3 Poems on Death

*A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:*

*Its loveliness increases; it will never*

*Pass into nothingness; but still will keep*

*A bower quiet for us, and a sleep*

*Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.*

*– John Keats (1)*

*Because I could not stop for Death,*

*He kindly stopped for me;*

*The carriage held but just ourselves*

*And Immortality.*

*– Emily Dickinson (extract, The Chariot)*

*If I should die,*

*And you should live,*

*And time should gurgle on,*

*And morn should beam,*

*And noon should burn,*

*As it has usual done;*

*If birds should build as early,*

*And bees as bustling go,–*

*One might depart at option*

*From enterprise below!*

*‘Tis sweet to know that stocks will stand*

*When we with daisies lie,*

*That commerce will continue,*

*And trades as briskly fly.*

*It make the parting tranquil*

*And keeps the soul serene,*

*That gentlemen so sprightly*

*Conduct the pleasing scene!*

*– Emily Dickinson*