

A solemn thing– it was– I said–
A woman– white– to be–
And wear– if God should count me fit–
Her blameless mystery–

A hallowed thing– to drop a life
Into the purple well–
Too plummetless– that it return–
Eternity– until–

I pondered how the bliss would look–
And would it feel as big–
When I could take it in my hand–
As hovering– seen– through fog–

And then– the size of this “small” life–
The Sages– call it small–
Swelled– like Horizons– in my vest–
And I sneered– softly–“small”!

Before I got my eye put out
I liked as well to see—
As other Creatures, that have Eyes
And know no other way—

But were it told to me— Today—
That I might have the sky
For mine— I tell you that my Heart
Would split, for size of me—

The Meadows— mine—
The Mountains— mine—
All Forests— Stintless Stars—
As much of Noon as I could take
Between my finite eyes—

The Motions of the Dipping Birds—
The Morning's Amber Road—
For mine— to look at when I liked—
The News would strike me dead—

So safer— guess— with just my soul
Upon the Window pane—
Where other Creatures put their eyes—
Incautious— of the Sun—

Perhaps I asked too large—
I take— no less than skies—
For Earths, grow thick as
Berries, in my native town—

My Basket holds— just— Firmaments—
Those— dangle easy— on my arm,
But smaller bundles— Cram.

Did Our Best Moment last—
'Twould supersede the Heaven—
A few— and they by Risk— procure—
So This Sort— are not given—

Except as stimulants— in
Cases of Despair—
Or Stupor— The Reserve—
These Heavenly Moments are—

A Grant of the Divine—
That Certain as it Comes—
Withdraws— and leaves the dazzled Soul
In her unfurnished Rooms—

No Crowd that has occurred
Exhibit, I suppose,
That General Attendance
That Resurrection— does—

Circumference be full—
The long restricted Grave
Assert her Vital Privilege—
The Dust— connect— and live—

On Atoms— features place—
All Multitudes that were
Efface in the Comparison—
As Suns— dissolve a Star—

Solemnity— prevail—
Its Individual Doom
Possess each separate Consciousness—
August— Absorbed— Numb—

What Duplicate— exist—
What Parallel can be
Of the Significance of This
To Universe— and Me?

It would have starved a Gnat–
To live so small as I–
And yet I was a living Child–
With Food's necessity

Upon me– like a Claw–
I could no more remove
Than I could coax a Leech away–
Or make a Dragon– move–

Nor like the Gnat– had I–
The privilege to fly
And seek a Dinner for myself–
How mightier He– than I–

Nor like Himself– the Art
Upon the Window Pane
To gad my little Being out–
And not begin– again–

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–

641

Size circumscribes— it has no room
For petty furniture—
The Giant tolerates no Gnat
For Ease of Gianture—

Repudiates it, all the more
Because intrinsic size
Ignores the possibility
Of Calumnies— or Flies.

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—

All I may, if small,
Do it not display
Larger for the Totalness—
'Tis Economy—

To bestow a World
And withhold a Star—
Utmost, is Munificence—
Less, tho' larger, poor.

1695

There is a solitude of space—
A solitude of sea—
A solitude of death, but these
Society shall be—

Compared with that profounder site
That polar privacy
A soul admitted to itself—
Finite infinity.

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.