

I Went to Heaven

Emily Dickinson

I went to heaven, -
'Twas a small town,
Lit with a ruby,
Lathed with down.
Stillier than the fields
At the full dew,
Beautiful as pictures
No man drew.
People like the moth,
Of mecklin, frames,
Duties of gossamer,
And eider names.
Almost contented
I could be
'Mong such unique
Society.