**Because I could not stop for Death-**

Because I could not stop for Death—   
He kindly stopped for me—  
The Carriage held but just Ourselves—  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove—He knew no haste  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure too,  
For His Civility—

We passed the School, where Children strove  
At Recess—in the Ring—  
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain—  
We passed the Setting Sun—

Or rather—He passed Us—  
The Dews drew quivering and chill—  
For only Gossamer, my Gown—  
My Tippet—only Tulle—

We paused before a House that seemed  
A Swelling of the Ground—  
The Roof was scarcely visible—  
The Cornice—in the Ground—

Since then—'tis Centuries—and yet  
Feels shorter than the Day  
I first surmised the Horses' Heads  
Were toward Eternity—

**The Soul selects her own Society**

The Soul selects her own Society—   
Then—shuts the Door—  
To her divine Majority—  
Present no more—

Unmoved—she notes the Chariots—pausing—  
At her low Gate—  
Unmoved—an emperor be kneeling  
Upon her Mat—

I've known her—from an ample nation—  
Choose One—  
Then close the Valves of her attention—  
Like Stone—

**Some keep the Sabbath going to Church**

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.  
  
God preaches, a noted Clergyman—  
And the sermon is never long,  
So instead of getting to Heaven, at least—  
I'm going, all along.

**A narrow Fellow in the Grass**

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  
And opens further on—  
  
He likes a Boggy Acre   
A Floor too cool for Corn—  
Yet when a Boy, and Barefoot—  
I more than once at Noon  
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  
Of cordiality—  
  
But never met this Fellow  
Attended, or alone  
Without a tighter breathing  
And Zero at the Bone—

**They shut me up in Prose**

They shut me up in Prose—  
As when a little Girl  
They put me in the Closet—  
Because they liked me "still"—  
  
Still! Could themself have peeped—  
And seen my Brain—go round—  
They might as wise have lodged a Bird  
For Treason—in the Pound—  
  
Himself has but to will  
And easy as a Star  
Abolish his Captivity—  
And laugh—No more have I—

**The Brain—is wider than the Sky**

The Brain—is wider than the Sky—  
For—put them side by side—  
The one the other will contain  
With ease—and You—beside—  
  
The Brain is deeper than the sea—  
For—hold them—Blue to Blue—  
The one the other will absorb—  
As Sponges—Buckets—do—  
  
The Brain is just the weight of God—  
For—Heft them—Pound for Pound—  
And they will differ—if they do—  
As Syllable from Sound—

**Tell all the Truth but tell it slant**

Tell all the Truth but tell it slant —

Success in Circuit lies  
Too bright for our infirm Delight  
The Truth's superb surprise  
  
As Lightning to the Children eased  
With explanation kind  
The Truth must dazzle gradually  
Or every man be blind—