

# There Is A Word

Emily Dickinson

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 victory!  
Behold the keenest marksman!  
Time's sublimest target  
Is a soul "forgot"!