

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–

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—