**Emily Dickinson**

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!

**Emily Dickinson**

Surgeons must be very careful

When they take the knife!

Underneath their fine incisions

Stirs the culprit, — Life!

**Emily Dickinson**

A death-blow is a life-blow to some

 Who, till they died, did not alive become;

Who, had they lived, had died, but when

They died, vitality begun.

**Emily Dickinson**

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.

**Emily Dickinson on a Word**

A word is dead   
When it is said,     
Some say.   
I say it just  
 Begins to live    
That day.

**Emily Dickinson on 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!

**Emily Dickinson**

Who has not found the heaven below     
Will fail of it above.   
God's residence is next to mine,     
His furniture is love.

**Emily Dickinson on the Lost Thought**

I felt a clearing in my mind     
As if my brain had split;   
I tried to match it, seam by seam,     
But could not make them fit.

The thought behind I strove to join     
Unto the thought before,   
But sequence raveled out of reach     
Like balls upon a floor.

**Emily Dickinson on the Brain**

The brain is wider than the sky,     
For, put them side by side,   
The one the other will include     
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, lift them, pound for pound,   
And they will differ, if they do,    
As syllable from sound.

**Emily Dickinson on 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!

**Emily Dickinson**

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.

**Emily Dickinson on the Wind**

It's like the light, —     
A fashionless delight   
It's like the bee, —     
A dateless melody.

It's like the woods,     
Private like breeze,   
Phraseless, yet it stirs     
The proudest trees.

It's like the morning, —     
Best when it's done, —   
The everlasting clocks     
Chime noon.

**Emily Dickinson on the Evening**

The cricket sang,   
And set the sun,   
And workmen finished, one by one,     
Their seam the day upon.

The low grass loaded with the dew,   
The twilight stood as strangers do   
With hat in hand, polite and new,     
To stay as if, or go.

A vastness, as a neighbor, came, —   
A wisdom without face or name,   
A peace, as hemispheres at home, —     
And so the night became.

**Emily Dickinson on Cocoon**

Drab habitation of whom?   
Tabernacle or tomb,   
Or dome of worm,   
Or porch of gnome,   
Or some elf's catacomb?

**Emily Dickinson on Immortality**

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.

**Emily Dickinson**

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

And then, that we have followed them     
We more than half suspect,   
So intimate have we become     
With their dear retrospect.

Emily Dickinson on 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.

Emily Dickinson

Each that we lose takes part of us;     
A crescent still abides,   
Which like the moon, some turbid night,     
Is summoned by the tides.

**Emily Dickinson**

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

**Emily Dickinson**

Me! Come! My dazzled face   
In such a shining place!

Me! Hear! My foreign ear   
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.

**Emily Dickinson**

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.

**Emily Dickinson**

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     
Where none of us should be,   
Immediately, that anguish stooped     
Almost to jealousy.

**Emily Dickinson**

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.

**Emily Dickinson on Dying**

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.