

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.