

Going to Heaven!
I don't know when—
Pray do not ask me how!
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to Heaven!
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the Shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little space for me
Close to the two I lost—
The smallest "Robe" will fit me
And just a bit of "Crown"—
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home—

I'm glad I don't believe it
For it would stop my breath—
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious Earth!
I'm glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty Autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

If I'm lost— now
That I was found—
Shall still my transport be—
That once— on me— those Jasper Gates
Blazed open— suddenly—

That in my awkward— gazing— face—
The Angels— softly peered—
And touched me with their fleeces,
Almost as if they cared—
I'm banished— now— you know it—
How foreign that can be—
You'll know— Sir— when the Savior's face
Turns so— away from you—

Some keep the Sabbath going to Church—
I keep it, staying at Home—
With a Bobolink for a Chorister—
And an Orchard, for a Dome—

Some keep the Sabbath in Surplice—
I just wear my Wings—
And instead of tolling the Bell, for Church,
Our little Sexton— sings.

God preaches, a noted Clergyman—
And the sermon is never long,
So instead of getting to Heaven, at last—
I'm going, all along.

Of Course– I prayed–
And did God Care?
He cared as much as on the Air
A Bird– had stamped her foot–
And cried “Give Me”–
My Reason– Life–
I had not had– but for Yourself–
'Twere better Charity
To leave me in the Atom's Tomb–
Merry, and Nought, and gay, and numb–
Than this smart Misery.

I live with Him– I see His face–
I go no more away
For Visitor– or Sundown–
Death's single privacy–

The Only One– forestalling Mine–
And that– by Right– that He
Presents a Claim invisible–
No wedlock– granted Me–

I live with Him– I hear His Voice–
I stand alive– Today–
To witness to the Certainty–
Of Immortality–

Taught Me– by Time– the lower Way–
Conviction– Every day–
That Life like This– Is stopless–
Be Judgment– what it may–

I prayed, at first, a little Girl,
Because they told me to—
But stopped, when qualified to guess
How prayer would feel— to me—

If I believed God looked around,
Each time my Childish eye
Fixed full, and steady, on his own
In Childish honesty—

And told him what I'd like, today,
And parts of his far plan
That baffled me— The mingled side
Of his Divinity—

And often since, in Danger,
I count the force 'twould be
To have a God so strong as that
To hold my life for me—

Till I could take the Balance
That tips so frequent, now,
It takes me all the while to poise—
And then— it doesn't stay—

I see thee better– in the Dark–
I do not need a Light–
The Love of Thee– a Prism be–
Excelling Violet–

I see thee better for the Years–
That hunch themselves between–
The Miner's Lamp– sufficient be–
To nullify the Mine–

And in the Grave– I see Thee best–
Its little Panels be–
Aglow– All ruddy– with the Light–
I held so high, for Thee–

What need of Day–
To Those whose Dark– hath so– surpassing Sun–
It deem it be– Continually–
At the Meridian?

The Love a Life can show Below
Is but a filament, I know,
Of that diviner thing
That faints upon the face of Noon—
And smites the Tinder in the Sun—
And hinders Gabriel's Wing—

'Tis this— in Music— hints— and sways—
And far abroad on Summer days—
Distils uncertain pain—
'Tis this enamors in the East—
And tints the Transit in the West
With harrowing Iodine—

'Tis this— invites— appalls— endows—
Flits— glimmers— proves— dissolves—
Returns— suggests— convicts— enchants—
Then— flings in Paradise—

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The Soul that hath a Guest
Doth seldom go abroad—
Diviner Crowd at Home
Obliterate the need—

And Courtesy forbid
A Host's departure when
Upon Himself be visiting
The Emperor of Men—

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Spring is the Period–
Express from God–
Among the other seasons
Himself– abide,

But during March and April
None stir abroad
Without a cordial interview
With God–

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.

The Admirations– and Contempts– of Time–
Show justest– through an Open Tomb–
The Dying– as it were a Height
Reorganizes Estimate
And what We saw not
We distinguish clear–
And mostly– see not
What We saw before–

'Tis Compound Vision–
Light– enabling Light–
The Finite– furnished
With the Infinite–
Convex– and Concave Witness–
Back– toward Time–
And forward–
Toward the God of Him–