

I robbed the Woods—  
The trusting Woods.  
The unsuspecting Trees  
Brought out their Burs and mosses—  
My fantasy to please.  
I scanned their trinkets curious—  
I grasped— I bore away—  
What will the solemn Hemlock—  
What will the Oak tree say?

Bring me the sunset in a cup,  
Reckon the morning's flagons up  
And say how many Dew,  
Tell me how far the morning leaps—  
Tell me what time the weaver sleeps  
Who spun the breadths of blue!

Write me how many notes there be  
In the new Robin's ecstasy  
Among astonished boughs—  
How many trips the Tortoise makes—  
How many cups the Bee partakes,  
The Debauchee of Dews!

Also, who laid the Rainbow's piers,  
Also, who leads the docile spheres  
By withes of supple blue?  
Whose fingers string the stalactite—  
Who counts the wampum of the night  
To see that none is due?

Who built this little Alban House  
And shut the windows down so close  
My spirit cannot see?  
Who'll let me out some gala day  
With implements to fly away,  
Passing Pomposity?

I bring an unaccustomed wine  
To lips long parching  
Next to mine,  
And summon them to drink,

Crackling with fever, they Essay,  
I turn my brimming eyes away,  
And come next hour to look.

The hands still hug the tardy glass—  
The lips I would have cooled, alas—  
Are so superfluous Cold—

I would as soon attempt to warm  
The bosoms where the frost has lain  
Ages beneath the mould—

Some other thirsty there may be  
To whom this would have pointed me  
Had it remained to speak—

And so, I always bear the cup,  
If, haply, mine may be the drop  
Some pilgrim thirst to slake—

If, haply, any say to me  
“Unto the little, unto me,”  
When I at last awake.

'Tis so much joy! 'Tis so much joy!  
If I should fail, what poverty!  
And yet, as poor as I,  
Have ventured all upon a throw!  
Have gained! Yes! Hesitated so—  
This side the Victory!

Life is but Life! And Death, but Death!  
Bliss is, but Bliss, and Breath but Breath!  
And if indeed I fail,  
At least, to know the worst, is sweet!  
Defeat means nothing but Defeat,  
No drearier, can befall!

And if I gain— Oh Gun at Sea!  
Oh Bells, that in the Steeples be!  
At first, repeat it slow!  
For Heaven is a different thing—  
Conjectured, and waked sudden in—  
And might extinguish me!

I taste a liquor never brewed–  
From Tankards scooped in Pearl–  
Not all the Vats upon the Rhine  
Yield such an Alcohol!

Inebriate of Air– am I–  
And Debauchee of Dew–  
Reeling– thro’ endless summer days–  
From inns of Molten Blue–

When “Landlords” turn the drunken Bee  
Out of the Foxglove’s door–  
When Butterflies– renounce their “drams”–  
I shall but drink the more!

Till Seraphs swing their snowy Hats–  
And Saints– to windows run–  
To see the little Tippler  
Leaning against the– Sun–

We– Bee and I– live by the quaffing–  
'Tisn't all Hock– with us–  
Life has its Ale–  
But it's many a lay of the Dim Burgundy–  
We chant– for cheer– when the Wines– fail–

Do we “get drunk”?  
Ask the jolly Clovers!  
Do we “beat” our “Wife”?  
I– never wed–  
Bee– pledges his– in minutes– flagons–  
Dainty– as the tress– on her deft Head–

While runs the Rhine–  
He and I– revel–  
First– at the vat– and latest at the Vine–  
Noon– our last Cup–  
“Found dead”– “of Nectar”–  
By a humming Coroner–  
In a By-Thyme!

Wild Nights– Wild Nights!  
Were I with thee  
Wild Nights should be  
Our luxury!

Futile– the Winds  
To a Heart in Port–  
Done with the Compass  
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden  
Ah, the Sea!  
Might I but moor– Tonight–  
In Thee!

You see I cannot see— your Lifetime—  
I must guess—  
How many times it ache for me— today— Confess—  
How many times for my far sake  
The brave eyes film—  
But I— guess guessing hurts—  
Mine— get so dim!

Too vague— the face—  
My own— so patient— covers—  
Too far— the strength—  
My timidness enfolds—  
Haunting the Heart—  
Like her translated faces—  
Teasing the want—  
It— only— can suffice!



There's a certain Slant of light,  
Winter Afternoons—  
That oppresses, like the Heft  
Of Cathedral Tunes—

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us—  
We can find no scar,  
But internal difference,  
Where the Meanings, are—

None may teach it— Any—  
'Tis the Seal Despair—  
An imperial affliction  
Sent us of the Air—

When it comes, the Landscape listens—  
Shadows— hold their breath—  
When it goes, 'tis like the Distance  
On the look of Death—

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,  
And Mourners to and fro  
Kept treading– treading– till it seemed  
That Sense was breaking through–

And when they all were seated,  
A Service, like a Drum–  
Kept beating– beating– till I thought  
My Mind was going numb–

And then I heard them lift a Box  
And creak across my Soul  
With those same Boots of Lead, again,  
Then Space– began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,  
And Being, but an Ear,  
And I, and Silence, some strange Race  
Wrecked, solitary, here–

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,  
And I dropped down, and down–  
And hit a World, at every plunge,  
And Finished knowing– then–

The Drop, that wrestles in the Sea—  
Forgets her own locality—  
As I— toward Thee—

She knows herself an Incense small—  
Yet small— she sighs— if All— is All—  
How larger— be?—

The Ocean— smiles— at her Conceit—  
But she, forgetting Amphitrite—  
Pleads—“Me”?

I send Two Sunsets—  
Day and I— in competition ran—  
I finished Two— and several Stars—  
While He— was making One—

His own was ampler— but as I  
Was saying to a friend—  
Mine— is the more convenient  
To Carry in the Hand—

I cannot dance upon my Toes–  
No Man instructed me–  
But oftentimes, among my mind,  
A Glee possesseth me,

That had I Ballet knowledge–  
Would put itself abroad  
In Pirouette to blanch a Troupe–  
Or lay a Prima, mad,

And though I had no Gown of Gauze–  
No Ringlet, to my Hair,  
Nor hopped to Audiences– like Birds,  
One Claw upon the Air,

Nor tossed my shape in Eider Balls,  
Nor rolled on wheels of snow  
Till I was out of sight, in sound,  
The House encore me so–

Nor any know I know the Art  
I mention– easy– Here–  
Nor any Placard boast me–  
It's full as Opera–

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—

A Bird came down the Walk—  
He did not know I saw—  
He bit an Angleworm in halves  
And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew  
From a convenient Grass—  
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall  
To let a Beetle pass—

He glanced with rapid eyes  
That hurried all around—  
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought—  
He stirred his Velvet Head—

Like one in danger, Cautious,  
I offered him a Crumb  
And he unrolled his feathers  
And rowed him softer home—

Than Oars divide the Ocean,  
Too silver for a seam—  
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon  
Leap, plashless as they swim.

The Grass so little has to do—  
A Sphere of simple Green—  
With only Butterflies to brood  
And Bees to entertain—

And stir all day to pretty Tunes  
The Breezes fetch along—  
And hold the Sunshine in its lap  
And bow to everything—

And thread the Dews, all night, like Pearls—  
And make itself so fine  
A Duchess were too common  
For such a noticing—

And even when It dies— to pass  
In Odors so divine—  
Like Lowly spices, lain to sleep—  
Or Spikenards, perishing—

And then, in Sovereign Barns to dwell—  
And dream the Days away,  
The Grass so little has to do  
I wish I were a Hay—



I dreaded that first Robin, so,  
But He is mastered, now,  
I'm someway accustomed to Him grown,  
He hurts a little, though—

I thought if I could only live  
Till that first Shout got by—  
Not all Pianos in the Woods  
Had power to mangle me—

I dared not meet the Daffodils  
For fear their Yellow Gown  
Would pierce me with a fashion  
So foreign to my own—

I wished the Grass would hurry—  
So— when 'twas time to see—  
He'd be too tall, the tallest one  
Could stretch— to look at me—

I could not bear the Bees should come,  
I wished they'd stay away  
In those dim countries where they go,  
What word had they, for me?

They're here, though; not a creature failed—  
No Blossom stayed away  
In gentle deference to me—  
The Queen of Calvary—

Each one salutes me, as he goes,  
And I, my childish Plumes,  
Lift, in bereaved acknowledgment  
Of their unmindful Drums—

Answer July—  
Where is the Bee—  
Where is the Blush—  
Where is the Hay?

Ah, said July—  
Where is the Seed—  
Where is the Bud—  
Where is the May—  
Answer Thee— Me—

Nay— said the May—  
Show me the Snow—  
Show me the Bells—  
Show me the Jay!

Quibbled the Jay—  
Where be the Maize—  
Where be the Haze—  
Where be the Bur?

Here— said the Year—

The first Day's Night had come—  
And grateful that a thing  
So terrible— had been endured—  
I told my Soul to sing—

She said her Strings were snapt—  
Her Bow— to Atoms blown—  
And so to mend her— gave me work  
Until another Morn—

And then— a Day as huge  
As Yesterdays in pairs,  
Unrolled its horror in my face—  
Until it blocked my eyes—

My Brain— begun to laugh—  
I mumbled— like a fool—  
And tho' 'tis Years ago— that Day—  
My Brain keeps giggling— still.

And Something's odd— within—  
That person that I was—  
And this One— do not feel the same—  
Could it be Madness— this?

Good Morning– Midnight–  
I'm coming Home–  
Day– got tired of Me–  
How could I– of Him?

Sunshine was a sweet place–  
I liked to stay–  
But Morn– didn't want me– now–  
So– Goodnight– Day!

I can look– can't I–  
When the East is Red?  
The Hills– have a way– then–  
That puts the Heart– abroad–

You– are not so fair– Midnight–  
I chose– Day–  
But– please take a little Girl–  
He turned away!

The Red- Blaze- is the Morning-  
The Violet- is Noon-  
The Yellow- Day- is falling-  
And after that- is none-

But Miles of Sparks- at Evening-  
Reveal the Width that burned-  
The Territory Argent- that  
Never yet- consumed-

I am alive– I guess–  
 The Branches on my Hand  
 Are full of Morning Glory–  
 And at my finger’s end–

The Carmine– tingles warm–  
 And if I hold a Glass  
 Across my Mouth– it blurs it–  
 Physician’s– proof of Breath–

I am alive– because  
 I am not in a Room–  
 The Parlor– Commonly– it is–  
 So Visitors may come–

And lean– and view it sidewise–  
 And add “How cold– it grew”–  
 And “Was it conscious– when it stepped  
 In Immortality?”

I am alive– because  
 I do not own a House–  
 Entitled to myself– precise–  
 And fitting no one else–

And marked my Girlhood’s name–  
 So Visitors may know  
 Which Door is mine– and not mistake–  
 And try another Key–

How good– to be alive!  
 How infinite– to be–  
 Alive– two-fold– The Birth I had–  
 And this– besides, in– Thee!

I started Early– Took my Dog–  
And visited the Sea–  
The Mermaids in the Basement  
Came out to look at me–

And Frigates– in the Upper Floor  
Extended Hempen Hands–  
Presuming Me to be a Mouse–  
Aground– upon the Sands–

But no Man moved Me– till the Tide  
Went past my simple Shoe–  
And past my Apron– and my Belt  
And past my Bodice– too–

And made as He would eat me up–  
As wholly as a Dew  
Upon a Dandelion’s Sleeve–  
And then– I started– too–

And He– He followed– close behind–  
I felt His Silver Heel  
Upon my Ankle– Then my Shoes  
Would overflow with Pearl–

Until We met the Solid Town–  
No One He seemed to know–  
And bowing– with a Mighty look–  
At me– The Sea withdrew–

I measure every Grief I meet  
 With narrow, probing, Eyes—  
 I wonder if It weighs like Mine—  
 Or has an Easier size.

I wonder if They bore it long—  
 Or did it just begin—  
 I could not tell the Date of Mine—  
 It feels so old a pain—

I wonder if it hurts to live—  
 And if They have to try—  
 And whether— could They choose between—  
 It would not be— to die—

I note that Some— gone patient long—  
 At length, renew their smile—  
 An Imitation of a Light  
 That has so little Oil—

I wonder if when Years have piled—  
 Some Thousands— on the Harm  
 That hurt them early— such a lapse  
 Could give them any Balm—

Or would they go on aching still—  
 Through Centuries of Nerve—  
 Enlightened to a larger Pain—  
 In Contrast with the Love—

The Grieved— are many— I am told—  
 There is the various Cause—  
 Death— is but one— and comes but once—  
 And only nails the eyes—

There's Grief of Want— and Grief of Cold—  
 A sort they call "Despair"—  
 There's Banishment from native Eyes—  
 In sight of Native Air—

And though I may not guess the kind—  
 Correctly— yet to me  
 A piercing Comfort it affords  
 In passing Calvary—



To note the fashions— of the Cross—  
And how they're mostly worn—  
Still fascinated to presume  
That Some— are like My Own—

If I may have it, when it's dead,  
I'll be contented— so—  
If just as soon as Breath is out  
It shall belong to me—

Until they lock it in the Grave,  
'Tis Bliss I cannot weigh—  
For tho' they lock thee in the Grave,  
Myself— can own the key—

Think of it Lover! I and Thee  
Permitted— face to face to be—  
After a Life— a Death— We'll say—  
For Death was That—  
And this— is Thee—

I'll tell Thee All— how Bald it grew—  
How Midnight felt, at first— to me—  
How all the Clocks stopped In the World—  
And Sunshine pinched me— 'Twas so cold—

Then how the Grief got sleepy— some—  
As if my Soul were deaf and dumb—  
Just making signs— across— to Thee—  
That this way— thou could'st notice me—

I'll tell thee how I tried to keep  
A smile, to show you, when this Deep  
All Waded— We look back for Play,  
At those Old Times— in Calvary.

Forgive me, If the Grave come slow—  
For Coveting to look at Thee—  
Forgive me, if to stroke thy frost  
Outvisions Paradise!

I think I was enchanted  
When first a sombre Girl–  
I read that Foreign Lady–  
The Dark– felt beautiful–

And whether it was noon at night–  
Or only Heaven– at Noon–  
For very Lunacy of Light  
I had not power to tell–

The Bees– became as Butterflies–  
The Butterflies– as Swans–  
Approached– and spurned the narrow Grass–  
And just the meanest Tunes

That Nature murmured to herself  
To keep herself in Cheer–  
I took for Giants– practising  
Titanic Opera–

The Days– to Mighty Metres stepped–  
The Homeliest– adorned  
As if unto a Jubilee  
'Twere suddenly confirmed–

I could not have defined the change–  
Conversion of the Mind  
Like Sanctifying in the Soul–  
Is witnessed– not explained–

'Twas a Divine Insanity–  
The Danger to be Sane  
Should I again experience–  
'Tis Antidote to turn–

To Tomes of solid Witchcraft–  
Magicians be asleep–  
But Magic– hath an Element  
Like Deity– to keep–

The Spider holds a Silver Ball  
In unperceived Hands—  
And dancing softly to Himself  
His Yarn of Pearl— unwinds—

He plies from Nought to Nought  
In unsubstantial Trade—  
Supplants our Tapestries with His  
In half the period—

An Hour to rear supreme  
His Continents of Light—  
Then dangle from the Housewife's Broom  
His Boundaries— forgot—

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—

Glee— The great storm is over—  
Four— have recovered the Land—  
Forty— gone down together—  
Into the boiling Sand—

Ring— for the Scant Salvation—  
Toll— for the bonnie Souls—  
Neighbor— and friend— and Bridegroom—  
Spinning upon the Shoals—

How they will tell the Story—  
When Winter shakes the Door—  
Till the Children urge—  
But the Forty—  
Did they come back no more?

Then a softness— suffuses the Story—  
And a silence— the Teller's eye—  
And the Children— no further question—  
And only the Sea— reply—

They called me to the Window, for  
'Twas Sunset– Some one said–  
I only saw a Sapphire Farm–  
And just a Single Herd–

Of Opal Cattle– feeding far  
Upon so vain a Hill–  
As even while I looked– dissolved–  
Nor Cattle were– nor Soil–

But in their stead– a Sea– displayed–  
And Ships– of such a size  
As Crew of Mountains– could afford–  
And Decks– to seat the skies–

This– too– the Showman rubbed away–  
And when I looked again–  
Nor Farm– nor Opal Herd– was there–  
Nor Mediterranean–

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–



To my small Hearth His fire came—  
And all my House aglow  
Did fan and rock with sudden light—  
'Twas Sunrise—'twas the Sky—

Impanelled from no Summer brief  
With limit of Decay—  
'Twas Noon— without the News of Night—  
Nay, Nature, it was Day—

I think to Live– may be a Bliss  
To those who dare to try–  
Beyond my limit to conceive–  
My lip– to testify–

I think the Heart I former wore  
Could widen– till to me  
The Other, like the little Bank  
Appear– unto the Sea–

I think the Days– could every one  
In Ordination stand–  
And Majesty– be easier  
Than an inferior kind–

No numb alarm– lest Difference come–  
No Goblin– on the Bloom–  
No start in Apprehension's Ear,  
No Bankruptcy– no Doom–

But Certainties of Sun–  
Midsummer– in the Mind–  
A steadfast South– upon the Soul–  
Her Polar time– behind–

The Vision– pondered long–  
So plausible becomes  
That I esteem the fiction– real–  
The Real– fictitious seems–

How bountiful the Dream–  
What Plenty– It would be–  
Had all my Life but been Mistake  
Just rectified– in Thee–

Could I but ride indefinite  
As doth the Meadow Bee  
And visit only where I liked  
And No one visit me

And sport all Day with Buttercups  
And marry whom I may  
And dwell a little everywhere  
Or better, run away

With no Police to follow  
Or chase Him if He do  
Till He should jump Peninsulas  
To get away from me—

I said “But just to be a Bee”  
Upon a Raft of Air  
And row in Nowhere all Day long  
And anchor “off the Bar”

What Liberty! So Captives deem  
Who tight in Dungeons are.

One need not be a Chamber- to be Haunted-  
One need not be a House-  
The Brain has Corridors- surpassing  
Material Place-

Far safer, of a Midnight Meeting  
External Ghost  
Than its interior Confronting-  
That Cooler Host.

Far safer, through an Abbey gallop,  
The Stones a'chase-  
Than Unarmed, one's a'self encounter-  
In lonesome Place-

Ourself behind ourself, concealed-  
Should startle most-  
Assassin hid in our Apartment  
Be Horror's least

The Body- borrows a Revolver-  
He bolts the Door-  
O'erlooking a superior spectre-  
Or More-

A Thought went up my mind today—  
That I have had before—  
But did not finish— some way back—  
I could not fix the Year—

Nor where it went— nor why it came  
The second time to me—  
Nor definitely, what it was—  
Have I the Art to say—

But somewhere— in my Soul— I know  
I've met the Thing before—  
It just reminded me—'twas all—  
And came my way no more—

Behind Me– dips Eternity–  
Before Me– Immortality–  
Myself– the Term between–  
Death but the Drift of Eastern Gray,  
Dissolving into Dawn away,  
Before the West begin–

'Tis Kingdoms– afterward– they say–  
In perfect– pauseless Monarchy–  
Whose Prince– is Son of None–  
Himself– His Dateless Dynasty–  
Himself– Himself diversify–  
In Duplicate divine–

'Tis Miracle before Me– then–  
'Tis Miracle behind– between–  
A Crescent in the Sea–  
With Midnight to the North of Her–  
And Midnight to the South of Her–  
And Maelstrom– in the Sky–

My Life had stood– a Loaded Gun–  
In Corners– till a Day  
The Owner passed– identified–  
And carried Me away–

And now We roam in Sovereign Woods–  
And now We hunt the Doe–  
And every time I speak for Him–  
The Mountains straight reply–

And do I smile, such cordial light  
Upon the Valley glow–  
It is as a Vesuvian face  
Had let its pleasure through–

And when at Night– Our good Day done–  
I guard My Master's Head–  
'Tis better than the Eider-Duck's  
Deep Pillow– to have shared–

To foe of His– I'm deadly foe–  
None stir the second time–  
On whom I lay a Yellow Eye–  
Or an emphatic Thumb–

Though I than He– may longer live  
He longer must– than I–  
For I have but the power to kill,  
Without– the power to die–

One Blessing had I than the rest  
So larger to my Eyes  
That it stopped gauging– satisfied–  
For this enchanted size–

It was the limit of my Dream–  
The focus of my Prayer–  
A perfect– paralyzing Bliss–  
Contented as Despair–

I knew no more of Want– or Cold–  
Phantasms both become  
For this new Value in the Soul–  
Supremest Earthly Sum–

The Heaven below the Heaven above–  
Obscured with ruddier Blue–  
Life's Latitudes leant over– full–  
The Judgment perished– too–

Why Bliss so scantily disburse–  
Why Paradise defer–  
Why Floods be served to Us– In Bowls–  
I speculate no more–



When I hoped, I recollect  
Just the place I stood—  
At a Window facing West  
Roughest Air— was good—

Not a Sleet could bite me  
Not a frost could cool  
Hope It was that kept me warm  
Not Merino shawl—

When I feared— I recollect  
Just the Day it was  
Worlds were lying out to Sun  
Yet— how Nature froze—

Icicles upon my soul  
Prickled Blue and Cool  
Bird went praising everywhere  
Only Me— was still—

And the Day that I despaired  
This— If I forget  
Nature will— that It be Night  
After Sun has set—

Darkness intersect her face  
And put out her eye  
Nature hesitate— before  
Memory and I—

Bereaved of all, I went abroad—  
No less bereaved was I  
Upon a New Peninsula—  
The Grave preceded me—

Obtained my Lodgings, ere myself—  
And when I sought my Bed—  
The Grave it was reposed upon  
The Pillow for my Head—

I waked to find it first awake—  
I rose— It followed me—  
I tried to drop it in the Crowd—  
To lose it in the Sea—

In Cups of artificial Drowse—  
To steep its shape away—  
The Grave— was finished— but the Spade  
Remained In Memory—

891

To my quick ear the Leaves– conferred–  
The Bushes– they were Bells–  
I could not find Privacy  
From Nature’s sentinels–

In Cave if I presumed to hide  
The Walls– begun to tell–  
Creation seemed a mighty Crack–  
To make me visible–

1099

My Cocoon tightens— Colors tease—  
I'm feeling for the Air—  
A dim capacity for Wings  
Demeans the Dress I wear—

A power of Butterfly must be  
The Aptitude to fly  
Meadows of Majesty implies  
And easy Sweeps of Sky—

So I must baffle at the Hint  
And cipher at the Sign  
And make much blunder, if at last  
I take the clue divine—

1452

Your thoughts don't have words every day—  
They come a single time—  
Like signal esoteric sips  
Of the communion Wine—

Which while you taste so native seems—  
So easy so to be—  
You cannot comprehend its price—  
Nor its infrequency—

1725

I took one Draught of Life–  
I'll tell you what I paid–  
Precisely an existence–  
The market price, they said.

They weighed me, Dust by Dust–  
They balanced Film with Film,  
Then handed me my Being's worth–  
A single Dram of Heaven!

1750

The words the happy say  
Are paltry melody—  
But those the silent feel  
Are beautiful—

1774

Too happy Time dissolves itself  
And leaves no remnant by—  
'Tis Anguish not a Feather hath  
Or too much weight to fly—