

Project Gutenberg's Poems: Three Series, Complete, by Emily Dickinson

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## **POEMS**

by **EMILY DICKINSON**

Edited by two of her friends

MABEL LOOMIS TODD and T.W. HIGGINSON

## **PREFACE.**

The verses of Emily Dickinson belong emphatically to what Emerson long since called "the Poetry of the Portfolio,"—something produced absolutely without the thought of publication, and solely by way of expression of the writer's own mind. Such verse must inevitably forfeit whatever advantage lies in the discipline of public criticism and the enforced conformity to accepted ways. On the other hand, it may often gain something through the habit of freedom and the unconventional utterance of daring thoughts. In the case of the present author, there was absolutely no choice in the matter; she must write thus, or not at all. A recluse by temperament and habit, literally spending years without setting her foot beyond the doorstep, and many more years during which her walks were strictly limited to her father's grounds, she habitually concealed her mind, like her person, from all but a very few friends; and it was with great difficulty that she was persuaded to print, during her lifetime, three or four poems. Yet she wrote verses in great abundance; and though brought curiously indifferent to all conventional rules, had yet a rigorous literary standard of her own, and often altered a word many times to suit an ear which had its own tenacious fastidiousness.

Miss Dickinson was born in Amherst, Mass., Dec. 10, 1830, and died there May 15, 1886. Her father, Hon. Edward Dickinson, was the leading lawyer of Amherst, and was treasurer of the well-known college there situated. It was his custom once a year to hold a large reception at his house, attended by all the families connected with the institution and by the leading people of the town. On these occasions his daughter Emily emerged from her wonted retirement and did her part as gracious hostess; nor would any one have known from her manner, I have been told, that this was not a daily occurrence. The annual occasion once past, she withdrew again into her seclusion, and except for a very few friends was as invisible to the world as if she had dwelt in a nunnery. For myself, although I had corresponded with her for many years, I saw her but twice face to face, and brought away the impression of something as unique and remote as Undine or Mignon or Thekla.

This selection from her poems is published to meet the desire of her personal friends, and especially of her surviving sister. It is believed that the thoughtful reader will find in these pages a quality more suggestive of the poetry of William Blake than of anything to be elsewhere found,—flashes of wholly original and profound insight into nature and life; words and phrases exhibiting an extraordinary vividness of descriptive and imaginative power, yet often set in a seemingly whimsical or even rugged frame. They are here published as they were written, with very few and superficial changes; although it is fair to say that the titles have been assigned, almost invariably, by the editors. In many cases these verses will seem to the reader like poetry torn up by the roots, with rain and dew and earth still clinging to them, giving a freshness and a fragrance not otherwise to be conveyed. In other cases, as in the few poems of shipwreck or of mental conflict, we can only wonder at the gift of vivid imagination by which this recluse woman can delineate, by a few touches, the very crises of physical or mental struggle. And sometimes again we catch glimpses of a lyric strain, sustained perhaps but for a line or two at a time, and making the reader regret its sudden cessation. But the main quality of these poems is that of extraordinary grasp and insight, uttered with an uneven vigor sometimes exasperating, seemingly wayward, but really unsought and inevitable. After all, when a thought takes one's breath away, a lesson on grammar seems an impertinence. As Ruskin wrote in his earlier and better days, "No weight nor mass nor beauty of execution can outweigh one grain or fragment of thought."

—Thomas Wentworth Higginson

## TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE

As is well documented, Emily Dickinson's poems were edited in these early editions by her friends, better to fit the conventions of the times. In particular, her dashes, often small enough to appear as dots, became commas and semicolons.

In the second series of poems published, a facsimile of her handwritten poem which her editors titled “Renunciation” is given, and I here transcribe that manuscript as faithfully as I can, showing *underlined* words thus.

There came a day - at Summer’s full -  
Entirely for me -  
I thought that such were for the Saints -  
Where Resurrections - be -

The sun - as common - went abroad -  
The flowers - accustomed - blew,  
As if no soul - that solstice passed -  
Which maketh all things - new -

The time was scarce profaned - by speech -  
The falling of a word  
Was needless - as at Sacrament -  
The *Wardrobe* - of our Lord!

Each was to each - the sealed church -  
Permitted to commune - *this* time -  
Lest we too awkward show  
At Supper of “the Lamb.”

The hours slid fast - as hours will -  
Clutched tight - by greedy hands -  
So - faces on two Decks look back -  
Bound to *opposing* lands.

And so, when all the time had leaked,  
Without external sound,  
Each bound the other’s Crucifix -  
We gave no other bond -

Sufficient troth - that we shall *rise*,  
Deposed - at length the Grave -  
To that new marriage -  
*Justified* - through Calvaries - of Love!

From the handwriting, it is not always clear which are dashes, which are commas and which are periods, nor it is entirely clear which initial letters are capitalized.

However, this transcription may be compared with the edited version in the main text to get a flavor of the changes made in these early editions.

—JT

This is my letter to the world,  
That never wrote to me, --  
The simple news that Nature told,  
With tender majesty.

Her message is committed  
To hands I cannot see;  
For love of her, sweet countrymen,  
Judge tenderly of me!

## **I. LIFE.**

### **I.**

#### **SUCCESS.**

[Published in “A Masque of Poets”  
at the request of “H.H.,” the author’s  
fellow-townswoman and friend.]

Success is counted sweetest  
By those who ne’er succeed.  
To comprehend a nectar  
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple host  
Who took the flag to-day  
Can tell the definition,  
So clear, of victory,

As he, defeated, dying,  
On whose forbidden ear  
The distant strains of triumph  
Break, agonized and clear!

### **II.**

Our share of night to bear,  
Our share of morning,  
Our blank in bliss to fill,  
Our blank in scorning.

Here a star, and there a star,  
Some lose their way.  
Here a mist, and there a mist,  
Afterwards – day!

### III.

#### ROUGE ET NOIR.

Soul, wilt thou toss again?  
By just such a hazard  
Hundreds have lost, indeed,  
But tens have won an all.

Angels' breathless ballot  
Lingers to record thee;  
Imps in eager caucus  
Raffle for my soul.

### IV.

#### ROUGE GAGNE.

'T is so much joy! 'T is 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 prevail!

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 o'erwhelm me so!

### V.

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 shipwreck  
When winter shakes the door,  
Till the children ask, “But the forty?  
Did they come back no more?”

Then a silence suffuses the story,  
And a softness the teller’s eye;  
And the children no further question,  
And only the waves reply.

## VI.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain.

## VII.

ALMOST!

Within my reach!  
I could have touched!  
I might have chanced that way!  
Soft sauntered through the village,  
Sauntered as soft away!  
So unsuspected violets  
Within the fields lie low,  
Too late for striving fingers  
That passed, an hour ago.

## VIII.

A wounded deer leaps highest,  
I’ve heard the hunter tell;  
’T is but the ecstasy of death,  
And then the brake is still.

The smitten rock that gushes,  
The trampled steel that springs;  
A cheek is always redder  
Just where the hectic stings!

Mirth is the mail of anguish,  
In which it cautions arm,  
Lest anybody spy the blood  
And “You’re hurt” exclaim!

## **IX.**

The heart asks pleasure first,  
And then, excuse from pain;  
And then, those little anodynes  
That deaden suffering;

And then, to go to sleep;  
And then, if it should be  
The will of its Inquisitor,  
The liberty to die.

## **X.**

### **IN A LIBRARY.**

A precious, mouldering pleasure ’t is  
To meet an antique book,  
In just the dress his century wore;  
A privilege, I think,

His venerable hand to take,  
And warming in our own,  
A passage back, or two, to make  
To times when he was young.

His quaint opinions to inspect,  
His knowledge to unfold  
On what concerns our mutual mind,  
The literature of old;

What interested scholars most,  
What competitions ran  
When Plato was a certainty.  
And Sophocles a man;

When Sappho was a living girl,  
And Beatrice wore  
The gown that Dante deified.  
Facts, centuries before,  
  
He traverses familiar,  
As one should come to town  
And tell you all your dreams were true;  
He lived where dreams were sown.  
  
His presence is enchantment,  
You beg him not to go;  
Old volumes shake their vellum heads  
And tantalize, just so.

## **XI.**

Much madness is divinest sense  
To a discerning eye;  
Much sense the starkest madness.  
'T is the majority  
In this, as all, prevails.  
Assent, and you are sane;  
Demur, – you're straightway dangerous,  
And handled with a chain.

## **XII.**

I asked no other thing,  
No other was denied.  
I offered Being for it;  
The mighty merchant smiled.  
  
Brazil? He twirled a button,  
Without a glance my way:  
“But, madam, is there nothing else  
That we can show to-day?”

## **XIII.**

### **EXCLUSION.**

The soul selects her own society,  
Then shuts the door;



On her divine majority  
Obtrude no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing  
At her low gate;  
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling  
Upon her mat.

I've known her from an ample nation  
Choose one;  
Then close the valves of her attention  
Like stone.

#### **XIV.**

##### **THE SECRET.**

Some things that fly there be, –  
Birds, hours, the bumble-bee:  
Of these no elegy.

Some things that stay there be, –  
Grief, hills, eternity:  
Nor this behooveth me.

There are, that resting, rise.  
Can I expound the skies?  
How still the riddle lies!

#### **XV.**

##### **THE LONELY HOUSE.**

I know some lonely houses off the road  
A robber 'd like the look of, –  
Wooden barred,  
And windows hanging low,  
Inviting to  
A portico,  
Where two could creep:  
One hand the tools,  
The other peep  
To make sure all's asleep.  
Old-fashioned eyes,  
Not easy to surprise!

How orderly the kitchen 'd look by night,  
With just a clock, –  
But they could gag the tick,  
And mice won't bark;  
And so the walls don't tell,  
None will.

A pair of spectacles ajar just stir –  
An almanac's aware.  
Was it the mat winked,  
Or a nervous star?  
The moon slides down the stair  
To see who's there.

There's plunder, – where?  
Tankard, or spoon,  
Earring, or stone,  
A watch, some ancient brooch  
To match the grandmamma,  
Staid sleeping there.

Day rattles, too,  
Stealth's slow;  
The sun has got as far  
As the third sycamore.  
Screams chanticleer,  
"Who's there?"  
And echoes, trains away,  
Sneer – "Where?"  
While the old couple, just astir,  
Fancy the sunrise left the door ajar!

## **XVI.**

To fight aloud is very brave,  
But gallanter, I know,  
Who charge within the bosom,  
The cavalry of woe.

Who win, and nations do not see,  
Who fall, and none observe,  
Whose dying eyes no country  
Regards with patriot love.

We trust, in plumed procession,  
For such the angels go,  
Rank after rank, with even feet  
And uniforms of snow.

## **XVII.**

### **DAWN.**

When night is almost done,  
And sunrise grows so near  
That we can touch the spaces,  
It 's time to smooth the hair

And get the dimples ready,  
And wonder we could care  
For that old faded midnight  
That frightened but an hour.

## **XVIII.**

### **THE BOOK OF MARTYRS.**

Read, sweet, how others strove,  
Till we are stouter;  
What they renounced,  
Till we are less afraid;  
How many times they bore  
The faithful witness,  
Till we are helped,  
As if a kingdom cared!

Read then of faith  
That shone above the fagot;  
Clear strains of hymn  
The river could not drown;  
Brave names of men  
And celestial women,  
Passed out of record  
Into renown!

## **XIX.**

### **THE MYSTERY OF PAIN.**

Pain has an element of blank;  
It cannot recollect  
When it began, or if there were  
A day when it was not.

It has no future but itself,  
Its infinite realms contain  
Its past, enlightened to perceive  
New periods of pain.

## **XX.**

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, through 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!

## **XXI.**

### **A BOOK.**

He ate and drank the precious words,  
His spirit grew robust;  
He knew no more that he was poor,  
Nor that his frame was dust.  
He danced along the dingy days,  
And this bequest of wings  
Was but a book. What liberty  
A loosened spirit brings!