

# Death Sets A Thing

Emily Dickinson

Death sets a thing significant  
The eye had hurried by,  
Except a perished creature  
Entreat us tenderly

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.