

Perhaps you think me stooping  
I'm not ashamed of that  
Christ— stooped until He touched the Grave—  
Do those at Sacrament—

Commemorate Dishonor  
Or love annealed of love  
Until it bend as low as Death  
Redignified, above?

Impossibility, like Wine  
Exhilarates the Man  
Who tastes it; Possibility  
Is flavorless— Combine

A Chance's faintest Tincture  
And in the former Dram  
Enchantment makes ingredient  
As certainly as Doom

841

A Moth the hue of this  
Haunts Candles in Brazil—  
Nature's Experience would make  
Our Reddest Second pale—  
  
Nature is fond, I sometimes think,  
Of Trinkets, as a Girl—

I stepped from Plank to Plank—  
A slow and cautious way—  
The Stars about my Head I felt,  
About my Feet the Sea.

I knew not but the next  
Would be my final inch—  
This gave me that precarious Gait  
Some call Experience.

Our little Kinsmen— after Rain  
In plenty may be seen,  
A Pink and Pulpy multitude  
The tepid Ground upon.

A needless life, it seemed to me  
Until a little Bird  
As to a Hospitality  
Advanced and breakfasted.

As I of He, so God of Me  
I pondered, may have Judged,  
And left the little Angle Worm  
With Modesties enlarged.

Ourselves we do inter with sweet derision—  
The channel of the dust who once achieves  
Invalidates the balm of that religion  
That doubts as fervently as it believes.

1162

The Life we have is very great—  
The Life that we shall see  
Surpasses it, we know, because  
It is Infinity—

But when all Space has been beheld  
And all Dominion shown  
The smallest Human Heart's extent  
Reduces it to none—

1409

Could mortal lip divine  
The undeveloped Freight  
Of a delivered syllable  
'Twould crumble with the weight.



1530

A Pang is more conspicuous in Spring–  
In contrast with the things that sing–  
Not Birds entirely– but Minds–  
Minute Effulgencies and Winds–

When what they sung for is undone–  
Who cares about a Blue Bird's Tune?–  
Why, Resurrection had to wait–  
Till they had moved a Stone–

1746

The most important population—  
Unnoticed— dwell,  
They have a heaven each instant—  
Not any hell.

Their names, unless you know them,  
'Twere useless tell.  
Of bumble-bees and other nations—  
The grass is full.