

There is another sky,
Ever serene and fair,
And there is another sunshine,
Though it be darkness there;
Never mind faded forests, Austin,
Never mind silent fields—
Here is a little forest,
Whose leaf is ever green;

Here is a brighter garden,
Where not a frost has been;
In its unfading flowers
I hear the bright bee hum;
Prithee, my brother,
Into my garden come!

The morns are meeker than they were—
The nuts are getting brown—
The berry's cheek is plumper—
The Rose is out of town—

The Maple wears a gayer scarf—
The field a scarlet gown—
Lest I should be old fashioned—
I'll put a trinket on—

A sepal, petal, and a thorn
Upon a common summer's morn—
A flask of Dew— A Bee or two—
A Breeze— a caper in the trees—
And I'm a Rose!

All these my banners be.
I sow my pageantry
In May—
It rises train by train—
Then sleeps in state again—
My chancel— all the plain
Today.

To lose— if One can find again—
To miss— If one shall meet—
The Burglar cannot rob— then—
The Broker cannot cheat.
So build the hillocks gaily
Thou little spade of mine
Leaving nooks for Daisy
And for Columbine—
You and I the secret
Of the Crocus know—
Let us chant it softly—
“There is no more snow!”

To him who keeps an orchard heart—
The swamps are pink with June.

I had a guinea golden—
 I lost it in the sand—
 And tho' the sum was simple
 And pounds were in the land—

Still, had it such a value
 Unto my frugal eye—
 That when I could not find it—
 I sat me down to sigh.

I had a crimson Robin—
 Who sang full many a day—
 But when the woods were painted,
 He, too, did fly away—

Time brought me other Robins—
 Their ballads were the same—
 Still, for my missing Troubadour—
 I kept the “house at hame.”

I had a star in heaven—
 One “Pleiad” was its name—
 And when I was not heeding,
 It wandered from the same—

And tho' the skies are crowded—
 And all the night ashine—
 I do not care about it—
 Since none of them are mine.

My Story has a moral—
 I have a missing friend—
 “Pleiad” its name, and Robin,
 And guinea in the sand.

And when this mournful ditty—
 Accompanied with tear—
 Shall meet the eye of traitor—
 In country far from here—

Grant that repentance solemn—
 May seize upon his mind—
 And he no consolation—
 Beneath the sun may find.

Adrift! A little boat adrift!
And night is coming down!
Will no one guide a little boat
Unto the nearest town?

So Sailors say– on yesterday–
Just as the dusk was brown
Away one little boat gave up its strife
And gurgled down and down.

So angels say– on yesterday
Just as the dawn was red
One little boat– o’erspent with gales
Retrimmed its masts– redecked its sails
And shot– exultant on!

Snow flakes.

I counted till they danced so
Their slippers leaped the town,
And then I took a pencil
To note the rebels down.

And then they grew so jolly
I did resign the prig,
And ten of my once stately toes
Are marshalled for a jig!

I robbed the Woods—
The trusting Woods.
The unsuspecting Trees
Brought out their Burs and mosses—
My fantasy to please.
I scanned their trinkets curious—
I grasped— I bore away—
What will the solemn Hemlock—
What will the Oak tree say?

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Papa above!
Regard a Mouse—
O’erpowered by the Cat!
Reserve within thy Kingdom
A “Mansion” for the Rat!

Snug in seraphic Cupboards
To nibble all the day,
While unsuspecting Cycles
Wheel solemnly away!

Some things that fly there be—
Birds— Hour—
The Bumblebee—
Of these no Elegy.

Some things that stay there be—
Grief— Hills—
Eternity—
Nor this behooveth me.

There are that resting, rise.
Can I expound the skies?
How still the Riddle lies!

The Bee is not afraid of me—
I know the Butterfly—
The pretty people in the Woods
Receive me cordially—

The Brooks laugh louder when I come—
The Breezes madder play,
Wherefore mine eye thy silver mists,
Wherefore, Oh Summer's Day?

Bring me the sunset in a cup,
Reckon the morning's flagons up
And say how many Dew,
Tell me how far the morning leaps—
Tell me what time the weaver sleeps
Who spun the breadths of blue!

Write me how many notes there be
In the new Robin's ecstasy
Among astonished boughs—
How many trips the Tortoise makes—
How many cups the Bee partakes,
The Debauchee of Dews!

Also, who laid the Rainbow's piers,
Also, who leads the docile spheres
By withes of supple blue?
Whose fingers string the stalactite—
Who counts the wampum of the night
To see that none is due?

Who built this little Alban House
And shut the windows down so close
My spirit cannot see?
Who'll let me out some gala day
With implements to fly away,
Passing Pomposity?

These are the days when Birds come back—
A very few— a Bird or two—
To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies resume
The old— old sophistries of June—
A blue and gold mistake.

Oh fraud that cannot cheat the Bee—
Almost thy plausibility
Induces my belief.

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear—
And softly thro' the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf.

Oh Sacrament of summer days,
Oh Last Communion in the Haze—
Permit a child to join.

Thy sacred emblems to partake—
Thy consecrated bread to take—
And thine immortal wine!

Besides the Autumn poets sing
A few prosaic days
A little this side of the snow
And that side of the Haze—

A few incisive Mornings—
A few Ascetic Eves—
Gone— Mr. Bryant's "Golden Rod"—
And Mr. Thomson's sheaves—

Still, is the bustle in the Brook—
Sealed are the spicy valves—
Mesmeric fingers softly touch
The Eyes of many Elves—

Perhaps a squirrel may remain
My sentiments to share—
Grant me, Oh Lord, a sunny mind—
Thy windy will to bear!

Perhaps you'd like to buy a flower,
But I could never sell—
If you would like to borrow,
Until the Daffodil

Unties her yellow Bonnet
Beneath the village door,
Until the Bees, from Clover rows
Their Hock, and Sherry, draw,

Why, I will lend until just then,
But not an hour more!

Flowers– Well– if anybody
Can the ecstasy define–
Half a transport– half a trouble–
With which flowers humble men:
Anybody find the fountain
From which floods so contra flow–
I will give him all the Daisies
Which upon the hillside blow.

Too much pathos in their faces
For a simple breast like mine–
Butterflies from St. Domingo
Cruising round the purple line–
Have a system of aesthetics–
Far superior to mine.

My River runs to thee—
Blue Sea! Wilt welcome me?
My River waits reply—
Oh Sea— look graciously!
I'll fetch thee Brooks
From spotted nooks—
Say— Sea— Take Me!

A fuzzy fellow, without feet,
Yet doth exceeding run!
Of velvet, is his Countenance,
And his Complexion, dun!

Sometime, he dwelleth in the grass,
Sometime, upon a bough,
From which he doth descend in plush
Upon the Passer-by!

All this in summer.
But when winds alarm the Forest Folk,
He taketh Damask Residence
And struts in sewing silk!

Then, finer than a Lady,
Emerges in the spring!
A Feather on each shoulder!
You'd scarce recognize him!

By Men, yclept Caterpillar!
By me! But who am I,
To tell the pretty secret
Of the Butterfly!

An awful Tempest mashed the air—
The clouds were gaunt, and few—
A Black— as of a Spectre's Cloak
Hid Heaven and Earth from view.

The creatures chuckled on the Roofs—
And whistled in the air—
And shook their fists—
And gnashed their teeth—
And swung their frenzied hair.

The morning lit— the Birds arose—
The Monster's faded eyes
Turned slowly to his native coast—
And peace— was Paradise!

I taste a liquor never brewed–
From Tankards scooped in Pearl–
Not all the Vats upon the Rhine
Yield such an Alcohol!

Inebriate of Air– am I–
And Debauchee of Dew–
Reeling– thro’ endless summer days–
From inns of Molten Blue–

When “Landlords” turn the drunken Bee
Out of the Foxglove’s door–
When Butterflies– renounce their “drams”–
I shall but drink the more!

Till Seraphs swing their snowy Hats–
And Saints– to windows run–
To see the little Tippler
Leaning against the– Sun–

It can't be "Summer"!
That- got through!
It's early- yet- for "Spring"!
There's that long town of White- to cross-
Before the Blackbirds sing!

It can't be "Dying"!
It's too Rouge-
The Dead shall go in White-
So Sunset shuts my question down-
With Cuffs of Chrysolite!

A Burdock- clawed my Gown-
Not Burdock's- blame-
But mine-
Who went too near
The Burdock's Den-

A Bog- affronts my shoe-
What else have Bogs- to do-
The only Trade they know-
The splashing Men!
Ah, pity- then!
'Tis Minnows can despise!
The Elephant's- calm eyes-
Look further on!

We– Bee and I– live by the quaffing–
'Tisn't all Hock– with us–
Life has its Ale–
But it's many a lay of the Dim Burgundy–
We chant– for cheer– when the Wines– fail–

Do we “get drunk”?
Ask the jolly Clovers!
Do we “beat” our “Wife”?
I– never wed–
Bee– pledges his– in minutes– flagons–
Dainty– as the tress– on her deft Head–

While runs the Rhine–
He and I– revel–
First– at the vat– and latest at the Vine–
Noon– our last Cup–
“Found dead”– “of Nectar”–
By a humming Coroner–
In a By-Thyme!

The Drop, that wrestles in the Sea—
Forgets her own locality—
As I— toward Thee—

She knows herself an Incense small—
Yet small— she sighs— if All— is All—
How larger— be?—

The Ocean— smiles— at her Conceit—
But she, forgetting Amphitrite—
Pleads—“Me”?

The Robin's my Criterion for Tune—
Because I grow— where Robins do—
But, were I Cuckoo born,
I'd swear by him—
The ode familiar— rules the Noon—
The Buttercup's, my Whim for Bloom—
Because, we're Orchard sprung—
But, were I Britain born,
I'd Daisies spurn—
None but the Nut— October fit—
Because, through dropping it,
The Seasons flit— I'm taught—
Without the Snow's Tableau—
Winter, were he— to me
Because I see— New Englandly—
The Queen, discerns like me—
Provincially—

The Wind didn't come from the Orchard— today—
Further than that—
Nor stop to play with the Hay—
Nor joggle a Hat—
He's a transitive fellow— very—
Rely on that—

If He leave a Bur at the door
We know He has climbed a Fir—
But the Fir is Where— Declare—
Were you ever there?

If He brings Odors of Clovers—
And that is His business— not Ours—
Then He has been with the Mowers—
Whetting away the Hours
To sweet pauses of Hay—
His Way— of a June Day—

If He fling Sand, and Pebble—
Little Boys' Hats— and Stubble—
With an occasional Steeple—
And a hoarse "Get out of the way, I say,"
Who'd be the fool to stay?
Would you— Say—
Would you be the fool to stay?

A Bird came down the Walk—
He did not know I saw—
He bit an Angleworm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew
From a convenient Grass—
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
To let a Beetle pass—

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all around—
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought—
He stirred his Velvet Head—

Like one in danger, Cautious,
I offered him a Crumb
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home—

Than Oars divide the Ocean,
Too silver for a seam—
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon
Leap, plashless as they swim.

The Grass so little has to do—
A Sphere of simple Green—
With only Butterflies to brood
And Bees to entertain—

And stir all day to pretty Tunes
The Breezes fetch along—
And hold the Sunshine in its lap
And bow to everything—

And thread the Dews, all night, like Pearls—
And make itself so fine
A Duchess were too common
For such a noticing—

And even when It dies— to pass
In Odors so divine—
Like Lowly spices, lain to sleep—
Or Spikenards, perishing—

And then, in Sovereign Barns to dwell—
And dream the Days away,
The Grass so little has to do
I wish I were a Hay—

From Cocoon forth a Butterfly
As Lady from her Door
Emerged– a Summer Afternoon–
Repairing Everywhere–

Without Design– that I could trace
Except to stray abroad
On Miscellaneous Enterprise
The Clovers– understood–

Her pretty Parasol be seen
Contracting in a Field
Where Men made Hay–
Then struggling hard
With an opposing Cloud–

Where Parties– Phantom as Herself–
To Nowhere– seemed to go
In purposeless Circumference–
As 'twere a Tropic Show–

And notwithstanding Bee– that worked–
And Flower– that zealous blew–
This Audience of Idleness
Disdained them, from the Sky–

Till Sundown crept– a steady Tide–
And Men that made the Hay–
And Afternoon– and Butterfly–
Extinguished– in the Sea–

It struck me- every Day-
The Lightning was as new
As if the Cloud that instant slit
And let the Fire through-

It burned Me- in the Night-
It Blistered to My Dream-
It sickened fresh upon my sight-
With every Morn that came-

I thought that Storm- was brief-
The Maddest- quickest by-
But Nature lost the Date of This-
And left it- in the Sky-

Answer July—
Where is the Bee—
Where is the Blush—
Where is the Hay?

Ah, said July—
Where is the Seed—
Where is the Bud—
Where is the May—
Answer Thee— Me—

Nay— said the May—
Show me the Snow—
Show me the Bells—
Show me the Jay!

Quibbled the Jay—
Where be the Maize—
Where be the Haze—
Where be the Bur?

Here— said the Year—

This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me—
The Simple News that Nature told—
With tender Majesty—

Her Message is committed
To Hands I cannot see—
For love of Her— Sweet countrymen—
Judge tenderly— of Me—

Within my Garden, rides a Bird
Upon a Single Wheel—
Whose spokes a dizzy Music make
As 'twere a travelling Mill—

He never stops, but slackens
Above the Ripest Rose—
Partakes without alighting
And praises as he goes,

Till every Spice is tasted—
And then his Fairy Gig
Reels in remoter atmospheres—
And I rejoin my Dog.

And He and I, perplex us
If positive, 'twere we
Or bore the Garden in the Brain
This Curiosity—

But He, the best Logician,
Refers my clumsy eye—
To just vibrating Blossoms!
An Exquisite Reply!

He parts Himself– like Leaves–
And then– He closes up–
Then stands upon the Bonnet
Of Any Buttercup–

And then He runs against–
And oversets a Rose–
And then does Nothing–
Then away upon a Jib– He goes–

And dangles like a Mote–
Suspended in the Noon–
Uncertain– to return Below–
Or settle in the Moon–

What come of Him– at Night–
The privilege to say
Be limited by Ignorance–
What Come of Him– That Day–

The Frost– possess the World–
In Cabinets– be shown–
A Sepulchre of quaintest Floss–
An Abbey– a Cocoon–

I started Early– Took my Dog–
And visited the Sea–
The Mermaids in the Basement
Came out to look at me–

And Frigates– in the Upper Floor
Extended Hempen Hands–
Presuming Me to be a Mouse–
Aground– upon the Sands–

But no Man moved Me– till the Tide
Went past my simple Shoe–
And past my Apron– and my Belt
And past my Bodice– too–

And made as He would eat me up–
As wholly as a Dew
Upon a Dandelion’s Sleeve–
And then– I started– too–

And He– He followed– close behind–
I felt His Silver Heel
Upon my Ankle– Then my Shoes
Would overflow with Pearl–

Until We met the Solid Town–
No One He seemed to know–
And bowing– with a Mighty look–
At me– The Sea withdrew–

Two Butterflies went out at Noon—
And waltzed upon a Farm—
Then stepped straight through the Firmament
And rested on a Beam—

And then— together bore away
Upon a shining Sea—
Though never yet, in any Port—
Their coming, mentioned— be—

If spoken by the distant Bird—
If met in Ether Sea
By Frigate, or by Merchantman—
No notice— was— to me—

I think I was enchanted
 When first a sombre Girl–
 I read that Foreign Lady–
 The Dark– felt beautiful–

And whether it was noon at night–
 Or only Heaven– at Noon–
 For very Lunacy of Light
 I had not power to tell–

The Bees– became as Butterflies–
 The Butterflies– as Swans–
 Approached– and spurned the narrow Grass–
 And just the meanest Tunes

That Nature murmured to herself
 To keep herself in Cheer–
 I took for Giants– practising
 Titanic Opera–

The Days– to Mighty Metres stepped–
 The Homeliest– adorned
 As if unto a Jubilee
 'Twere suddenly confirmed–

I could not have defined the change–
 Conversion of the Mind
 Like Sanctifying in the Soul–
 Is witnessed– not explained–

'Twas a Divine Insanity–
 The Danger to be Sane
 Should I again experience–
 'Tis Antidote to turn–

To Tomes of solid Witchcraft–
 Magicians be asleep–
 But Magic– hath an Element
 Like Deity– to keep–

The Spider holds a Silver Ball
In unperceived Hands—
And dancing softly to Himself
His Yarn of Pearl— unwinds—

He plies from Nought to Nought
In unsubstantial Trade—
Supplants our Tapestries with His
In half the period—

An Hour to rear supreme
His Continents of Light—
Then dangle from the Housewife's Broom
His Boundaries— forgot—

Glee— The great storm is over—
Four— have recovered the Land—
Forty— gone down together—
Into the boiling Sand—

Ring— for the Scant Salvation—
Toll— for the bonnie Souls—
Neighbor— and friend— and Bridegroom—
Spinning upon the Shoals—

How they will tell the Story—
When Winter shakes the Door—
Till the Children urge—
But the Forty—
Did they come back no more?

Then a softness— suffuses the Story—
And a silence— the Teller's eye—
And the Children— no further question—
And only the Sea— reply—

It makes no difference abroad–
The Seasons– fit– the same–
The Mornings blossom into Noons–
And split their Pods of Flame–

Wild Flowers– kindle in the Woods–
The Brooks slam– all the Day–
No Blackbird bates his Banjo–
For passing Calvary–

Auto da Fe– and Judgment–
Are nothing to the Bee–
His separation from His Rose–
To Him– sums Misery–

To my small Hearth His fire came—
And all my House aglow
Did fan and rock with sudden light—
'Twas Sunrise—'twas the Sky—

Impanelled from no Summer brief
With limit of Decay—
'Twas Noon— without the News of Night—
Nay, Nature, it was Day—

You left me— Sire— two Legacies—
A Legacy of Love
A Heavenly Father would suffice
Had He the offer of—

You left me Boundaries of Pain—
Capacious as the Sea—
Between Eternity and Time—
Your Consciousness— and Me—

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A little Road— not made of Man—
Enabled of the Eye—
Accessible to Thill of Bee—
Or Cart of Butterfly—

If Town it have— beyond itself—
'Tis that— I cannot say—
I only know— no Curricie that rumble there
Bear Me—

The name- of it- is “Autumn”-
The hue- of it- is Blood-
An Artery- upon the Hill-
A Vein- along the Road-

Great Globules- in the Alleys-
And Oh, the Shower of Stain-
When Winds- upset the Basin-
And spill the Scarlet Rain-

It sprinkles Bonnets- far below-
It gathers ruddy Pools-
Then- eddies like a Rose- away-
Upon Vermilion Wheels-

'Tis good— the looking back on Grief—
To re-endure a Day—
We thought the Mighty Funeral—
Of All Conceived Joy—

To recollect how Busy Grass
Did meddle— one by one—
Till all the Grief with Summer— waved—
And none could see the stone.

And though the Woe you have Today
Be larger— As the Sea—
Exceeds its Unremembered Drop—
They're Water— equally—

Could I but ride indefinite
As doth the Meadow Bee
And visit only where I liked
And No one visit me

And sport all Day with Buttercups
And marry whom I may
And dwell a little everywhere
Or better, run away

With no Police to follow
Or chase Him if He do
Till He should jump Peninsulas
To get away from me—

I said “But just to be a Bee”
Upon a Raft of Air
And row in Nowhere all Day long
And anchor “off the Bar”

What Liberty! So Captives deem
Who tight in Dungeons are.

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Least Bee that brew—

A Honey's Weight

The Summer multiply—

Content Her smallest fraction help

The Amber Quantity—

The Judge is like the Owl–
I've heard my Father tell–
And Owls do build in Oaks–
So here's an Amber Sill–

That slanted in my Path–
When going to the Barn–
And if it serve You for a House–
Itself is not in vain–

About the price-'tis small–
I only ask a Tune
At Midnight– Let the Owl select
His favorite Refrain.

The Birds reported from the South–
A News express to Me–
A spicy Charge, My little Posts–
But I am deaf– Today–

The Flowers– appealed– a timid Throng–
I reinforced the Door–
Go blossom to the Bees– I said–
And trouble Me– no More–

The Summer Grace, for Notice strove–
Remote– Her best Array–
The Heart– to stimulate the Eye–
Refused too utterly–

At length, a Mourner, like Myself,
She drew away austere–
Her frosts to ponder– then it was–
I recollected Her–

She suffered Me, for I had mourned–
I offered Her no word–
My Witness– was the Crape I bore–
Her– Witness– was Her Dead–

Thenceforward– We– together dwelt–
I never questioned Her–
Our Contract
A Wiser Sympathy–

Deprived of other Banquet,
I entertained Myself—
At first— a scant Nutrition—
An insufficient Loaf—

But grown by slender addings
To so esteemed a Size—
'Tis sumptuous enough for me—
And almost to suffice—

A Robin's famine able—
Red Pilgrim, He and I—
A Berry from our table—
Reserve— for Charity—

Purple-

The Color of a Queen, is this-

The Color of a Sun

At setting- this- and Amber-

Beryl- and this, at Noon-

And when at night- Auroran widths

Fling suddenly on men-

'Tis this- and Witchcraft- nature keeps

A Rank- for Iodine-

The Birds begun at Four o'clock—
Their period for Dawn—
A Music numerous as space—
But neighboring as Noon—

I could not count their Force—
Their Voices did expend
As Brook by Brook bestows itself—
To multiply the Pond.

Their Witnesses were not—
Except occasional man—
In homely industry arrayed—
To overtake the Morn—

Nor was it for applause—
That I could ascertain—
But independent Ecstasy
Of Deity and Men—

By Six, the Flood had done—
No Tumult there had been—
Of Dressing, or Departure—
And yet the Band was gone—

The Sun engrossed the East—
The Day controlled the World—
The Miracle that introduced—
Forgotten, as fulfilled.

Nature– the Gentlest Mother is,
Impatient of no Child–
The feeblest– or the waywardest–
Her Admonition mild–

In Forest– and the Hill–
By Traveller– be heard–
Restraining Rampant Squirrel–
Or too impetuous Bird–

How fair– Her Conversation–
A Summer Afternoon–
Her Household– Her Assembly–
And when the Sun go down–

Her Voice among the Aisles
Incite the timid prayer
Of the minutest Cricket–
The most unworthy Flower–

When all the Children sleep
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light Her lamps–
Then bending from the Sky–

With infinite Affection–
And infiniter Care–
Her Golden finger on Her lip–
Wills Silence– Everywhere–

She staked her Feathers— Gained an Arc—
Debated— Rose again—
This morn— beyond the estimate
Of Envy, or of Men—

And now, among Circumference—
Her steady Boat be seen—
At home— among the Billows— As
The Bough where she was born—

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Time feels so vast that were it not
For an Eternity—
I fear me this Circumference
Engross my Finity—

To His exclusion, who prepare
By Processes of Size
For the Stupendous Vision
Of His diameters—

The Wind begun to knead the Grass—
 As Women do a Dough—
 He Hung a Hand full at the Plain—
 A Hand full at the Sky—
 The Leaves unhooked themselves from Trees—
 And started all abroad—
 The Dust did scoop itself like Hands—
 And throwaway the Road—
 The Wagons quickened on the Street—
 The Thunder gossiped low—
 The Lightning showed a Yellow Head—
 And then a livid Toe—
 The Birds put up the Bars to Nests—
 The Cattle flung to Barns—
 Then came one drop of Giant Rain—
 And then, as If the Hands
 That held the Dams— had parted hold—
 The Waters Wrecked the Sky—
 But overlooked my Father's House—
 Just Quartering a Tree—

Version I

The Wind begun to rock the Grass
 With threatening Tunes and low—
 He threw a Menace at the Earth—
 A Menace at the Sky.

The Leaves unhooked themselves from Trees—
 And started all abroad
 The Dust did scoop itself like Hands
 And threw away the Road.

The Wagons quickened on the Streets
 The Thunder hurried slow—
 The Lightning showed a Yellow Beak
 And then a livid Claw.

The Birds put up the Bars to Nests—
 The Cattle fled to Barns—
 There came one drop of Giant Rain
 And then as if the Hands

That held the Dams had parted hold
The Waters Wrecked the Sky,
But overlooked my Father's House—
Just quartering a Tree—

Version II

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The good Will of a Flower
The Man who would possess
Must first present
Certificate
Of minted Holiness.

When One has given up One's life—
The parting with the rest
Feels easy, as when Day lets go—
Entirely the West—

The Peaks, that lingered last—
Remain in Her regret—
As scarcely as the Iodine—
Upon the Cataract.

Split the Lark– and you’ll find the Music–
Bulb after Bulb, in Silver rolled–
Scantily dealt to the Summer Morning–
Saved for your Ear when Lutes be old–

Loose the Flood– you shall find it patent–
Gush after Gush, reserved for you–
Scarlet Experiment! Sceptic Thomas!
Now, do you doubt that your Bird was true?

Because the Bee may blameless hum—
For Thee a Bee do I become—
List even unto Me.

Because the Flowers unafraid—
May lift a look on Thine, a Maid—
Alway a Flower would be.

Nor Robins— Robins need not hide
When Thou upon their Crypts intrude—
So Wings bestow on Me—
Or Petals, or a Dower of Buzz
That Bee to ride, or Flower of Furze—
I that way worship Thee.

873

Ribbons of the Year—
Multitude Brocade—
Worn to Nature's Party once—
Then, as Hung aside—

As a faded Bead—
Or a Wrinkled Pearl—
Who shall charge the Vanity
Of the Maker's Girl?

884

An Everywhere of Silver
With Ropes of Sand

To keep it from effacing
The Track called Land.

891

To my quick ear the Leaves– conferred–
The Bushes– they were Bells–
I could not find Privacy
From Nature’s sentinels–

In Cave if I presumed to hide
The Walls– begun to tell–
Creation seemed a mighty Crack–
To make me visible–

A Cloud withdrew from the Sky—
Superior Glory be—
But that Cloud and its Auxiliaries—
Are forever lost to me—

Had I but further scanned—
Had I secured the Glow—
In an Hermetic Memory—
It had availed me now—

Never to pass the Angel—
With a glance and a Bow—
Till I am firm in Heaven—
Is my intention now—

898

How happy I was if I could forget
To remember how sad I am
Would be an easy adversity
But the recollecting of Bloom

Keeps making November difficult
Till I who was almost bold
Lose my way like a little Child
And perish of the cold.

What did They do since I saw Them?
Were They industrious?
So many questions to put Them
Have I the eagerness—

That could I snatch Their Faces—
That could Their lips reply—
Not till the last was answered
Should They start for the Sky.

Not If Their Party were waiting—
Not If to talk with Me
Were to Them now, Homesickness
After Eternity—

Not If the Just suspect me—
And offer a Reward—
Would I restore my Booty
To that Bold Person, God—

927

Absent Place— an April Day—
Daffodils a-blow
Homesick curiosity
To the Souls that snow—

Drift may block within It
Deeper than without—
Daffodil delight but
Him it duplicate—

What shall I do when the Summer troubles–
What, when the Rose is ripe–
What when the Eggs fly off in Music
From the Maple Keep?

What shall I do when the Skies a' chirrup
Drop a Tune on me–
When the Bee hangs all Noon in the Buttercup
What Will become of me?

Oh, when the Squirrel fills His Pockets
And the Berries stare–
How can I bear their jocund Faces
Thou from Here, so far?

'Twouldn't afflict a Robin–
All His Goods have Wings–

I– do not fly, so wherefore
My Perennial Things?

1051

I cannot meet the Spring unmoved—
I feel the old desire—
A Hurry with a lingering, mixed,
A Warrant to be fair—

A Competition in my sense
With something hid in Her—
And as she vanishes, Remorse—
I saw no more of Her.

1075

The Sky is low– the Clouds are mean,
A Travelling Flake of Snow
Across a Barn or through a Rut
Debates if it will go–

A Narrow Wind complains all Day
How some one treated him
Nature, like Us, is sometimes caught
Without her Diadem.

1099

My Cocoon tightens— Colors tease—
I'm feeling for the Air—
A dim capacity for Wings
Demeans the Dress I wear—

A power of Butterfly must be
The Aptitude to fly
Meadows of Majesty implies
And easy Sweeps of Sky—

So I must baffle at the Hint
And cipher at the Sign
And make much blunder, if at last
I take the clue divine—

1137

The duties of the Wind are few,
To cast the ships at Sea,
Establish March, the Floods escort,
And usher Liberty.

The pleasures of the Wind are broad,
To dwell Extent among,
Remain, or wander,
Speculate, or Forests entertain.

The kinsmen of the Wind are Peaks
Azof- the Equinox,
Also with Bird and Asteroid
A bowing intercourse.

The limitations of the Wind
Do they exist, or die,
Too Wise he seems for Wakelessness,
However, know not I.

1140

The Day grew small, surrounded tight
By early, stooping Night—
The Afternoon in Evening deep
Its Yellow shortness dropt—

The Winds went out their martial ways
The Leaves obtained excuse—
November hung his Granite Hat
Upon a nail of Plush—

1177

A prompt- executive Bird is the Jay-
Bold as a Bailiff's Hymn-
Brittle and Brief in quality-
Warrant in every line-

Sitting a Bough like a Brigadier-
Confident and straight-
Much is the mien of him in March-
As a Magistrate-

1198

A soft Sea washed around the House
A Sea of Summer Air
And rose and fell the magic Planks
That sailed without a care—
For Captain was the Butterfly
For Helmsman was the Bee
And an entire universe
For the delighted crew.

1210

The Sea said "Come" to the Brook–
The Brook said "Let me grow"–
The Sea said "Then you will be a Sea–
I want a Brook– Come now"!

The Sea said "Go" to the Sea–
The Sea said "I am he
You cherished"– "Learned Waters–
Wisdom is stale– to Me"

We like March— his Shoes are Purple—
 He is new and high—
 Makes he Mud for Dog and Peddler,
 Makes he Forests dry.

Knows the Adder's Tongue his coming,
 And begets her Spot—
 Stands the Sun so close and mighty
 That our Minds are hot.

News is he of all the others—
 Bold it were to die
 With the Blue Birds exercising
 On his British Sky.

Version I

We like March— his shoes are Purple—
 He is new and high—
 Makes he Mud for Dog and Peddler—
 Makes he Forests Dry—

Knows the Adder's Tongue his coming,
 And begets her spot—
 Stands the Sun so close and mighty
 That our Minds are hot—

News is he of all the others—
 Bold it were to die
 With the Blue Birds buccaneering
 On his British sky—

Version II

1235

Like Rain it sounded till It curved—
And then I knew 'twas Wind—
It walked as wet as any Wave
But swept as dry as sand—

When it had pushed itself away
To some remotest Plain—
A coming as of Hosts was heard—
That was indeed the Rain—

It filled the Wells, it pleased the Pools—
It warbled in the Road—
It pulled the spigot from the Hills—
And let the Floods abroad—

It loosened acres, lifted seas—
The sites of Centres stirred—
Then like Elijah rode away—
Upon a Wheel of Cloud.

The Mushroom is the Elf of Plants—
At Evening, it is not—
At Morning, in a Truffled Hut
It stop upon a Spot

As if it tarried always
And yet its whole Career
Is shorter than a Snake's Delay
And fleeter than a Tare—

'Tis Vegetation's Juggler—
The Germ of Alibi—
Doth like a Bubble antedate
And like a Bubble, hie—

I feel as if the Grass was pleased
To have it intermit—
This surreptitious Scion
Of Summer's circumspect.

Had Nature any supple Face
Or could she one condemn—
Had Nature an Apostate—
That Mushroom— It is Him!

1316

Winter is good– his Hoar Delights
Italic Flavor Yield
To Intellects inebriate
With Summer, or the World–

Generic as a Quarry
And hearty– as a Rose
Invited with Asperity
But welcome when he goes.

1338

What tenements of clover
Are fitting for the bee,
What edifices azure
For butterflies and me—

What residences nimble
Arise and evanesce
Without a rhythmic rumor
Or an assaulting guess.

1448

How soft a Caterpillar steps—
I find one on my Hand—
From such a velvet world it comes—
Such pluses at command—

Its soundless travels just arrest—
My slow-terrestrial eye—
Intent upon its own career—
What use has it for me—

1521

The Butterfly upon the Sky,
That doesn't know Its Name
And hasn't any tax to pay
And hasn't any Home—

Is just as high as you and I,
And higher, I believe,
So soar away and never sigh
And that's the way to grieve—

1685

The butterfly obtains
But little sympathy
Though favorably mentioned
In Entomology—

Because he travels freely
And wears a proper coat
The circumspect are certain
That he is dissolute—

Had he the homely scutcheon
Of modest Industry
'Twere better certifying
For Immortality—

1715

Consulting summer's clock,
But half the hours remain.
I ascertain it with a shock—
I shall not look again.

The second half of joy
Is shorter than the first.
The truth I do not dare to know
I muffle with a jest.

High from the earth I heard a bird—
He trod upon the trees
As he esteemed them trifles,
And then he spied a breeze,

And situated softly
Upon a pile of wind
Which in a perturbation
Nature had left behind.

A joyous going fellow
I gathered from his talk
Which both of benediction
And badinage partook.

Without apparent burden
I subsequently learned
He was the faithful father
Of a dependent brood.

And this untoward transport
His remedy for care—
A contrast to our respites.
How different we are!

1775

The earth has many keys—
Where melody is not
Is the unknown peninsula—
Beauty is nature's fact.

But witness for her land,
And witness for her sea,
The cricket is her utmost
Of elegy to me.