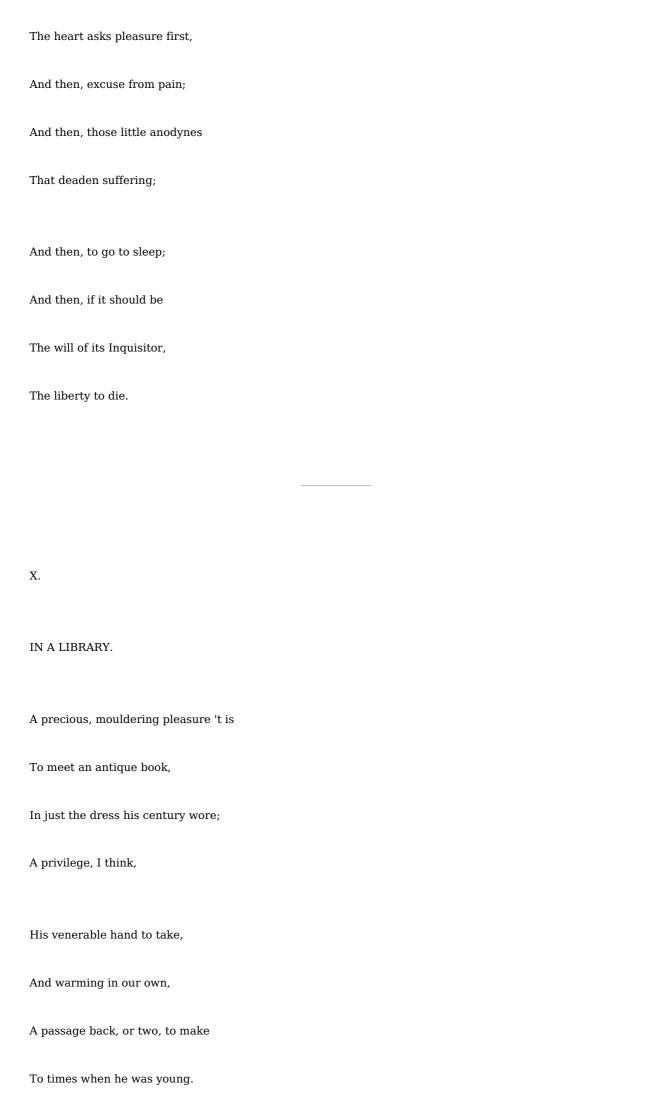
And might o'erwhelm me so!

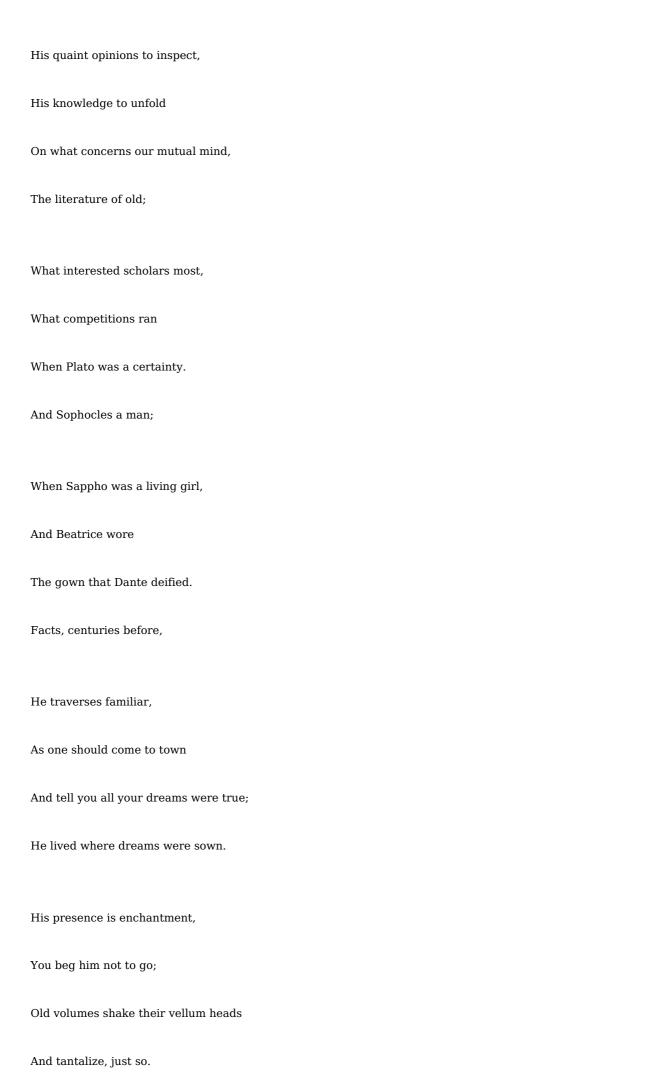
Glee! The great storm is over!
Four have recovered the land;
Forty gone down together
Into the boiling sand.
Ring, for the scant salvation!
Toll, for the bonnie souls, —
Neighbor and friend and bridegroom,
Spinning upon the shoals!
How they will tell the shipwreck
When winter shakes the door,
Till the children ask, "But the forty?
Did they come back no more?"
Then a silence suffuses the story,
And a softness the teller's eye;
And the children no further question,
And only the waves reply.

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.
VII.
ALMOST!
Within my reach!
I could have touched!
I might have chanced that way!
Soft sauntered through the village,
Sauntered as soft away!
So unsuspected violets

Within the fields lie low,

Too late for striving fingers
That passed, an hour ago.
VIII.
A wounded deer leaps highest,
I've heard the hunter tell;
'T is 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 cautions arm,
Lest anybody spy the blood
And "You're hurt" exclaim!





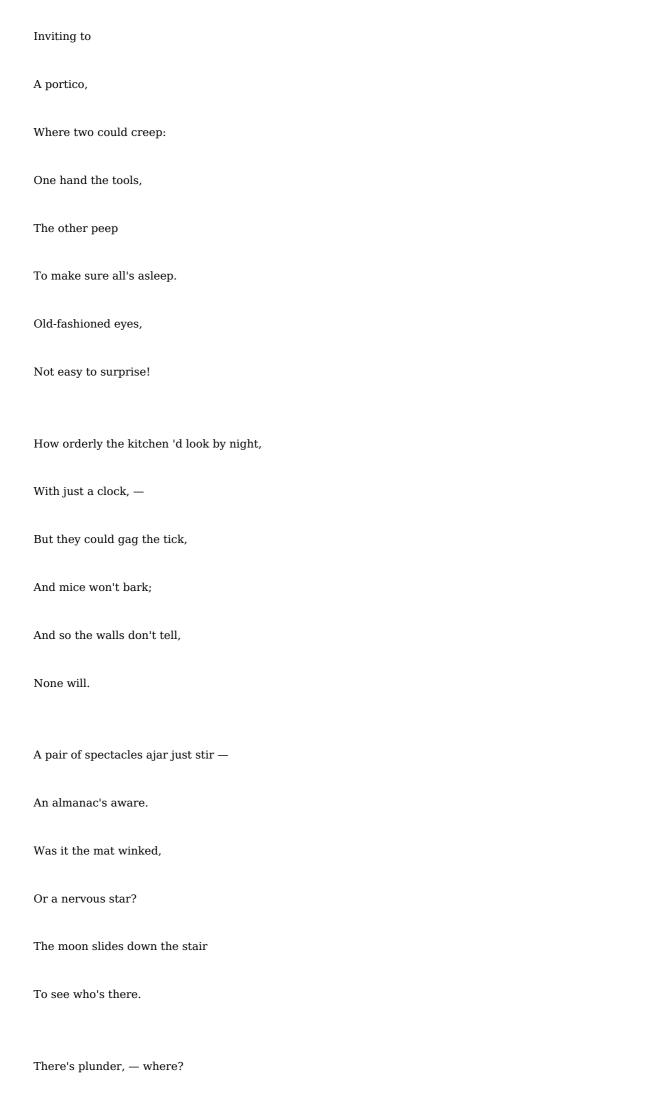
XI.
Much madness is divinest sense
To a discerning eye;
Much sense the starkest madness.
'T is the majority
In this, as all, prevails.
Assent, and you are sane;
Demur, — you're straightway dangerous,
And handled with a chain.
XII.
XII. I asked no other thing,
I asked no other thing,
I asked no other thing, No other was denied.

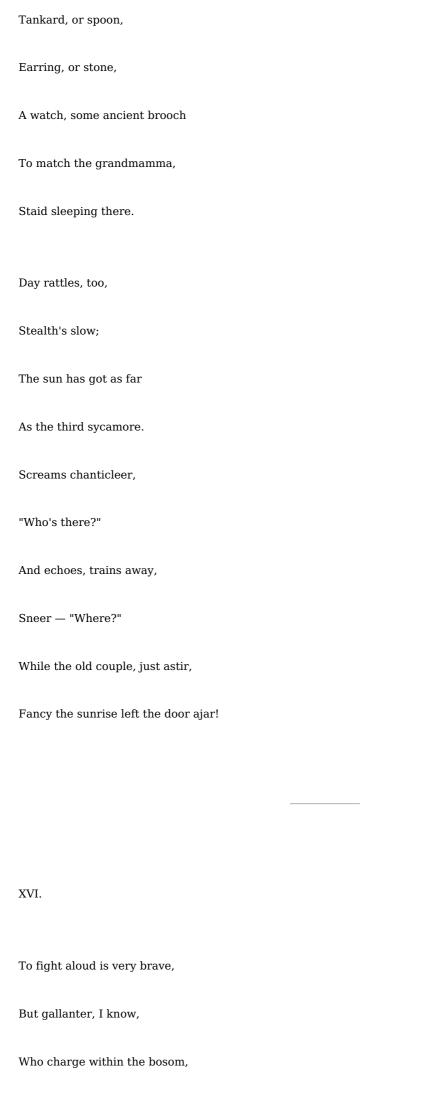
Without a glance my way:

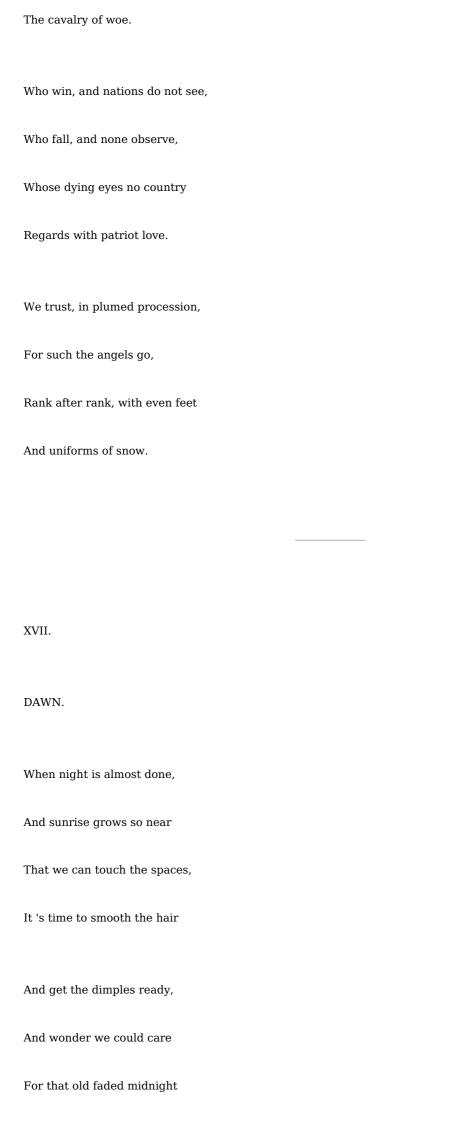
"But, madam, is there nothing else
That we can show to-day?"
XIII.
EXCLUSION.
EXCLUSION.
The soul selects her own society,
Then shuts the door;
On her divine majority
Obtrude no more.
Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing
At her low gate;
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling
Upon her mat.
I've known her from an ample nation
Choose one;
Then close the valves of her attention
Like stone.

XIV.
THE SECRET.
Some things that fly there be, $-$
Birds, hours, the bumble-bee:
Of these no elegy.
Some things that stay there be, $-$
Grief, hills, eternity:
Nor this behooveth me.
There are, that resting, rise.
Can I expound the skies?
How still the riddle lies!
XV.
THE LONELY HOUSE.
I know some lonely houses off the road
A robber 'd like the look of, $-$
Wooden barred,

And windows hanging low,







XVIII.	
THE BOOK OF MARTYRS.	
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,	

That frightened but an hour.

Passed out of record

Into renown!	
XIX.	
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.	
XX.	
I taste a liquor never brewed,	
From tankards scooped in pearl;	

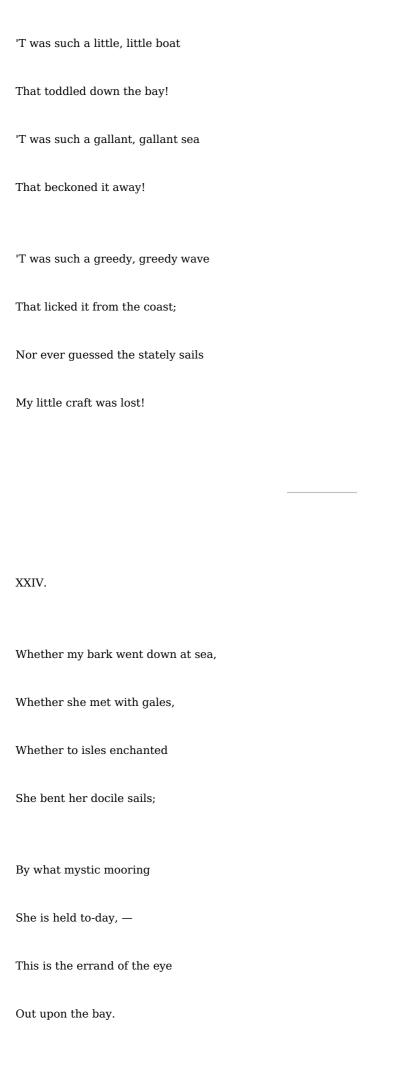
Yield such an alcohol!

Not all the vats upon the Rhine



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!
XXII.
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.
XXIII.

UNRETURNING.



Belshazzar had a letter, —
He never had but one;
Belshazzar's correspondent
Concluded and begun
In that immortal copy
The conscience of us all
Can read without its glasses
On revelation's wall.
XXVI.
XXVI. The brain within its groove
The brain within its groove
The brain within its groove Runs evenly and true;
The brain within its groove Runs evenly and true; But let a splinter swerve,
The brain within its groove Runs evenly and true; But let a splinter swerve, 'T were easier for you

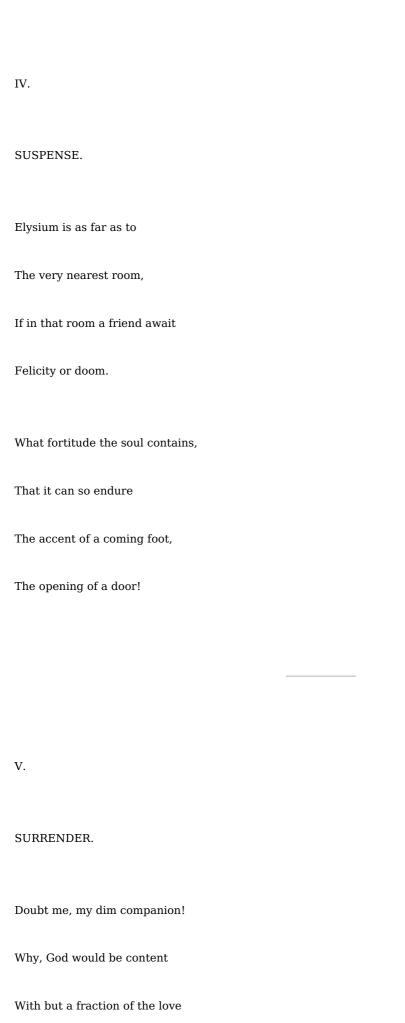
And blotted out the mills!

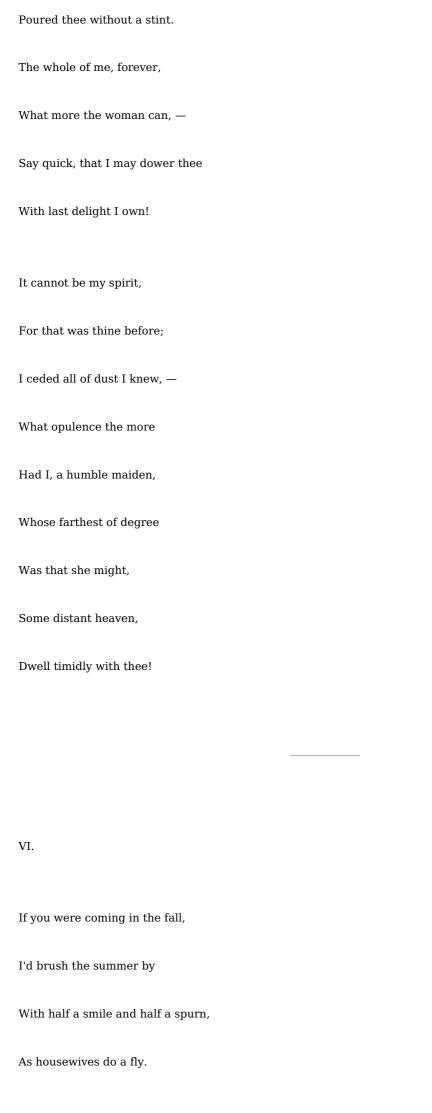
XXV.

II. LOVE.	
I.	
MINE.	
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	
Titled, confirmed, — delirious charter!	
Mine, while the ages steal!	

You left me, sweet, two legacies, —
A legacy of love
A Heavenly Father would content,
Had He the offer of;
You left me boundaries of pain
Capacious as the sea,
Between eternity and time,
Your consciousness and me.
III.
Alter? When the hills do.
Falter? When the sun
Question if his glory
Be the perfect one.
Surfeit? When the daffodil
Doth of the dew:
Even as herself, O friend!
I will of you!

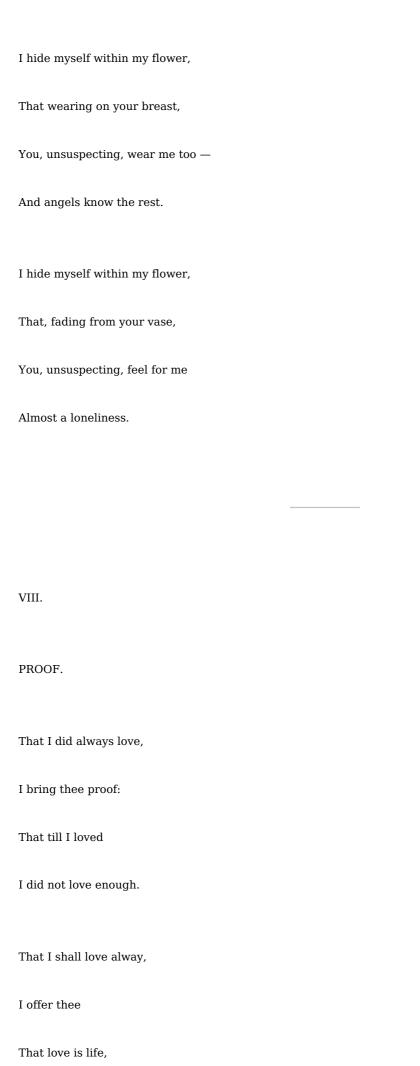
BEQUEST.

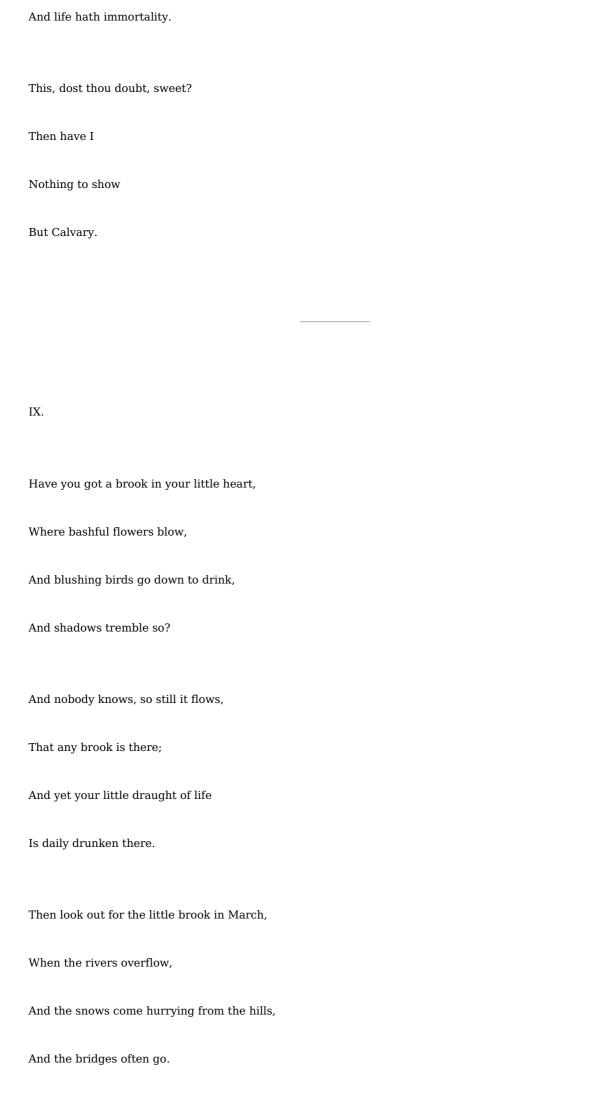


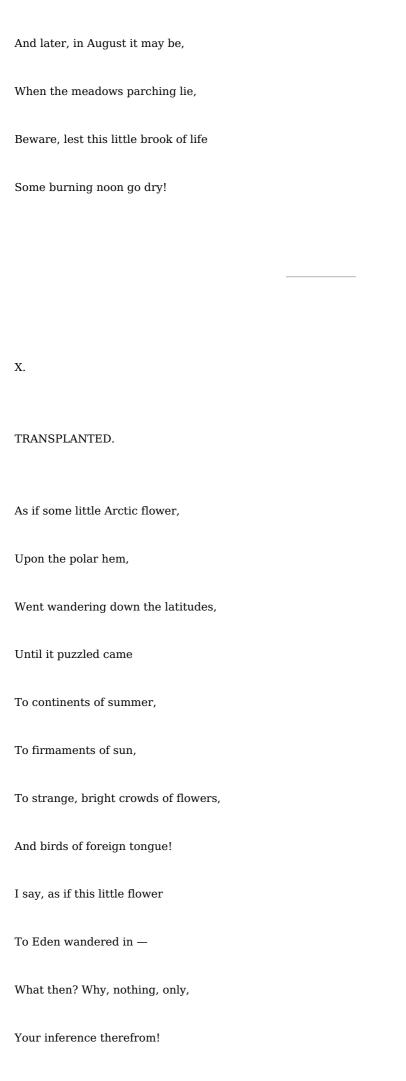


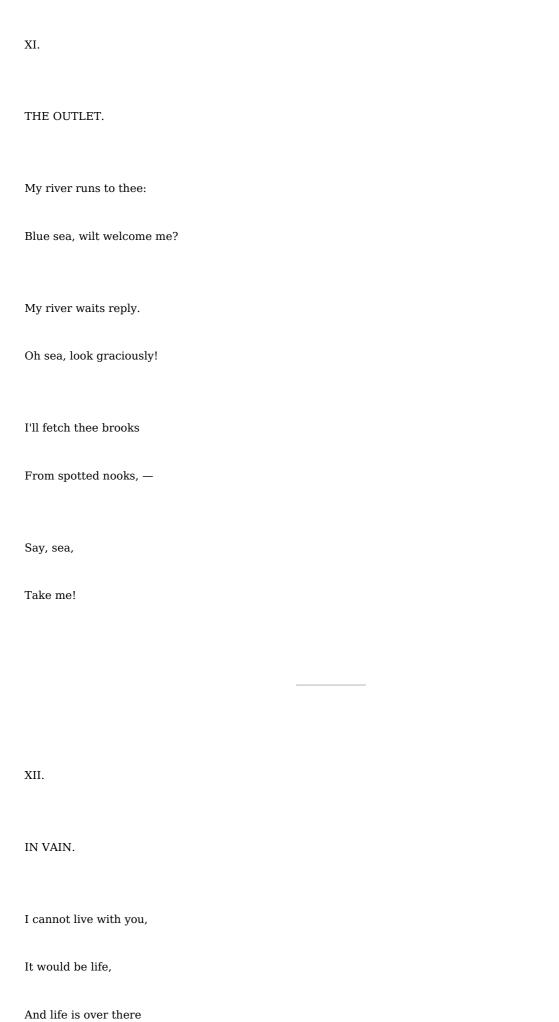
If I could see you in a year,
I'd wind the months in balls,
And put them each in separate drawers,
Until their time befalls.
If only centuries delayed,
I'd count them on my hand,
Subtracting till my fingers dropped
Into Van Diemen's land.
If certain, when this life was out,
That yours and mine should 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.

VII.









The sexton keeps the key to,
Putting up
Our life, his porcelain,
Like a cup
Discarded of the housewife,
Quaint or broken;
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?
Dodding printings.
Nor could I rise with you,
Because your face

Behind the shelf

Would put out Jesus',



So we must keep apart,
You there, I here,
With just the door ajar
That oceans are,
And prayer,
And that pale sustenance,
Despair!
XIII.
RENUNCIATION.

EMILY DICKINSON'S POEMS.

Edited by two of her friends, Mahet Loomis Todd and T. W. Higginson.

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LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY, Boston.

Fac-simile of "Renunciation," by Emily Dickinson.

PRINTED IN THE FIRST VOLUME OF HER POEMS.

Then Came a day.

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Church.

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POEMS

BY

EMILY DICKINSON

Edited by two of her Friends

T. W. HIGGINSON AND MABEL LOOMIS TODD

SECOND SERIES

BOSTON LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY XIII.

RENUNCIATION.

THERE came a day at summer's full Entirely for me;
I thought that such were for the saints,
Where revelations be.

The sun, as common, went abroad, The flowers, accustomed, blew, As if no soul the solstice passed That maketh all things new.

The time was scarce profaned by speech; The symbol of a word Was needless, as at sacrament The wardrobe of our Lord.

Each was to each the sealed church, Permitted to commune this time, Lest we too awkward show At supper of the Lamb. The hours slid fast, as hours will, Clutched tight by greedy hands; So faces on two decks look back, Bound to opposing lands.

And so, when all the time had failed, Without external sound, Each bound the other's crucifix, We gave no other bond.

Sufficient troth that we shall rise — Deposed, at length, the grave — To that new marriage, justified Through Calvaries of Love!

There came a day at summer's full

Entirely for me;

I thought that such were for the saints,

Where revelations be.

The sun, as common, went abroad,

The flowers, accustomed, blew,

As if no soul the solstice passed

That maketh all things new.

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The symbol of a word

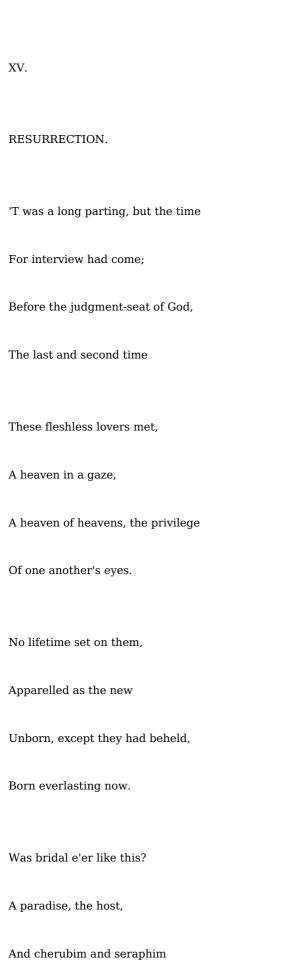
V	Vas needless, as at sacrament
Т	The wardrobe of our Lord.
E	Each was to each the sealed church,
F	Permitted to commune this time,
L	est we too awkward show
Α	At supper of the Lamb.
Т	The hours slid fast, as hours will,
C	Clutched tight by greedy hands;
S	So faces on two decks look back,
E	Bound to opposing lands.
A	and so, when all the time had failed,
V	Vithout external sound,
E	Each bound the other's crucifix,
V	We gave no other bond.
S	Sufficient troth that we shall rise —
Γ	Deposed, at length, the grave —
Т	To that new marriage, justified
Т	Through Calvaries of Love!

LOVE'S BAPTISM. 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;

And I choose — just a throne.

But this time, adequate, erect,

With will to choose or to reject.



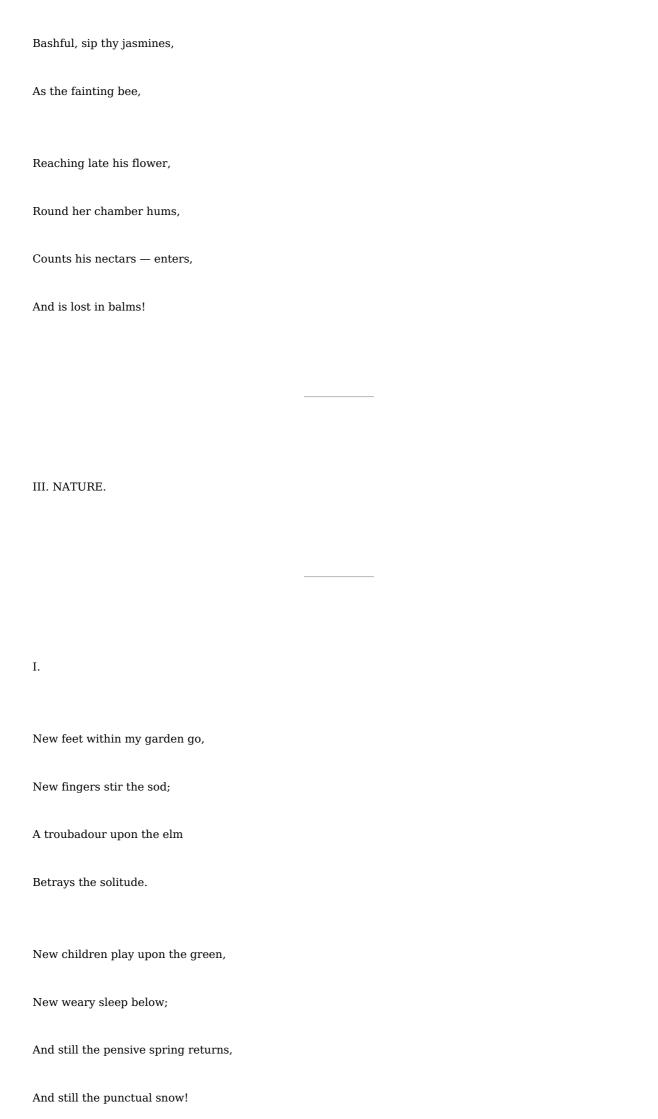
XVI.	
APOCALYPSE.	
I'm wife; I've finished that,	
That other state;	
I'm Czar, I'm woman now:	
It's safer so.	
How odd the girl's life looks	
Behind this soft eclipse!	
I think that earth seems so	
To those in heaven now.	
This being comfort, then	
That other kind was pain;	
But why compare?	
I'm wife! stop there!	

The most familiar guest.

THE WIFE.	
She rose to his requirement, dropped	
The playthings of her life	
To take the honorable work	
Of woman and of wife.	
If aught she missed in her new day	
Of amplitude, or awe,	
Or first prospective, or the gold	
In using wore away,	
It lay unmentioned, as the sea	
Develops pearl and weed,	
But only to himself is known	
The fathoms they abide.	
XVIII.	
APOTHEOSIS.	

Come slowly, Eden!

Lips unused to thee,



II. 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.

III.

The murmur of a bee	
A witchcraft yieldeth me.	
If any ask me why,	
'T were easier to die	
Than tell.	
The red upon the hill	
Taketh away my will;	
If anybody sneer,	
Take care, for God is here,	
That's all.	
The breaking of the day	
Addeth to my degree;	
If any ask me how,	
Artist, who drew me so,	
Must tell!	

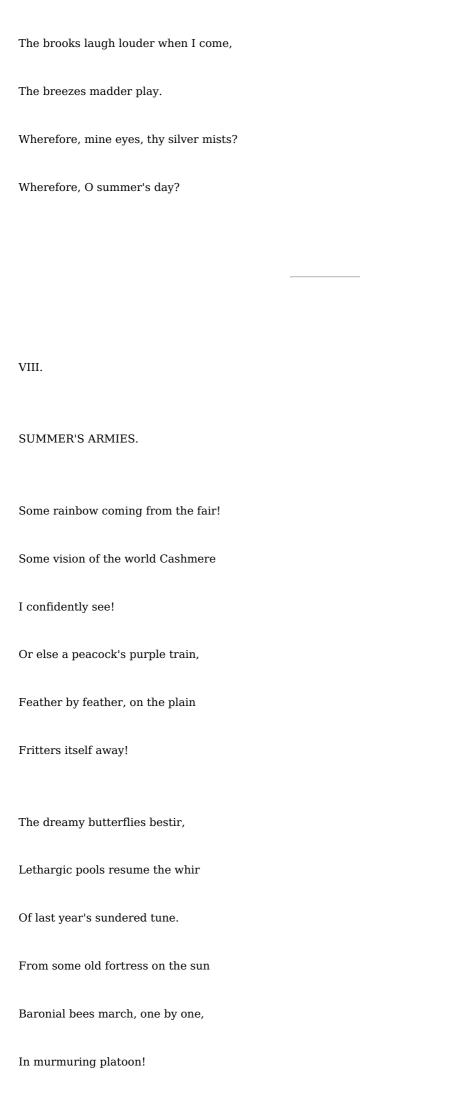
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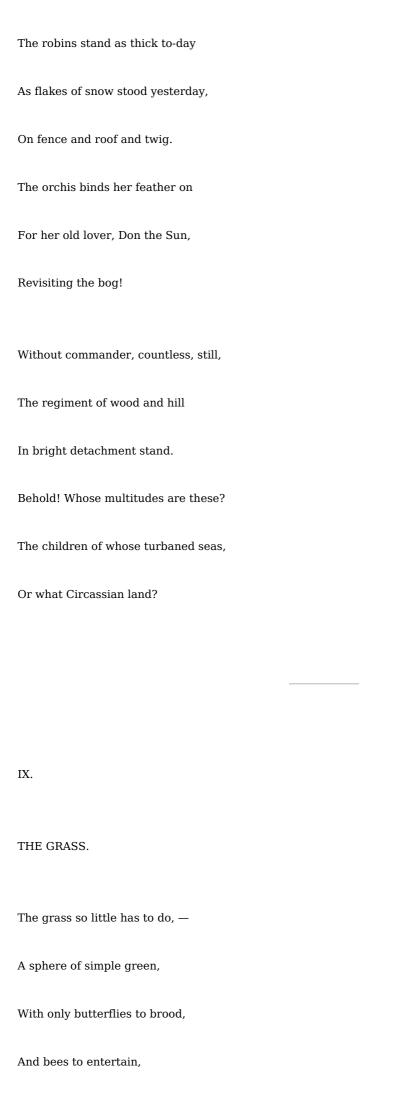
But I could never sell.
If you would like to borrow
Until the daffodil
Unties her yellow bonnet
Beneath the village door,
Until the bees, from clover rows
Their hock and sherry draw,
Why, I will lend until just then,
But not an hour more!
V.
V.
V. The pedigree of honey
The pedigree of honey
The pedigree of honey Does not concern the bee;
The pedigree of honey Does not concern the bee; A clover, any time, to him

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.
Cod procedure a noted clargemen
God preaches, — a noted clergyman, —
And the sermon is never long;
So instead of getting to heaven at last,
I'm going all along!
VII.
The best is not of raid of man
The bee is not afraid of me,
I know the butterfly;
The pretty people in the woods

A SERVICE OF SONG. $\,$

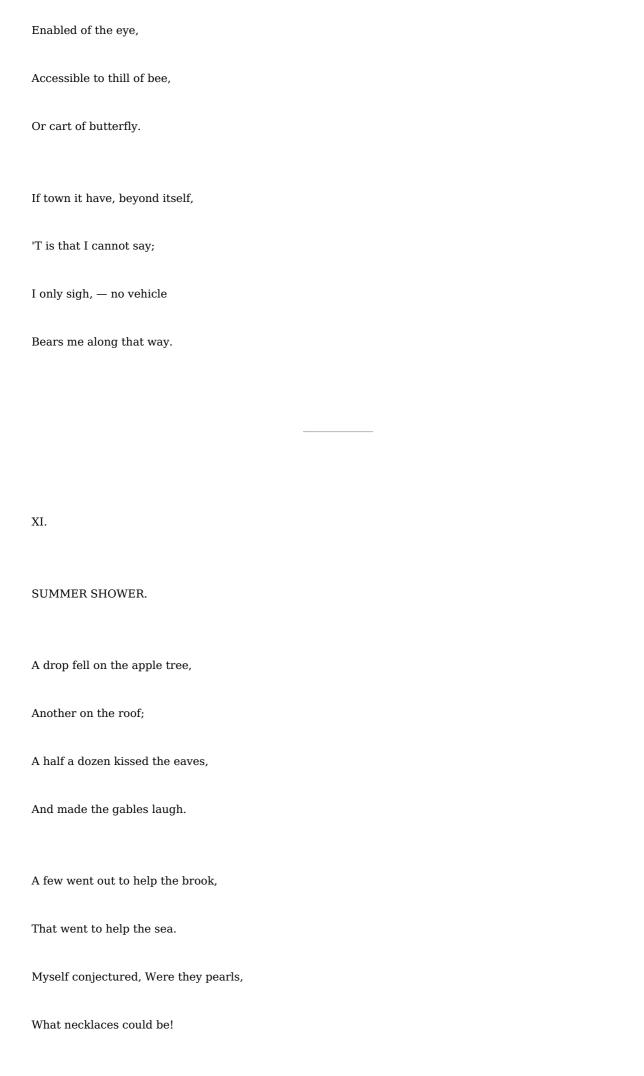
Receive me cordially.

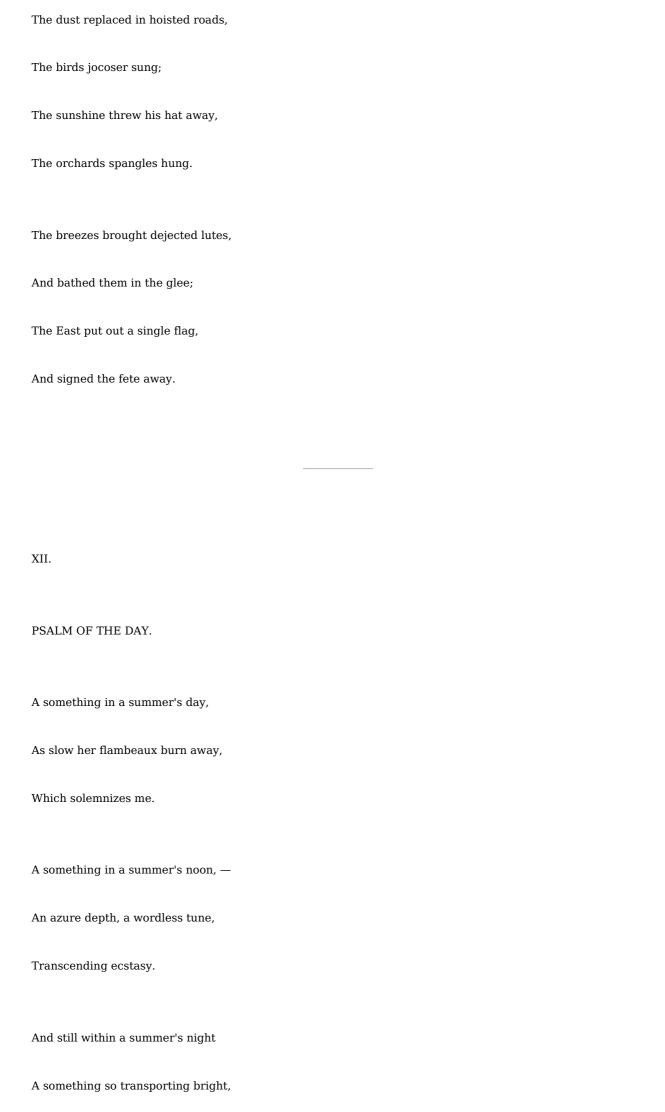


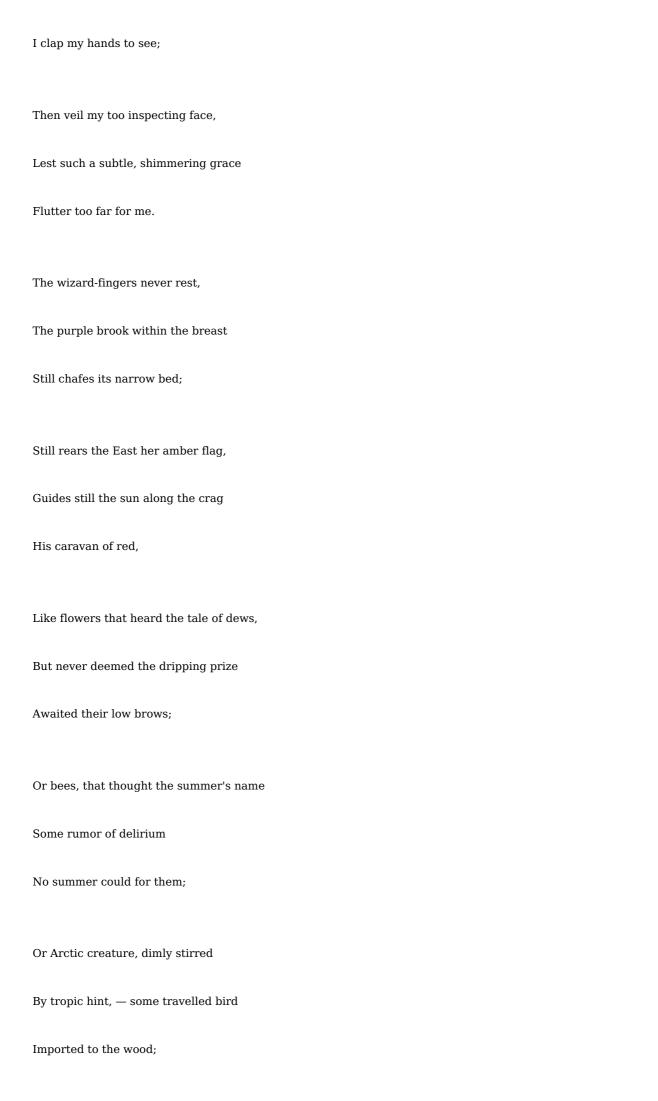


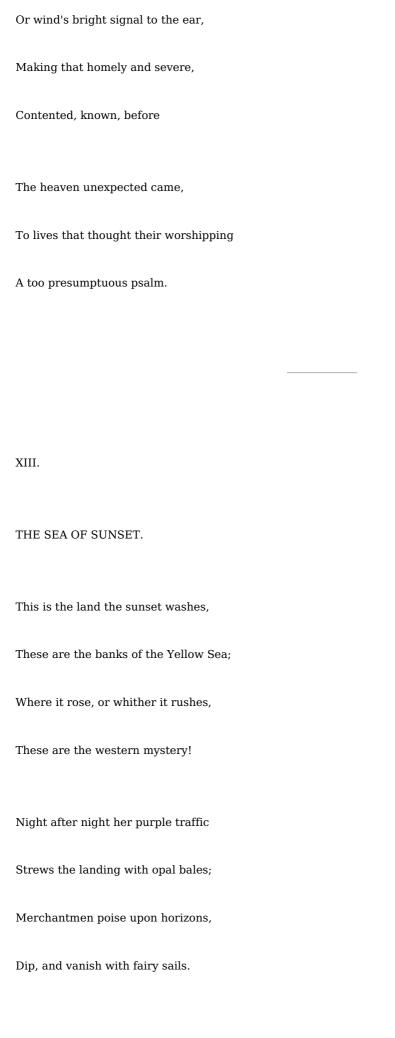
And stir all day to pretty tunes
The breezes fetch along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap
And bow to everything;
And thread the dews all night, like pearls,
And make itself so fine, —
A duchess were too common
For such a noticing.
And even when it dies, to pass
In odors so divine,
As lowly spices gone to sleep,
Or amulets of pine.
And then to dwell in sovereign barns,
And dream the days away, —
The grass so little has to do,
I wish I were the hay!

X.



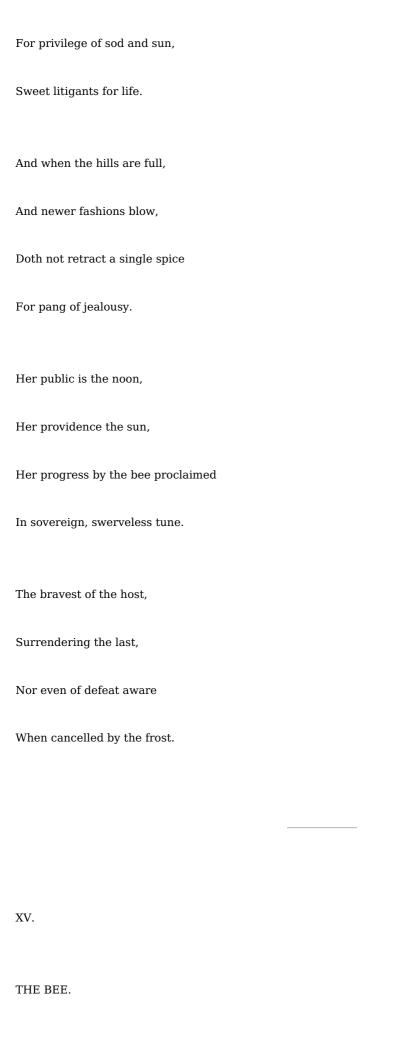






Near kinsman to herself,

PURPLE CLOVER.
There is a flower that bees prefer,
And butterflies desire;
To gain the purple democrat
The humming-birds aspire.
And whatsoever insect pass,
A honey bears away
Proportioned to his several dearth
And her capacity.
Her face is rounder than the moon,
And ruddier than the gown
Of orchis in the pasture,
Or rhododendron worn.
She doth not wait for June;
Before the world is green
Her sturdy little countenance
Against the wind is seen,
Contending with the grass,



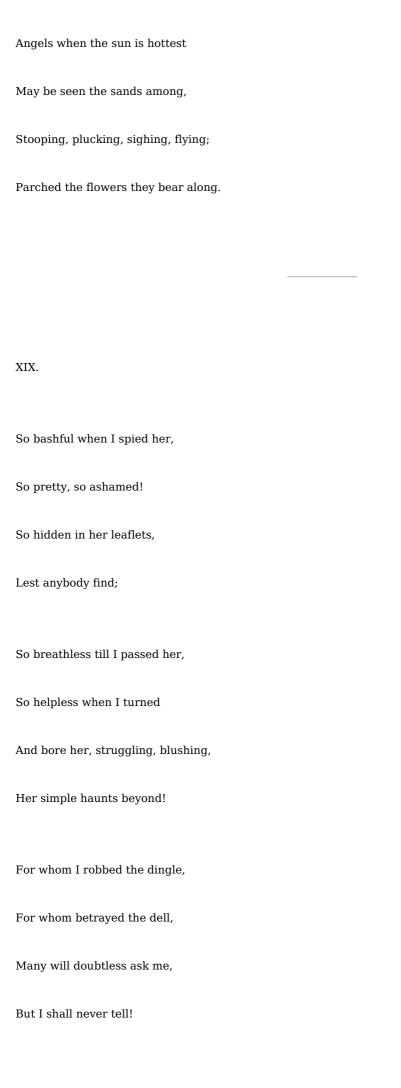
Like trains of cars on tracks of plush

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!
XVI.
Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn

Indicative that suns go down;

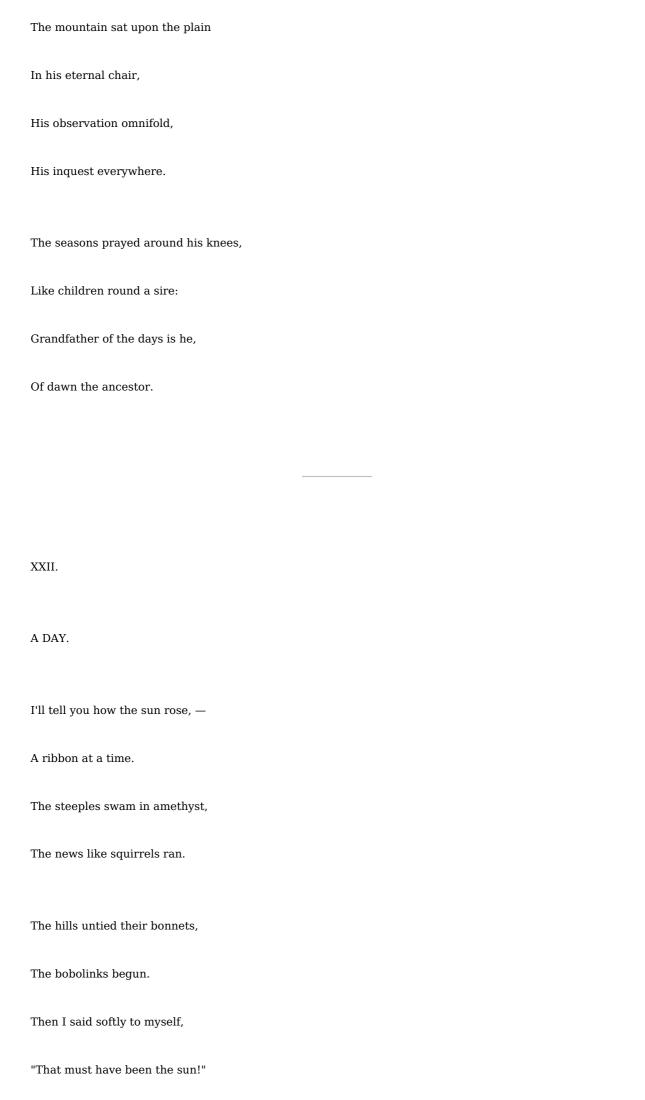
Γhat darkness is about to pass.	
XVII.	
As children bid the guest good-night,	
And then reluctant turn,	
My flowers raise their pretty lips,	
Γhen put their nightgowns on.	
As children caper when they wake,	
Merry that it is morn,	
My flowers from a hundred cribs	
Will peep, and prance again.	
XVIII.	
Angels in the early morning	
May be seen the dews among,	
Stooping, plucking, smiling, flying:	
Do the buds to them belong?	

The notice to the startled grass

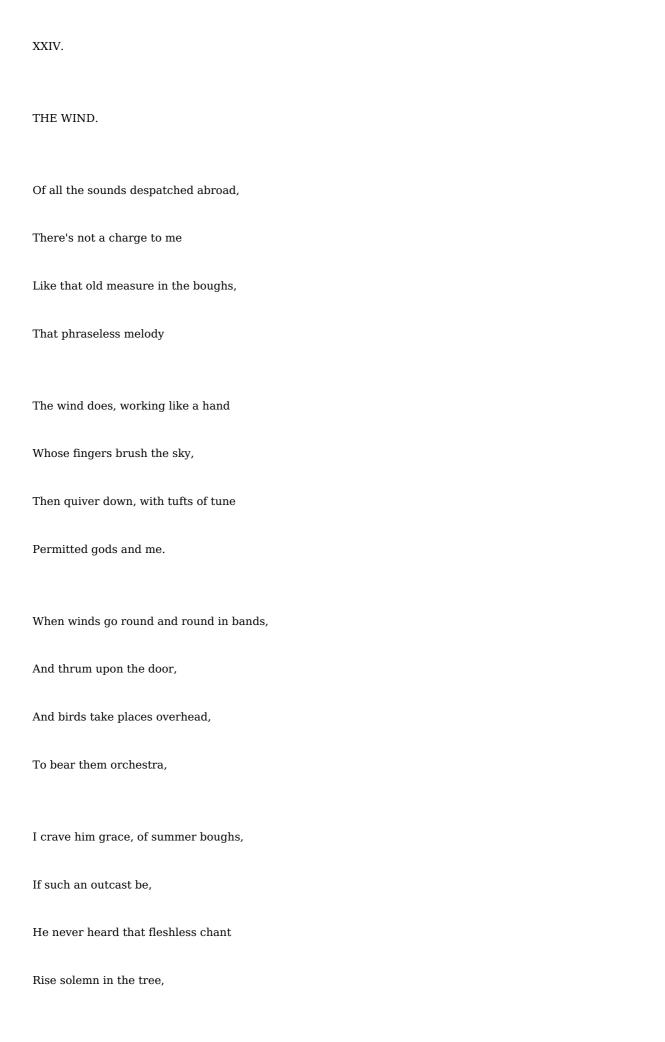


TWO WORLDS.	
It makes no difference abroad,	
The seasons fit the same,	
The mornings blossom into noons,	
And split their pods of flame.	
Wild-flowers kindle in the woods,	
The brooks brag all the day;	
No blackbird bates his jargoning	
For passing Calvary.	
Auto-da-fe and judgment	
Are nothing to the bee;	
His separation from his rose	
To him seems misery.	

XXI.



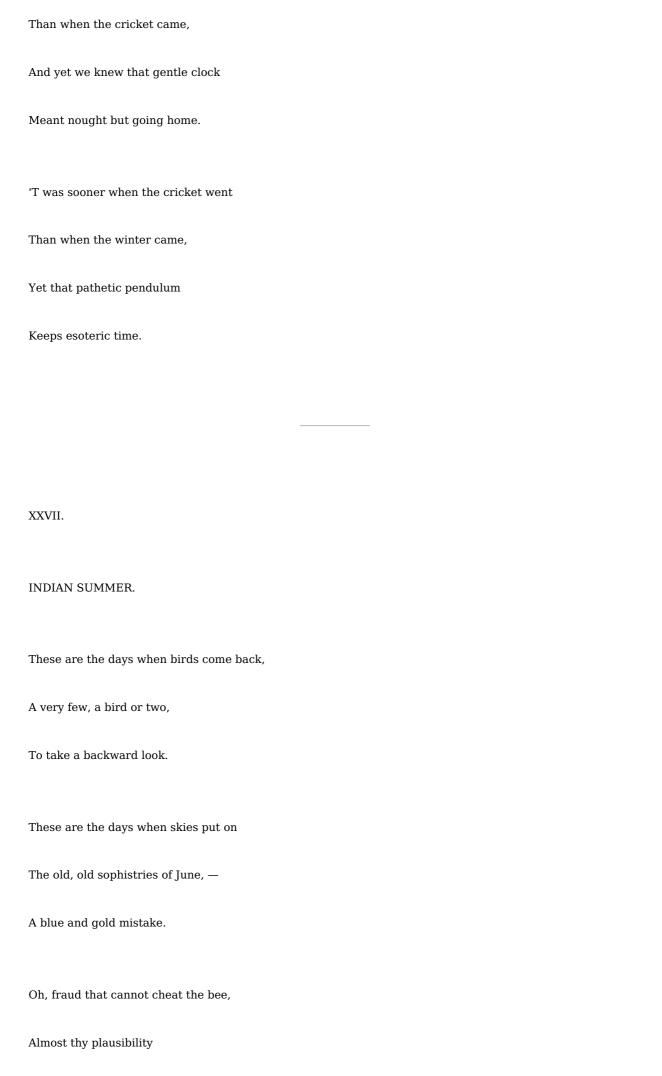
But how he set, I know not.	
There seemed a purple stile	
Which little yellow boys and girls	
Were climbing all the while	
Till when they reached the other side,	
A dominie in gray	
Put gently up the evening bars,	
And led the flock away.	
_	
XXIII.	
XXIII.	
XXIII. The butterfly's assumption-gown,	
The butterfly's assumption-gown,	
The butterfly's assumption-gown, In chrysoprase apartments hung,	
The butterfly's assumption-gown, In chrysoprase apartments hung,	
The butterfly's assumption-gown, In chrysoprase apartments hung, This afternoon put on.	



As if some caravan of sound

On deserts, in the sky,	
Had broken rank,	
Then knit, and passed	
In seamless company.	
XXV.	
DEATH AND LIFE.	
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.	

XXVI.



Till ranks of seeds their witness bear,
And softly through the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf!
Oh, sacrament of summer days,
Oh, last communion in the haze,
Permit a child to join,
Thy sacred emblems to partake,
Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thine immortal wine!
XXVIII.
AUTUMN.
The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.

Induces my belief,

The maple wears a gayer scarf,

The field a scarlet gown.	
Lest I should be old-fashioned,	
I'll put a trinket on.	
XXIX.	
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.	
XXX.	

THE HEMLOCK.

I think the hemlock likes to stand
Upon a marge of snow;
It suits his own austerity,
And satisfies an awe
That men must slake in wilderness,
Or in the desert cloy, —
An instinct for the hoar, the bald,
Lapland's necessity.
The hemlock's nature thrives on cold;
The gnash of northern winds
Is sweetest nutriment to him,
His best Norwegian wines.
To satin races he is nought;
But children on the Don
Beneath his tabernacles play,
And Dnieper wrestlers run.

There's a certain slant of light,

XXXI.

On winter afternoons,	
That oppresses, like the weight	
Of cathedral tunes.	
Heavenly hurt it gives us;	
We can find no scar,	
But internal difference	
Where the meanings are.	
None may teach it anything,	
'T is the seal, despair, —	
An imperial affliction	
Sent us of the air.	
When it comes, the landscape listens,	
Shadows hold their breath;	
When it goes, 't is like the distance	
On the look of death.	

IV. TIME AND ETERNITY.

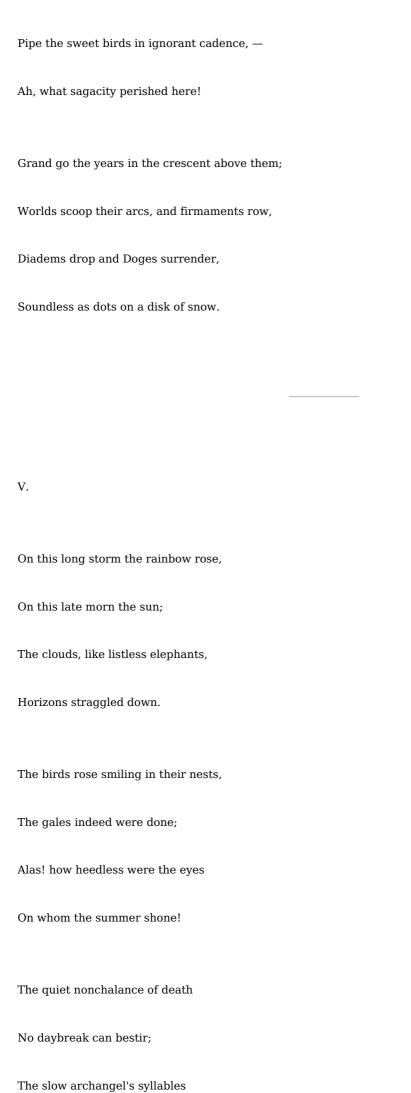
One dignity delays for all,
One mitred afternoon.
None can avoid this purple,
None evade this crown.
Coach it insures, and footmen,
Chamber and state and throng;
Bells, also, in the village,
As we ride grand along.
What dignified attendants,
What service when we pause!
How loyally at parting
Their hundred hats they raise!
How pomp surpassing ermine,
When simple you and I
Present our meek escutcheon,
And claim the rank to die!

-

Delayed till she had ceased to know,
Delayed till in its vest of snow
Her loving bosom lay.
An hour behind the fleeting breath,
Later by just an hour than death, —
Oh, lagging yesterday!
Could she have guessed that it would be;
Could but a crier of the glee
Have climbed the distant hill;
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,
Show them this meek apparelled thing,
That could not stop to be a king,
Doubtful if it be crowned!

ASTRA CASTRA.
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.
IV.
Safe in their alabaster chambers,
Untouched by morning and untouched by noon,
Sleep the meek members of the resurrection,
Rafter of satin, and roof of stone.
Light laughs the breeze in her castle of sunshine;

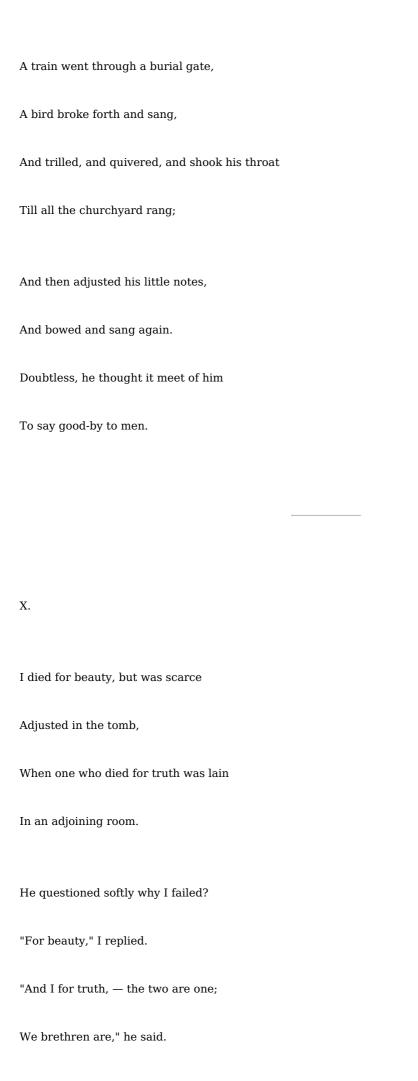
Babbles the bee in a stolid ear;

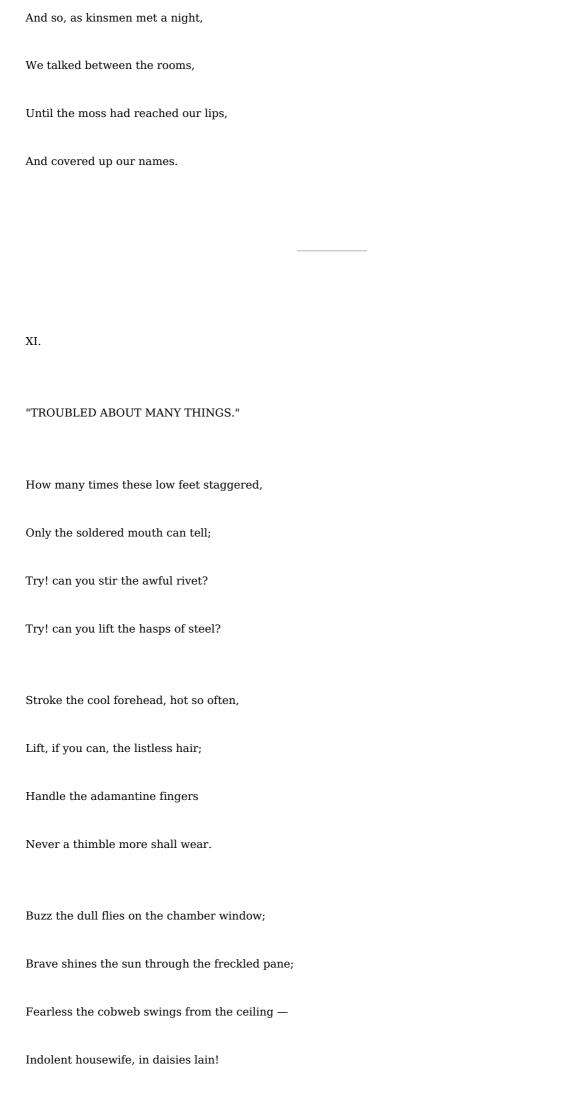


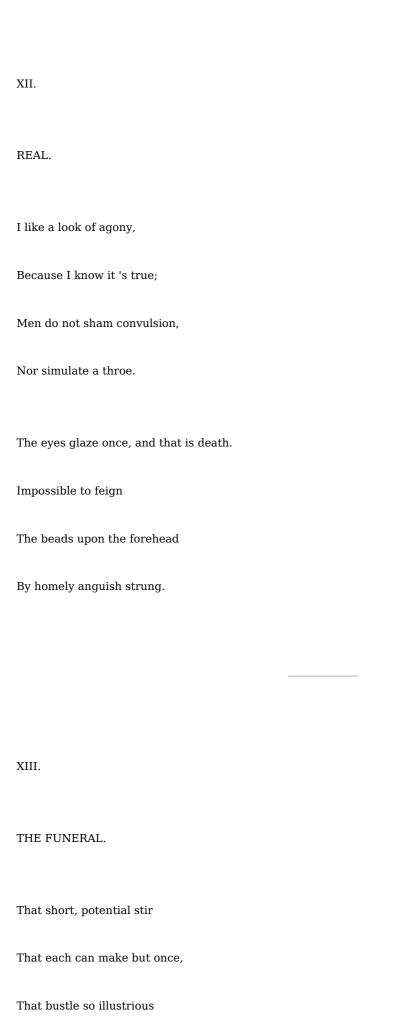
VI.	
FROM THE CHRYSALIS.	
My cocoon tightens, colors tease,	
I'm feeling for the air;	
A dim capacity for wings	
Degrades the dress I wear.	
A power of butterfly must be	
The aptitude to fly,	
Meadows of majesty concedes	
And easy sweeps of sky.	
So I must baffle at the hint	
And cipher at the sign,	
And make much blunder, if at last	
I take the clew divine.	

Must awaken her.

SETTING SAIL.	
Exultation is the going	
Of an inland soul to sea, —	
Past the houses, past the headlands,	
Into deep eternity!	
Bred as we, among the mountains,	
Can the sailor understand	
The divine intoxication	
Of the first league out from land?	
VIII.	
Look back on time with kindly eyes,	
He doubtless did his best;	
How softly sinks his trembling sun	
In human nature's west!	





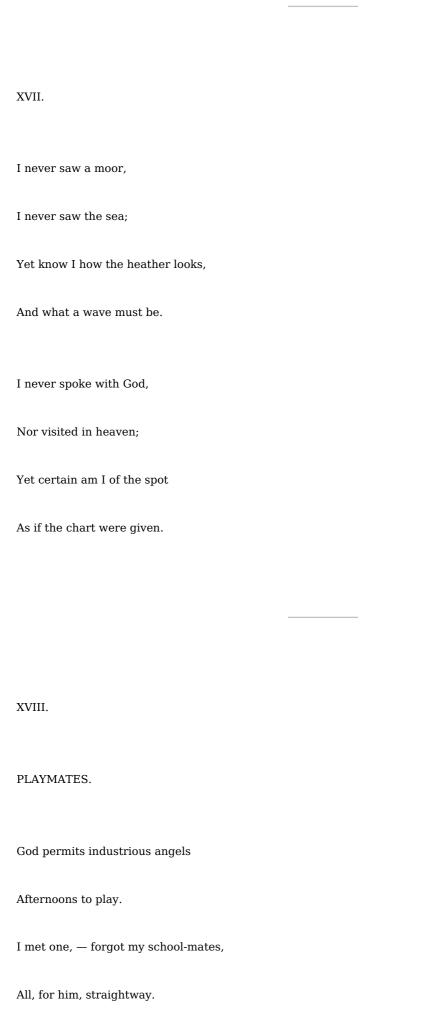


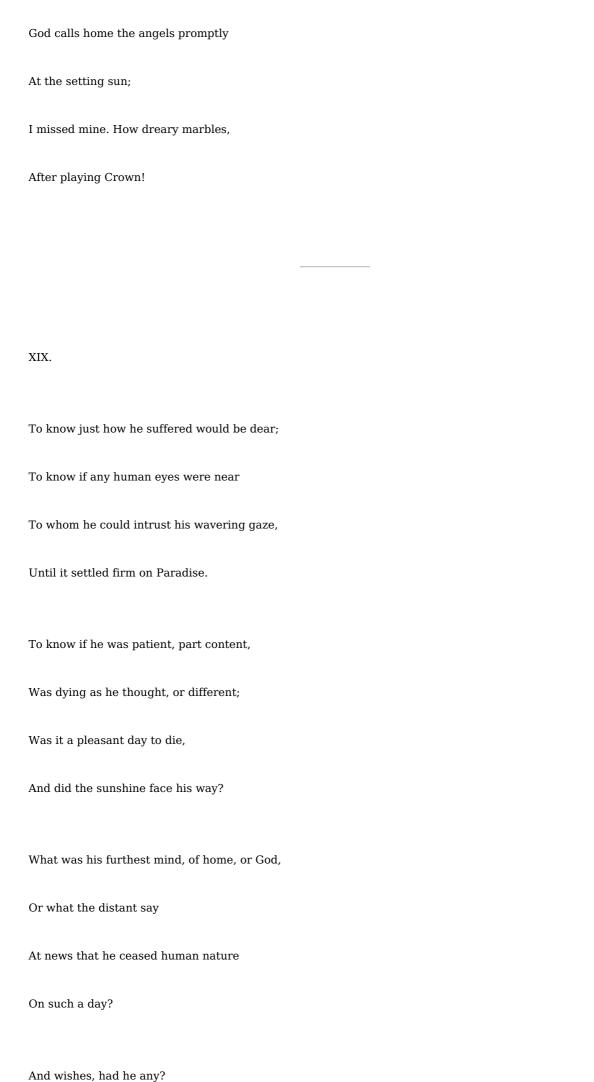
Is the eclat of death.	
Oh, thou unknown renown	
That not a beggar would accept,	
Had he the power to spurn!	
XIV.	
I went to thank her,	
But she slept;	
Her bed a funnelled stone,	
With nosegays at the head and foot,	
That travellers had thrown,	
Who went to thank her;	
But she slept.	
T was short to cross the sea	
To look upon her like, alive,	
But turning back 't was slow.	

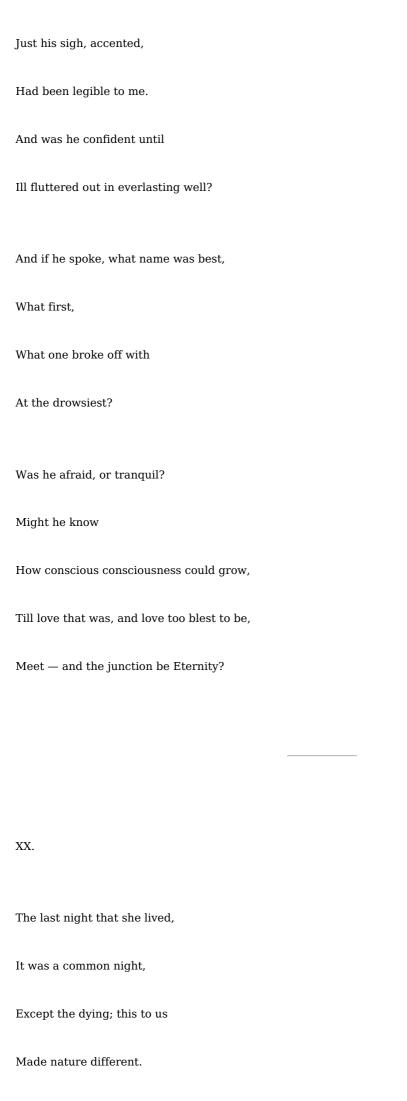
'T is almost consequence,

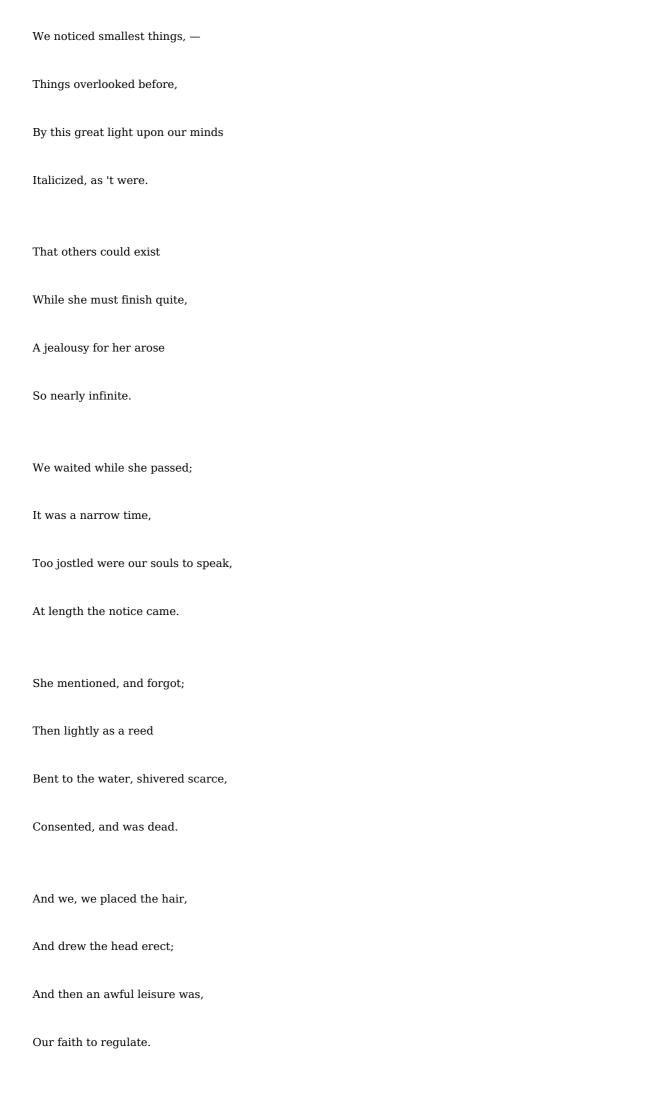
Nor vengeance ever comes!

I've seen a dying eye
Run round and round a room
In search of something, as it seemed,
Then cloudier become;
And then, obscure with fog,
And then be soldered down,
Without disclosing what it be,
'T were blessed to have seen.
XVI.
REFUGE.
The clouds their backs together laid,
The north begun to push,
The forests galloped till they fell,
The lightning skipped like mice;
The thunder crumbled like a stuff $-$
How good to be safe in tombs,



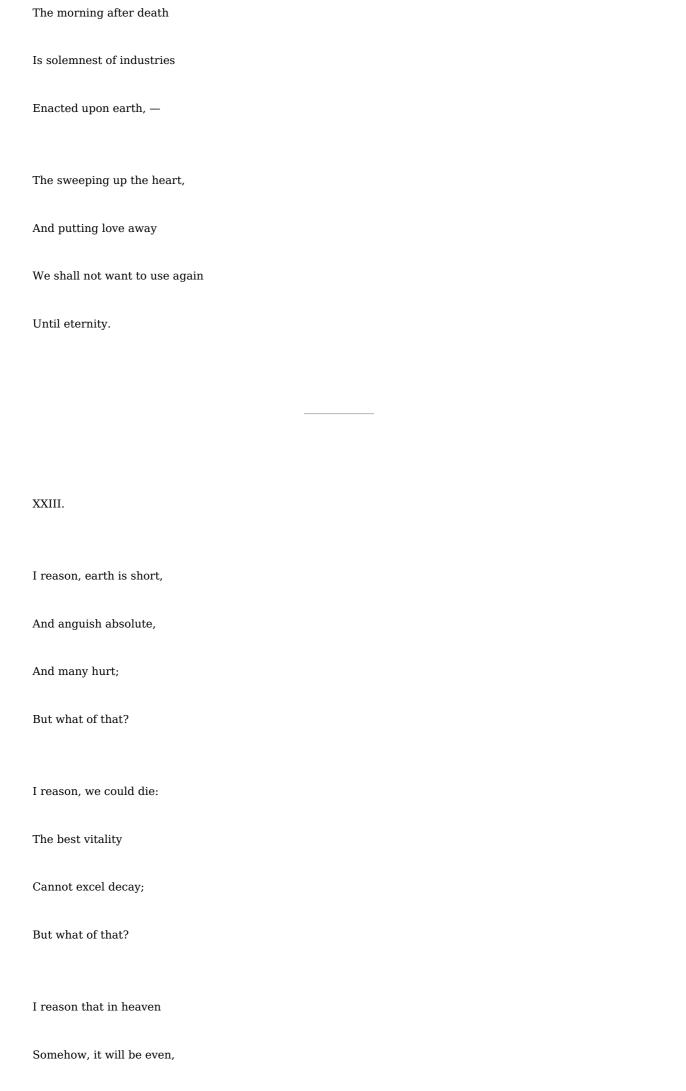






XXI.	
THE FIRST LESSON.	
Not in this world to see his face	
Sounds long, until I read the place	
Where this is said to be	
But just the primer to a life	
Unopened, rare, upon the shelf,	
Clasped yet to him and me.	
And yet, my primer suits me so	
I would not choose a book to know	
Than that, be sweeter wise;	
Might some one else so learned be,	
And leave me just my A B C,	
Himself could have the skies.	

XXII.

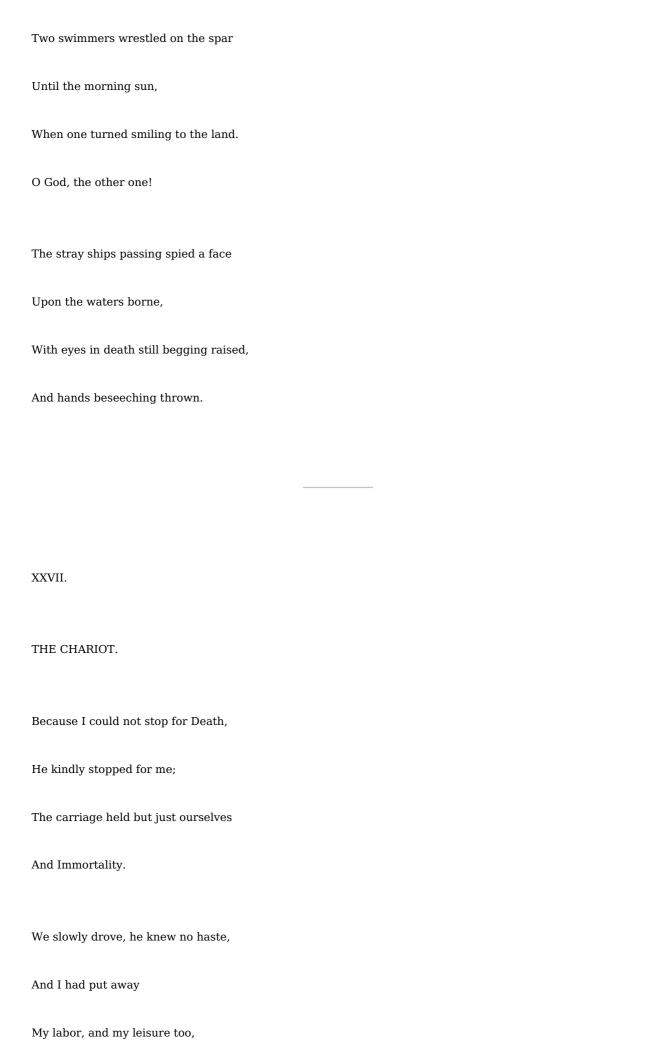


Some new equation given;	
But what of that?	
XXIV.	
Afraid? Of whom am I afraid?	
Not death; for who is he?	
The porter of my father's lodge	
As much abasheth me.	
Of life? 'T were odd I fear a thing	
That comprehendeth me	
In one or more existences	
At Deity's decree.	
Of resurrection? Is the east	
Afraid to trust the morn	
With her fastidious forehead?	
As soon impeach my crown!	

The sun kept setting, setting still;
No hue of afternoon
Upon the village I perceived, —
From house to house 't was 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 not see it now.
'T is dying, I am doing; but

I'm not afraid to know.

DYING.

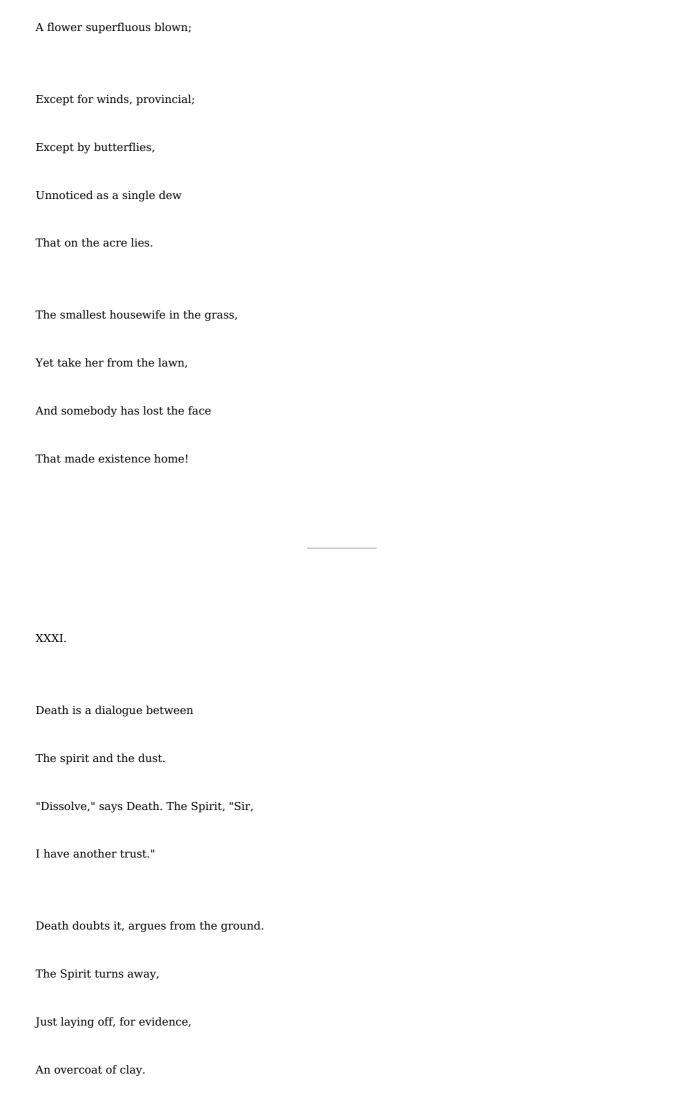


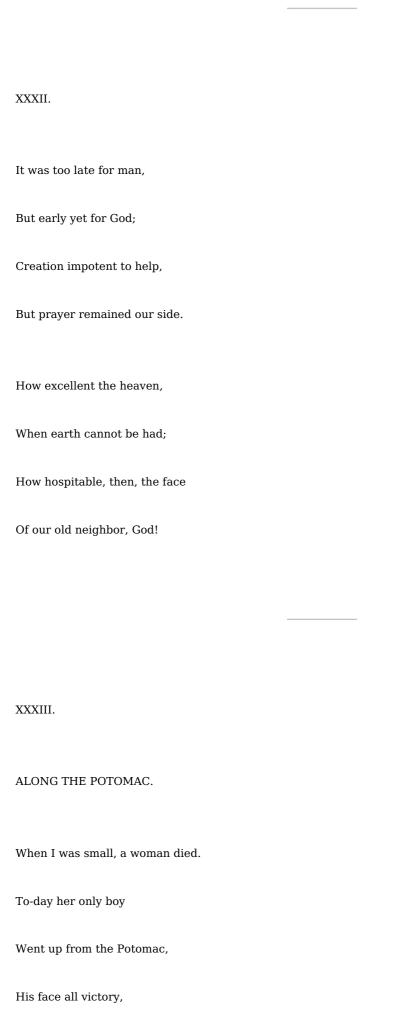
We passed the school where children played,
Their lessons scarcely done;
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.
We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.
Since then 't is centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.
XXVIII.
She went as quiet as the dew
From a familiar flower.
Not like the dew did she return

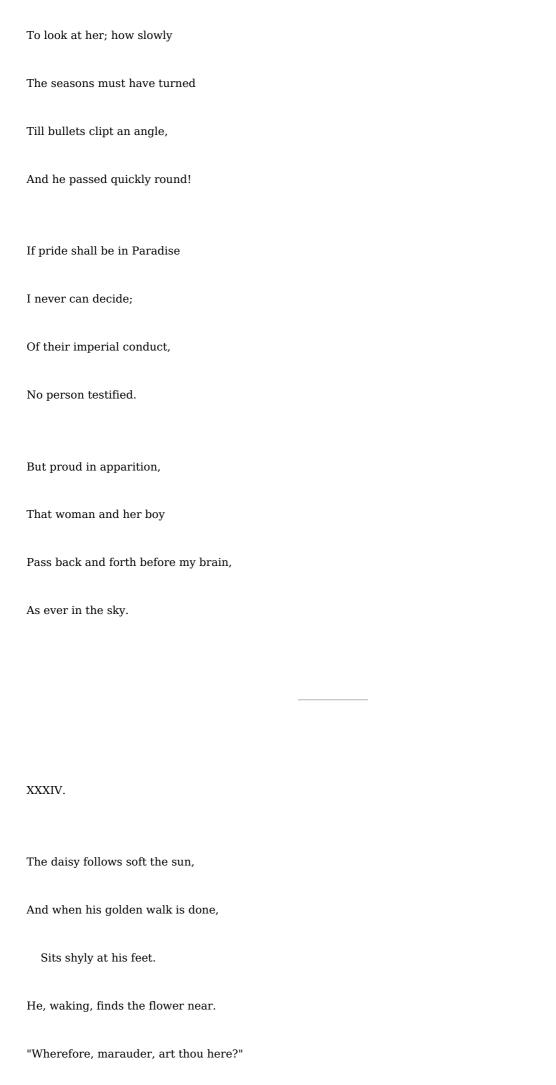
For his civility.

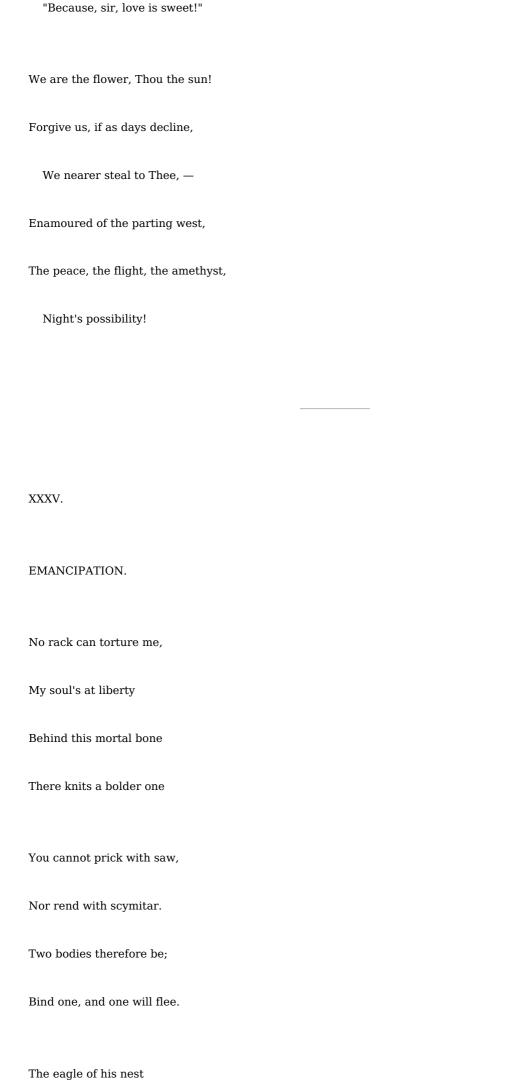
At the accustomed hour!

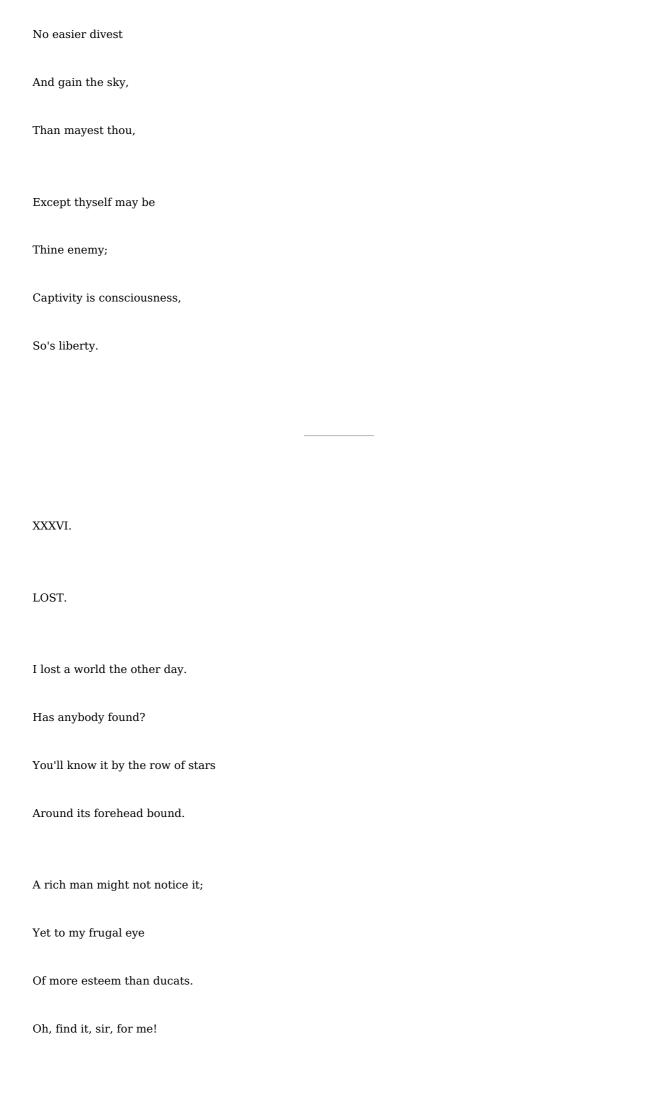


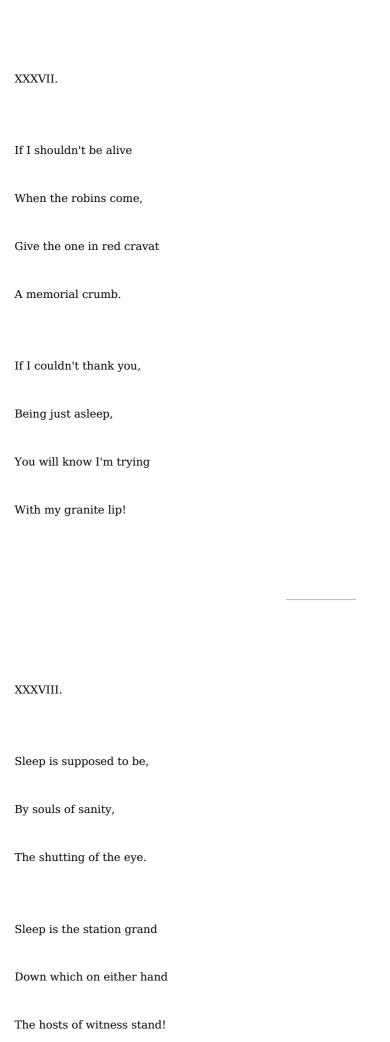














POEMS by EMILY DICKINSON Second Series

Edited by two of her friends

PREFACE

The eagerness with which the first volume of Emily Dickinson's poems has been read shows very clearly that all our alleged modern artificiality does not prevent a prompt appreciation of the qualities of directness and simplicity in approaching the greatest themes,—life and love and death. That "irresistible needle-touch," as one of her best critics has called it, piercing at once the very core of a thought, has found a response as wide and sympathetic as it has been unexpected even to those who knew best her compelling power. This second volume, while open to the same criticism as to form with its predecessor, shows also the same shining beauties

Although Emily Dickinson had been in the habit of sending occasional poems to friends and correspondents, the full extent of her writing was by no means imagined by them. Her friend "H.H." must at least have suspected it, for in a letter dated 5th September, 1884, she wrote:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,— What portfolios full of verses you must have! It is a cruel wrong to your "day and generation" that you will not give them light.

If such a thing should happen as that I should outlive you, I wish you would make me your literary legatee and executor. Surely after you are what is called "dead" you will be willing that the poor ghosts you have left behind should be cheered and pleased by your verses, will you not? You ought to be. I do not think we have a right to withhold from the world a word or a thought any more than a deed which might help a single soul. . . .

Truly yours,

HELEN JACKSON.

The "portfolios" were found, shortly after Emily Dickinson's death, by her sister and only surviving housemate. Most of the poems had been carefully copied on sheets of note-paper, and tied in little fascicules, each of six or eight sheets. While many of them bear evidence of having been thrown off at white heat, still more had received thoughtful revision. There is the frequent addition of rather perplexing foot-notes, affording large choice of words and phrases. And in the copies which she sent to friends, sometimes one form, sometimes another, is found to have been used. Without important exception, her friends have generously placed at the disposal of the Editors any poems they had received from her; and these have given the obvious advantage of comparison among several renderings of the same verse.

To what further rigorous pruning her verses would have been subjected had she published them herself, we cannot know. They should be regarded in many cases as merely the first strong and suggestive sketches of an artist, intended to be embodied at some time in the finished picture.

Emily Dickinson appears to have written her first poems in the winter of 1862. In a letter to one of the present Editors the April following, she says, "I made no verse, but one or two, until this winter."

The handwriting was at first somewhat like the delicate, running Italian hand of our elder gentlewomen; but as she advanced in breadth of thought, it grew bolder and more abrupt, until in her latest years each letter stood distinct and separate from its fellows. In most of her poems, particularly the later ones, everything by way of punctuation was discarded, except numerous dashes; and all important words began with capitals. The effect of a page of her more recent manuscript is exceedingly quaint and strong. The fac-simile given in the present volume is from one of the earlier transition periods. Although there is nowhere a date, the handwriting makes it possible to arrange the poems with general chronologic accuracy.

As a rule, the verses were without titles; but "A Country Burial," "A Thunder-Storm," "The Humming-Bird," and a few others were named by their author, frequently at the end,—sometimes only in the accompanying note. if sent to a friend.

The variation of readings, with the fact that she often wrote in pencil and not always clearly, have at times thrown a good deal of responsibility upon her Editors. But all interference not absolutely inevitable has been avoided. The very roughness of her rendering is part of herself, and not lightly to be touched; for it seems in many cases that she intentionally avoided the smoother and more usual rhymes.

Like impressionist pictures, or Wagner's rugged music, the very absence of conventional form challenges attention. In Emily Dickinson's exacting hands, the especial, intrinsic fitness of a particular order of words might not be sacrificed to anything virtually extrinsic; and her verses all show a strange cadence of inner rhythmical music. Lines are always daringly constructed, and the "thought-rhyme" appears frequently,—appealing, indeed, to an unrecognized sense more elusive than hearing.

Emily Dickinson scrutinized everything with clear-eyed frankness. Every subject was proper ground for legitimate study, even the sombre facts of death and burial, and the unknown life beyond. She touches these themes sometimes lightly, sometimes almost humorously, more often with weird and peculiar power; but she is never by any chance frivolous or trivial. And while, as one critic has said, she may exhibit toward God "an Emersonian self-possession," it was because she looked upon all life with a candor as unprejudiced as it is rare.

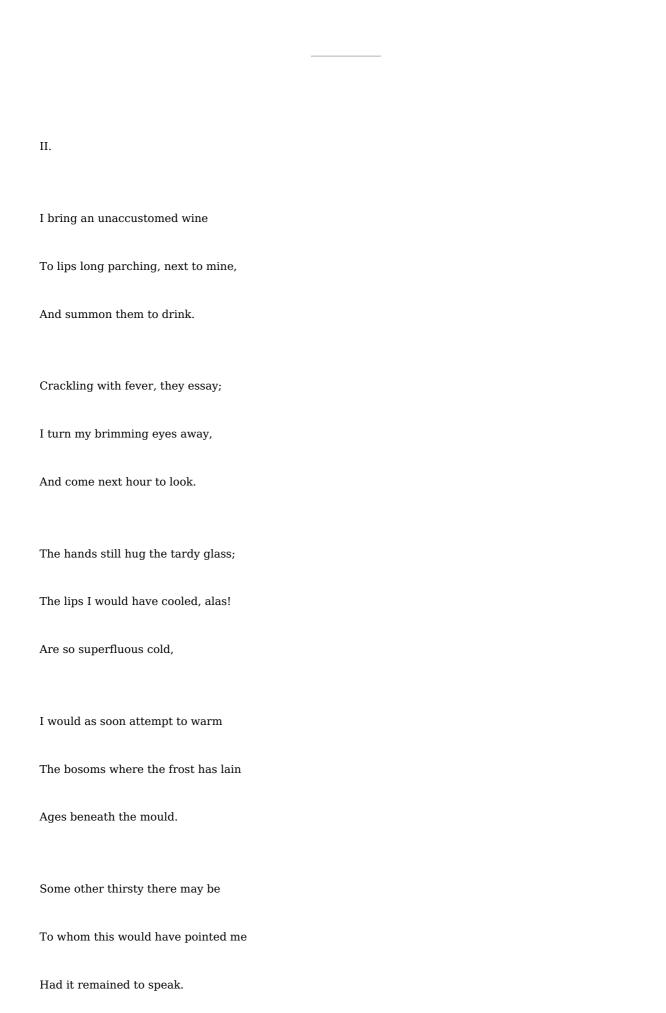
She had tried society and the world, and found them lacking. She was not an invalid, and she lived in seclusion from no love-disappointment. Her life was the normal blossoming of a nature introspective to a high degree, whose best thought could not exist in pretence.

Storm, wind, the wild March sky, sunsets and dawns; the birds and bees, butterflies and flowers of her garden, with a few trusted human friends, were sufficient companionship. The coming of the first robin was a

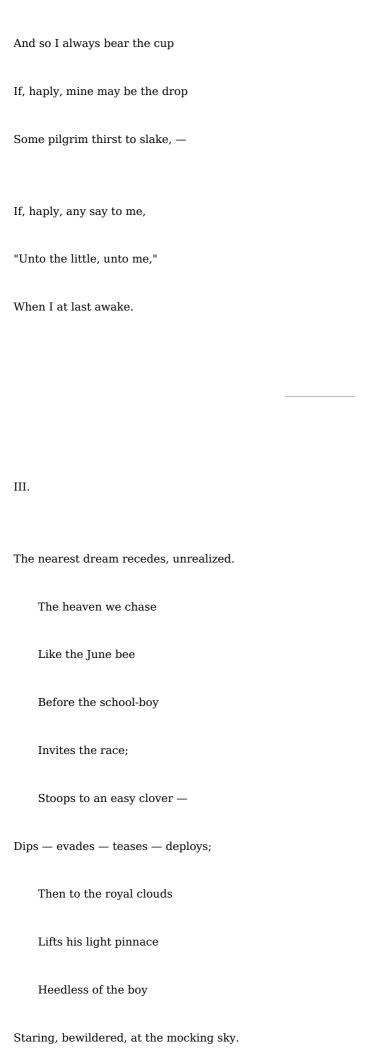
jubilee beyond crowning of monarch or birthday of pope; the first red leaf hurrying through "the altered air," an epoch. Immortality was close about her; and while never morbid or melancholy, she lived in its presence.

MABEL LOOMIS TODD.	
AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS,	
August, 1891.	
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.	
I. LIFE.	
I.	
I'm nobody! Who are you?	
Are you nobody, too?	
Then there 's a pair of us — don't tell!	
They 'd banish us, you know.	
How dreary to be somebody!	
How public, like a frog	

To tell your name the livelong day



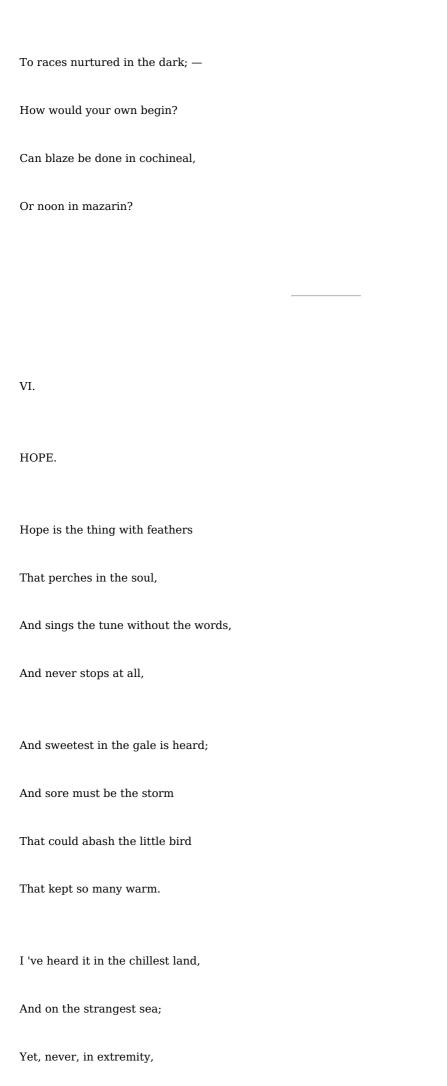
To an admiring bog!



Ah! the bee flies not	
That brews that rare variety.	
_	
IV.	
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.	
_	
V.	
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

Homesick for steadfast honey,



VII.	
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 sated flame's conditions,	
Its quivering substance plays	
Without a color but the light	
Of unanointed blaze.	
Least village boasts its blacksmith,	
Whose anvil's even din	
Stands symbol for the finer forge	
That soundless tugs within,	
Refining these impatient ores	

With hammer and with blaze,

Until the designated light

It asked a crumb of me.

VIII.	
TRIUMPHANT.	
Who never lost, are unprepared	
A coronet to find;	
Who never thirsted, flagons	
And cooling tamarind.	
Who never climbed the weary league $-$	
Can such a foot explore	
The purple territories	
On Pizarro's shore?	
How many legions overcome?	
The emperor will say.	
How many colors taken	
On Revolution Day?	
How many bullets bearest?	

Repudiate the forge.

The royal scar hast thou?

On this soldier's brow!	
IX.	
THE TEST.	
I can wade grief,	
Whole pools of it, —	
I 'm used to that.	
But the least push of joy	
Breaks up my feet,	
And I tip — drunken.	
And I up — drunken.	
Let no pebble smile,	
zoo no pozzio omno,	
'T was the new liquor, —	
• /	
That was all!	
Power is only pain,	
Stranded, through discipline,	
Till weights will hang.	
Give balm to giants,	
And they 'll wilt, like men.	

Angels, write "Promoted"

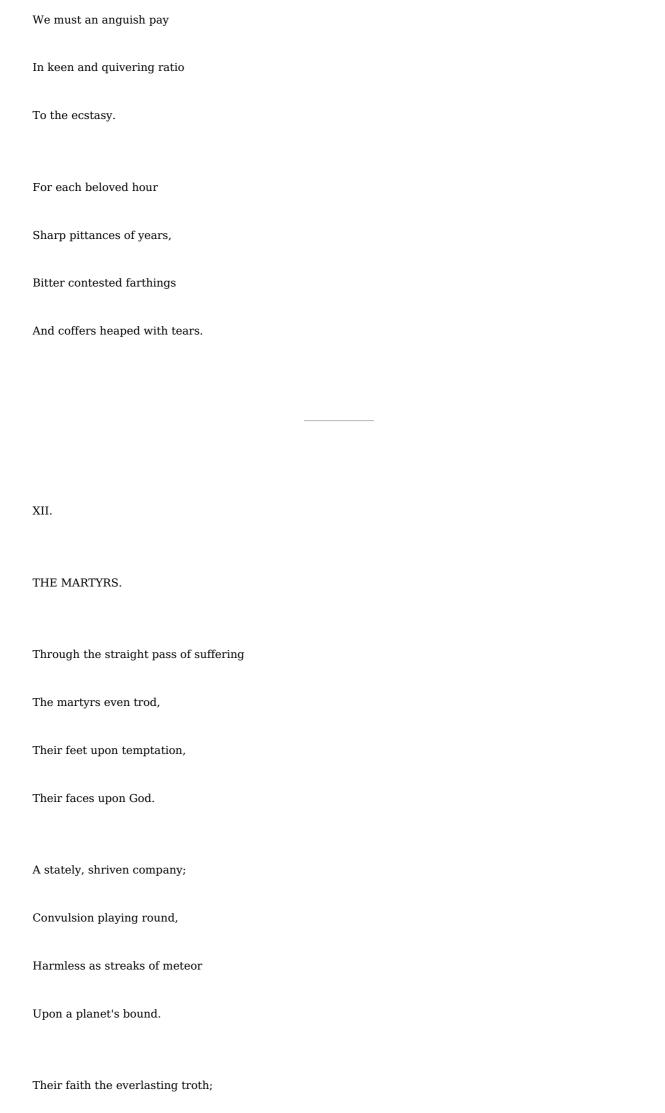
Give Himmaleh, —

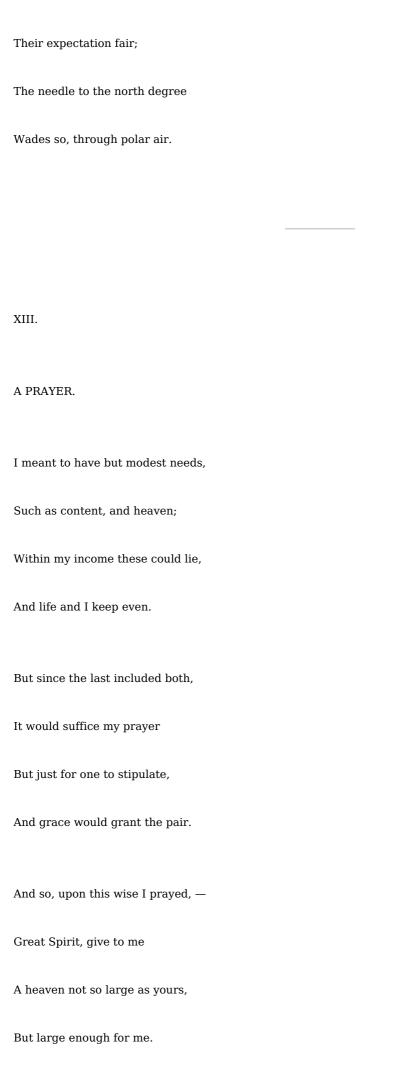
X.	
ESCAPE.	
I never hear the word "escape"	
Without a quicker blood,	
A sudden expectation,	
A flying attitude.	
I never hear of prisons broad	
By soldiers battered down,	
But I tug childish at my bars, —	
Only to fail again!	
XI.	

They 'll carry him!

For each ecstatic instant

COMPENSATION.





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, —
My prayer away I threw;
The quiet ages picked it up,
And Judgment twinkled, too,
That one so honest be extant
As take the tale for true
That "Whatsoever you 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.

XIV.

Is more distinctly seen, —
As laces just reveal the surge,
Or mists the Apennine.
XV.
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.
XVI.
Surgeons must be very careful
When they take the knife!

Underneath their fine incisions

Then, punctual as a star,

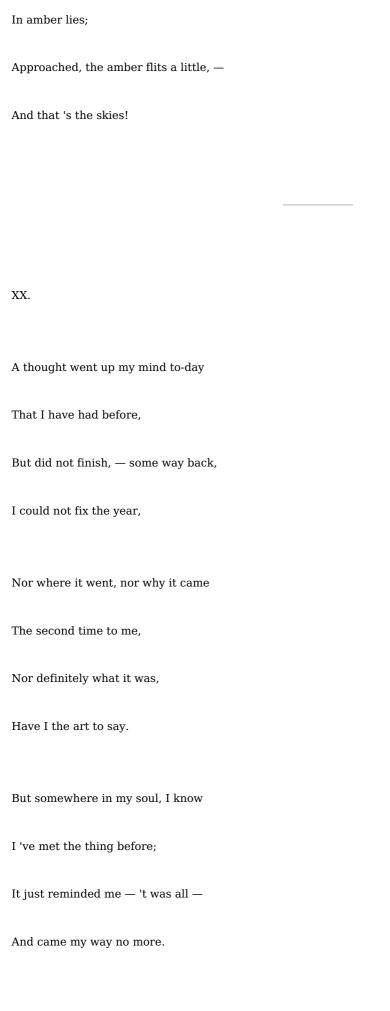
 $Stop-docile\ and\ omnipotent-$

And neigh like Boanerges;

XVIII.	
THE SHOW.	
The show is not the show,	
But they that go.	
Menagerie to me	
My neighbor be.	
Fair play —	
Both went to see.	
XIX.	
Delight becomes pictorial	
When viewed through pain, —	
More fair, because impossible	
That any gain.	

The mountain at a given distance

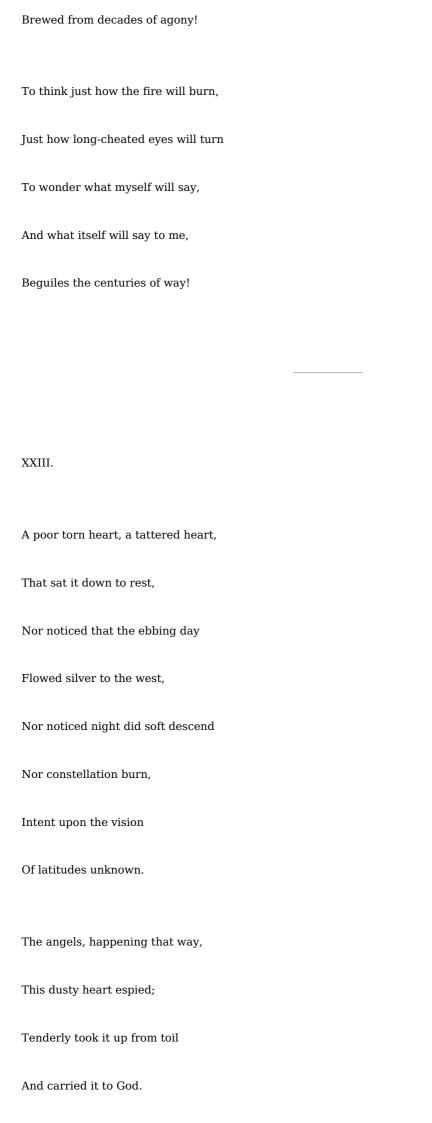
At its own stable door.

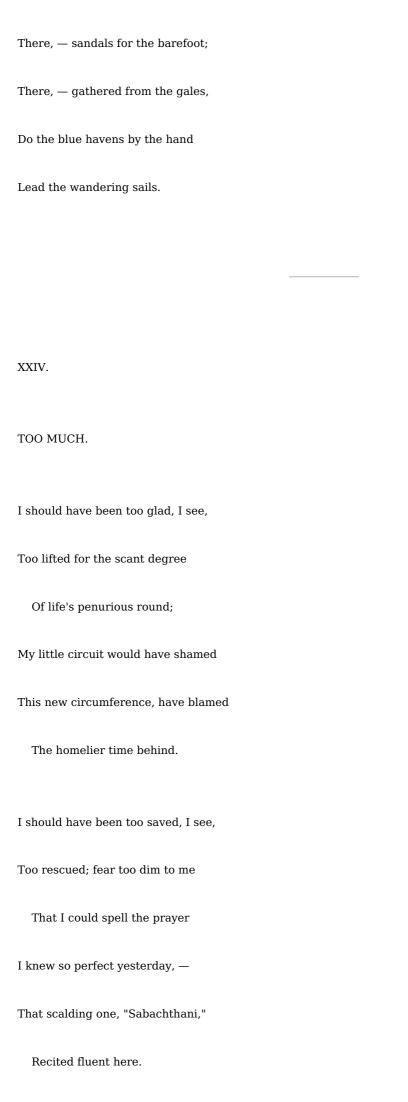


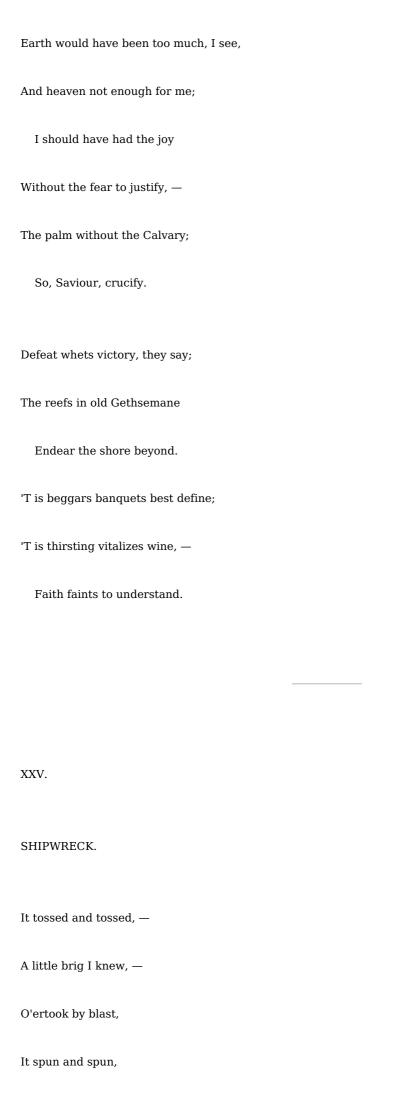
Is Heaven a physician?

Transporting must the moment be,

They say that He can heal,
But medicine posthumous
Is unavailable.
Is Heaven an exchequer?
They speak of what we owe;
But that negotiation
I 'm not a party to.
XXII.
THE RETURN.
Though I get home how late, how late!
So I get home, 't will compensate.
Better will be the ecstasy
That they have done expecting me,
When, night descending, dumb and dark,
They hear my unexpected knock.



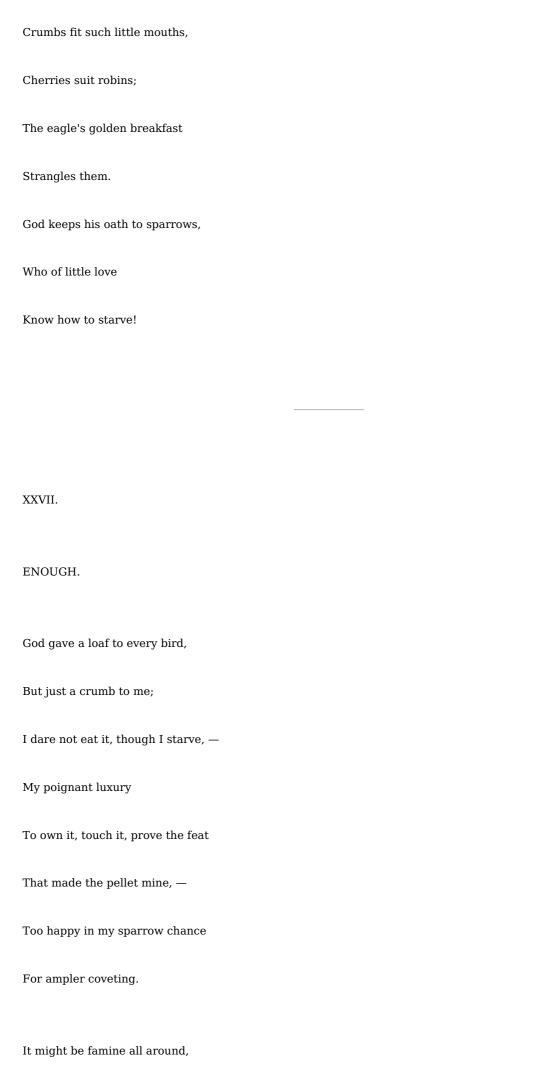




It slipped and slipped,	
As one that drunken stepped;	
Its white foot tripped,	
Then dropped from sight.	
Ah, brig, good-night	
To crew and you;	
The ocean's heart too smooth, too blue,	
To break for you.	
XXVI.	
Victory comes late,	
And is held low to freezing lips	
Too rapt with frost	
To take it.	
How sweet it would have tasted,	
Just a drop!	
Was God so economical?	
His table 's spread too high for us	

And groped delirious, for morn.

Unless we dine on tip-toe.



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.	
XXVIII.	
Experiment to me	
Is every one I meet.	
If it contain a kernel?	
The figure of a nut	
Presents upon a tree,	
Equally plausibly;	
But meat within is requisite,	
To squirrels and to me.	

I could not miss an ear,

MY COUNTRY'S WARDROBE. My country need not change her gown, Her triple suit as sweet As when 't was cut at Lexington,

And first pronounced "a fit."

Great Britain disapproves "the stars;"

Disparagement discreet, —

There 's something in their attitude $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) \left(1\right) \left($

That taunts her bayonet.

XXX.

Faith is a fine invention

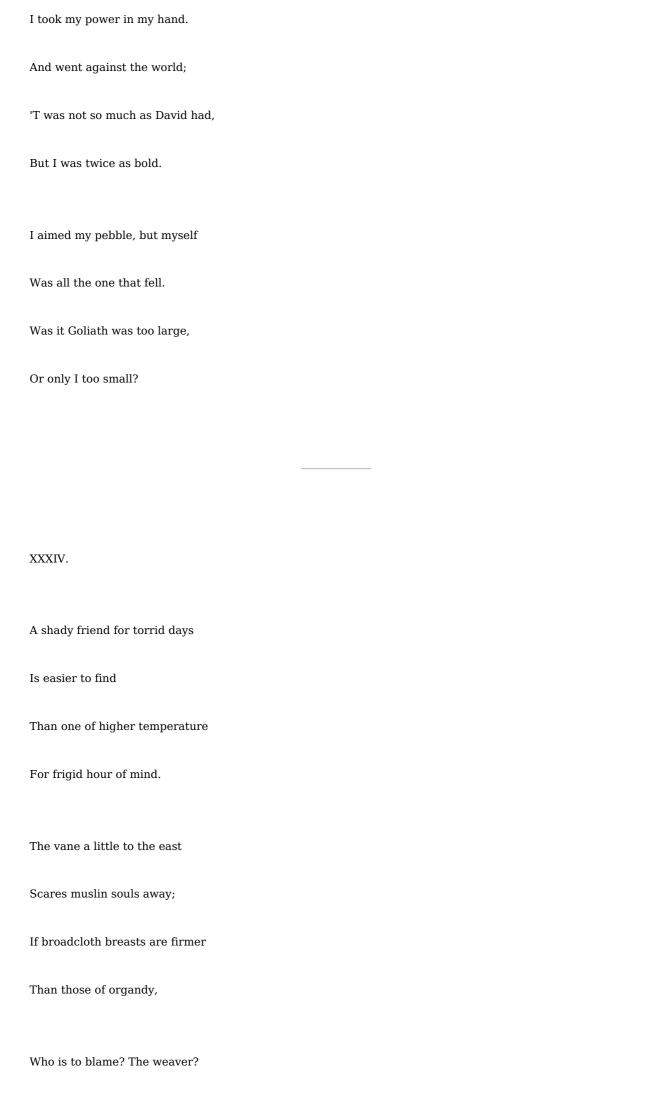
For gentlemen who see;

But microscopes are prudent

In an emergency!

Except the heaven had come so near,	
So seemed to choose my door,	
The distance would not haunt me so;	
I had not hoped before.	
But just to hear the grace depart	
I never thought to see,	
Afflicts me with a double loss;	
'T is lost, and lost to me.	
XXXII.	
Portraits are to daily faces	
As an evening west	
To a fine, pedantic sunshine	
In a satin vest.	
XXXIII.	

THE DUEL.



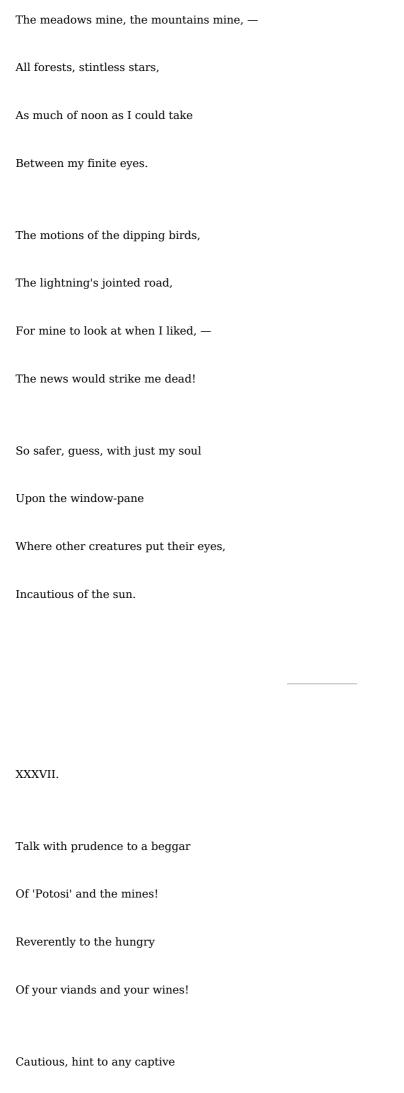
The tapestries of paradise
So notelessly are made!
XXXV.
THE GOAL.
Each life converges to some centre
Expressed or still;
Exists in every human nature
A goal,
Admitted scarcely to itself, it may be,
Too fair
For credibility's temerity
To dare.
Adored with caution, as a brittle heaven,
To reach
Were hopeless as the rainbow's raiment
To touch,

Ah! the bewildering thread!

Yet persevered toward, surer for the distance;

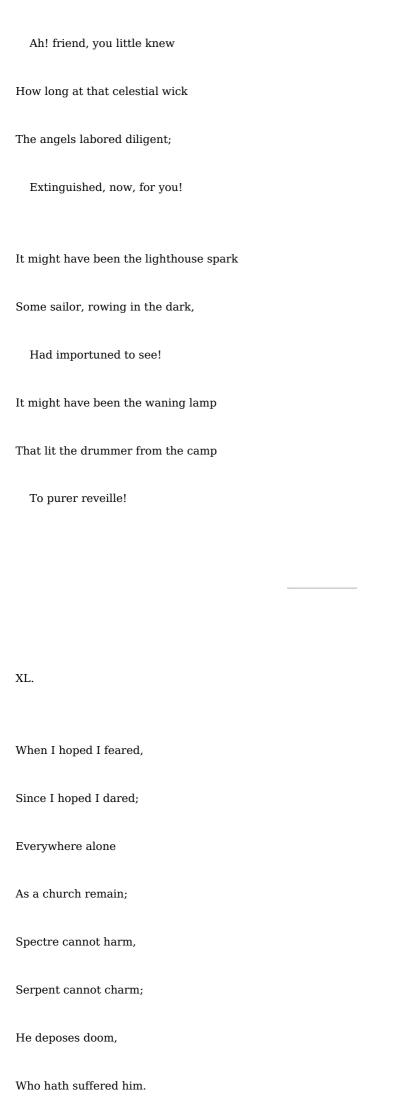
Unto the saints' slow diligence	
The sky!	
Ungained, it may be, by a life's low venture,	
But then,	
Eternity enables the endeavoring	
Again.	
XXXVI.	
SIGHT.	
Before I got my eye put out,	
I liked as well to see	
As other creatures that have eyes,	
And know no other way.	
But were it told to me, to-day,	
That I might have the sky	
For mine, I tell you that my heart	
Would split, for size of me.	

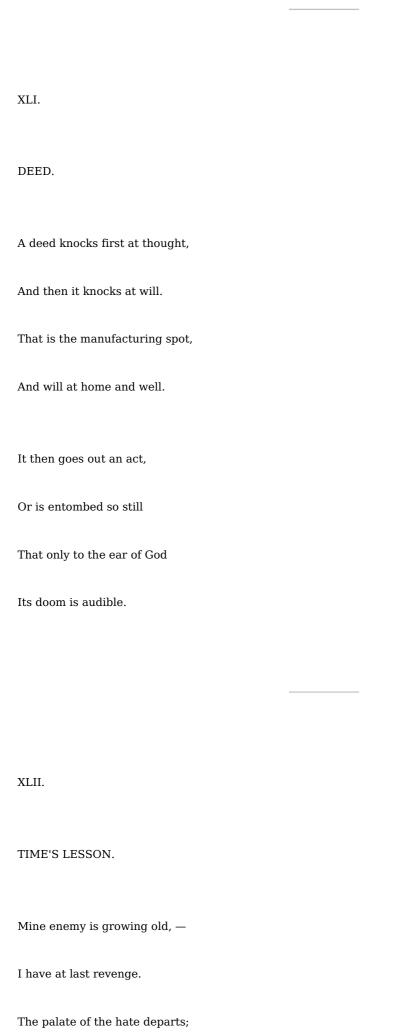
How high

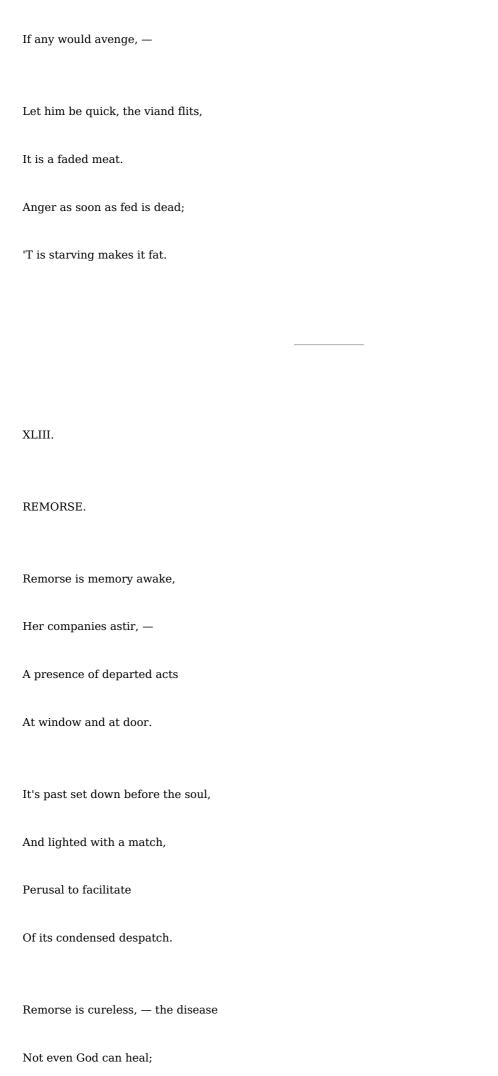


You have passed enfranchised feet!
Anecdotes of air in dungeons
Have sometimes proved deadly sweet!
XXXVIII.
THE PREACHER.
He preached upon "breadth" till it argued him narrow, —
The broad are too broad to define;
And of "truth" until it proclaimed him a liar, —
The truth never flaunted a sign.
Simplicity fled from his counterfeit presence
As gold the pyrites would shun.
What confusion would cover the innocent Jesus
To meet so enabled a man!
XXXIX.
Good night! which put the candle out?

A jealous zephyr, not a doubt.





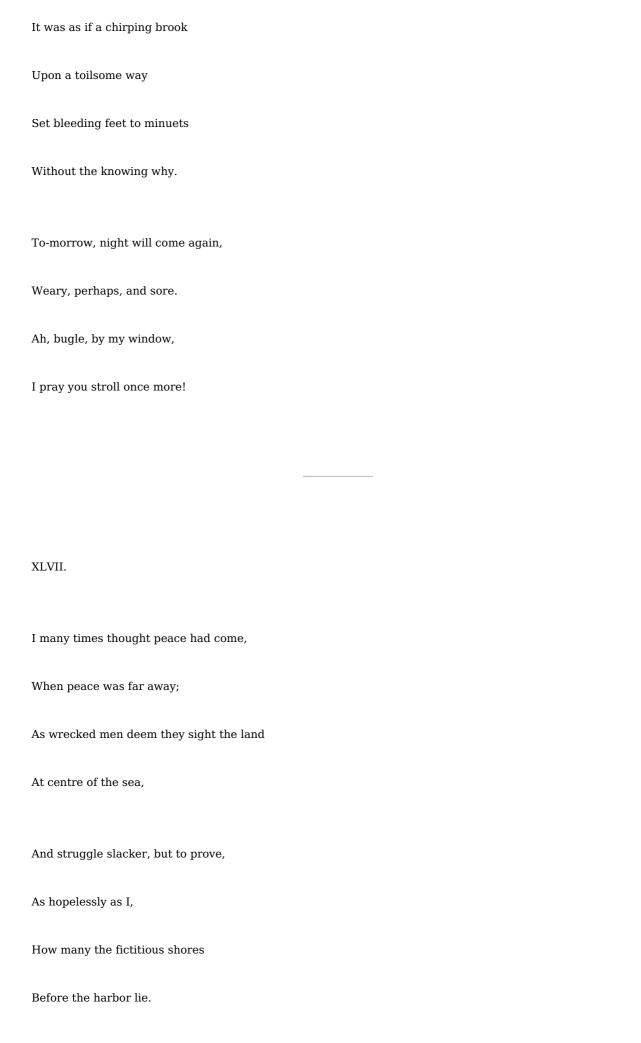


The complement of hell.	
VI N/	
XLIV.	
THE OVER TED	
THE SHELTER.	
m 1 1	
The body grows outside, —	
The many considerations	
The more convenient way, —	
The Action of the Action of the Action	
That if the spirit like to hide,	
The house leader de alone	
Its temple stands alway	
Aion occurs institut	
Ajar, secure, inviting;	
It never did betray	
it liever did betray	
The soul that asked its shelter	
The sour that asked its sheller	
In timid honesty.	
in tillid honesty.	
XLV.	
Undue significance a starving man attaches	
To food	

For 't is his institution, -

Far off; he sighs, and therefore hopeless,



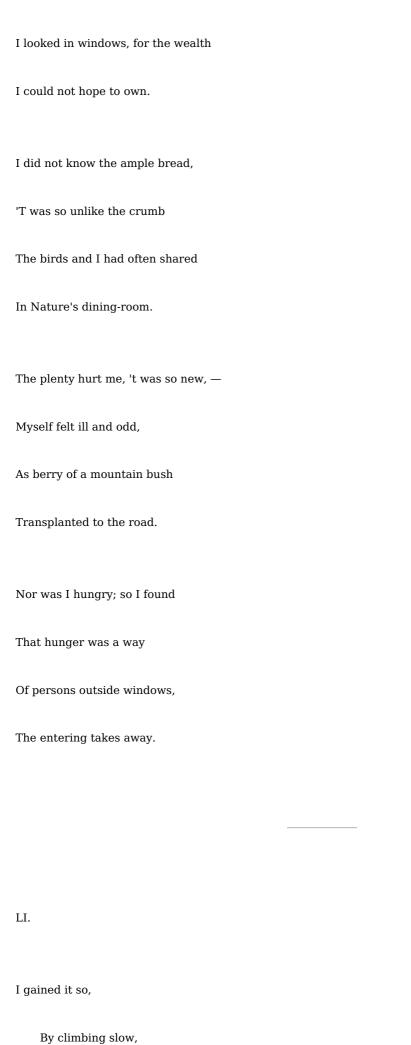


XLVIII.
Unto my books so good to turn
Far ends of tired days;
It half endears the abstinence,
And pain is missed in praise.
As flavors cheer retarded guests
With banquetings to be,
So spices stimulate the time
Till my small library.
It may be wilderness without,
Far feet of failing men,
But holiday excludes the night,
And it is bells within.
I thank these kinsmen of the shelf;
Their countenances bland
Enamour in prospective,
And satisfy, obtained.

XLIX.	
This merit hath the worst, —	
It cannot be again.	
When Fate hath taunted last	
And thrown her furthest stone,	
The maimed may pause and breathe,	
And glance securely round.	
The deer invites no longer	
Than it eludes the hound.	
L.	
HUNGER.	
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,

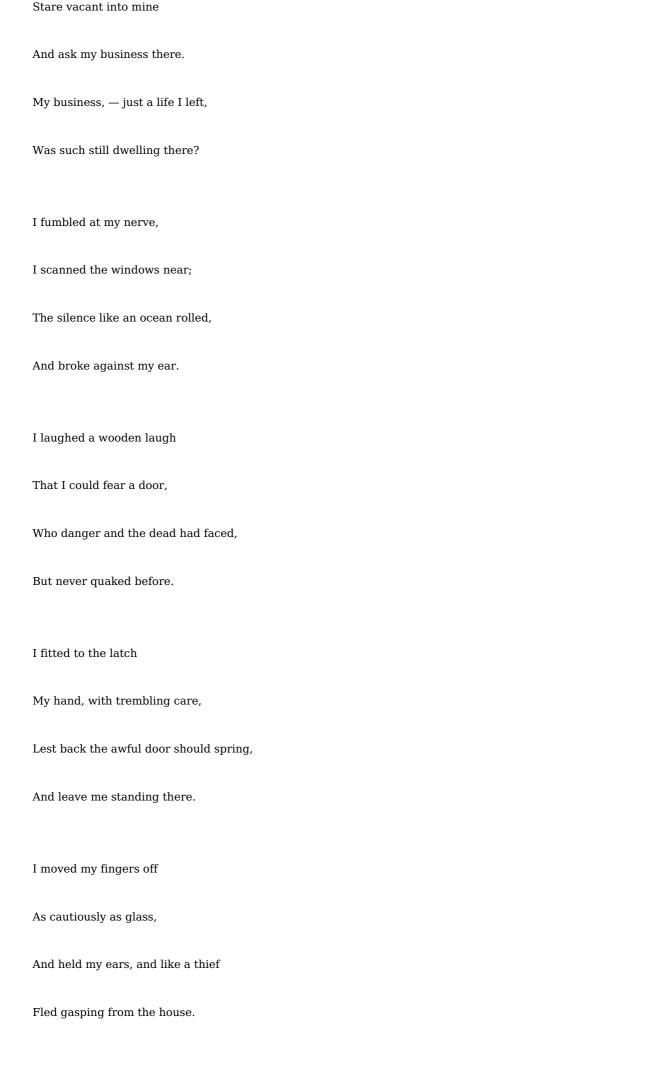


By catching at the twigs that grow

Between the bliss and me.	
It hung so high,	
As well the sky	
Attempt by strategy.	
I said I gained it, —	
This was all.	
Look, how I clutch it,	
Lest it fall,	
And I a pauper go;	
Unfitted by an instant's grace	
For the contented beggar's face	
I wore an hour ago.	
LII.	
To learn the transport by the pain,	
As blind men learn the sun;	
To die of thirst, suspecting	
That brooks in meadows run;	

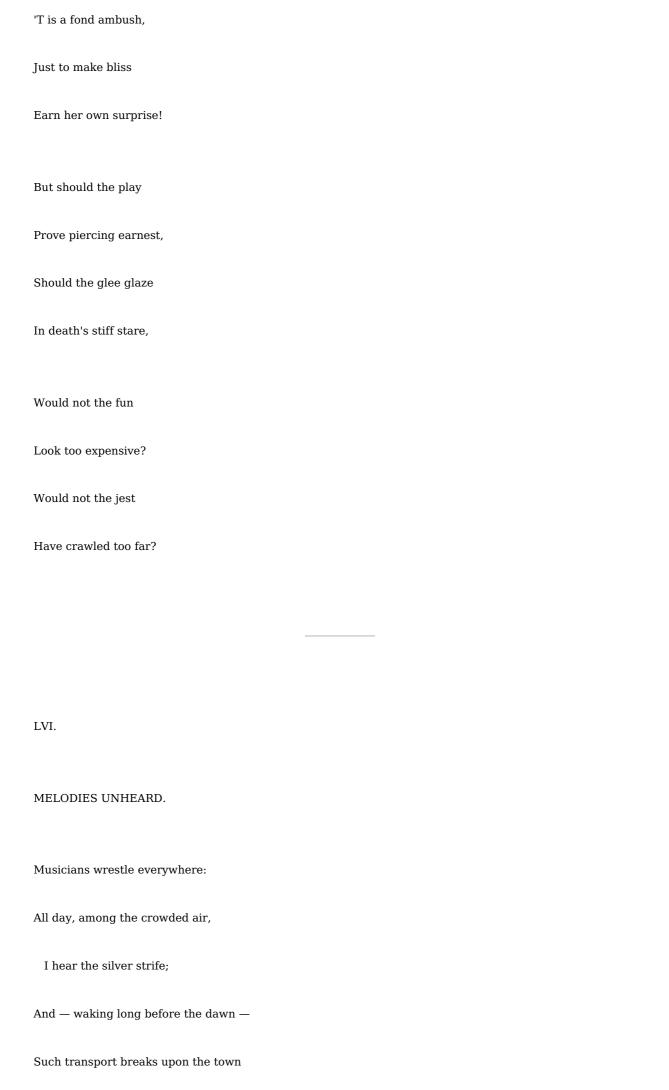
To stay the homesick, homesick feet

Upon a foreign shore
Haunted by native lands, the while,
And blue, beloved air —
This is the sovereign anguish,
This, the signal woe!
These are the patient laureates
Whose voices, trained below,
Ascend in ceaseless carol,
Inaudible, indeed,
To us, the duller scholars
Of the mysterious bard!
LIII.
RETURNING.
I years had been from home,
And now, before the door,
I dared not open, lest a face
I never saw before



LIV.	
PRAYER.	
Prayer is the little implement	
Γhrough which men reach	
Where presence is denied them.	
They fling their speech	
By means of it in God's ear;	
If then He hear,	
Γhis sums the apparatus	
Comprised in prayer.	
LV.	
I know that he exists	
Somewhere, in silence.	
He has hid his rare life	
From our gross eyes.	

'T is an instant's play,



It is not bird, it has no nest;
Nor band, in brass and scarlet dressed,
Nor tambourine, nor man;
It is not hymn from pulpit read, —
The morning stars the treble led
On time's first afternoon!
Some say it is the spheres at play!
Some say that bright majority
Of vanished dames and men!
Some think it service in the place
Where we, with late, celestial face,
Please God, shall ascertain!
LVII.
CALLED BACK.
Just lost when I was saved!
Just felt the world go by!

Just girt me for the onset with eternity,

I think it that "new life!"

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,
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.
Next time, to tarry,
While the ages steal, —
Slow tramp the centuries,
And the cycles wheel.

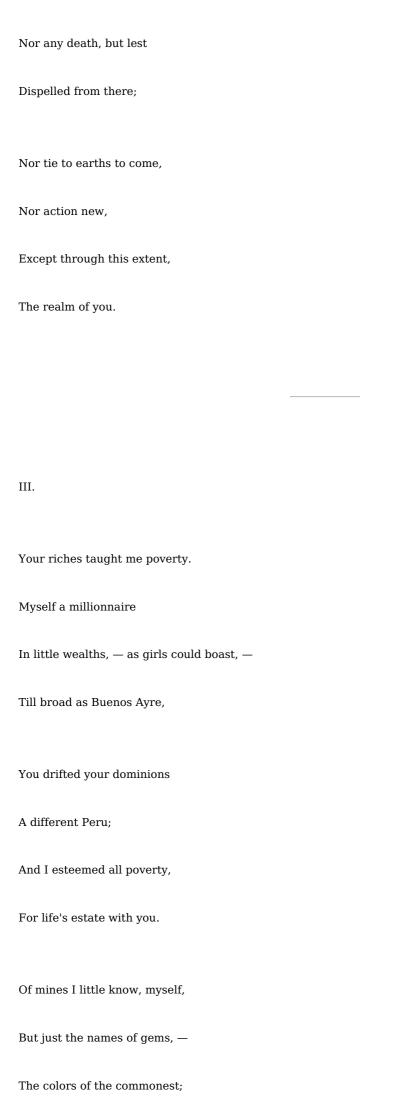
II. LOVE.

II.

I have no life but this,

To all the lists of clay!

To lead it here;



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 't is 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, Although I prove it just in time Its distance to behold! It 's far, far treasure to surmise, And estimate the pearl

And scarce of diadems

That slipped my simple fingers through

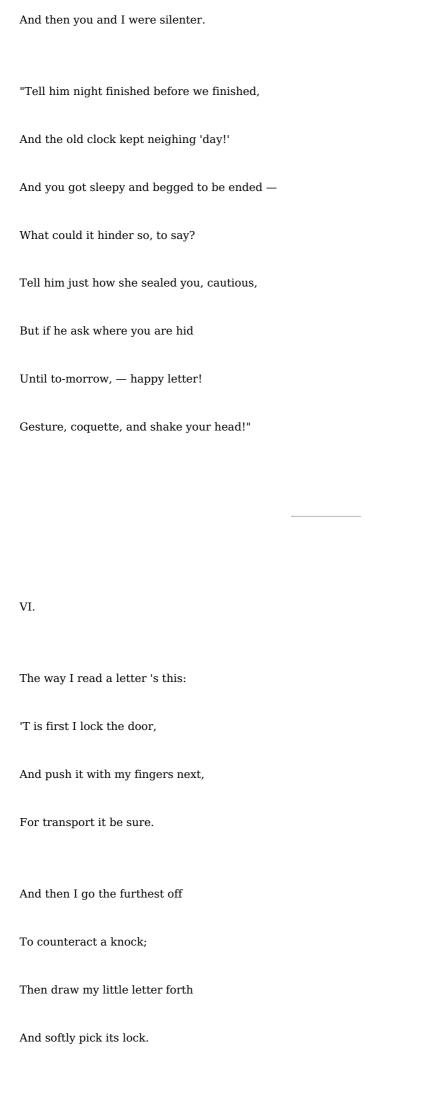
Some found it mutual gain;

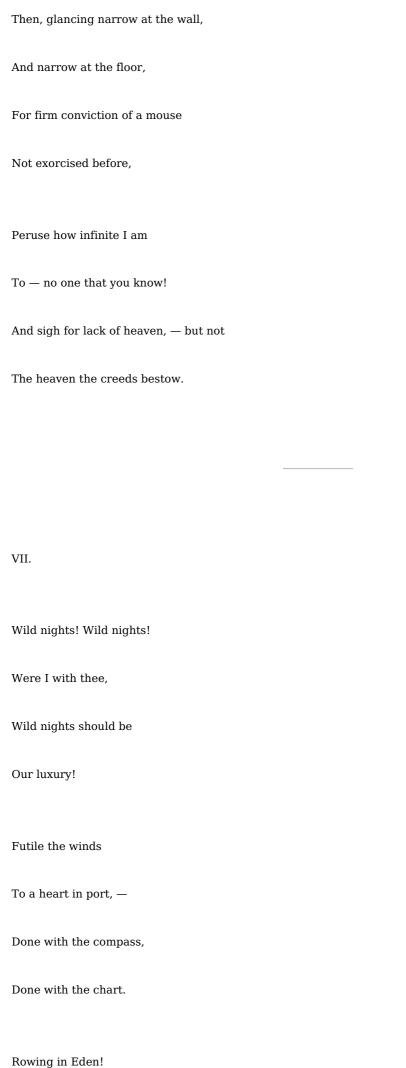
Sweet debt of Life, — each night to owe,

Insolvent, every noon. V. THE LETTER. "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,

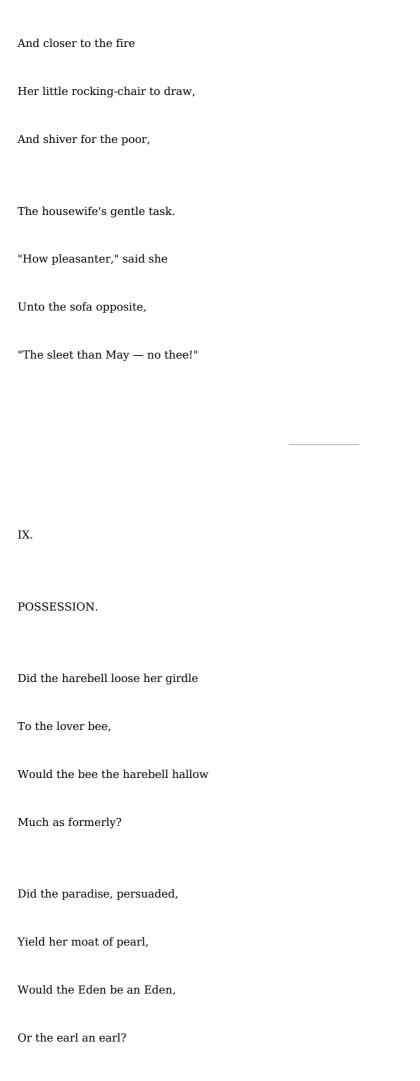




Might I but moor
To-night in thee!
VIII.
AT HOME.
The night was wide, and furnished scant
With but a single star,
That often as a cloud it met
Blew out itself for fear.
The wind pursued the little bush,
And drove away the leaves
November left; then clambered up
And fretted in the eaves.
No squirrel went abroad;
A dog's belated feet
Like intermittent plush were heard
Adown the empty street.

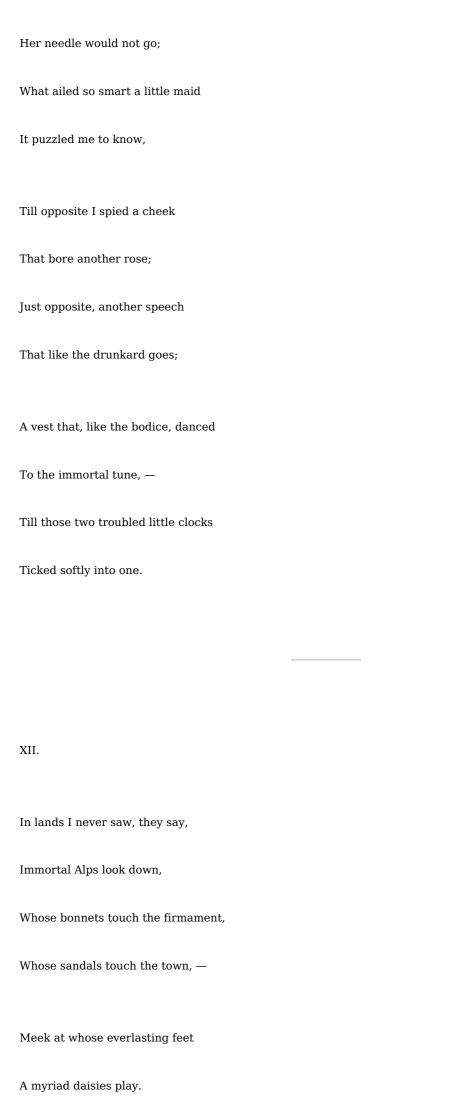
Ah! the sea!

To feel if blinds be fast,



X.
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.
XI.
THE LOVERS.
The rose did caper on her cheek,
Her bodice rose and fell,
Her pretty speech, like drunken men,

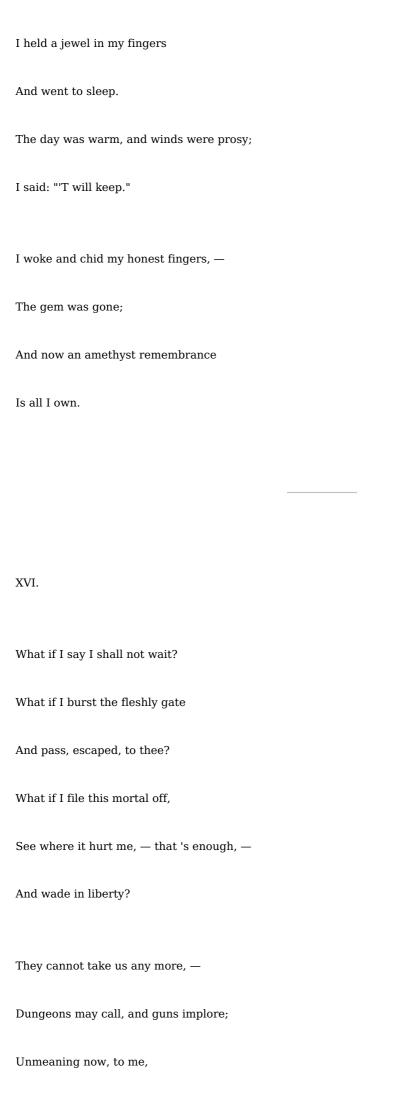
Did stagger pitiful.

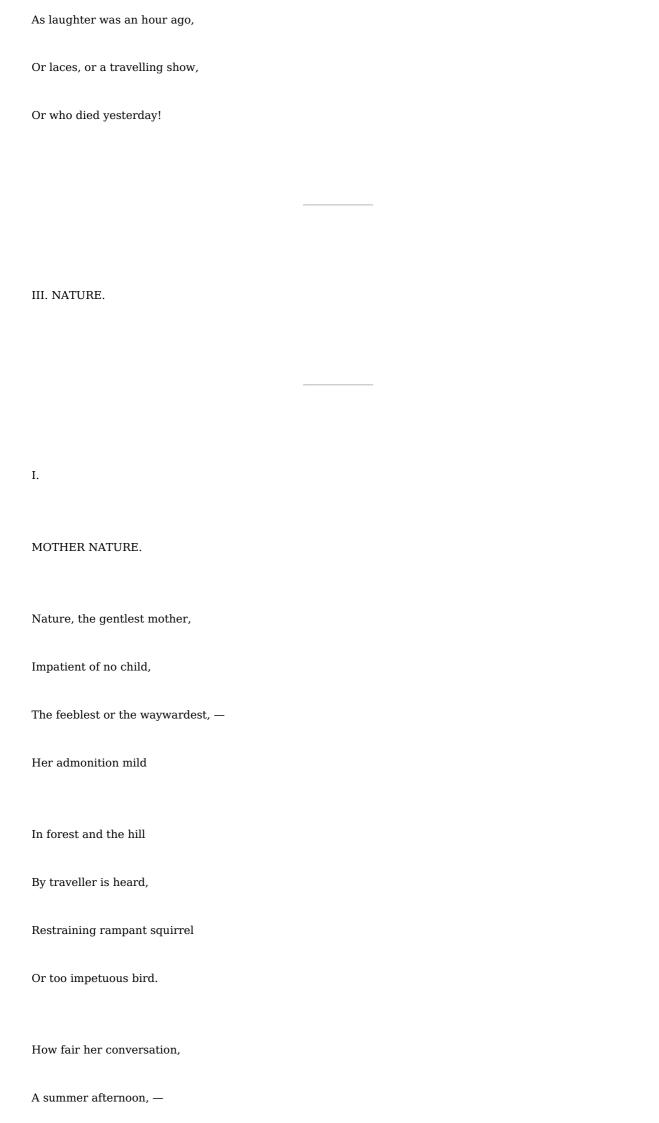


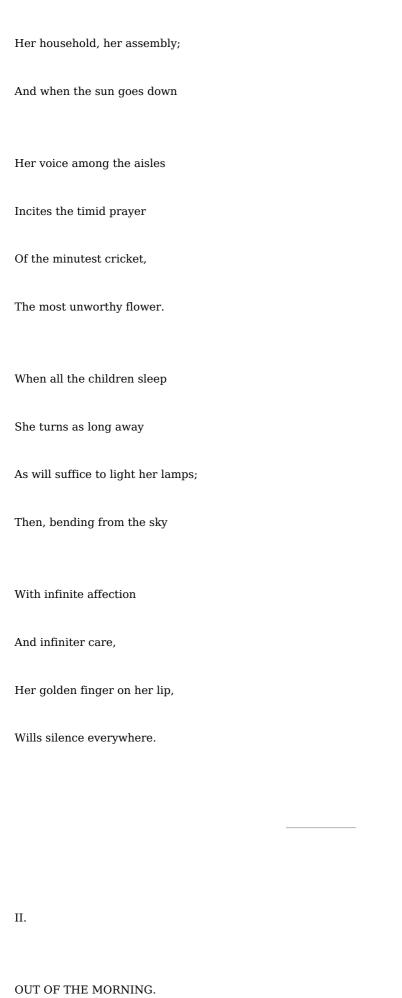
Which, sir, are you, and which am I,
Upon an August day?
XIII.
The moon is distant from the sea,
And yet with amber hands
She leads him, docile as a boy,
Along appointed sands.
He never misses a degree;
Obedient to her eye,
He comes just so far toward the town,
Just so far goes away.
Oh, Signor, thine the amber hand,
And mine the distant sea, —
Obedient to the least command
Thine eyes impose on me.

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
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
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, knew you not
For whom I must decline?

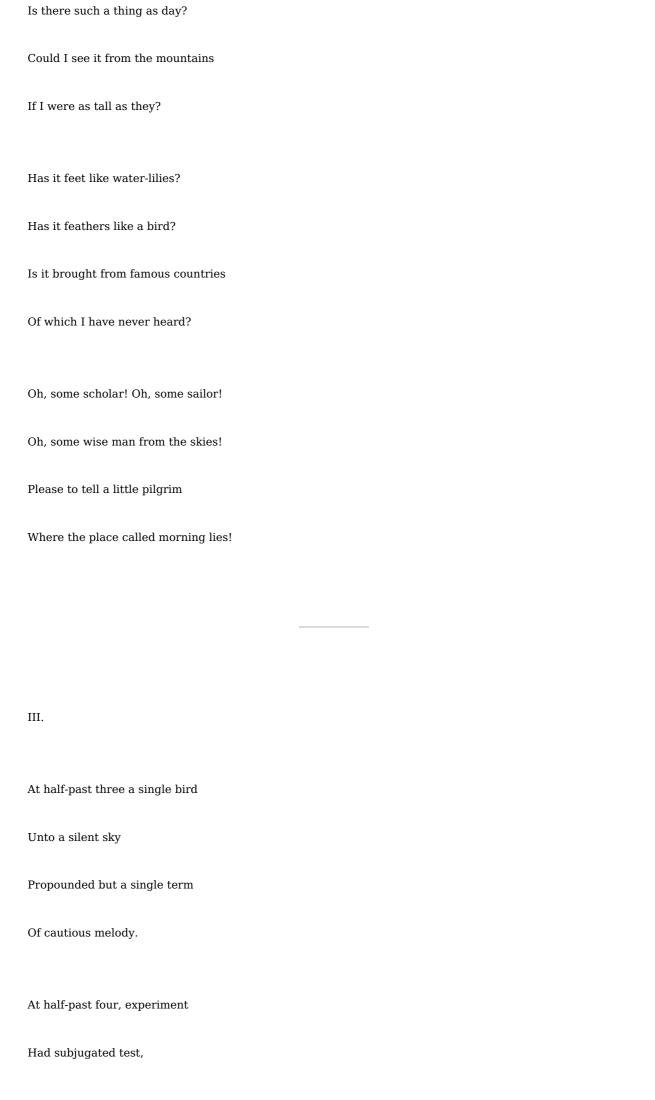
XV.

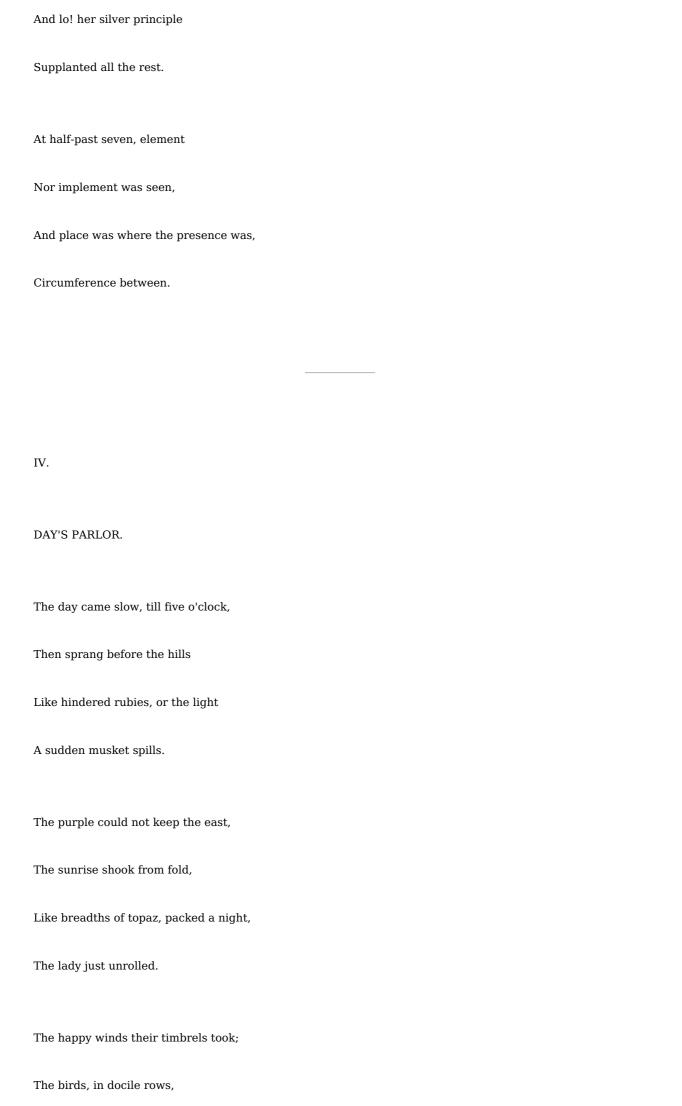


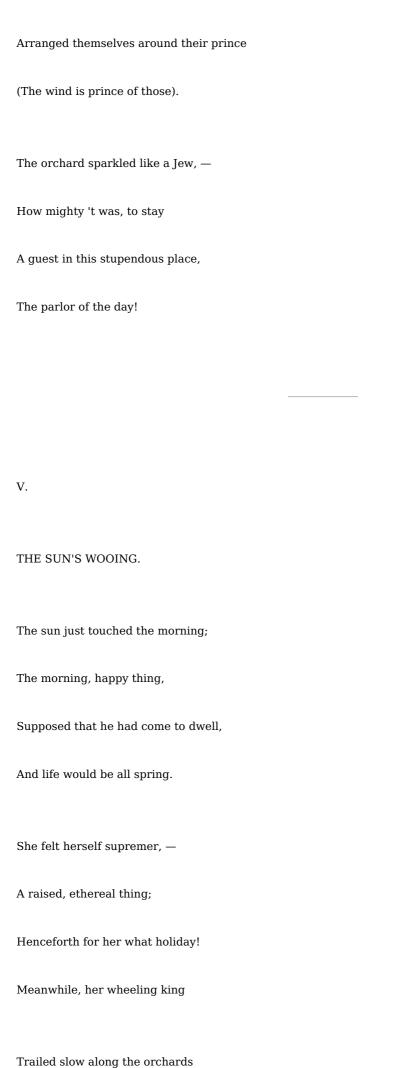


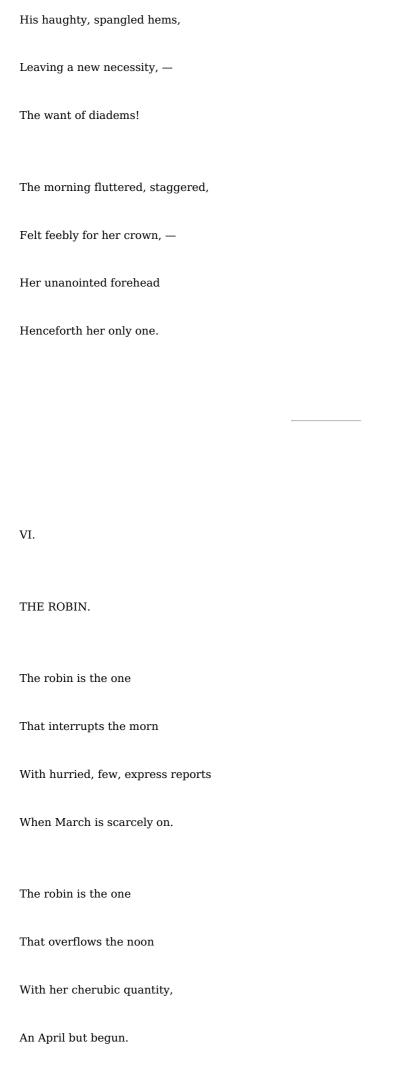


Will there really be a morning?

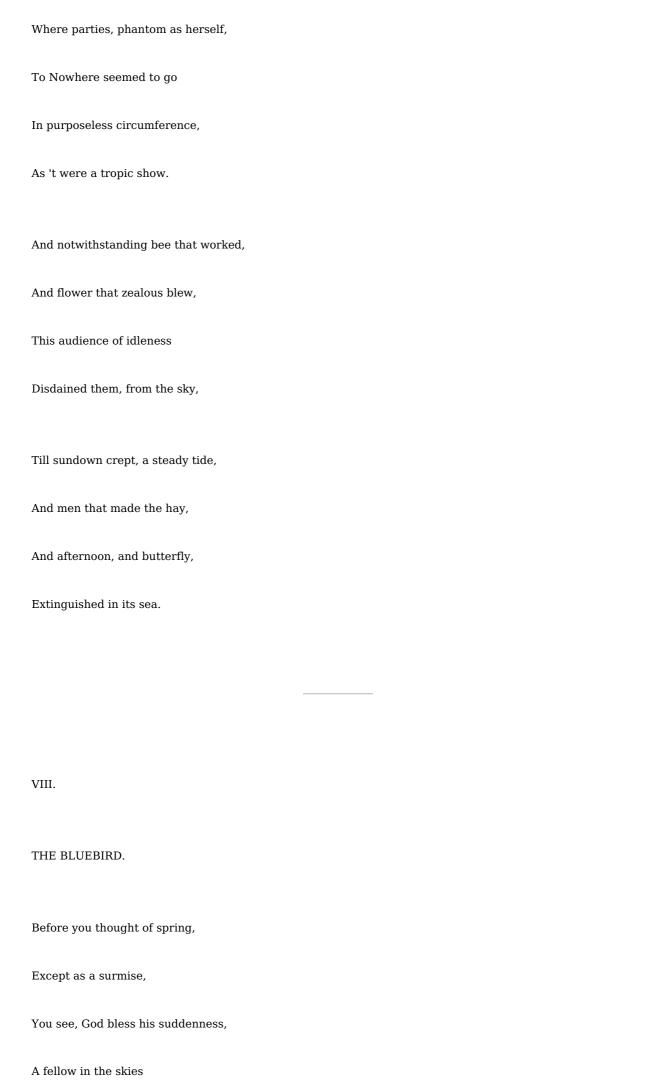


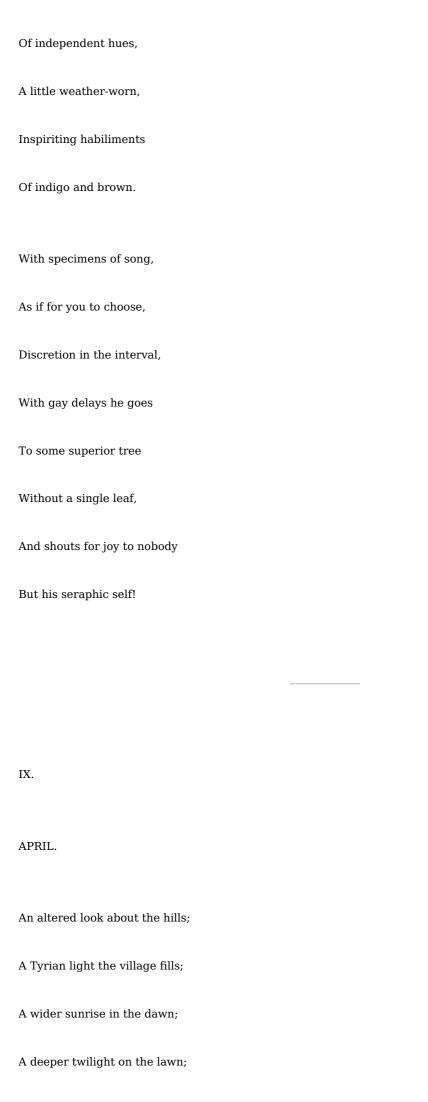


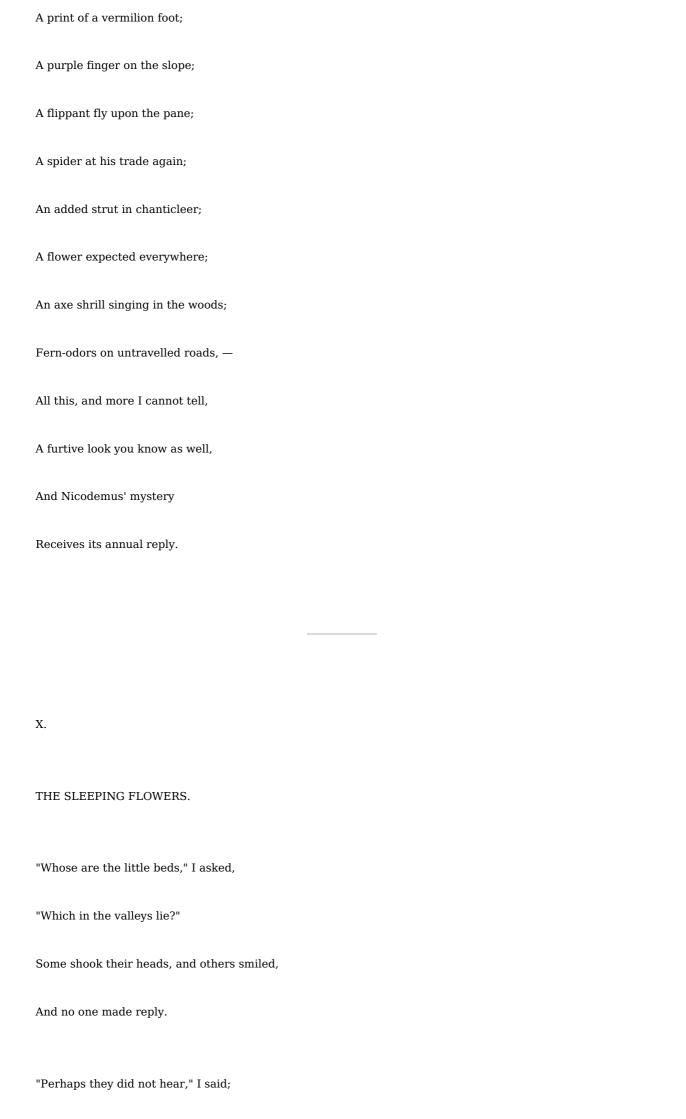




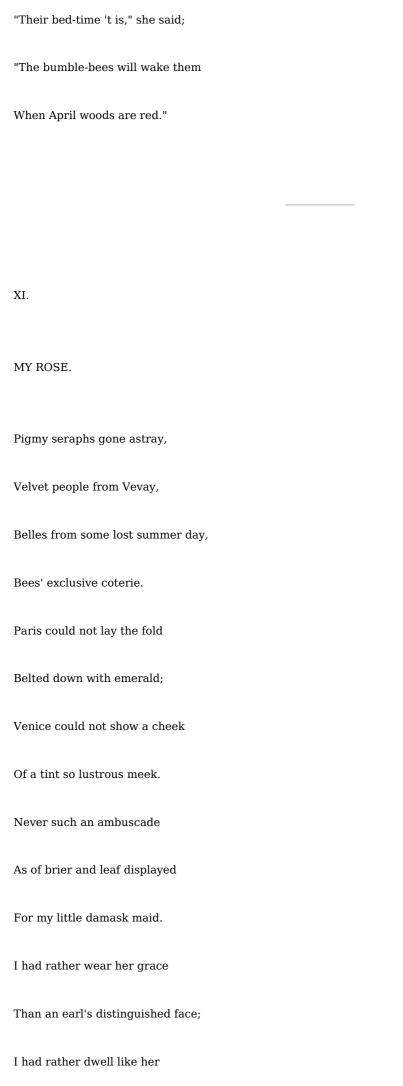






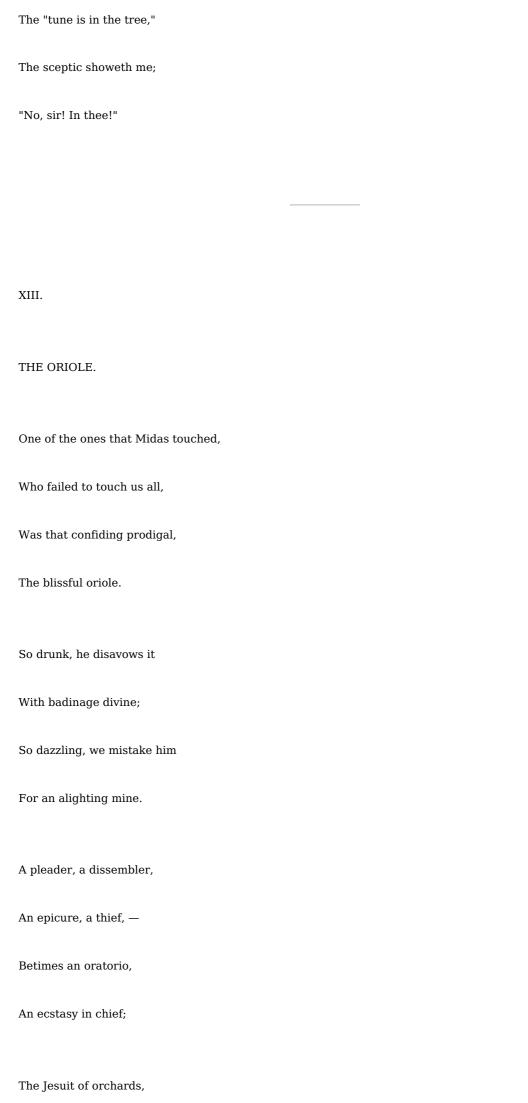






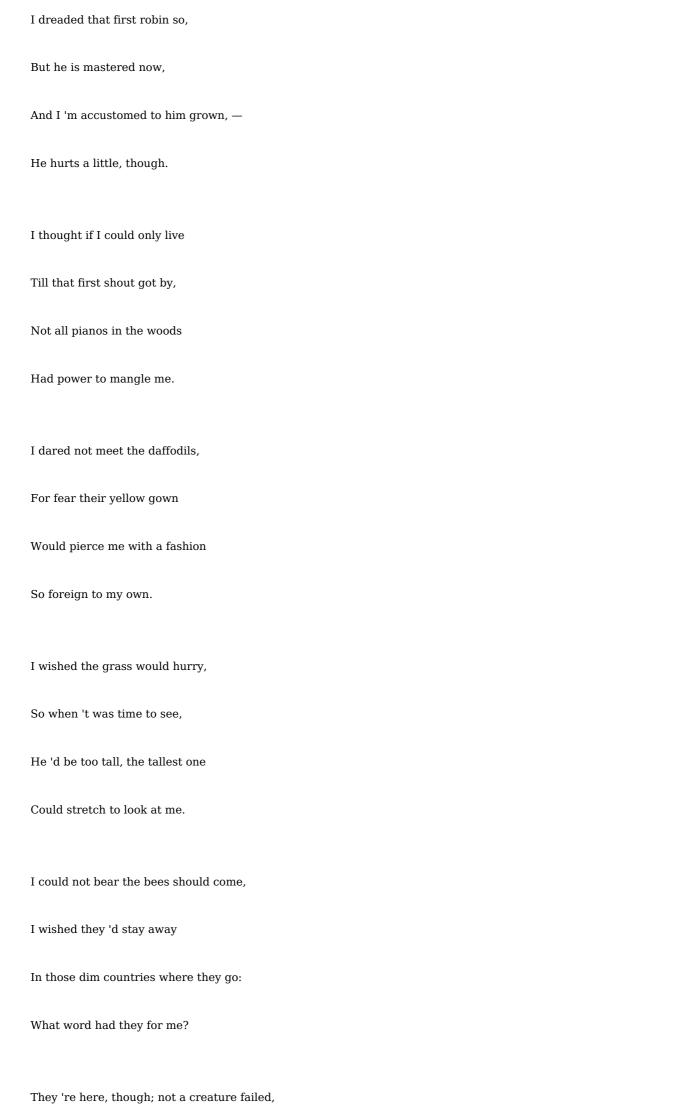
Royalty enough for me
To subdue the bumble-bee!
XII.
THE ORIOLE'S SECRET.
To hear an oriole sing
May be a common thing,
Or only a divine.
Of only a divine.
It is not of the bird
Who sings the same, unheard,
As unto crowd.
The fashion of the ear
Attireth that it hear
In dun or fair.
So whether it be rune,
Or whether it be none,
Is of within;

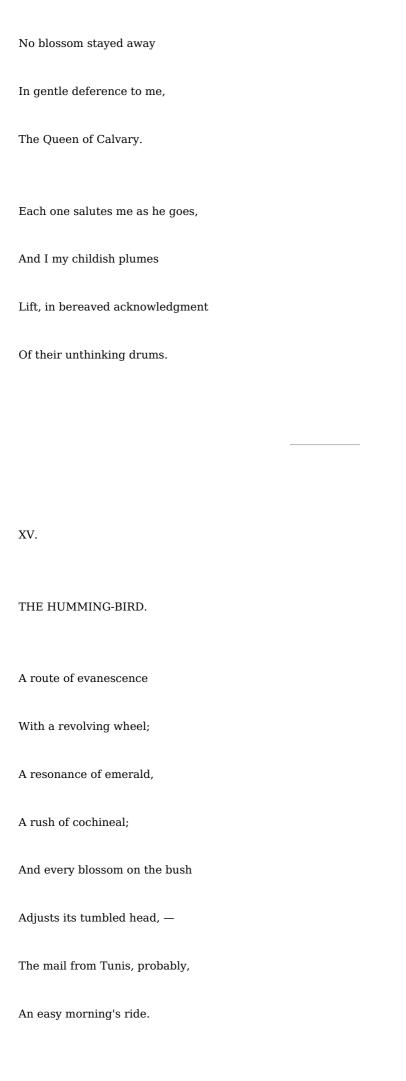
Than be Duke of Exeter



He cheats as he enchants	
Of an entire attar	
For his decamping wants.	
The splendor of a Burmah,	
The meteor of birds,	
Departing like a pageant	
Of ballads and of bards.	
I never thought that Jason sought	
For any golden fleece;	
But then I am a rural man,	
With thoughts that make for peace.	
But if there were a Jason,	
Tradition suffer me	
Behold his lost emolument	
Upon the apple-tree.	
XIV.	

IN SHADOW.





I would not, if I could,

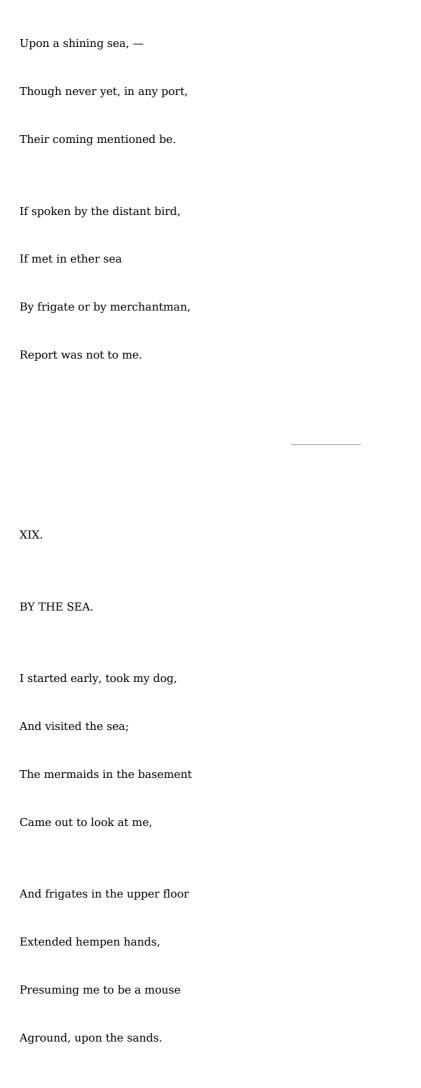
Know what the sapphire fellows do,

In your new-fashioned world!

The trusting woods? The unsuspecting trees Brought out their burrs and mosses His fantasy to please. He scanned their trinkets, curious, He grasped, he bore away. What will the solemn hemlock, What will the fir-tree say? XVIII. TWO VOYAGERS. Two butterflies went out at noon And waltzed above a stream, Then stepped straight through the firmament And rested on a beam;	Who robbed the woods,
Brought out their burrs and mosses His fantasy to please. He scanned their trinkets, curious, He grasped, he bore away. What will the solemn hemlock, What will the fir-tree say? XVIII. TWO VOYAGERS. Two butterflies went out at noon And waltzed above a stream, Then stepped straight through the firmament	The trusting woods?
His fantasy to please. He scanned their trinkets, curious, He grasped, he bore away. What will the solemn hemlock, What will the fir-tree say? XVIII. TWO VOYAGERS. Two butterflies went out at noon And waltzed above a stream, Then stepped straight through the firmament	The unsuspecting trees
He grasped, he bore away. What will the solemn hemlock, What will the fir-tree say? XVIII. TWO VOYAGERS. Two butterflies went out at noon And waltzed above a stream, Then stepped straight through the firmament	Brought out their burrs and mosses
He grasped, he bore away. What will the solemn hemlock, What will the fir-tree say? XVIII. TWO VOYAGERS. Two butterflies went out at noon And waltzed above a stream, Then stepped straight through the firmament	His fantasy to please.
What will the fir-tree say? What will the fir-tree say? XVIII. TWO VOYAGERS. Two butterflies went out at noon And waltzed above a stream, Then stepped straight through the firmament	He scanned their trinkets, curious,
What will the fir-tree say? XVIII. TWO VOYAGERS. Two butterflies went out at noon And waltzed above a stream, Then stepped straight through the firmament	He grasped, he bore away.
XVIII. TWO VOYAGERS. Two butterflies went out at noon And waltzed above a stream, Then stepped straight through the firmament	What will the solemn hemlock,
Two voyagers. Two butterflies went out at noon And waltzed above a stream, Then stepped straight through the firmament	What will the fir-tree say?
TWO VOYAGERS. Two butterflies went out at noon And waltzed above a stream,	
Two voyagers. Two butterflies went out at noon And waltzed above a stream, Then stepped straight through the firmament	
Two voyagers. Two butterflies went out at noon And waltzed above a stream, Then stepped straight through the firmament	YVIII
Two butterflies went out at noon And waltzed above a stream, Then stepped straight through the firmament	AVIII.
And waltzed above a stream, Then stepped straight through the firmament	TWO VOYAGERS.
And waltzed above a stream, Then stepped straight through the firmament	Two butterflies went out at noon
Then stepped straight through the firmament	And waltzed above a stream,
	And rested on a beam;

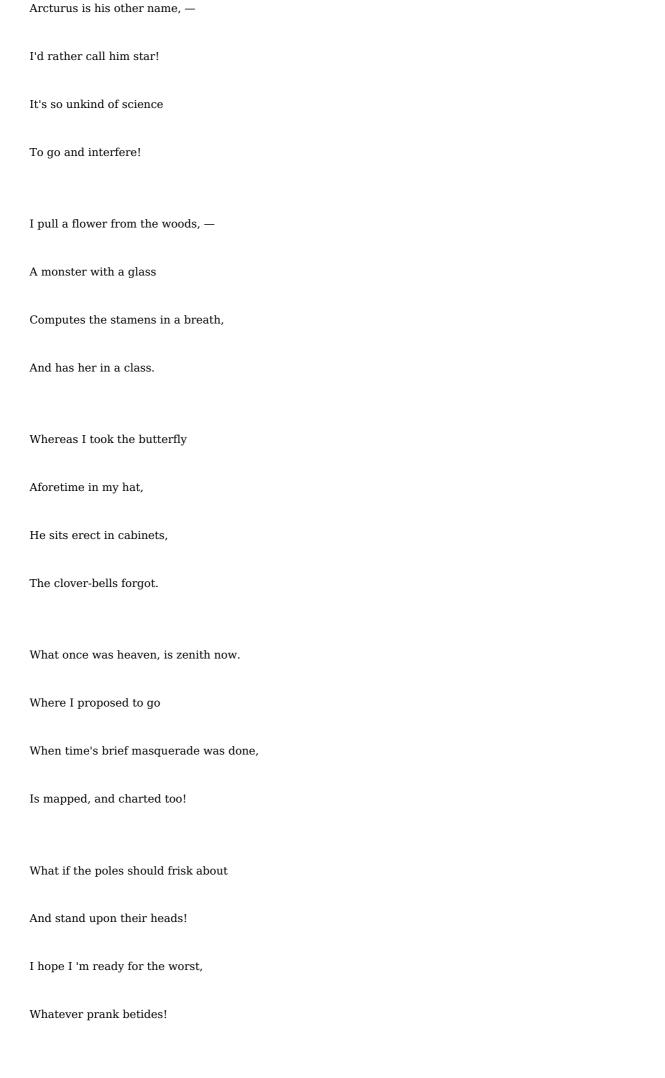
XVII.

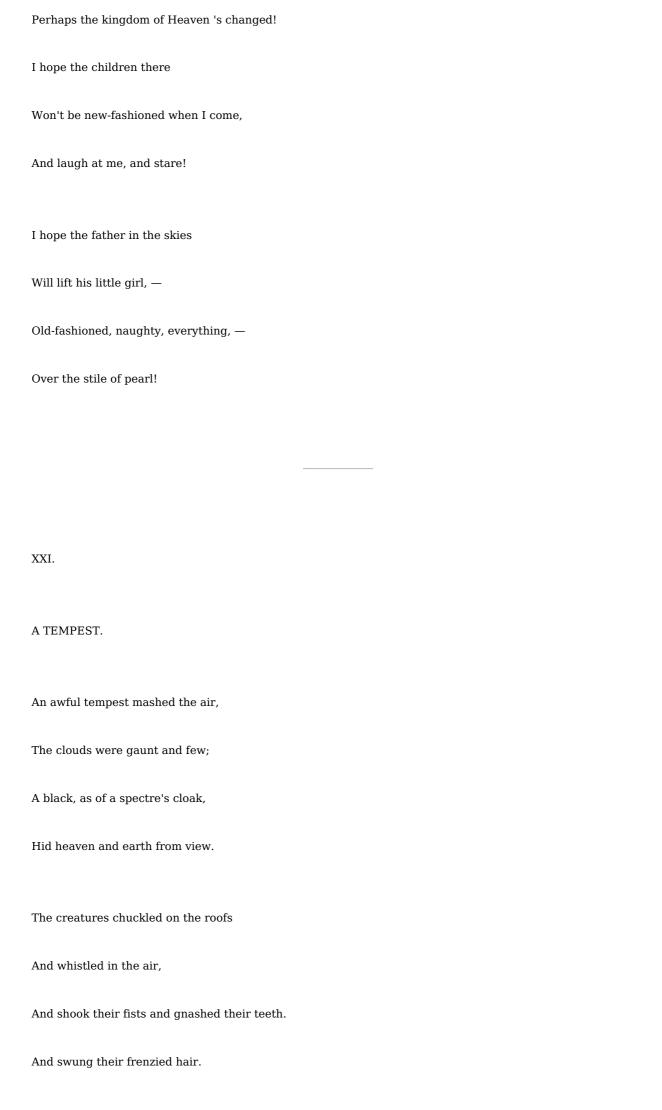
And then together bore away



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.

XX.





The monster's faded eyes	
Turned slowly to his native coast,	
And peace was Paradise!	
WW.II	
XXII.	
THE SEA.	
An everywhere of silver,	
With ropes of sand	
To keep it from effacing	
The track called land.	
XXIII.	
IN THE GARDEN.	
A bird cover down the wells	
A bird came down the walk:	
He did not know I saw;	

The morning lit, the birds arose;

He bit an angle-worm in halves

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
Γο 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,
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.

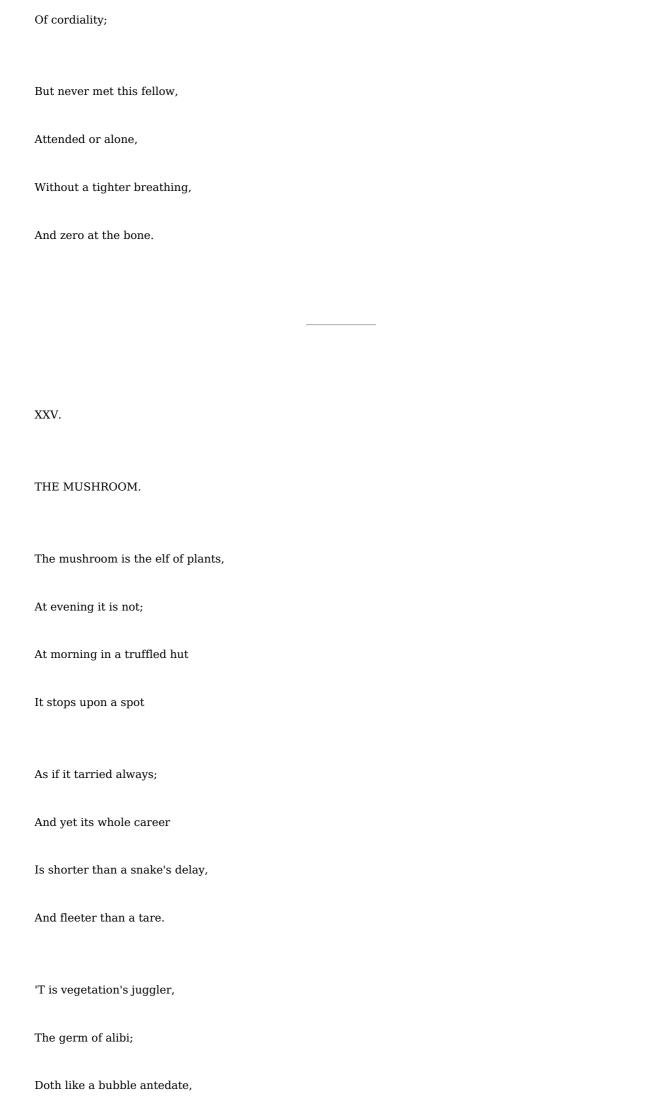
And ate the fellow, raw.

THE SNAKE. 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 $% \left\{ 1,2,...,n\right\}$ 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;

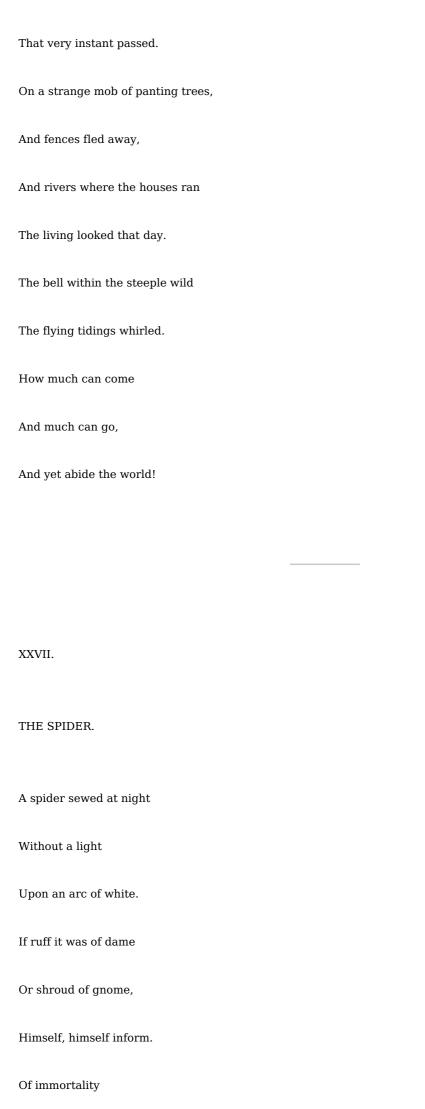
I feel for them a transport



I feel as if the grass were pleased
To have it intermit;
The surreptitious scion
Of summer's circumspect.
Had nature any outcast face,
Could she a son contemn,
Had nature an Iscariot,
That mushroom, — it is him.
XXVI.
THE STORM.
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;

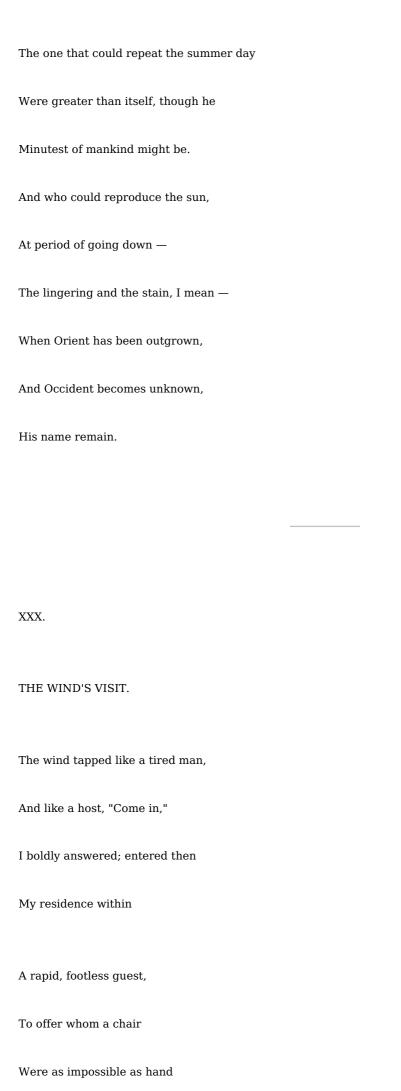
And like a bubble hie.

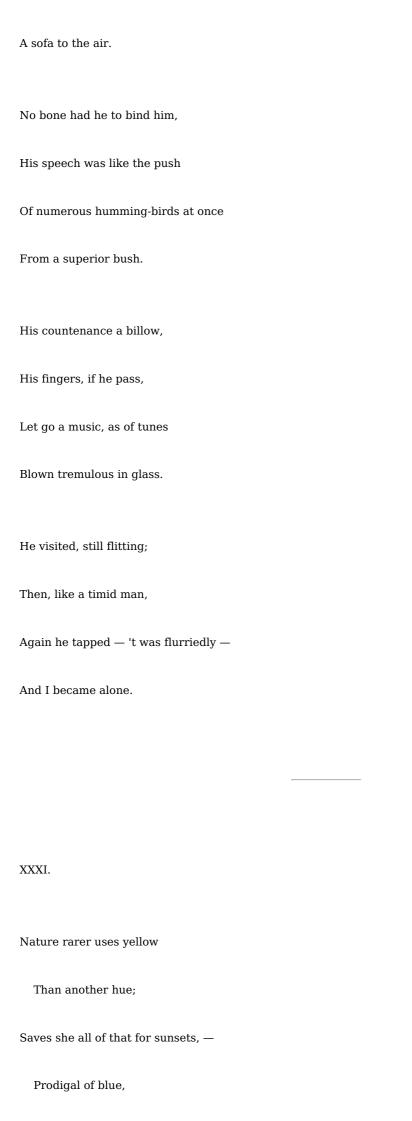
The doom's electric moccason



Was physiognomy.	
XXVIII.	
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.	

His strategy





Spending scarlet like a woman,
Yellow she affords
Only scantly and selectly,
Like a lover's words.
XXXII.
GOSSIP.
The leaves, like women, interchange
Sagacious confidence;
Somewhat of nods, and somewhat of
Portentous inference,
The parties in both cases
Enjoining secrecy, —
Inviolable compact
To notoriety.

How happy is the little stone
That rambles in the road alone,
And doesn't care about careers,
And exigencies never fears;
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.
XXXIV.
STORM.
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,

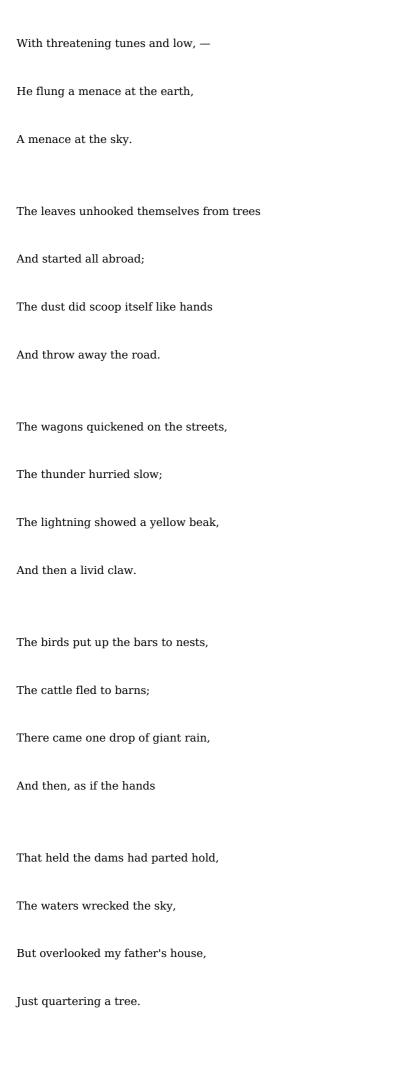
SIMPLICITY.

To see if time was there.	
Nature was in her beryl apron,	
Mixing fresher air.	
XXXV.	
THE RAT.	
The rat is the concisest tenant.	
He pays no rent, —	
Repudiates the obligation,	
On schemes intent.	
Balking our wit	
To sound or circumvent,	
Hate cannot harm	
A foe so reticent.	
Neither decree	
Prohibits him,	
Lawful as	
Equilibrium.	

XXXVI.	
Frequently the woods are pink,	
Frequently are brown;	
Frequently the hills undress	
Behind my native town.	
Oft a head is crested	
I was wont to see,	
And as oft a cranny	
Where it used to be.	
And the earth, they tell me,	
On its axis turned, —	
Wonderful rotation	
By but twelve performed!	
XXXVII.	

The wind begun to rock the grass $% \left\{ 1,2,...,n\right\}$

A THUNDER-STORM.



XXXVIII.
WITH FLOWERS.
WITH PLOWERS.
South winds jostle them,
Bumblebees come,
Hover, hesitate,
Drink, and are gone.
Butterflies pause
Duttermes pause
On their passage Cashmere;
I, softly plucking,
Present them here!
XXXIX.
SUNSET.
Where ships of purple gently toss
On seas of daffodil,
Fantastic sailors mingle,

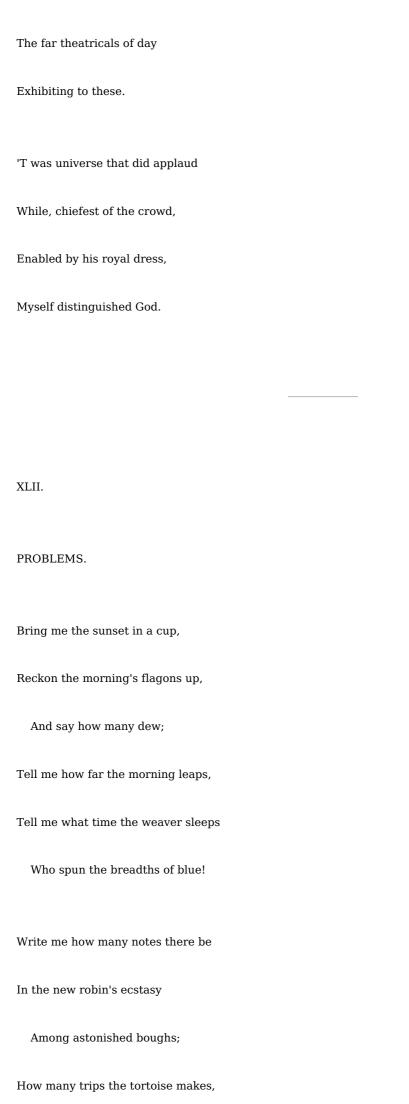
And then — the wharf is still.

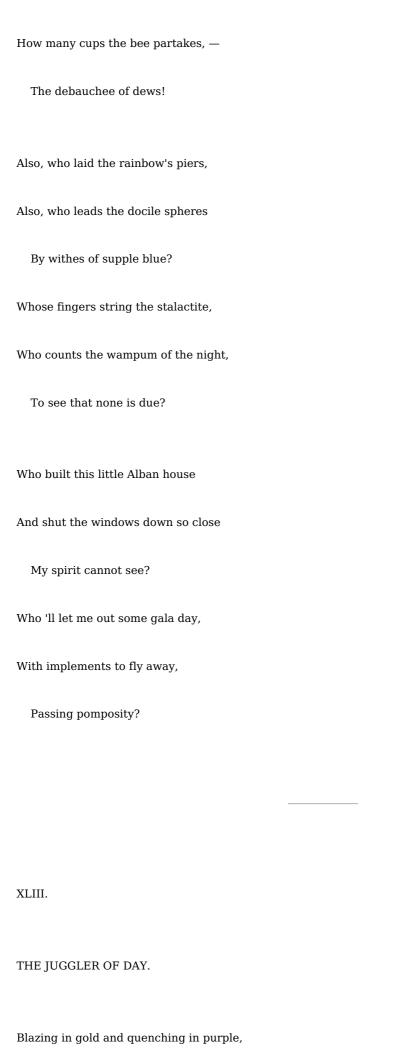
XL.
She sweeps with many-colored brooms,
And leaves the shreds behind;
Oh, housewife in the evening west,
Come back, and dust the pond!
You dropped a purple ravelling in,
You dropped an amber thread;
And now you 've littered all the East
With duds of emerald!
And still she plies her spotted brooms,
And still the aprons fly,
Till brooms fade softly into stars —
And then I come away.

XLI.

Like mighty footlights burned the red

At bases of the trees, -



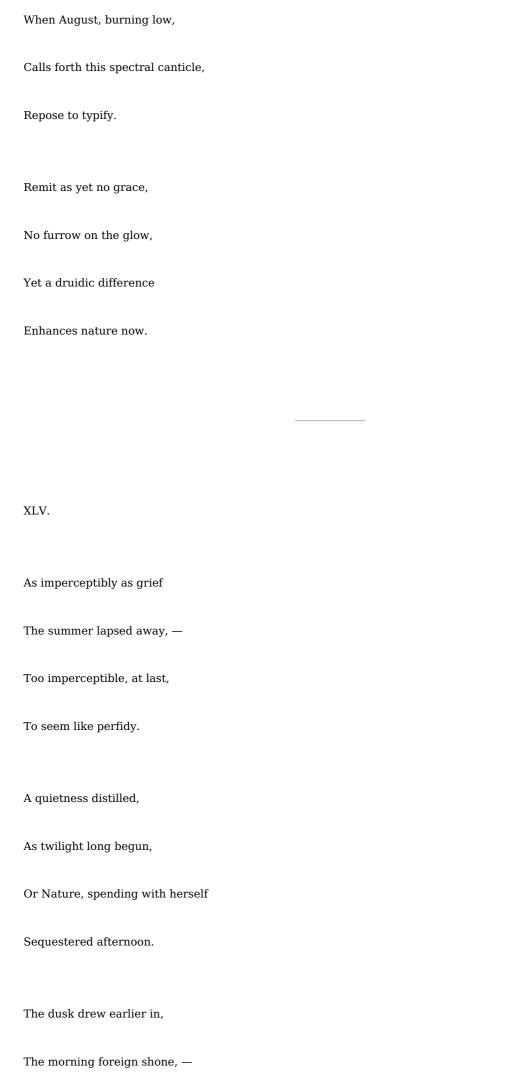


Leaping like leopards to the sky,

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!	
XLIV.	
MY CRICKET.	
Farther in summer than the birds,	
Pathetic from the grass,	
A minor nation celebrates	
Its unobtrusive mass.	
No ordinance is seen,	
So gradual the grace,	
A pensive custom it becomes,	
Enlarging loneliness.	

Then at the feet of the old horizon

Antiquest felt at noon



A courteous, yet harrowing grace,
As guest who would be gone.
And thus, without a wing,
Or service of a keel,
Our summer made her light escape
Into the beautiful.
XLVI.
It can't be summer, — that got through;
It can't be summer, — that got through; It 's early yet for spring;
It 's early yet for spring;
It 's early yet for spring; There 's that long town of white to cross
It 's early yet for spring; There 's that long town of white to cross
It 's early yet for spring; There 's that long town of white to cross Before the blackbirds sing.
It 's early yet for spring; There 's that long town of white to cross Before the blackbirds sing. It can't be dying, — it's too rouge, —
It 's early yet for spring; There 's that long town of white to cross Before the blackbirds sing. It can't be dying, — it's too rouge, — The dead shall go in white.
It 's early yet for spring; There 's that long town of white to cross Before the blackbirds sing. It can't be dying, — it's too rouge, — The dead shall go in white. So sunset shuts my question down

The gentian weaves her fringes, The maple's loom is red. My departing blossoms Obviate parade. A brief, but patient illness, An hour to prepare; And one, below this morning, Is where the angels are. It was a short procession, — The bobolink was there, An aged bee addressed us, And then we knelt in prayer. We trust that she was willing, — We ask that we may be. Summer, sister, seraph, Let us go with thee! In the name of the bee

And of the butterfly

And of the breeze, amen!

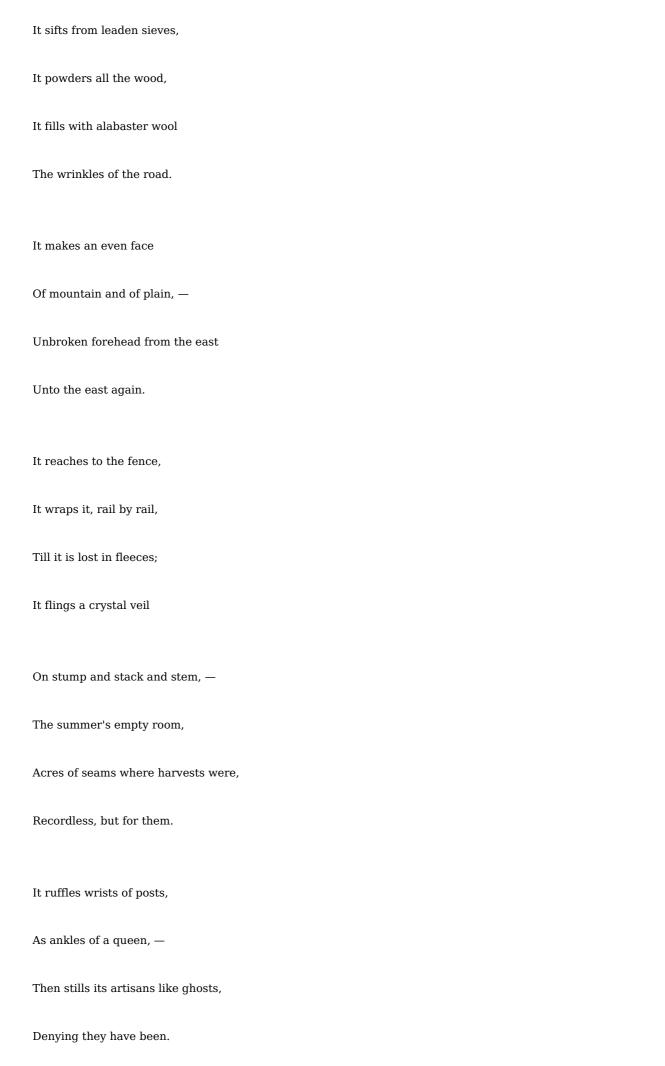
SUMMER'S OBSEQUIES.

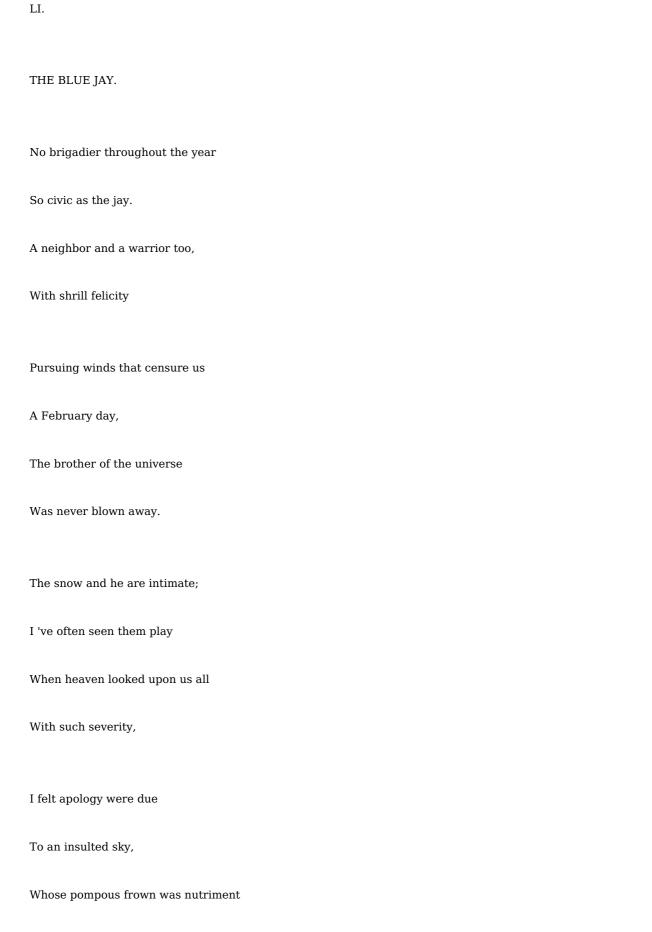
XLVIII.
FRINGED GENTIAN.
God made a little gentian;
It tried to be a rose
And failed, and all the summer laughed.
But just before the snows
There came a purple creature
That ravished all the hill;
And summer hid her forehead,
And mockery was still.
The frosts were her condition;
The Tyrian would not come
Until the North evoked it.
"Creator! shall I bloom?"

XLIX.

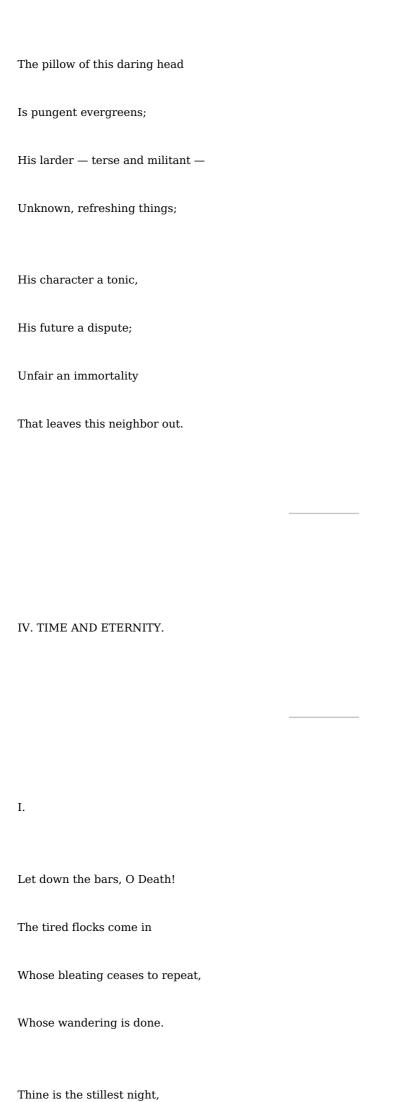
Besides the autumn poets sing,
A few prosaic days
A little this side of the snow
And that side of the haze.
A few incisive mornings,
A few ascetic eyes, —
Gone Mr. Bryant's golden-rod,
And Mr. Thomson's sheaves.
Still is the bustle in the brook,
Sealed are the spicy valves;
Mesmeric fingers softly touch
The eyes of many elves.
Perhaps a squirrel may remain,
My sentiments to share.
Grant me, O Lord, a sunny mind,
Thy windy will to bear!

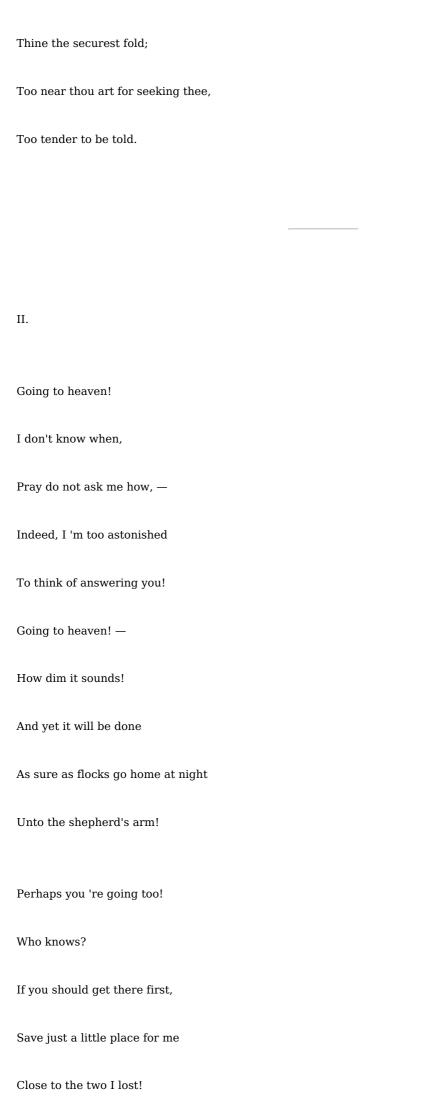
L.

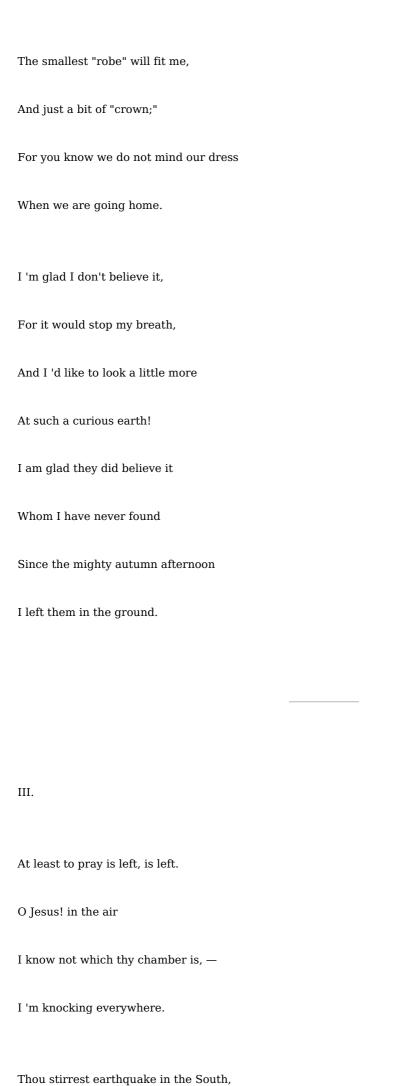




To their temerity.

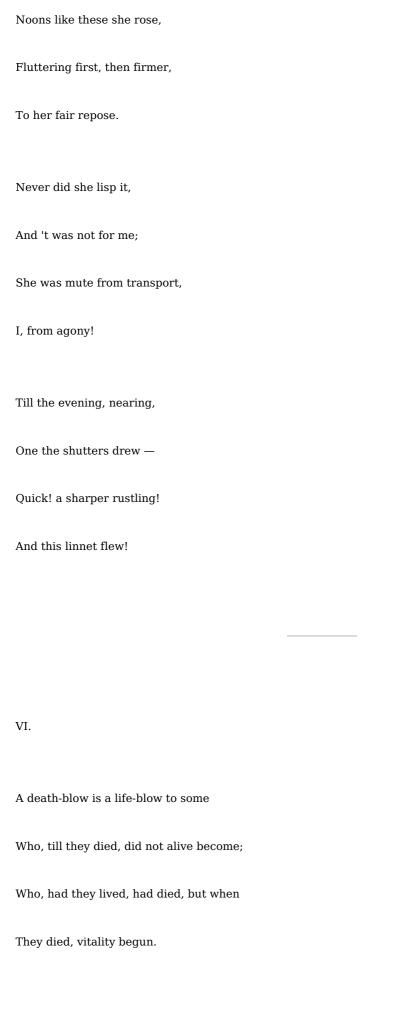






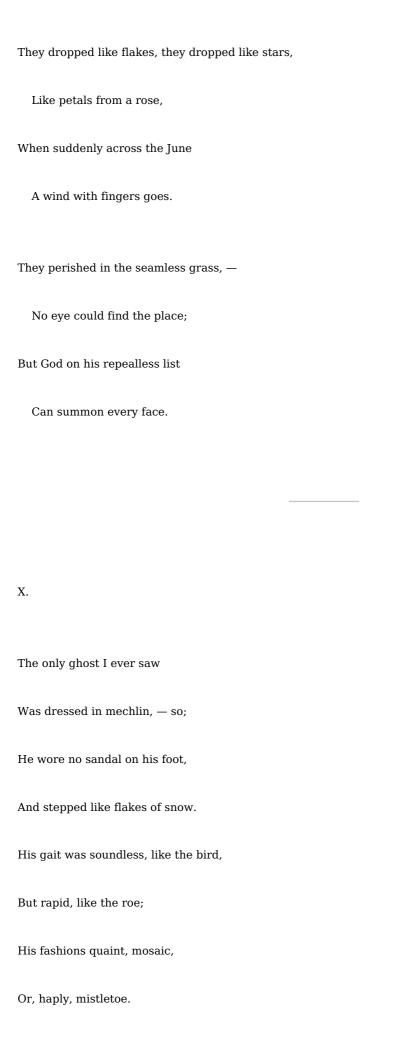
And maelstrom in the sea;	
Say, Jesus Christ of Nazareth,	
Hast thou no arm for me?	
IV.	
ЕРІТАРН.	
Step lightly on this narrow spot!	
The broadest land that grows	
Is not so ample as the breast	
These emerald seams enclose.	
Step lofty; for this name is told	
As far as cannon dwell,	
Or flag subsist, or fame export	
Her deathless syllable.	

V.

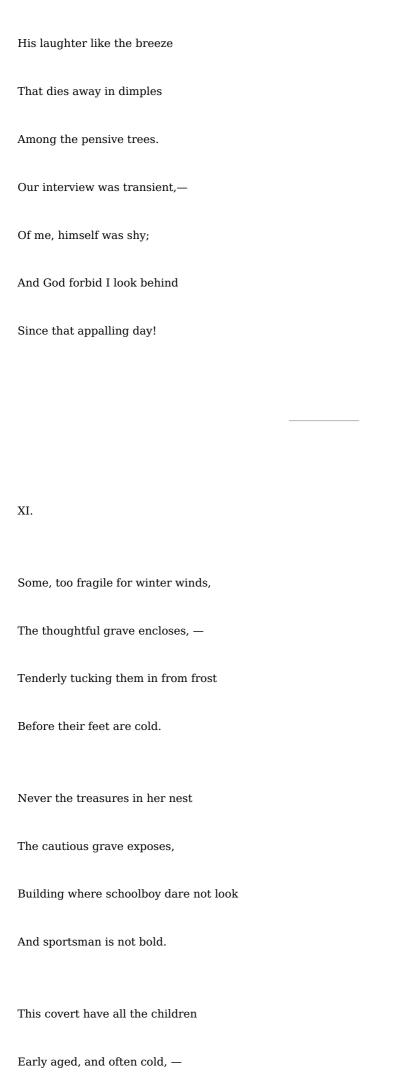


I read my sentence steadily,
Reviewed it with my eyes,
To see that I made no mistake
In its extremest clause, —
The date, and manner of the shame;
And then the pious form
That "God have mercy" on the soul
The jury voted him.
I made my soul familiar
With her extremity,
That at the last it should not be
A novel agony,
But she and Death, acquainted,
Meet tranquilly as friends,
Salute and pass without a hint —
And there the matter ends.

IX.



His conversation seldom,

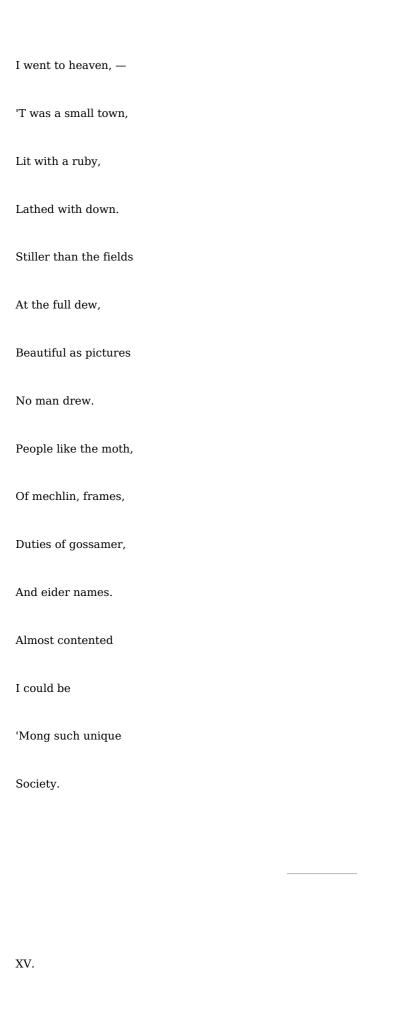


Sparrows unnoticed by the Father;	
Lambs for whom time had not a fold.	
XII.	
As by the dead we love to sit,	
Become so wondrous dear,	
As for the lost we grapple,	
Though all the rest are here, —	
In broken mathematics	
We estimate our prize,	
Vast, in its fading ratio,	
To our penurious eyes!	
_	
XIII.	
MEMORIALS.	
Death sets a thing significant	
The eye had hurried by,	

Except a perished creature

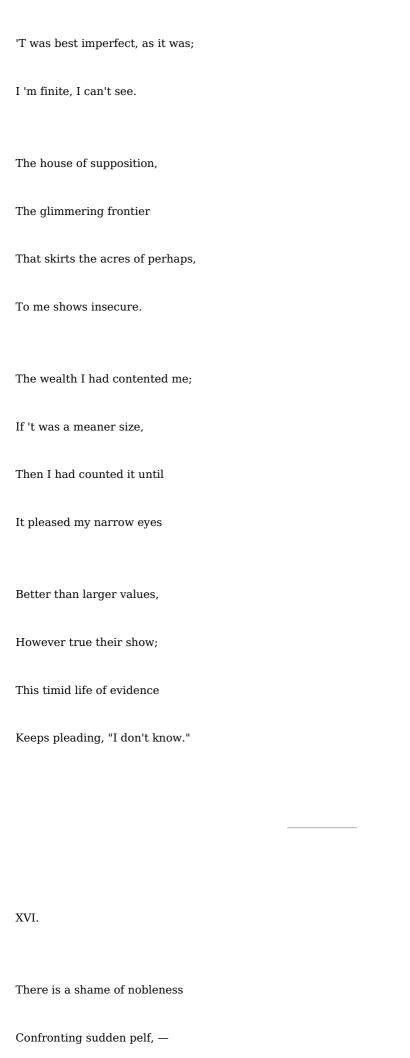
To ponder little workmanships In crayon or in wool, With "This was last her fingers did," Industrious until The thimble weighed too heavy, The stitches stopped themselves, And then 't was put among the dust Upon the closet shelves. A book I have, a friend gave, Whose pencil, here and there, Had notched 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.

Entreat us tenderly



Their height in heaven comforts not,

Their glory nought to me;



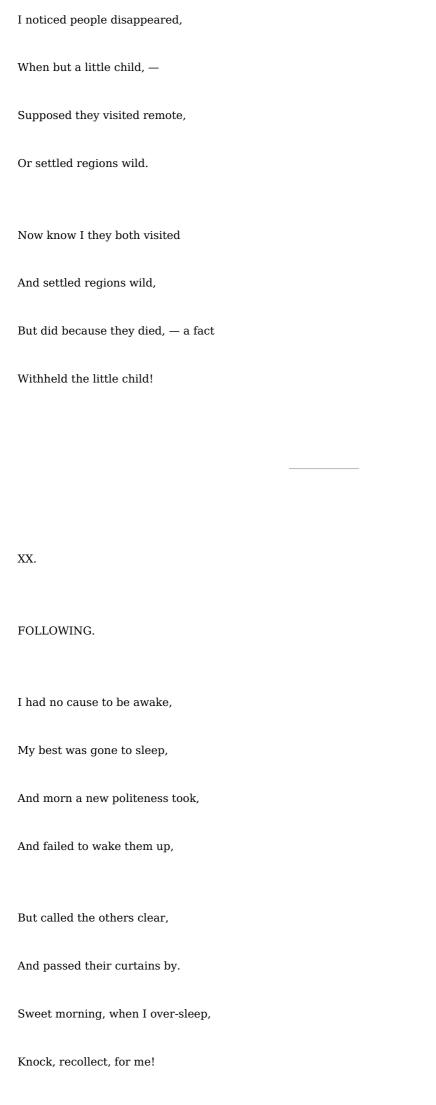
A finer shame of ecstasy

A best disgrace a brave man feels,	
Acknowledged of the brave, —	
One more "Ye Blessed" to be told;	
But this involves the grave.	
_	
XVII.	
ТКІИМРН.	
Triumph may be of several kinds.	
There 's triumph in the room	
When that old imperator, Death,	
By faith is overcome.	
There 's triumph of the finer mind	
When truth, affronted long,	
Advances calm to her supreme,	
Her God her only throng.	
A triumph when temptation's bribe	

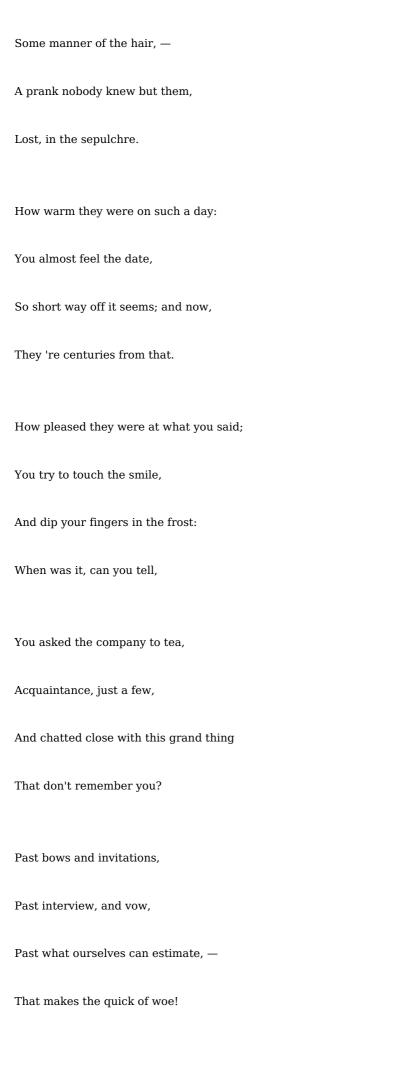
Convicted of itself.

Is slowly handed back,

One eye upon the heaven renounced	
And one upon the rack.	
Severer triumph, by himself	
Experienced, who can pass	
Acquitted from that naked bar,	
Jehovah's countenance!	
_	
XVIII.	
Pompless no life can pass away;	
The lowliest career	
To the same pageant wends its way	
As that exalted here.	
How cordial is the mystery!	
The hospitable pall	
A "this way" beckons spaciously, —	
A miracle for all!	

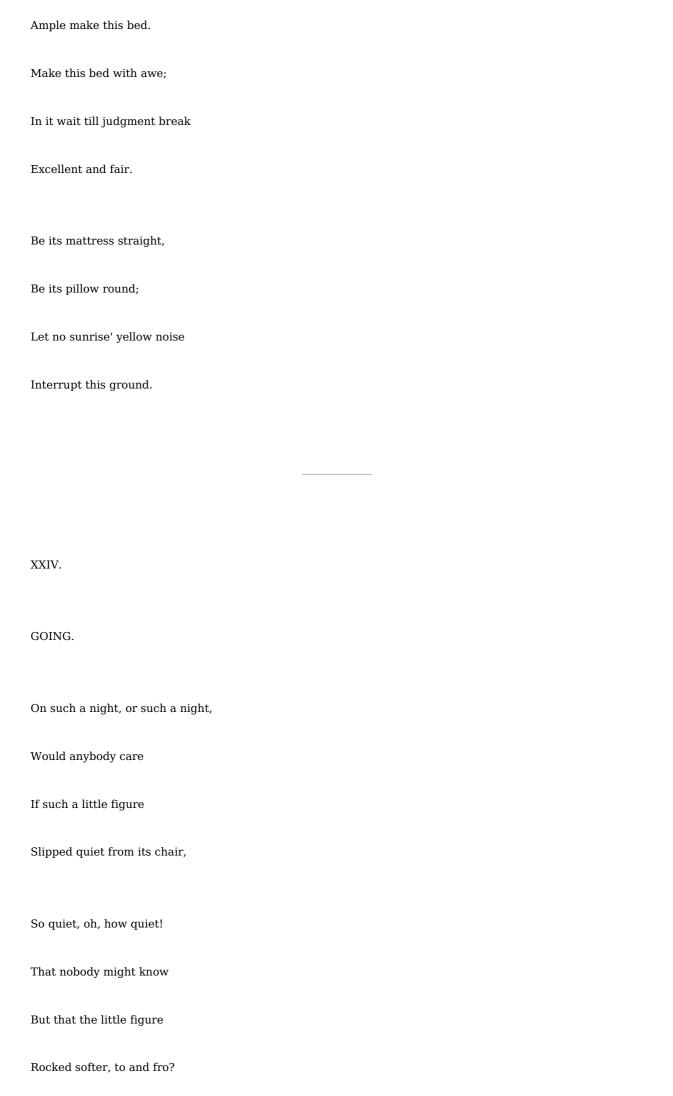




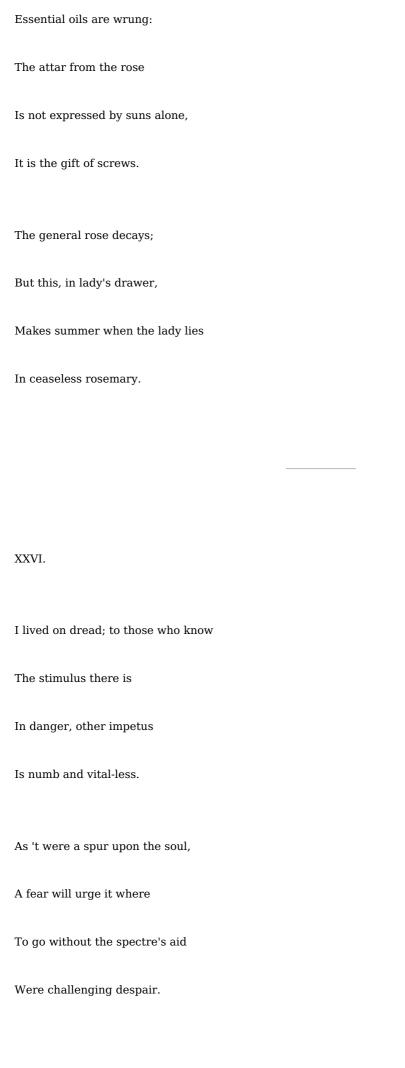


XXII.
THE JOURNEY.
Our journey had advanced;
Our feet were almost come
To that odd fork in Being's road,
Eternity by term.
Our pace took sudden awe,
Our feet reluctant led.
Before were cities, but between,
The forest of the dead.
Retreat was out of hope, —
Behind, a sealed route,
Eternity's white flag before,
And God at every gate.

XXIII.



On such a dawn, or such a dawn,
Would anybody sigh
That such a little figure
Too sound asleep did lie
For chanticleer to wake it, —
Or stirring house below,
Or giddy bird in orchard,
Or early task to do?
There was a little figure plump
For every little knoll,
Busy needles, and spools of thread,
And trudging feet from school.
Playmates, and holidays, and nuts,
And visions vast and small.
Strange that the feet so precious charged
Should reach so small a goal!



If I should die,
And you should live,
And time should gurgle on,
And morn should beam,
And noon should burn,
As it has usual done;
If birds should build as early,
And bees as bustling go, —
One might depart at option
From enterprise below!
'T is sweet to know that stocks will stand
When we with daisies lie,
That commerce will continue,
And trades as briskly fly.
It makes the parting tranquil
And keeps the soul serene,
That gentlemen so sprightly
Conduct the pleasing scene!

XXVII.

AT LENGTH.
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 dullness,
The busy darling lay,
So busy was she, finishing,
So leisurely were we!

XXVIII.

XXIX.
GHOSTS.
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,

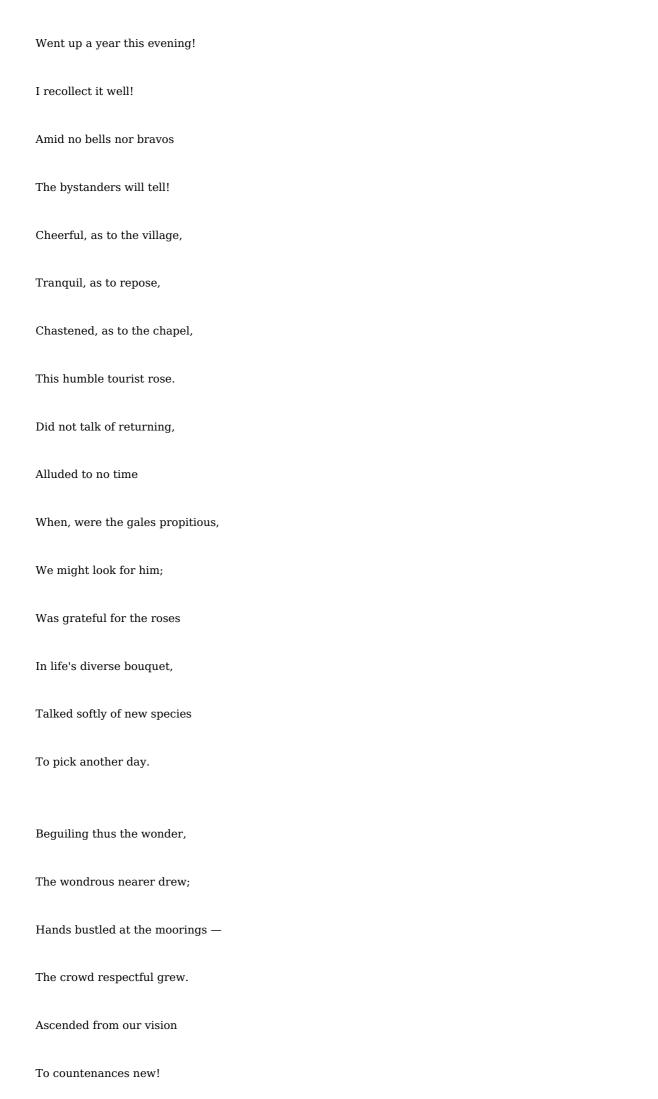
He bolts the door,	
O'erlooking a superior spectre	
More near.	
XXX.	
VANIOUED	
VANISHED.	
She died, — this was the way she died;	
And when her breath was done,	
Took up her simple wardrobe	
And started for the sun.	
Her little figure at the gate	
The angels must have spied,	
Since I could never find her	
Upon the mortal side.	
XXXI.	

PRECEDENCE.

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
This democrat is dressed,
Then prate about "preferment"
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!

GONE.

XXXII.



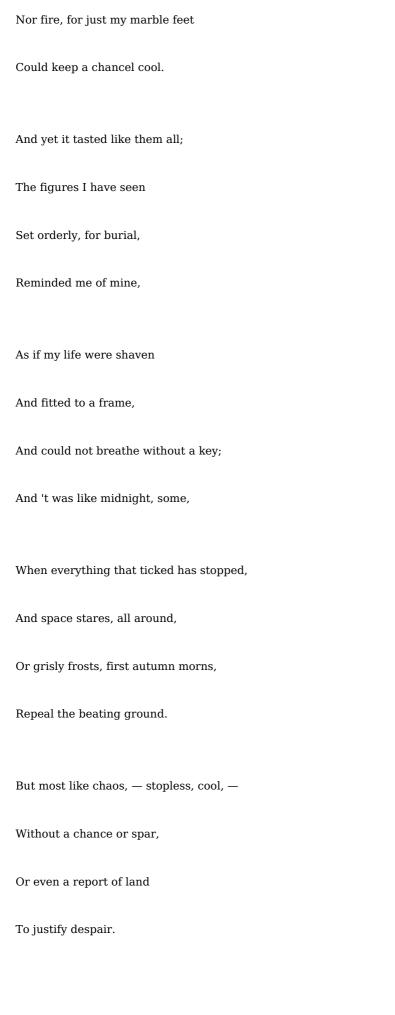
Is all the rest I knew!	
XXXIII.	
REQUIEM.	
Taken from men this morning,	
Carried by men to-day,	
Met by the gods with banners	
Who marshalled her away.	
One little maid from playmates,	
One little mind from school, $-$	
There must be guests in Eden;	
All the rooms are full.	
Far as the east from even,	
Dim as the border star, —	
Courtiers quaint, in kingdoms,	
Our departed are.	

A difference, a daisy,

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,	
No brimming tankards flow.	
Necromancer, landlord,	
Who are these below?	
XXXV.	
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, —

XXXIV.



TILL THE END.
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!

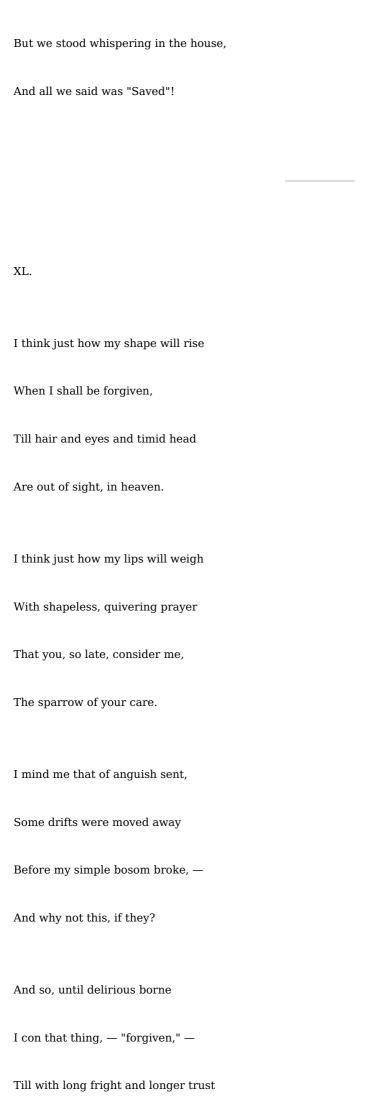
XXXVII.
VOID.
Great streets of silence led away
To neighborhoods of pause;
Here was no notice, no dissent,
No universe, no laws.
By clocks 't was morning, and for night
The bells at distance called;
But epoch had no basis here,
For period exhaled.
XXXVIII.
A throe upon the features
A hurry in the breath,
An ecstasy of parting
Denominated "Death," —
An anguish at the mention,

Which, when to patience grown,

To rejoin its own.
XXXIX.
SAVED!
Of tribulation these are they
Denoted by the white;
The spangled gowns, a lesser rank
Of victors designate.
All these did conquer; but the ones
Who overcame most times
Wear nothing commoner than snow,
No ornament but palms.
Surrender is a sort unknown
Surrender is a sort difficult
On this superior soil;
Defeat, an outgrown anguish,
Remembered as the mile
remembered as the lime
Our panting ankle barely gained

I 've known permission given

When night devoured the road;



XLI.	
THE FORGOTTEN GRAVE.	
After a hundred years	
Nobody knows the place, —	
Agony, that enacted there,	
Motionless as peace.	
rowomoso do podeo.	
Woods triumphont ranged	
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.	

I drop my heart, unshriven!

Lay this laurel on the one
Too intrinsic for renown.
Laurel! veil your deathless tree, —
Him you chasten, that is he!

POEMS by EMILY DICKINSON Third Series

Edited by

MABEL LOOMIS TODD

It's all I have to bring to-day,
This, and my heart beside,
This, and my heart, and all the fields,
And all the meadows wide.
Be sure you count, should I forget,
Some one the sum could tell,
This, and my heart, and all the bees
Which in the clover dwell.

PREFACE.

The intellectual activity of Emily Dickinson was so great that a large and characteristic choice is still possible among her literary material, and this third volume of her verses is put forth in response to the repeated wish of the admirers of her peculiar genius. Much of Emily Dickinson's prose was rhythmic, —even rhymed, though frequently not set apart in lines.

Also many verses, written as such, were sent to friends in letters; these were published in 1894, in the volumes of her Letters. It has not been necessary, however, to include them in this Series, and all have been omitted, except three or four exceptionally strong ones, as "A Book," and "With Flowers."

There is internal evidence that many of the poems were simply spontaneous flashes of insight, apparently

unrelated to outward circumstance. Others, however, had an obvious personal origin; for example, the verses "I had a Guinea golden," which seem to have been sent to some friend travelling in Europe, as a dainty reminder of letter-writing delinquencies. The surroundings in which any of Emily Dickinson's verses are known to have been written usually serve to explain them clearly; but in general the present volume is full of thoughts needing no interpretation to those who apprehend this scintillating spirit.

M. L.			
I. LIFE.			
I.			
REAL RICHES.			
'T is little I could	care for pearls		
Who own the a	mple sea;		
Or brooches, whe	en the Emperor		
With rubies pel	teth me;		
Or gold, who am	the Prince of Mines;		
Or diamonds, w	rhen I see		
A diadem to fit a			
Continual crow	ning me.		

SUPERIORITY TO FATE.	
Superiority to fate	
Is difficult to learn.	
'T is not conferred by any,	
But possible to earn	
A pittance at a time,	
Until, to her surprise,	
The soul with strict economy	
Subsists till Paradise.	
III.	
НОРЕ.	
Hope is a subtle glutton;	
He feeds upon the fair;	
And yet, inspected closely,	
What abstinence is there!	

That never seats but one,
And whatsoever is consumed
The same amounts remain.
IV.
FORBIDDEN FRUIT.
ſ.
Forbidden fruit a flavor has
That lawful orchards mocks;
How luscious lies the pea within
The pod that Duty locks!
V.
FORBIDDEN FRUIT.
п.

The apple on the tree,	
Provided it do hopeless hang,	
That 'heaven' is, to me.	
The color on the cruising cloud,	
The interdicted ground	
Behind the hill, the house behind, —	
There Paradise is found!	
	_
VI.	
A WORD.	
A word is dead	
When it is said,	
Some say.	
I say it just	
Begins to live	
That day.	

To venerate the simple days	
Which lead the seasons by,	
Needs but to remember	
That from you or me	
They may take the trifle	
Termed mortality!	
To invest existence with a stately air,	
Needs but to remember	
That the acorn there	
Is the egg of forests	
For the upper air!	
-	
VIII.	
LIFE'S TRADES.	
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!	

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.	
X.	
How still the bells in steeples stand,	
Till, swollen with the sky,	
They leap upon their silver feet	

In frantic melody!

XI.
If the foolish call them 'flowers,'
Need the wiser tell?
If the savans 'classify' them,
It is just as well!
Those who read the Revelations
Must not criticise
Those who read the same edition
With beclouded eyes!
Could we stand with that old Moses
Canaan denied, —
Scan, like him, the stately landscape
On the other side, —
Doubtless we should deem superfluous
Many sciences

Not pursued by learned angels

In scholastic skies!

Belles lettres	
Grant that we may stand,	
Stars, amid profound Galaxies,	
At that grand 'Right hand'!	
XII.	
A SYLLABLE.	
Could mortal lip divine	
The undeveloped freight	
Of a delivered syllable,	
'T would crumble with the weight.	
VIII	
XIII.	
PARTING.	
My life closed twice before its close;	
It yet remains to see	

Low amid that glad

If Immortality unveil

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
As these that twice befell.
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.
XIV.
A CDID ATTION
ASPIRATION.
We never know how high we are
Till we are called to rise;
And then, if we are true to plan,
Our statures touch the skies.
The heroism we recite
Would be a daily thing,
Did not ourselves the cubits warp
For fear to be a king.

A third event to me,

THE INEVITABLE.

Nor any coursers like a page

To take us lands away,

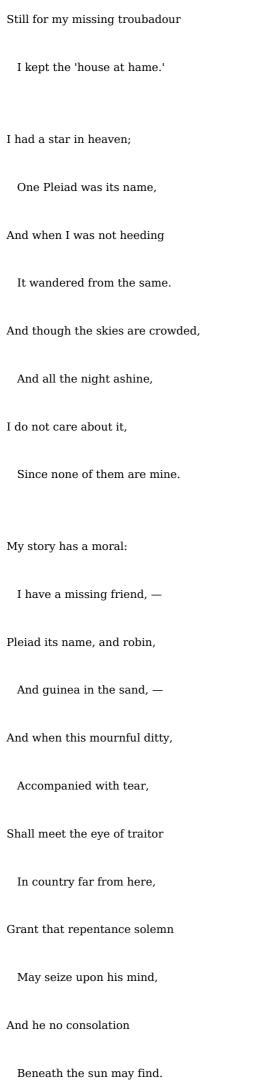
There is no frigate like a book

Of prancing poetry.	
This traverse may the poorest take	
Without oppress of toll;	
How frugal is the chariot	
That bears a human soul!	
va ni	
XVII.	
Who has not found the heaven below	
Will fail of it above.	
God's residence is next to mine,	
His furniture is love.	
vvan	
XVIII.	
A PORTRAIT.	
A face devoid of love or grace,	
A hateful, hard, successful face,	
A face with which a stone	

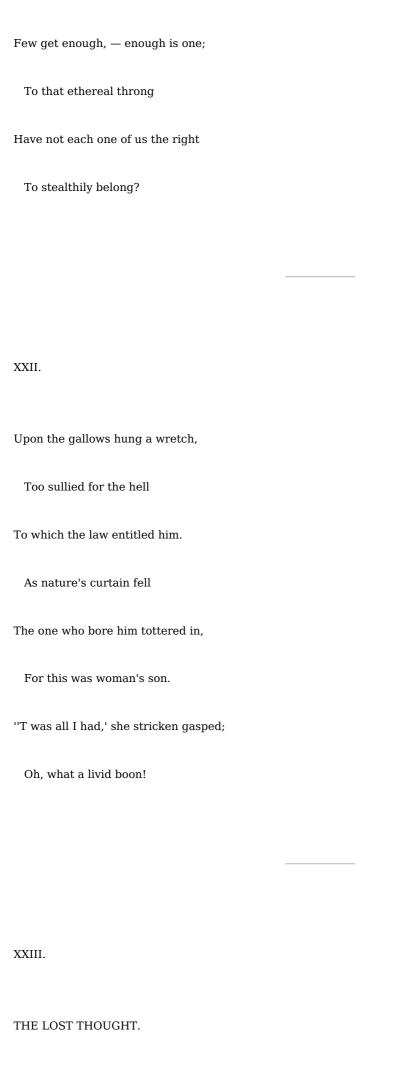
Would feel as thoroughly at ease

As were they old acquaintances, —
First time together thrown.
XIX.
I HAD A GUINEA GOLDEN.
I had a guinea golden;
I lost it in the sand,
And though the sum was simple,
And pounds were in the land,
Still had it such a value
Unto my frugal eye,
That when I could not find it
I sat me down to sigh.
I had a crimson robin
Who sang full many a day,
But when the woods were painted
He, too, did fly away.
Time brought me other robins, —

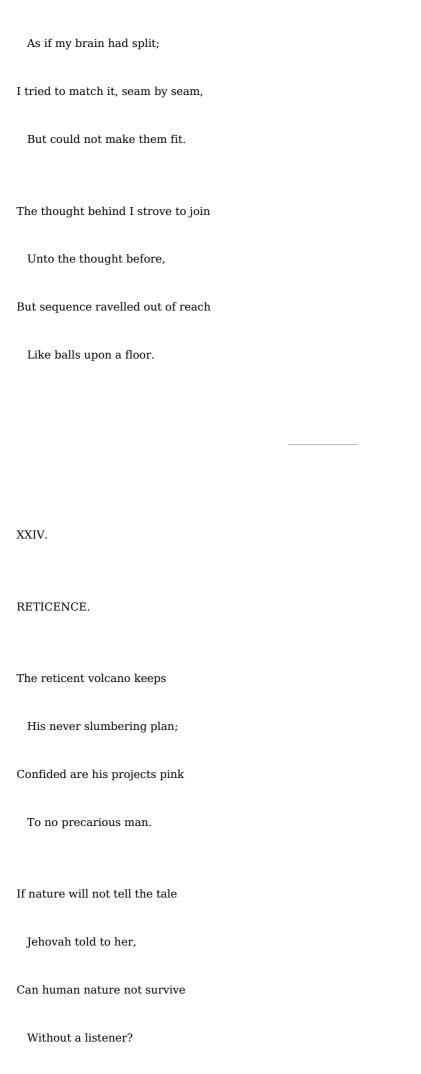
Their ballads were the same, —



NOTE. — This poem may have had, like many others, a	
personal origin. It is more than probable that it was	
sent to some friend travelling in Europe, a daint	у
reminder of letter-writing delinquencies.	
XX.	
SATURDAY AFTERNOON.	
From all the jails the boys and girls	
Ecstatically leap, —	
Beloved, only afternoon	
That prison doesn't keep.	
They storm the earth and stun the air,	
A mob of solid bliss.	
Alas! that frowns could lie in wait	
For such a foe as this!	



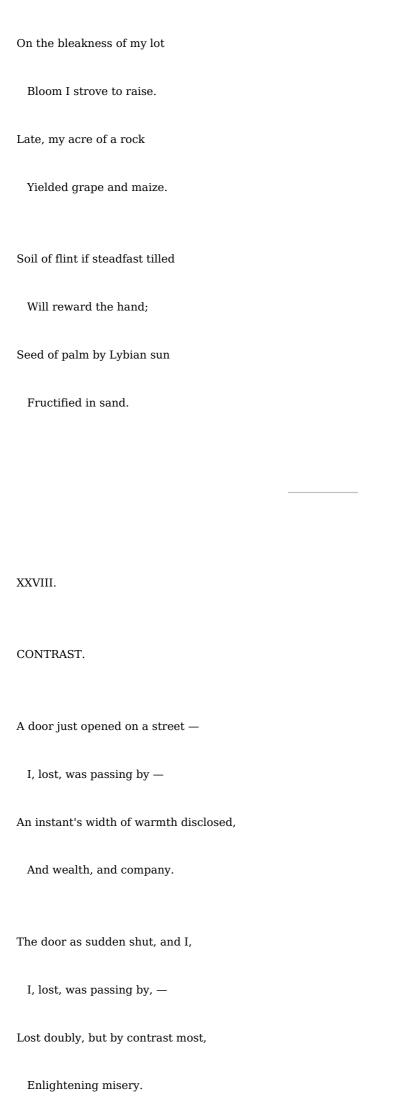
I felt a clearing in my mind

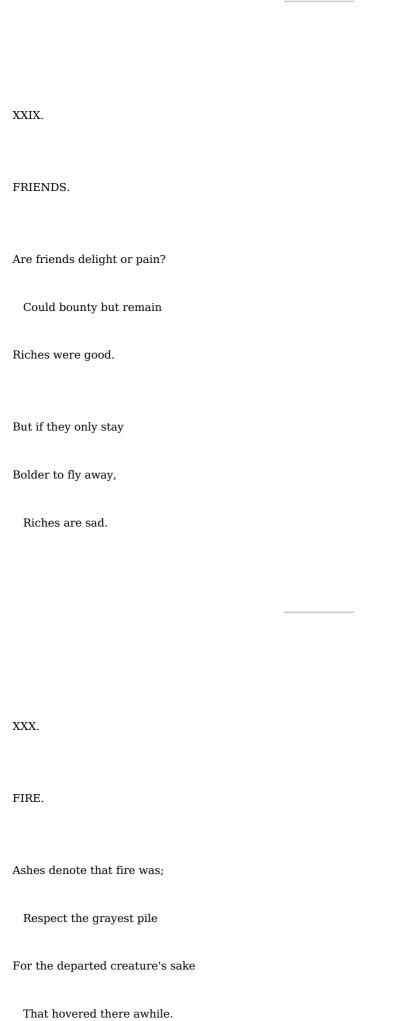


Admonished by her buckled lips	
Let every babbler be.	
The only secret people keep	
Is Immortality.	
XXV.	
WITH FLOWERS.	
If recollecting were forgetting,	
Then I remember not;	
And if forgetting, recollecting,	
How near I had forgot!	
And if to miss were merry,	
And if to mourn were gay,	
How very blithe the fingers	
That gathered these to-day!	

XXVI.

Was nearer than the sky,
And rumbles still, though torrid noons
Have lain their missiles by.
The lightning that preceded it
Struck no one but myself,
But I would not exchange the bolt
For all the rest of life.
Indebtedness to oxygen
The chemist may repay,
But not the obligation
To electricity.
It founds the homes and decks the days,
And every clamor bright
Is but the gleam concomitant
Of that waylaying light.
The thought is quiet as a flake, —
A crash without a sound;
How life's reverberation
Its explanation found!





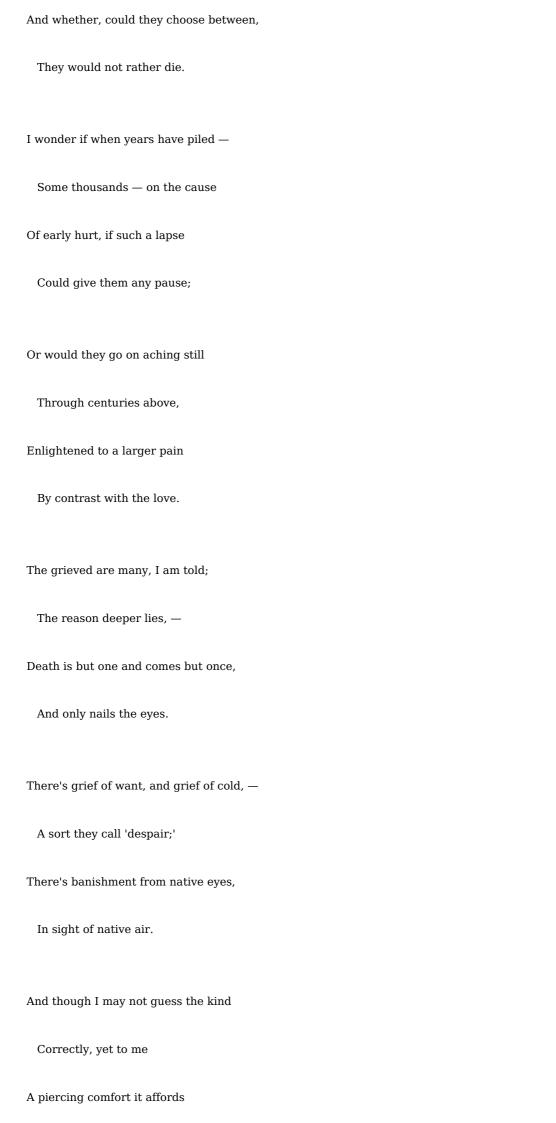
Fire exists the first in light,	
And then consolidates, —	
Only the chemist can disclose	
Into what carbonates.	
XXXI.	
A MAN.	
Fate slew him, but he did not drop;	
She felled — he did not fall —	
Impaled him on her fiercest stakes —	
He neutralized them all.	
She stung him, sapped his firm advance,	
But, when her worst was done,	
And he, unmoved, regarded her,	
Acknowledged him a man.	

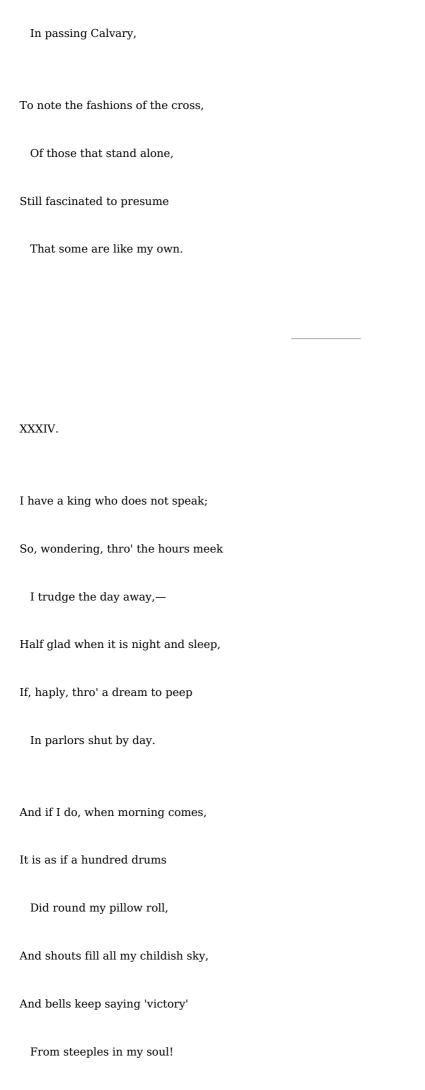
Finite to fail, but infinite to venture.	
For the one ship that struts the shore	
Many's the gallant, overwhelmed creature	
Nodding in navies nevermore.	
XXXIII.	
GRIEFS.	
GIUEF 3.	
I measure every grief I meet	
With analytic eyes;	
I wonder if it weighs like mine,	
Or has an easier size.	
I wonder if 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,

VENTURES.



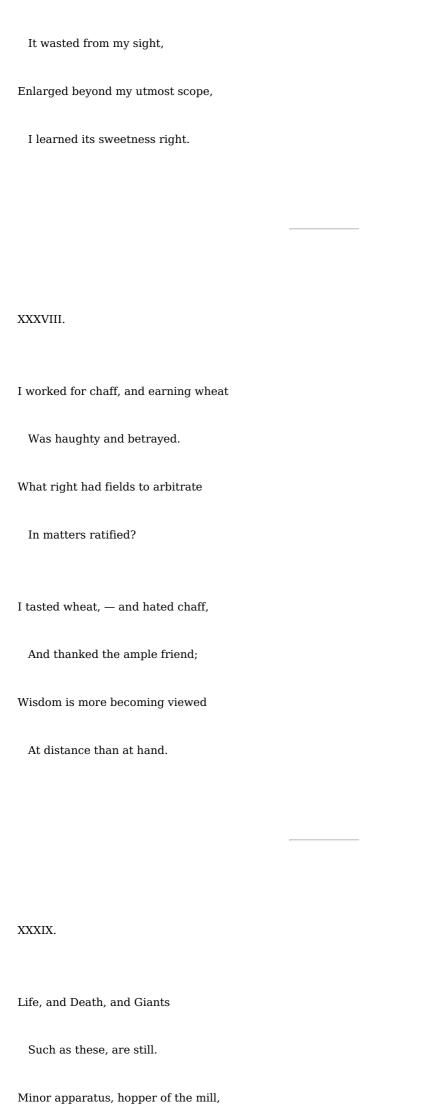


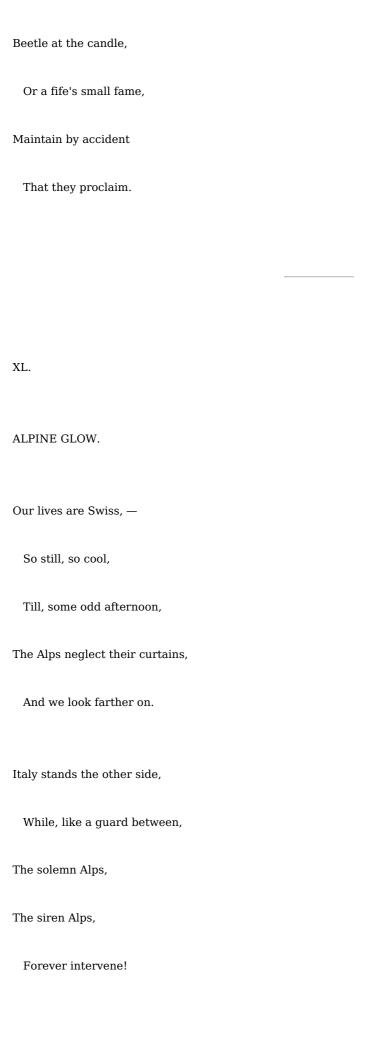
And if I don't, the little Bird	
Within the Orchard is not heard,	
And I omit to pray,	
'Father, thy will be done' to-day,	
For my will goes the other way,	
And it were perjury!	
-	
XXXV.	
DISENCHANTMENT.	
It dropped so low in my regard	
I heard it hit the ground,	
And go to pieces on the stones	
At bottom of my mind;	
Yet blamed the fate that fractured, less	
Than I reviled myself	
For entertaining plated wares	
Upon my silver shelf.	

LOST FAITH.	
To lose one's faith surpasses	
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.	
XXXVII.	
LOST JOY.	
I had a daily bliss	
I half indifferent viewed,	
Till sudden I perceived it stir, —	
It grew as I pursued,	

Till when, around a crag,

XXXVI.





REMEMBRANCE.	
Remembrance has a rear and front, —	
'T is something like a house;	
It has a garret also	
For refuse and the mouse,	
Besides, the deepest cellar	
That ever mason hewed;	
Look to it, by its fathoms	
Ourselves be not pursued.	
XLII.	
To hang our head ostensibly,	
And subsequent to find	
That such was not the posture	
Of our immortal mind,	

That, in so dense a fuzz,

Affords the sly presumption

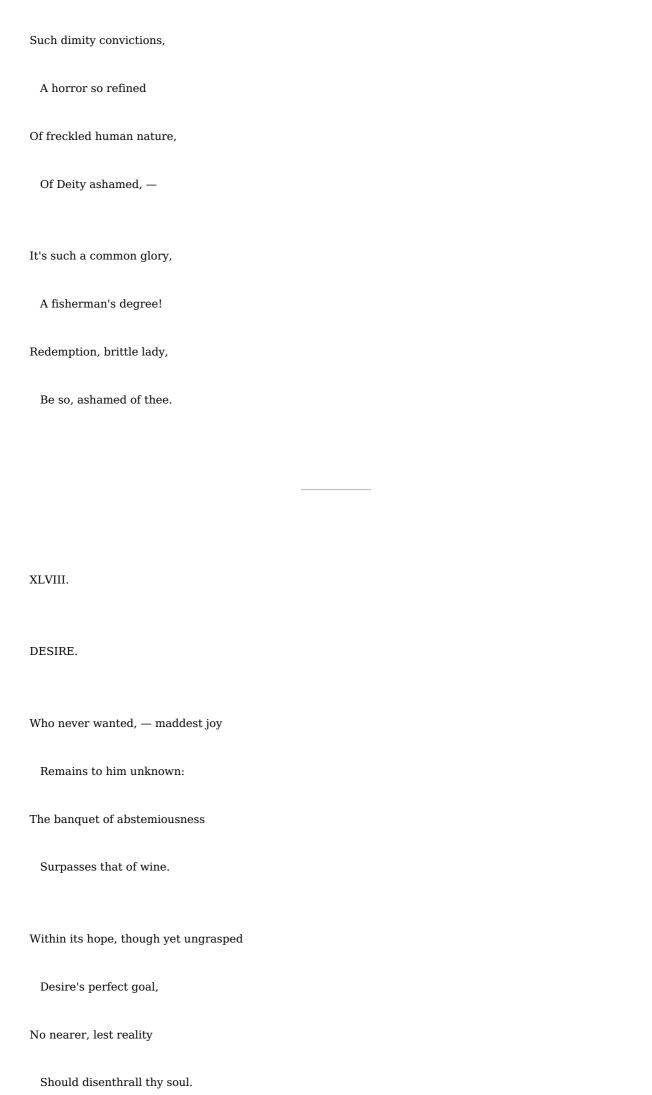
Upon a plane of gauze!	
XLIII.	
ΓHE BRAIN.	
Γhe brain is wider than the sky,	
For, put them side by side,	
The one the other will include	
With ease, and you beside.	
Γhe brain is deeper than the sea,	
For, hold them, blue to blue,	
Γhe one the other will absorb,	
As sponges, buckets do.	
Γhe brain is just the weight of God,	
For, lift them, pound for pound,	
And they will differ, if they do,	
As syllable from sound.	

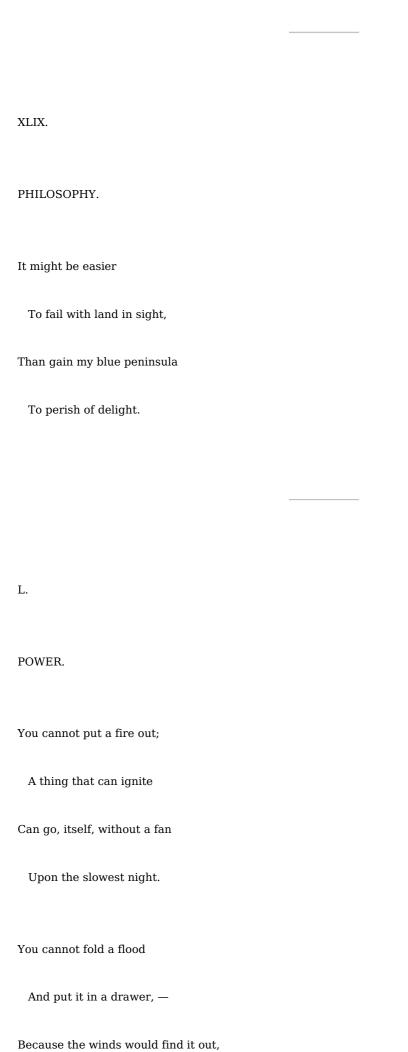
You, too, take cobweb attitudes

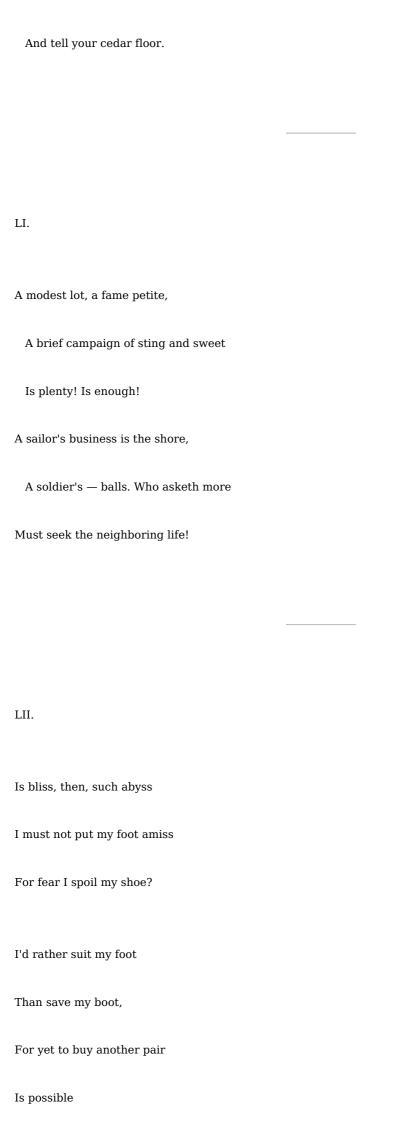
The bone that has no marrow;	
What ultimate for that?	
It is not fit for table,	
For beggar, or for cat.	
A bone has obligations,	
A being has the same;	
A marrowless assembly	
Is culpabler than shame.	
But how shall finished creatures	
A function fresh obtain? —	
Old Nicodemus' phantom	
Confronting us again!	
XLV.	
THE PAST.	
The past is such a curious creature,	

To look her in the face

A transport may reward us,	
Or a disgrace.	
Unarmed if any meet her,	
I charge him, fly!	
Her rusty ammunition	
Might yet reply!	
XLVI.	
To help our bleaker parts	
Salubrious hours are given,	
Which if they do not fit for earth	
Drill silently for heaven.	
XLVII.	
What soft, cherubic creatures	
These gentlewomen are!	
One would as soon assault a plush	
Or violate a star.	







At any fair.	
But bliss is sold just once;	
The patent lost	
None buy it any more.	
LIII.	
EXPERIENCE.	
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.	

THANKSGIVING DAY. 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, Not an acre or a caption Where was once a room, Not a mention, whose small pebble Wrinkled any bay, —

Unto such, were such assembly,

'T were Thanksgiving day.

CHILDISH GRIEFS. Softened by Time's consummate plush, How sleek the woe appears That threatened childhood's citadel And undermined the years! Bisected now by bleaker griefs, We envy the despair That devastated childhood's realm, So easy to repair. II. LOVE. I. CONSECRATION.

Proud of my broken heart since thou didst break it,

Proud of my night since thou with moons dost slake it,

Proud of the pain I did not feel till thee,

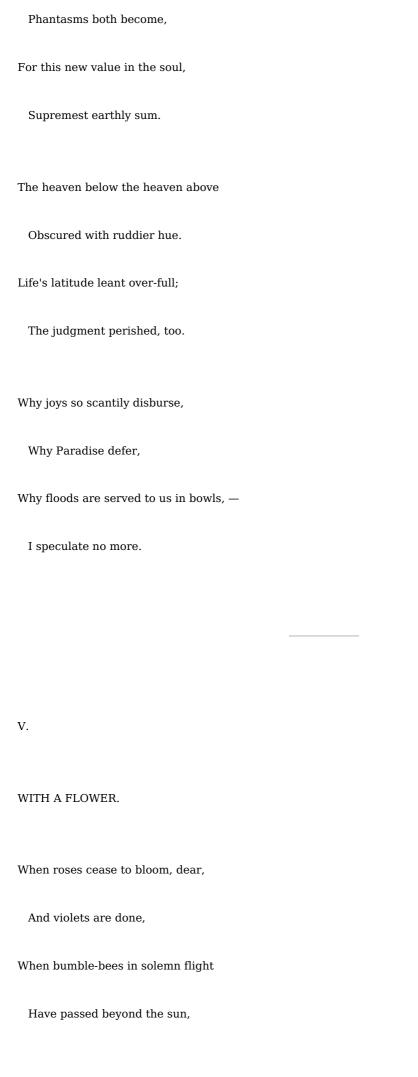
II.	
LOVE'S HUMILITY.	
My worthiness is all my doubt,	
His merit all my fear,	
Contrasting which, my qualities	
Do lowlier appear;	
Lest I should insufficient prove	
For his beloved need,	
The chiefest apprehension	
Within my loving creed.	
So I, the undivine abode	
Of his elect content,	
Conform my soul as 't were a church	
Unto her sacrament.	

Not to partake thy passion, my humility.

LOVE.	
Love is anterior to life,	
Posterior to death,	
Initial of creation, and	
The exponent of breath.	
IV.	
SATISFIED.	
One blessing had I, than the rest	
So larger to my eyes	
That I stopped gauging, satisfied,	
For this enchanted size.	
It was the limit of my dream,	
The focus of my prayer, —	
A perfect, paralyzing bliss	
Contented as despair.	

I knew no more of want or cold,

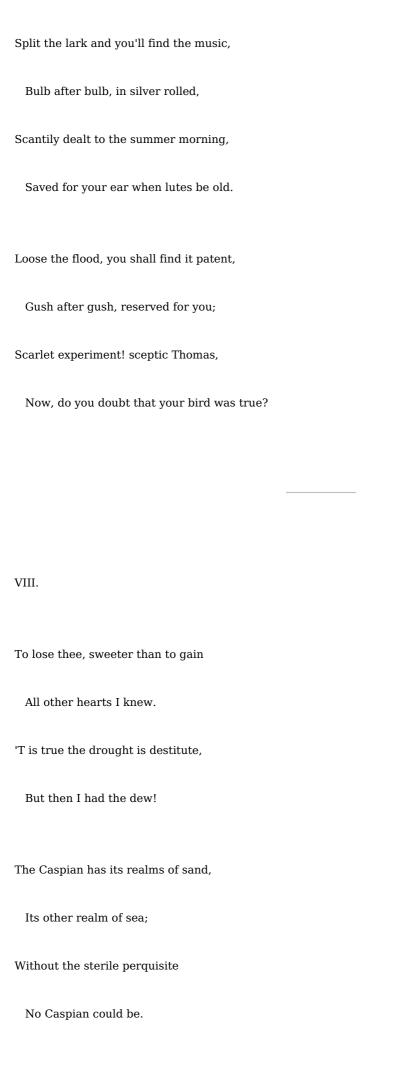
III.



The hand that paused to gather

Upon this summer's day	
Will idle lie, in Auburn, —	
Then take my flower, pray!	
VI.	
SONG.	
Summer for thee grant I may be	
When summer days are flown!	
Thy music still when whippoorwill	
And oriole are done!	
For thee to bloom, I'll skip the tomb	
And sow my blossoms o'er!	
Pray gather me, Anemone,	
Thy flower forevermore!	

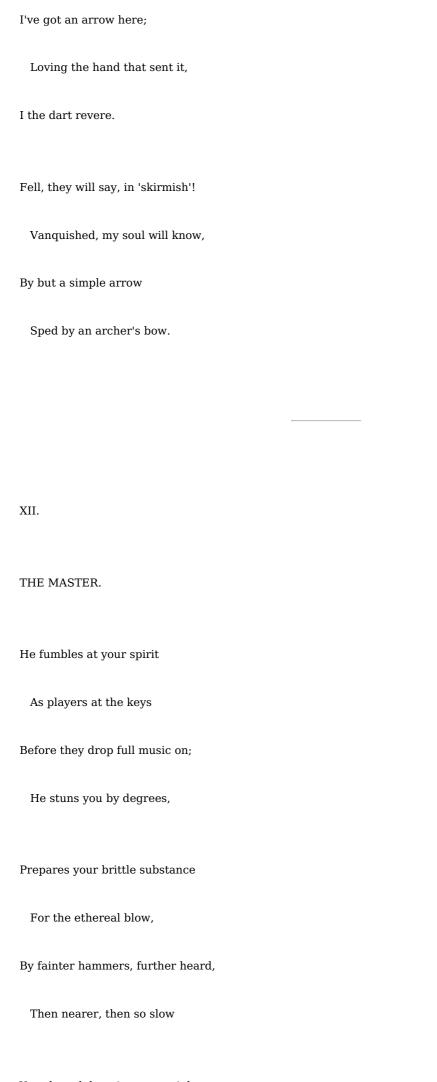
VII.



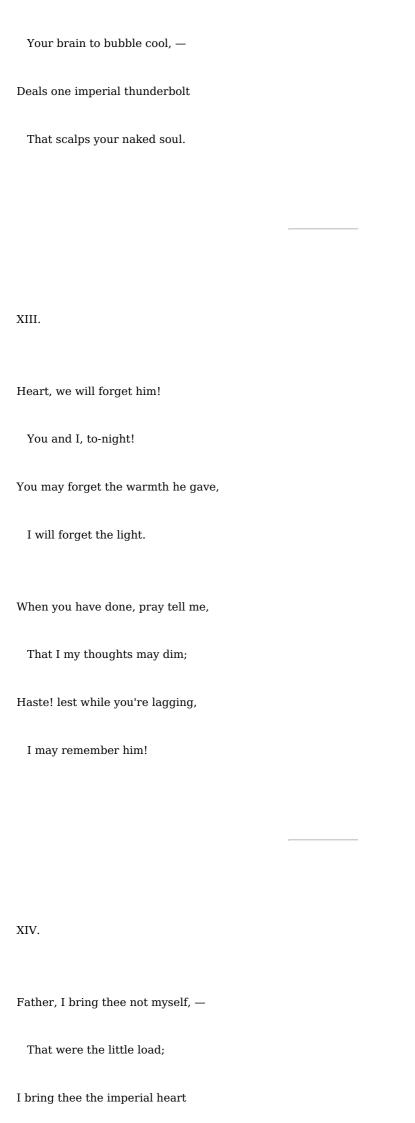
Poor little heart!
Did they forget thee?
Then dinna care! Then dinna care!
Proud little heart!
Did they forsake thee?
Be debonair! Be debonair!
Frail little heart!
I would not break thee:
Could'st credit me? Could'st credit me?
Gay little heart!
Like morning glory
Thou'll wilted be; thou'll wilted be!
X.
FORGOTTEN.

There is a word

Which bears a sword
Can pierce an armed man.
It hurls its barbed syllables,—
At once is mute again.
But where it fell
The saved will tell
On patriotic day,
Some epauletted brother
Gave his breath away.
Wherever runs the breathless sun,
Wherever roams the day,
There is its noiseless onset,
There is its victory!
Behold the keenest marksman!
The most accomplished shot!
Time's sublimest target
Is a soul 'forgot'!



Your breath has time to straighten,



I had not strength to hold.	
The heart I cherished in my own	
Till mine too heavy grew,	
Yet strangest, heavier since it went,	
Is it too large for you?	
XV.	
We outgrow love like other things	
And put it in the drawer,	
Till it an antique fashion shows	
Like costumes grandsires wore.	
XVI.	
Not with a club the heart is broken,	
Nor with a stone;	
A whip, so small you could not see it.	

I've known

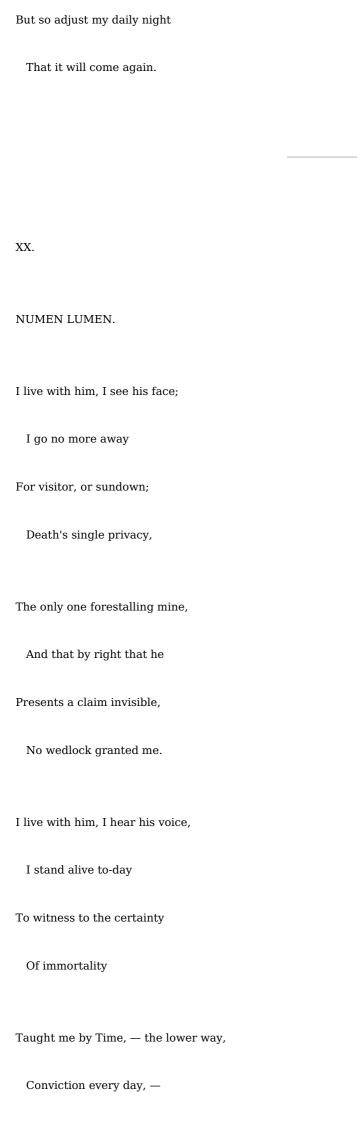
To lash the magic creature
Till it fell,
Yet that whip's name too noble
Then to tell.
Magnanimous of bird
By boy descried,
To sing unto the stone
Of which it died.
XVII.
WHO?
My friend must be a bird,
Because it flies!
Mortal my friend must be,
Because it dies!
Barbs has it, like a bee.
Ah, curious friend,
Thou puzzlest me!

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.	
_	
XIX.	
DREAMS.	

XVIII.

By an auroral stain,

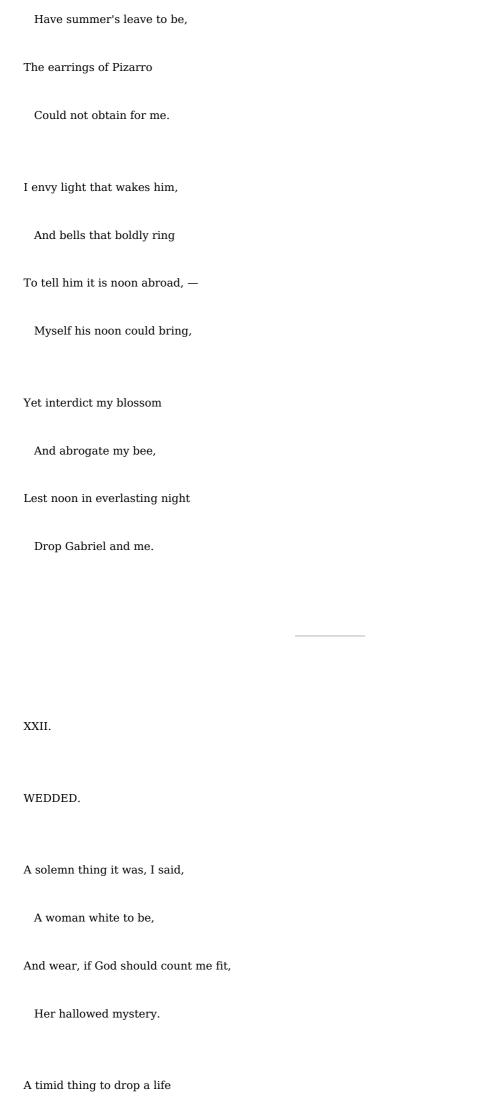
Let me not mar that perfect dream



Be judgment what it may.	
XXI.	
LONGING.	
I envy seas whereon he rides,	
I envy spokes of wheels	
Of chariots that him convey,	
I envy speechless 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 life like this is endless,

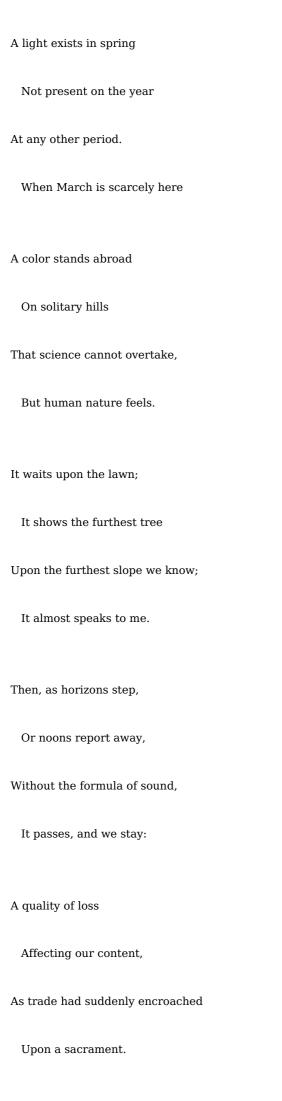
That just abroad his window



Into the purple well,	
Too plummetless that it come back	
Eternity until.	
III. NATURE.	
ſ.	
NATURE'S CHANGES.	
The springtime's pallid landscape	
Will glow like bright bouquet,	
Though drifted deep in parian	
The village lies to-day.	
The lilacs, bending many a year,	
With purple load will hang;	
The bees will not forget the tune	
Their old forefathers sang.	

The rose will 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,	
Or priests adjust the symbols	
When sacrament is done.	
II.	
THE TULIP.	
She slept beneath a tree	
Remembered but by me.	
I touched her cradle mute;	
She recognized the foot,	
Put on her carmine suit, —	
And see!	

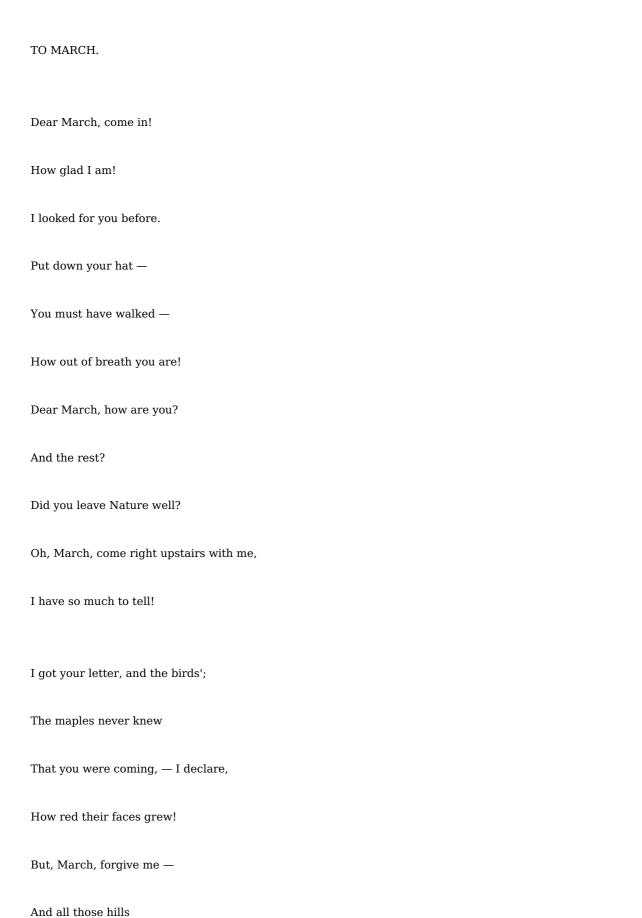


THE WAKING YEAR.
A lady red upon the hill
Her annual secret keeps;
A lady white within the field
In placid lily sleeps!
The tidy breezes with their brooms
Sweep vale, and hill, and tree!
Prithee, my pretty housewives!
Who may expected be?
The neighbors do not yet suspect!
The woods exchange a smile —
Orchard, and buttercup, and bird —
In such a little while!
And yet how still the landscape stands,

Were nothing very odd!

As if the resurrection

How nonchalant the wood,



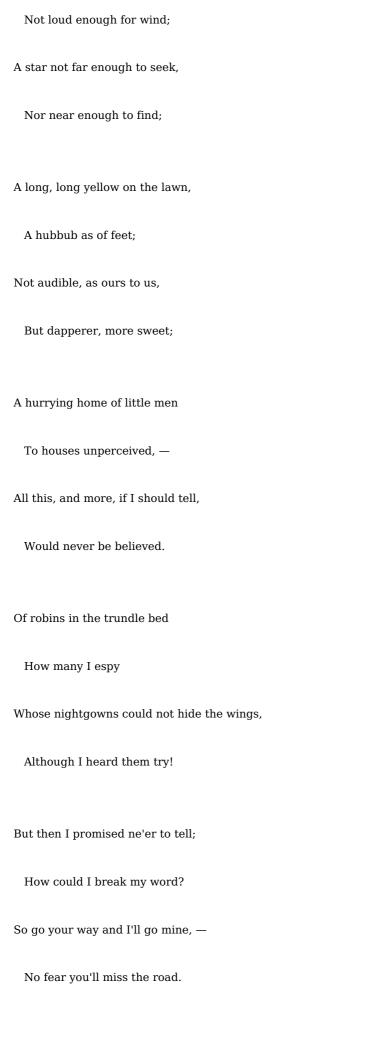
V.



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.
VII.
DAWN.
Not knowing when the dawn will come
I open every door;
Or has it feathers like a bird,
Or billows like a shore?

A murmur in the trees to note,

VIII.

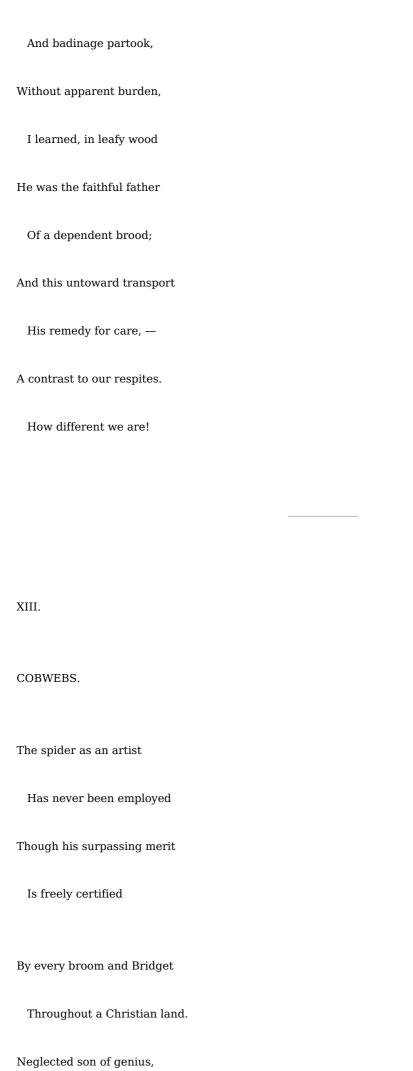


Morning is the place for dew,	
Corn is made at noon,	
After dinner light for flowers,	
Dukes for setting sun!	
X.	
To my quick ear the leaves conferred;	
The bushes they were bells;	
I could not find a privacy	
From Nature's sentinels.	
In cave if I presumed to hide,	
The walls began to tell;	
Creation seemed a mighty crack	
To make me visible.	

A sepal, petal, and a thorn	
Upon a common summer's morn,	
A flash of dew, a bee or two,	
A breeze	
A caper in the trees, —	
And I'm a rose!	
XII.	
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

A ROSE.



XIV.	
A WELL.	
What mystery pervades a well!	
The water lives so far,	
Like neighbor from another world	
Residing in a jar.	
The grass does not appear afraid;	
I often wonder he	
Can stand so close and look so bold	
At what is dread to me.	
Related somehow they may be, —	
The sedge stands next the sea,	
Where he is floorless, yet of fear	
No evidence gives he.	
But nature is a stranger yet;	

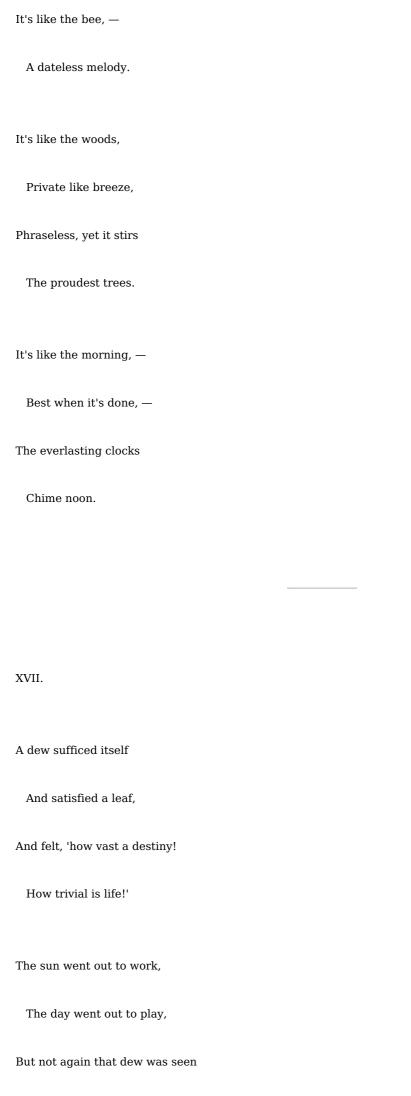
The ones that cite her most

Have never passed her haunted house,

I take thee by the hand.

Nor simplified her ghost.
To pity those that know her not
Is helped by the regret
That those who know her, know her less
The nearer her they get.
XV.
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.
XVI.
THE WIND.
It's like the light, —

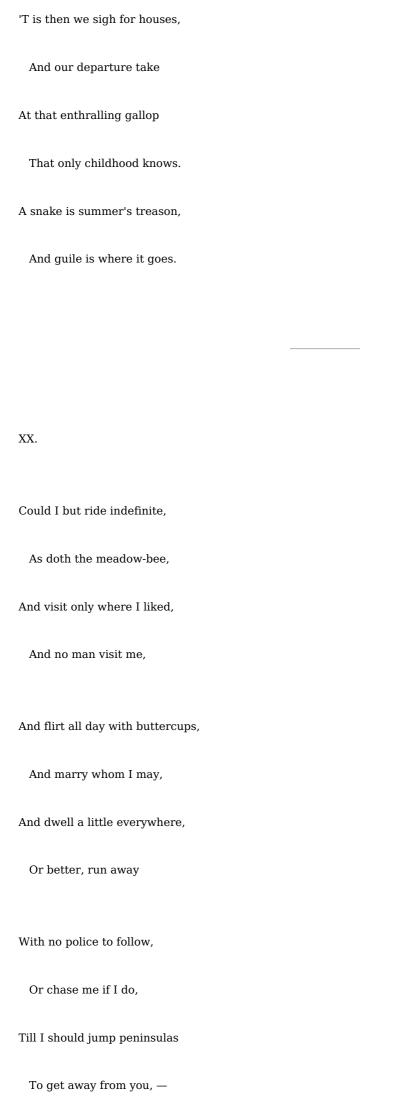
A fashionless delight

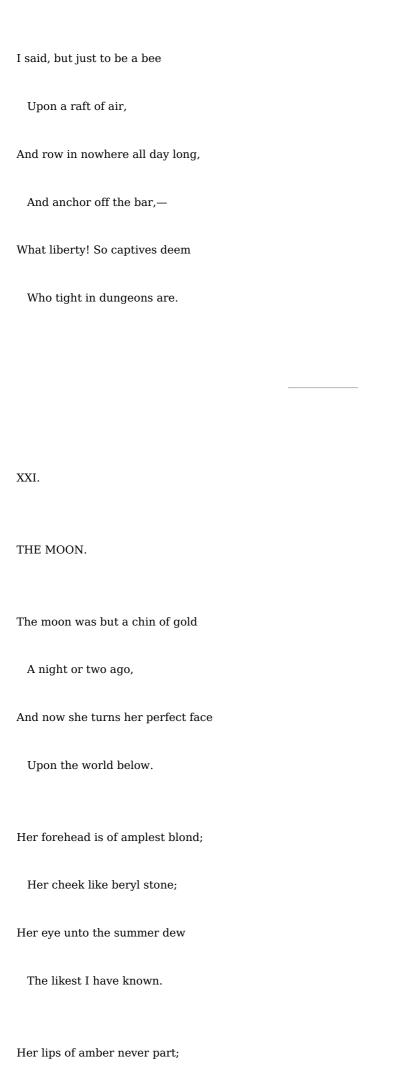


Whether by day abducted,	
Or emptied by the sun	
Into the sea, in passing,	
Eternally unknown.	
XVIII.	
THE WOODPECKER.	
His bill an auger is,	
His head, a cap and frill.	
He laboreth at every tree, —	
A worm his utmost goal.	
XIX.	
A SNAKE.	
Sweet is the swamp with its secrets,	

By physiognomy.

Until we meet a snake;





Upon her friend she could bestow
Were such her silver will!
And what a privilege to be
But the remotest star!
For certainly her way might pass
Beside your twinkling door.
Her bonnet is the firmament,
The universe her shoe,
The stars the trinkets at her belt,
Her dimities of blue.
XXII.
THE BAT.
The bat is dun with wrinkled wings
Like fallow article,
And not a song pervades his lips,
Or none perceptible.

But what must be the smile $% \left\{ 1,2,...,n\right\} =\left\{ 1,2,...,n\right\}$

His small umbrella, quaintly halved,

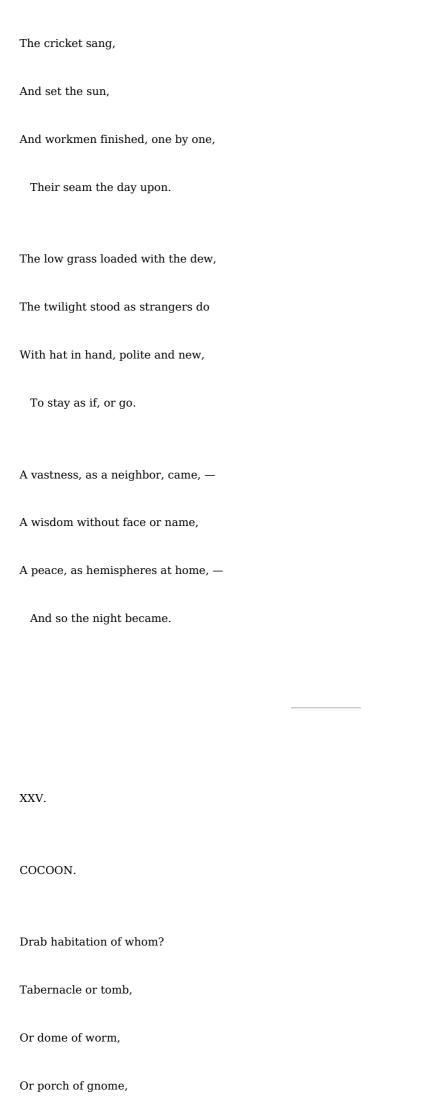
Describing in the air
An arc alike inscrutable, —
Elate philosopher!
Deputed from what firmament
Of what astute abode,
Empowered with what malevolence
Auspiciously withheld.
To his adroit Creator
Ascribe no less the praise;
Beneficent, believe me,
His eccentricities.
XXIII.
THE BALLOON.
You've seen balloons set, haven't you?
So stately they ascend
It is as swans discarded you

For duties diamond.

Their liquid feet go softly out
Upon a sea of blond;
They spurn the air as 't were too mean
For creatures so renowned.
Their ribbons just beyond the eye,
They struggle some for breath,
And yet the crowd applauds below;
They would not encore death.
The gilded creature strains and spins,
Trips frantic in a tree,
Tears open her imperial veins
And tumbles in the sea.
The crowd retire with an oath
The dust in streets goes down,
And clerks in counting-rooms observe,
''T was only a balloon.'

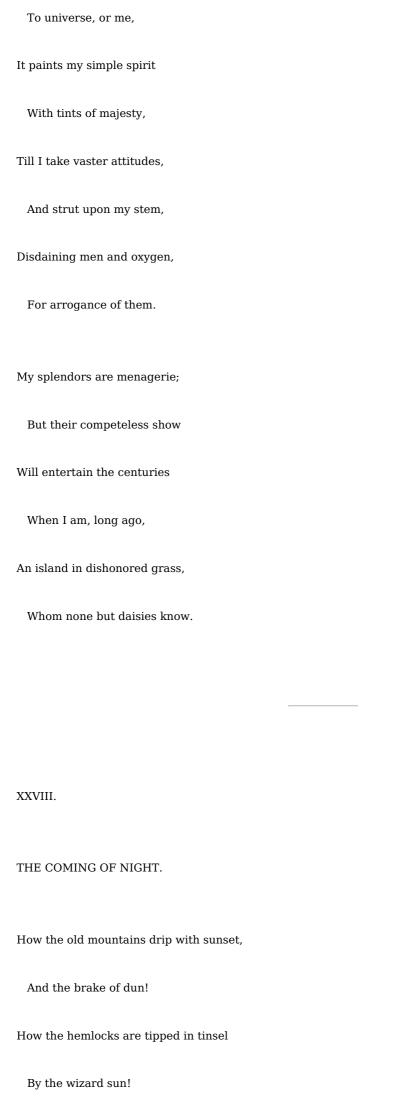
EVENING.

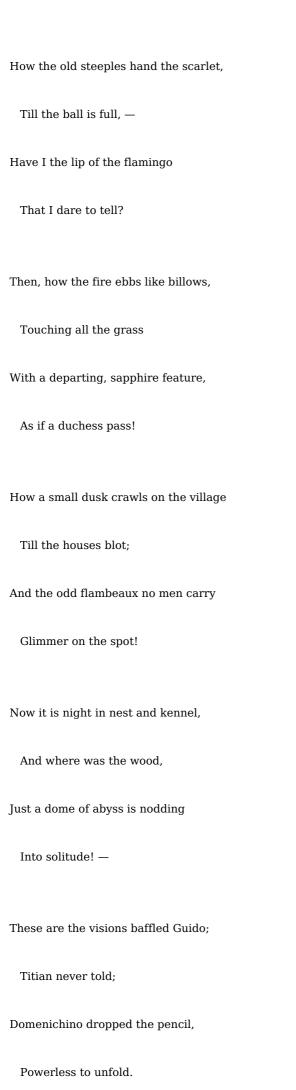
XXIV.



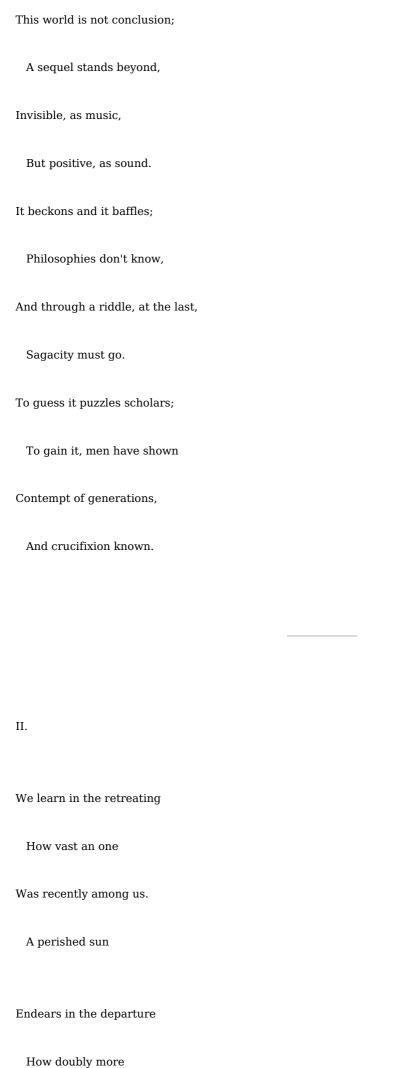
Or some elf's catacomb?	
XXVI.	
SUNSET.	
A sloop of amber slips away	
restorp of ambor superanay	
Upon an ether sea,	
opon an emer sea,	
And wrecks in peace a purple tar,	
The son of ecstasy.	
XXVII	
XXVII.	
XXVII.	
XXVII. AURORA.	
AURORA.	
AURORA. Of bronze and blaze	
AURORA.	
AURORA. Of bronze and blaze	
AURORA. Of bronze and blaze	
AURORA. Of bronze and blaze The north, to-night!	
AURORA. Of bronze and blaze The north, to-night!	
AURORA. Of bronze and blaze The north, to-night! So adequate its forms,	
AURORA. Of bronze and blaze The north, to-night! So adequate its forms,	

An unconcern so sovereign





XXIX.	
AFTERMATH.	
The murmuring of bees has ceased;	
But murmuring of some	
Posterior, prophetic,	
Has simultaneous come, —	
The lower metres of the year,	
When nature's laugh is done, —	
The Revelations of the book	
Whose Genesis is June.	
IV. TIME AND ETERNITY.	



Than all the golden presence	
It was before!	
III.	
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.	
IV.	
We cover thee, sweet face.	
Not that we tire of thee,	
But that thyself fatigue of us;	

Remember, as thou flee,

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.
V.
ENDING.
That is solemn we have ended, —
Be it but a play,
Or a glee among the garrets,
Or a holiday,
Or a leaving home; or later,
Parting with a world
We have understood, for better

We follow thee until

Still it be unfurled.

The stimulus, beyond the grave	
His countenance to see,	
Supports me like imperial drams	
Afforded royally.	
VII.	
Given in marriage unto thee,	
Oh, thou celestial host!	
Bride of the Father and the Son,	
Bride of the Holy Ghost!	
Other betrothal shall dissolve,	
Wedlock of will decay;	
Only the keeper of this seal	
Conquers mortality.	

VIII.	
That such have died enables us	
The tranquiller to die;	
That such have lived, certificate	
For immortality.	
IX.	
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 child,

That on her lisping piled.

Who cannot thank them, for the ice

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.	
-	
XI.	
The distance that the dead have gone	
The distance that the dead have gone Does not at first appear;	
Does not at first appear;	
Does not at first appear; Their coming back seems possible	
Does not at first appear; Their coming back seems possible For many an ardent year.	

With their dear retrospect.

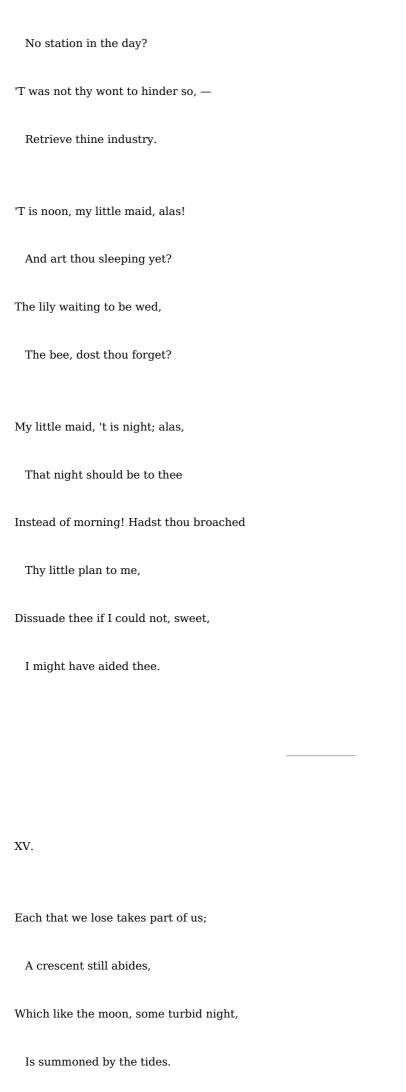
IMMORTALITY.

How dare the robins sing,
When men and women hear
Who since they went to their account
Have settled with the year! —
Paid all that life had earned
In one consummate bill,
And now, what life or death can do
Is immaterial.
Insulting is the sun
To him whose mortal light,
Beguiled of immortality,
Bequeaths him to the night.
In deference to him
Extinct be every hum,
Whose garden wrestles with the dew,

At daybreak overcome!

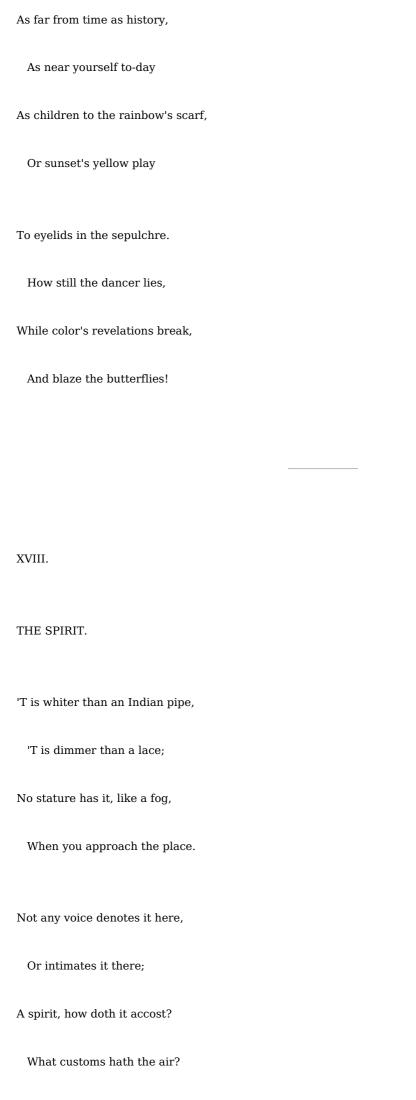
DEATH.	
Death is like the insect	
Menacing the tree,	
Competent to kill it,	
But decoyed may be.	
Bait it with the balsam,	
Seek it with the knife,	
Baffle, if it cost you	
Everything in life.	
Then, if it have burrowed	
Out of reach of skill,	
Ring the tree and leave it, $-$	
'T is the vermin's will.	
XIV.	
UNWARNED.	

XIII.

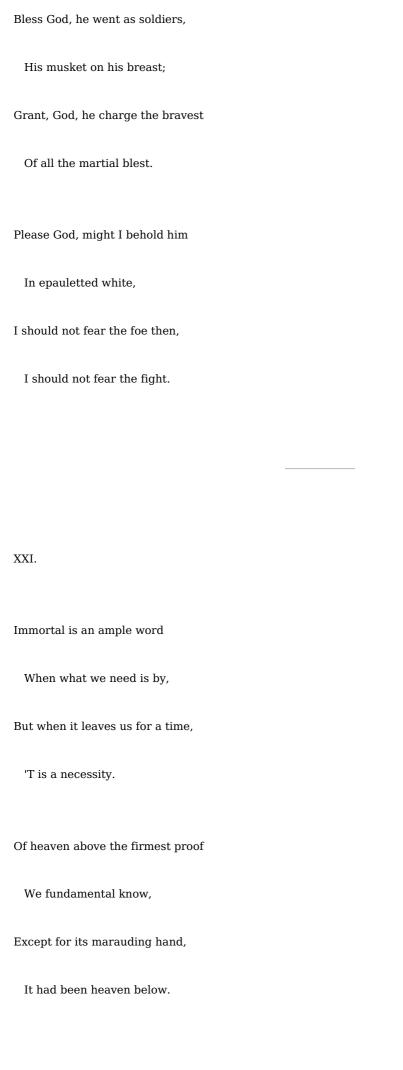


XVI.	
Not any higher stands the grave	
For heroes than for men;	
Not any nearer for the child	
Than numb three-score and ten.	
This latest leisure equal lulls	
The beggar and his queen;	
Propitiate this democrat	
By summer's gracious mien.	
XVII.	
ASLEEP.	
As far from pity as complaint,	
As cool to speech as stone,	
As numb to revelation	

As if my trade were bone.

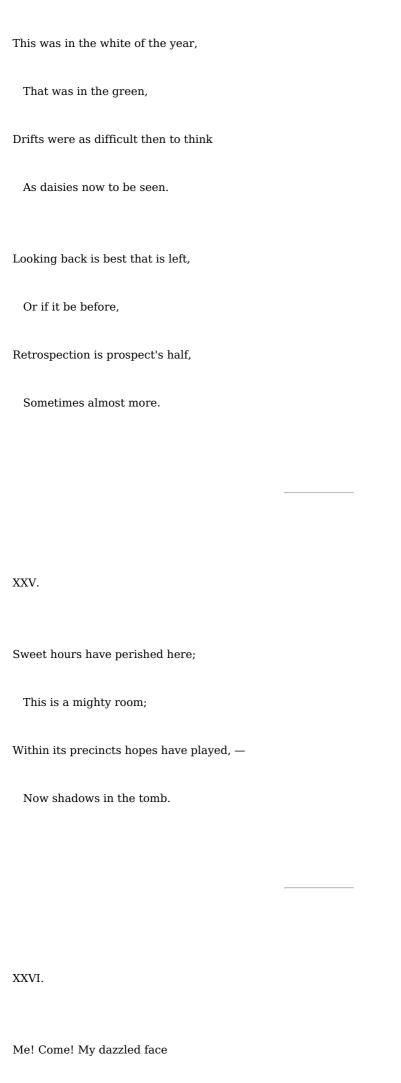


This limitless hyperbole	
Each one of us shall be;	
'T is drama, if (hypothesis)	
It be not tragedy!	
XIX.	
THE MONUMENT.	
She laid her docile crescent down,	
And this mechanic stone	
Still states, to dates that have forgot,	
The news that she is gone.	
So constant to its stolid trust,	
The shaft that never knew,	
It shames the constancy that fled	
Before its emblem flew.	



Where every bird is bold to go,	
And bees abashless play,	
The foreigner before he knocks	
Must thrust the tears away.	
XXIII.	
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.	

XXII.



In such a shining place!

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.
XXVII.
INVISIBLE.
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,

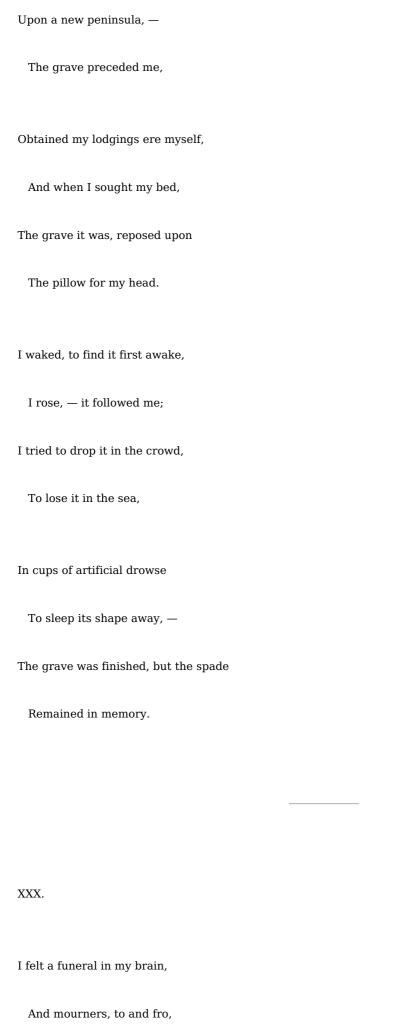
Me! Hear! My foreign ear

We ignorant must be.

We took the mystery.	
XXVIII.	
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.	
XXIX.	
TRYING TO FORGET.	
Bereaved of all, I went abroad,	

We only know what time of year

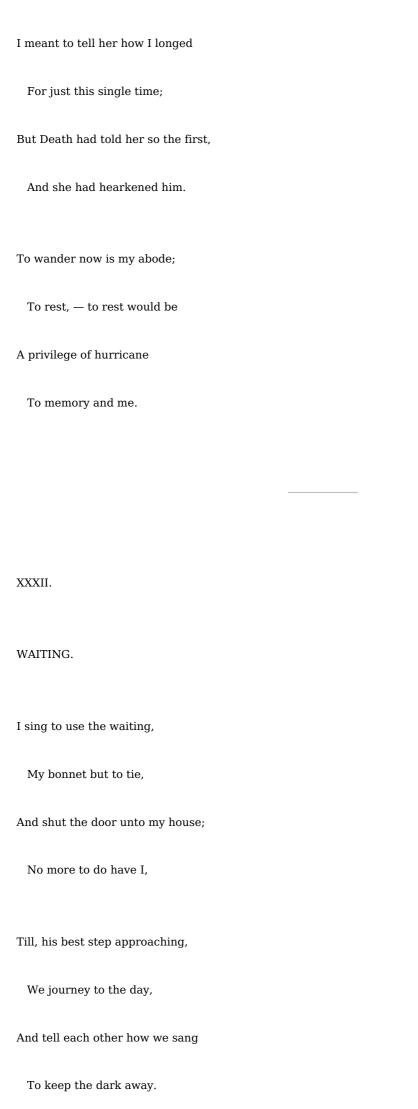
No less bereaved to be



Kept treading, treading, till it seemed

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.	
XXXI.	
I meant to find her when I came;	
Death had the same design;	
But the success was his, it seems,	
And the discomfit mine.	

That sense was breaking through.



XXXIII.	
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.	
XXXIV.	
Superfluous were the sun	
When excellence is dead;	
He were superfluous every day,	
For every day is said	

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.
XXXV.
XXXV.
XXXV. So proud she was to die
So proud she was to die
So proud she was to die It made us all ashamed
So proud she was to die It made us all ashamed That what we cherished, so unknown To her desire seemed.
So proud she was to die It made us all ashamed That what we cherished, so unknown
So proud she was to die It made us all ashamed That what we cherished, so unknown To her desire seemed.
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

FAREWELL.	
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!	

XXXVI.

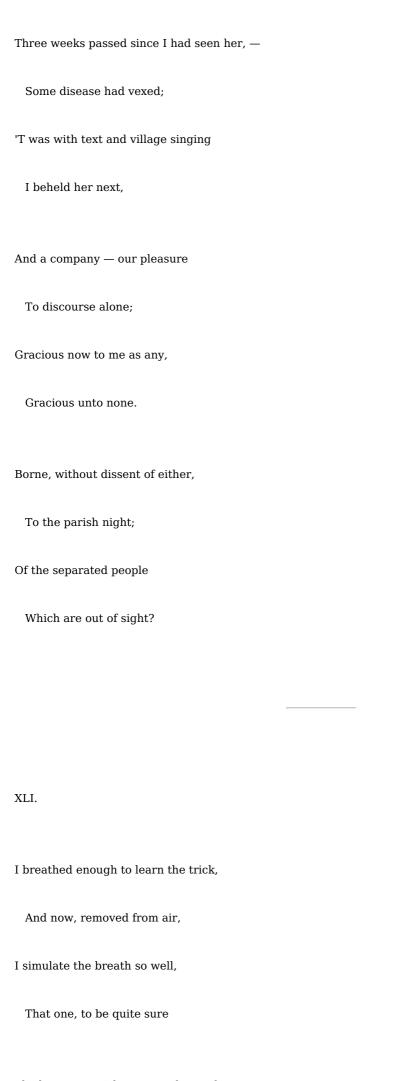
The dying need but little, dear, —	
A glass of water's all,	
A flower's unobtrusive face	
To punctuate the wall,	
A fan, perhaps, a friend's regret,	
And certainly that one	
No color in the rainbow	
Perceives when you are gone.	
XXXVIII.	
XXXVIII. DEAD.	
DEAD.	
DEAD. There's something quieter than sleep	
DEAD. There's something quieter than sleep Within this inner room!	

Some touch it and some kiss it,

Some chafe its idle hand;

XXXVII.

It has a simple gravity
I do not understand!
While simple-hearted neighbors
Chat of the 'early dead,'
We, prone to periphrasis,
Remark that birds have fled!
XXXIX.
The soul should always stand ajar,
The soul should always stand ajar, That if the heaven inquire,
That if the heaven inquire,
That if the heaven inquire, He will not be obliged to wait,
That if the heaven inquire, He will not be obliged to wait, Or shy of troubling her.
That if the heaven inquire, He will not be obliged to wait, Or shy of troubling her. Depart, before the host has slid
That if the heaven inquire, He will not be obliged to wait, Or shy of troubling her. Depart, before the host has slid The bolt upon the door,
That if the heaven inquire, He will not be obliged to wait, Or shy of troubling her. Depart, before the host has slid The bolt upon the door, To seek for the accomplished guest, —



The lungs are stirless, must descend

Among the cunning cells,	
And touch the pantomime himself.	
How cool the bellows feels!	
XLII.	
I wonder if the sepulchre	
Is not a lonesome way,	
When men and boys, and larks and June	
Go down the fields to hay!	
XLIII.	
IOY IN DEATH.	
If tolling bell I ask the cause.	
'A soul has gone to God,'	
I'm answered in a lonesome tone;	
Is heaven then so sad?	

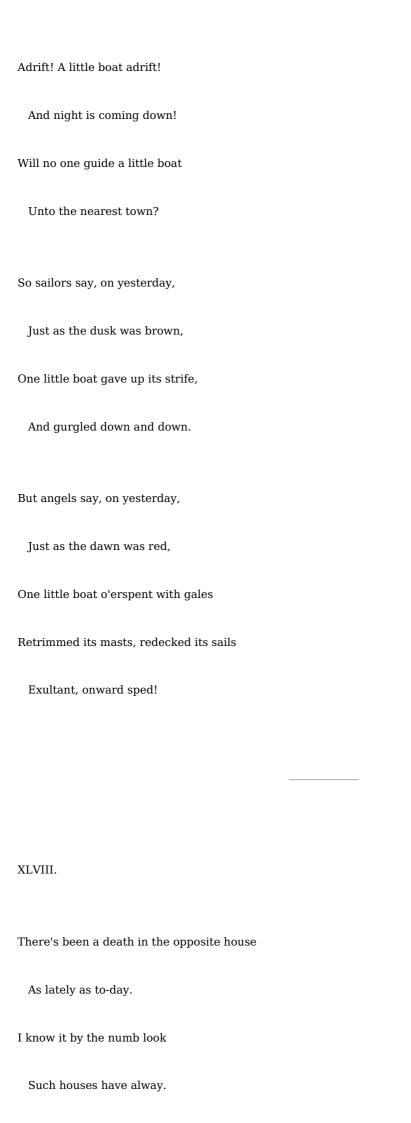
That bells should joyful ring to tell

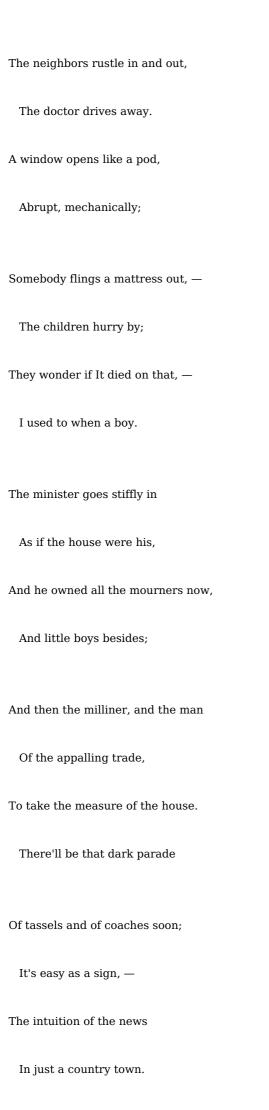
Would seem to me the proper way
A good news should be given.
XLIV.
If I may have it when it's dead
I will contented be;
If just as soon as breath is out
It shall belong to me,
Until they lock it in the grave,
'T is bliss I cannot weigh,
For though they lock thee in the grave,
Myself can hold the key.
Think of it, lover! I and thee
Permitted face to face to be;
After a life, a death we'll say, —
For death was that, and this is thee.

A soul had gone to heaven,

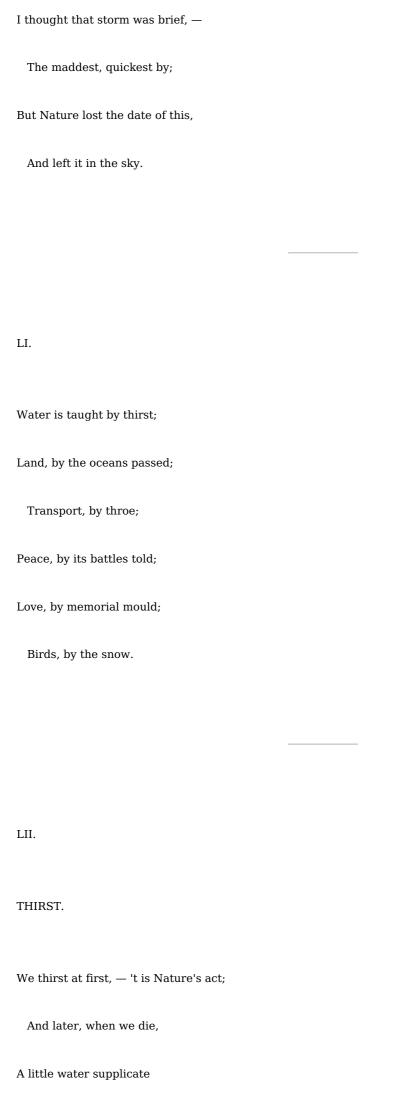
Before the ice is in the pools,
Before the skaters go,
Or any cheek at nightfall
Is tarnished by the snow,
Before the fields have finished,
Before the Christmas tree,
Wonder upon wonder
Will arrive to me!
What we touch the hems of
On a summer's day;
What is only walking
Just a bridge away;
That which sings so, speaks so,
When there's no one here, —
Will the frock I wept in
Answer me to wear?

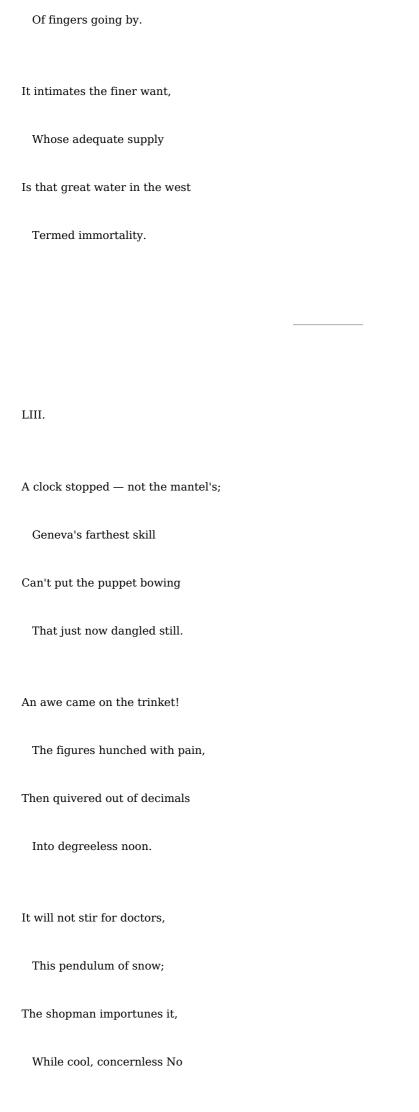
I heard a fly buzz when I died;
The stillness round my form
Was like the stillness in the air
Between the heaves of storm.
The eyes beside had wrung them dry,
And breaths were gathering sure
For that last onset, when the king
Be witnessed in his power.
I willed my keepsakes, signed away
What portion 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.

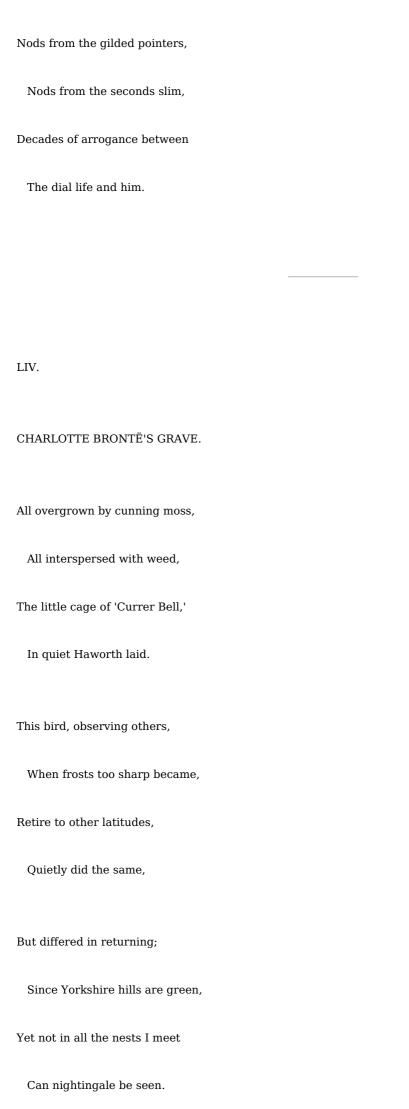




With every morning's beam.







Gathered from many wanderings,
Gethsemane can tell
Through what transporting anguish
She reached the asphodel!
Soft fall the sounds of Eden
Upon her puzzled ear;
Oh, what an afternoon for heaven,
When 'Brontë' entered there!
LV.
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.

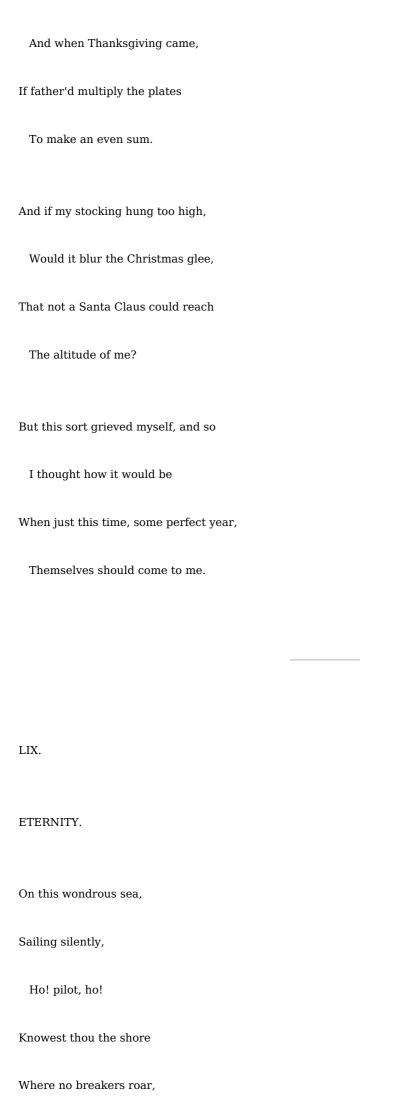
Far from love the Heavenly Father	
Leads the chosen child;	
Oftener through realm of briar	
Than the meadow mild,	
Oftener by the claw of dragon	
Than the hand of friend,	
Guides the little one predestined	
To the native land.	
LVII.	
LVII. SLEEPING.	
SLEEPING.	
SLEEPING. A long, long sleep, a famous sleep	

Was ever idleness like this?

To bask the centuries away
Nor once look up for noon?
LVIII.
RETROSPECT.
RETROSI ECT.
'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,

Within a hut of stone



In the silent west

Many sails at rest,

Their anchors fast;

Thither I pilot thee, —

Land, ho! Eternity!

Ashore at last!

Index of First Lines

A bird came down the walk:

A charm invests a face

A clock stopped — not the mantel's:

A death-blow is a life-blow to some

A deed knocks first at thought,

A dew sufficed itself

A door just opened on a street —

A drop fell on the apple tree,

A face devoid of love or grace,

A lady red upon the hill

A light exists in spring

A little road not made of man,

A long, long sleep, a famous sleep

A modest lot, a fame petite,

A murmur in the trees to note,

A narrow fellow in the grass

A poor torn heart, a tattered heart,

A precious, mouldering pleasure 't is

A route of evanescence

A sepal, petal, and a thorn

A shady friend for torrid days

A sickness of this world it most occasions

A sloop of amber slips away

A solemn thing it was, I said,

A something in a summer's day,

A spider sewed at night

A thought went up my mind to-day

A throe upon the features

A toad can die of light!

A word is dead

A wounded deer leaps highest,

Adrift! A little boat adrift!

Afraid? Of whom am I afraid?

After a hundred years

All overgrown by cunning moss,

Alter? When the hills do.

Ample make this bed.

An altered look about the hills;

An awful tempest mashed the air,

An everywhere of silver,

Angels in the early morning

Apparently with no surprise

Arcturus is his other name, — Are friends delight or pain?

As by the dead we love to sit, As children bid the guest good-night, As far from pity as complaint, As if some little Arctic flower, As imperceptibly as grief Ashes denote that fire was: At half-past three a single bird At last to be identified! At least to pray is left, is left. Because I could not stop for Death, Before I got my eye put out, Before the ice is in the pools, Before you thought of spring, Belshazzar had a letter, – Bereaved of all, I went abroad, Besides the autumn poets sing, Blazing in gold and quenching in purple, Bless God, he went as soldiers, Bring me the sunset in a cup, Come slowly, Eden! Could I but ride indefinite, Could mortal lip divine Dare you see a soul at the white heat? Dear March, come in! Death is a dialogue between Death is like the insect Death sets a thing significant Delayed till she had ceased to know, Delight becomes pictorial Departed to the judgment, Did the harebell loose her girdle Doubt me, my dim companion! Drab habitation of whom? Drowning is not so pitiful Each life converges to some centre Each that we lose takes part of us; Elysium is as far as to Essential oils are wrung: Except the heaven had come so near, Except to heaven, she is nought; Experiment to me Exultation is the going Far from love the Heavenly Father Farther in summer than the birds, Fate slew him, but he did not drop; Father, I bring thee not myself, — Few get enough, — enough is one; Finite to fail, but infinite to venture. For each ecstatic instant Forbidden fruit a flavor has Frequently the woods are pink, From all the jails the boys and girls From cocoon forth a butterfly From us she wandered now a year, Given in marriage unto thee, Glee! The great storm is over! God gave a loaf to every bird, God made a little gentian; God permits industrious angels Going to heaven! "Going to him! Happy letter! Tell him — Good night! which put the candle out? Great streets of silence led away Have you got a brook in your little heart, He ate and drank the precious words, He fumbles at your spirit He preached upon "breadth" till it argued him narrow, — He put the belt around my life, -He touched me, so I live to know Heart not so heavy as mine, Heart, we will forget him! Heaven is what I cannot reach! Her final summer was it, High from the earth I heard a bird; His bill an auger is, Hope is a subtle glutton; Hope is the thing with feathers How dare the robins sing, How happy is the little stone

How many times these low feet staggered, How still the bells in steeples stand, How the old mountains drip with sunset,

I breathed enough to learn the trick,

I asked no other thing,

I bring an unaccustomed wine

I can wade grief,

I cannot live with you,

I died for beauty, but was scarce

I dreaded that first robin so,

I envy seas whereon he rides,

I felt a clearing in my mind

I felt a funeral in my brain,

I found the phrase to every thought

I gained it so,

I gave myself to him,

I had a daily bliss

I had a guinea golden;

I had been hungry all the years:

I had no cause to be awake,

I had no time to hate, because

I have a king who does not speak;

I have no life but this,

I have not told my garden yet,

I heard a fly buzz when I died;

I held a jewel in my fingers

I hide myself within my flower,

I know a place where summer strives

I know some lonely houses off the road

I know that he exists

I like a look of agony,

I like to see it lap the miles,

I live with him, I see his face;

I lived on dread; to those who know

I lost a world the other day.

I many times thought peace had come,

I meant to find her when I came;

I meant to have but modest needs,

I measure every grief I meet

I never hear the word "escape"

I never lost as much but twice,

I never saw a moor,

I noticed people disappeared,

I read my sentence steadily,

I reason, earth is short,

I shall know why, when time is over,

I should have been too glad, I see,

I should not dare to leave my friend.

I sing to use the waiting,

I started early, took my dog,

I stepped from plank to plank

I taste a liquor never brewed,

I think just how my shape will rise

I think the hemlock likes to stand I took my power in my hand.

I went to heaven, -I went to thank her,

I wish I knew that woman's name,

I wonder if the sepulchre

I worked for chaff, and earning wheat

I years had been from home,

I'll tell you how the sun rose,

I'm ceded, I've stopped being theirs;

I'm nobody! Who are you?

I'm wife; I've finished that,

I've got an arrow here;

I've seen a dying eye

If I can stop one heart from breaking,

If I may have it when it's dead

If I should die,

If I shouldn't be alive

If anybody's friend be dead,

If recollecting were forgetting,

If the foolish call them 'flowers,'

If tolling bell I ask the cause. If you were coming in the fall,

Immortal is an ample word

In lands I never saw, they say,

Is Heaven a physician?

Is bliss, then, such abyss

It can't be summer, — that got through:

It dropped so low in my regard

It is an honorable thought,

It makes no difference abroad,

It might be easier

It sifts from leaden sieves,

It sounded as if the streets were running,

It struck me every day

It tossed and tossed, -

It was not death, for I stood up,

It was too late for man,

It's like the light, —

It's such a little thing to weep,

Just lost when I was saved!

Lay this laurel on the one

Let down the bars, O Death!

Let me not mar that perfect dream

Life, and Death, and Giants

Like mighty footlights burned the red

Like trains of cars on tracks of plush

Look back on time with kindly eyes,

Love is anterior to life,

Me! Come! My dazzled face

Mine by the right of the white election!

Mine enemy is growing old, -

Morning is the place for dew,

Morns like these we parted;

Much madness is divinest sense

Musicians wrestle everywhere:

My cocoon tightens, colors tease,

My country need not change her gown,

My friend must be a bird,

My life closed twice before its close;

My river runs to thee:

My worthiness is all my doubt,

Nature rarer uses yellow

Nature, the gentlest mother,

New feet within my garden go,

No brigadier throughout the year

No rack can torture me,

Not any higher stands the grave

Not in this world to see his face

Not knowing when the dawn will come

Not with a club the heart is broken,

Of all the souls that stand create

Of all the sounds despatched abroad,

Of bronze and blaze

Of tribulation these are they

On such a night, or such a night,

On the bleakness of my lot

On this long storm the rainbow rose,

On this wondrous sea,

One blessing had I, than the rest

One day is there of the series

One dignity delays for all,

One need not be a chamber to be haunted,

One of the ones that Midas touched,

Our journey had advanced:

Our lives are Swiss, -

Our share of night to bear,

Pain has an element of blank;

Perhaps you'd like to buy a flower?

Pigmy seraphs gone astray,

Pink, small, and punctual,

Pompless no life can pass away:

Poor little heart!

Portraits are to daily faces

Prayer is the little implement

Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn

Proud of my broken heart since thou didst break it,

Read, sweet, how others strove,

Remembrance has a rear and front, —

Remorse is memory awake,

Safe in their alabaster chambers,

She died, — this was the way she died;

She laid her docile crescent down,

She rose to his requirement, dropped

She slept beneath a tree

She sweeps with many-colored brooms,

She went as quiet as the dew

Sleep is supposed to be,

So bashful when I spied her,

So proud she was to die

Softened by Time's consummate plush,

Some keep the Sabbath going to church:

Some rainbow coming from the fair!

Some things that fly there be, —

Some, too fragile for winter winds,

Soul, wilt thou toss again?

South winds jostle them,

Split the lark and you'll find the music, Step lightly on this narrow spot!

Success is counted sweetest

Summer for thee grant I may be

Superfluous were the sun

Superiority to fate Surgeons must be very careful

Sweet hours have perished here;

Sweet is the swamp with its secrets,

Taken from men this morning,

Talk with prudence to a beggar

That I did always love,

That is solemn we have ended, -

That short, potential stir

That such have died enables us

The bat is dun with wrinkled wings

The bee is not afraid of me,

The body grows outside, -

The bone that has no marrow;

The brain is wider than the sky,

The brain within its groove

The bustle in a house

The butterfly's assumption-gown,

The clouds their backs together laid,

The cricket sang,

The daisy follows soft the sun.

The day came slow, till five o'clock,

The distance that the dead have gone

The dying need but little, dear, -

The farthest thunder that I heard The gentian weaves her fringes,

The grass so little has to do, -

The grave my little cottage is,

The heart asks pleasure first,

The last night that she lived,

The leaves, like women, interchange

The moon is distant from the sea,

The moon was but a chin of gold

The morns are meeker than they were,

The mountain sat upon the plain

The murmur of a bee

The murmuring of bees has ceased:

The mushroom is the elf of plants,

The nearest dream recedes, unrealized.

The night was wide, and furnished scant

The one that could repeat the summer day

The only ghost I ever saw

The past is such a curious creature,

The pedigree of honey

The rat is the concisest tenant.

The reticent volcano keeps

The robin is the one

The rose did caper on her cheek,

The show is not the show,

The skies can't keep their secret!

The sky is low, the clouds are mean,

The soul selects her own society, The soul should always stand ajar,

The soul unto itself

The spider as an artist

The springtime's pallid landscape

The stimulus, beyond the grave

The sun just touched the morning:

The sun kept setting, setting still; The thought beneath so slight a film

The way I read a letter 's this:

The wind begun to rock the grass

Their height in heaven comforts not,

There came a day at summer's full There came a wind like a bugle;

There is a flower that bees prefer,

There is a shame of nobleness

There is a word

There is no frigate like a book

There's a certain slant of light,

There's been a death in the opposite house

There's something quieter than sleep

These are the days when birds come back,

They dropped like flakes, they dropped like stars,

They say that 'time assuages,' -

They won't frown always, — some sweet day

This is my letter to the world,

This is the land the sunset washes,

This merit hath the worst, -

This was in the white of the year,

This world is not conclusion:

Though I get home how late, how late!

Three weeks passed since I had seen her, —

Through the straight pass of suffering 'T is so much joy! 'T is so much joy! 'T is sunrise, little maid, hast thou 'T is whiter than an Indian pipe, Tie the strings to my life, my Lord, To fight aloud is very brave, To hang our head ostensibly, To hear an oriole sing To help our bleaker parts To know just how he suffered would be dear; To learn the transport by the pain, To lose one's faith surpasses To lose thee, sweeter than to gain To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee, — To my quick ear the leaves conferred; To venerate the simple days Triumph may be of several kinds. 'T is little I could care for pearls 'T was a long parting, but the time 'T was just this time last year I died. 'T was later when the summer went 'T was such a little, little boat Two butterflies went out at noon Two swimmers wrestled on the spar Undue significance a starving man attaches Unto my books so good to turn Upon the gallows hung a wretch, Victory comes late, Wait till the majesty of Death Water is taught by thirst; We cover thee, sweet face. We learn in the retreating We like March, his shoes are purple, We never know how high we are We never know we go, — when we are going We outgrow love like other things We play at paste, We thirst at first, — 't is Nature's act; Went up a year this evening! What if I say I shall not wait? What inn is this What mystery pervades a well! What soft, cherubic creatures When I hoped I feared, When I was small, a woman died. When night is almost done, When roses cease to bloom, dear, Where every bird is bold to go, Where ships of purple gently toss Whether my bark went down at sea, While I was fearing it, it came, Who has not found the heaven below Who never lost, are unprepared Who never wanted, — maddest joy Who robbed the woods, "Whose are the little beds," I asked, Wild nights! Wild nights! Will there really be a morning? Within my reach! You cannot put a fire out: You left me, sweet, two legacies, -You've seen balloons set, haven't you? Your riches taught me poverty.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON, THREE SERIES, COMPLETE ***

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