

There's a Certain Slant of Light

By Emily Dickinson

**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 –**

