

But overlooked my Father's House –  
Just quartering a Tree –

*second version*

c. 1864

1891

825

An Hour is a Sea  
Between a few, and me –  
With them would Harbor be –

c. 1864

1915

826

Love reckons by itself – alone –  
“As large as I” – relate the Sun  
To One who never felt it blaze –  
Itself is all the like it has –

c. 1864

1914

827

The Only News I know  
Is Bulletins all Day  
From Immortality.

The Only Shows I see –  
Tomorrow and Today –  
Perchance Eternity –

The Only One I meet  
Is God – The Only Street –  
Existence – This traversed

If Other News there be –  
Or Admirabler Show –  
I'll tell it You –

c. 1864

1929

The Robin is the One  
 That interrupt the Morn  
 With hurried – few – express Reports  
 When March is scarcely on –

The Robin is the One  
 That overflow the Noon  
 With her cherubic quantity –  
 An April but begun –

The Robin is the One  
 That speechless from her Nest  
 Submit that Home – and Certainty  
 And Sanctity, are best

c. 1864

1891

Ample make this Bed –  
 Make this Bed with Awe –  
 In it wait till Judgment break  
 Excellent and Fair.

Be its Mattress straight –  
 Be its Pillow round –  
 Let no Sunrise' yellow noise  
 Interrupt this Ground –

c. 1864

1891

To this World she returned.  
 But with a tinge of that –  
 A Compound manner,  
 As a Sod  
 Espoused a Violet,  
 That chiefer to the Skies  
 Than to Himself, allied,

Dwelt hesitating, half of Dust,  
And half of Day, the Bride.

c. 1864

1894

831

Dying! To be afraid of thee  
One must to thine Artillery  
Have left exposed a Friend –  
Than thine old Arrow is a Shot  
Delivered straighter to the Heart  
The leaving Love behind.

Not for itself, the Dust is shy,  
But, enemy, Beloved be  
Thy Batteries divorce.  
Fight sternly in a Dying eye  
Two Armies, Love and Certainty  
And Love and the Reverse.

c. 1864

1945

832

Soto! Explore thyself!  
Therein thyself shalt find  
The “Undiscovered Continent” –  
No Settler had the Mind.

c. 1864

1932

833

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?

c. 1864

1894

## 834

Before He comes we weigh the Time!  
 'Tis Heavy and 'tis Light.  
 When He depart, an Emptiness  
 Is the prevailing Freight.

c. 1864

1894

## 835

Nature and God – I neither knew  
 Yet Both so well knew me  
 They startled, like Executors  
 Of My identity.

Yet Neither told – that I could learn –  
 My Secret as secure  
 As Herschel's private interest  
 Or Mercury's affair –

c. 1864

1894

## 836

Truth – is as old as God –  
 His Twin identity  
 And will endure as long as He  
 A Co-Eternity –

And perish on the Day  
 Himself is borne away  
 From Mansion of the Universe  
 A lifeless Deity.

c. 1864

1894

## 837

How well I knew Her not  
 Whom not to know has been  
 A Bounty in prospective, now  
 Next Door to mine the Pain.

c. 1864

1894

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 –

c. 1864

1945

Always Mine!  
 No more Vacation!  
 Term of Light this Day begun!  
 Failless as the fair rotation  
 Of the Seasons and the Sun.

Old the Grace, but new the Subjects –  
 Old, indeed, the East,  
 Yet upon His Purple Programme  
 Every Dawn, is first.

c. 1864

1945

I cannot buy it – 'tis not sold –  
 There is no other in the World –  
 Mine was the only one

I was so happy I forgot  
 To shut the Door And it went out  
 And I am all alone –

If I could find it Anywhere  
 I would not mind the journey there  
 Though it took all my store

But just to look it in the Eye –  
“Did’st thou?” “Thou did’st not mean,” to say,  
Then, turn my Face away.

c. 1864

1945

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.

c. 1864

1945

842

Good to hide, and hear ‘em hunt!  
Better, to be found,  
If one care to, that is,  
The Fox fits the Hound –

Good to know, and not tell,  
Best, to know and tell,  
Can one find the rare Ear  
Not too dull –

c. 1864

1945

843

I made slow Riches but my Gain  
Was steady as the Sun  
And every Night, it numbered more  
Than the preceding One

All Days, I did not earn the same  
But my perceiveless Gain  
Inferred the less by Growing than  
The Sum that it had grown.

c. 1864

1945

Spring is the Period  
Express from God.  
Among the other seasons  
Himself abide,

But during March and April  
None stir abroad  
Without a cordial interview  
With God.

c. 1864

1945

Be Mine the Doom –  
Sufficient Fame –  
To perish in Her Hand!

c. 1864

1945

Twice had Summer her fair Verdure  
Proffered to the Plain –  
Twice a Winter's silver Fracture  
On the Rivers been –

Two full Autumns for the Squirrel  
Bounteous prepared –  
Nature, Had'st thou not a Berry  
For thy wandering Bird?

c. 1864

1945

Finite – to fail, but infinite to Venture –  
For the one ship that struts the shore  
Many's the gallant – overwhelmed Creature  
Nodding in Navies nevermore –

c. 1864

1896

## 848

Just as He spoke it from his Hands  
 This Edifice remain –  
 A Turret more, a Turret less  
 Dishonor his Design –

According as his skill prefer  
 It perish, or endure –  
 Content, soe'er, it ornament  
 His absent character.

c. 1864

1945

## 849

The good Will of a Flower  
 The Man who would possess  
 Must first present  
 Certificate  
 Of minted Holiness.

c. 1864

1945

## 850

I sing to use the Waiting  
 My Bonnet but to tie  
 And shut the Door unto my House  
 No more to do have I

Till His best step approaching  
 We journey to the Day  
 And tell each other how We sung  
 To Keep the Dark away.

c. 1864

1896

## 851

When the Astronomer stops seeking  
 For his Pleiad's Face –  
 When the lone British Lady  
 Forsakes the Arctic Race

When to his Covenant Needle  
The Sailor doubting turns –  
It will be amply early  
To ask what treason means.

c. 1864

1945

852

Apology for Her  
Be rendered by the Bee –  
Herself, without a Parliament  
Apology for Me.

c. 1864

1945

853

When One has given up One's life  
The parting with the rest  
Feels easy, as when Day lets go  
Entirely the West

The Peaks, that lingered last  
Remain in Her regret  
As scarcely as the Iodine  
Upon the Cataract.

c. 1864

1945

854

Banish Air from Air –  
Divide Light if you dare –  
They'll meet  
While Cubes in a Drop  
Or Pellets of Shape  
Fit  
Films cannot annul  
Odors return whole  
Force Flame  
And with a Blonde push

Over your impotence  
Flits Steam.

c. 1864

1945

855

To own the Art within the Soul  
The Soul to entertain  
With Silence as a Company  
And Festival maintain

Is an unfurnished Circumstance  
Possession is to One  
As an Estate perpetual  
Or a reduceless Mine.

c. 1864

1945

856

There is a finished feeling  
Experienced at Graves –  
A leisure of the Future –  
A Wilderness of Size.

By Death's bold Exhibition  
Preciser what we are  
And the Eternal function  
Enabled to infer.

c. 1864

1945

857

Uncertain lease – develops lustre  
On Time  
Uncertain Grasp, appreciation  
Of Sum –

The shorter Fate – is oftener the chiefest  
Because

Inheritors upon a tenure  
Prize -

c. 1864

1945

858

This Chasm, Sweet, upon my life  
I mention it to you,  
When Sunrise through a fissure drop  
The Day must follow too.

If we demur, its gaping sides  
Disclose as 'twere a Tomb  
Ourself am lying straight wherein  
The Favorite of Doom.

When it has just contained a Life  
Then, Darling, it will close  
And yet so bolder every Day  
So turbulent it grows

I'm tempted half to stitch it up  
With a remaining Breath  
I should not miss in yielding, though  
To Him, it would be Death -

And so I bear it big about  
My Burial - before  
A Life quite ready to depart  
Can harass me no more -

c. 1864

1945

859

A doubt if it be Us  
Assists the staggering Mind  
In an extremer Anguish  
Until it footing find.

An Unreality is lent,  
A merciful Mirage

That makes the living possible  
While it suspends the lives.

c. 1864

1945

860

Absence disembodies – so does Death  
Hiding individuals from the Earth  
Superstition helps, as well as love –  
Tenderness decreases as we prove –

c. 1864

1945

861

Split the Lark – and you'll find the Music –  
Bulb after Bulb, in Silver rolled –  
Scantly dealt to the Summer Morning  
Saved for your Ear when Lutes be old.

Loose the Flood – you shall find it patent –  
Gush after Gush, reserved for you –  
Scarlet Experiment! Sceptic Thomas!  
Now, do you doubt that your Bird was true?

c. 1864

1896

862

Light is sufficient to itself –  
If Others want to see  
It can be had on Window Panes  
Some Hours in the Day.

But not for Compensation –  
It holds as large a Glow  
To Squirrel in the Himmaleh  
Precisely, as to you.

c. 1864

1945

863

That Distance was between Us  
That is not of Mile or Main –  
The Will it is that situates –  
Equator – never can –

c. 1864

1945

864

The Robin for the Crumb  
Returns no syllable  
But long records the Lady's name  
In Silver Chronicle.

c. 1864

1945

865

He outstripped Time with but a Bout,  
He outstripped Stars and Sun  
And then, unjaded, challenged God  
In presence of the Throne.

And He and He in mighty List  
Unto this present, run,  
The larger Glory for the less  
A just sufficient Ring.

c. 1864

1945

866

Fame is the tint that Scholars leave  
Upon their Setting Names –  
The Iris not of Occident  
That disappears as comes –

c. 1864

1945

867

Escaping backward to perceive  
The Sea upon our place –

Escaping forward, to confront  
His glittering Embrace –  
  
Retreating up, a Billow's height  
Retreating blinded down  
Our undermining feet to meet  
Instructs to the Divine.

c. 1864

1945

868

They ask but our Delight –  
The Darlings of the Soil  
And grant us all their Countenance  
For a penurious smile.

c. 1864

1945

869

Because the Bee may blameless hum  
For Thee a Bee do I become  
List even unto Me.

Because the Flowers unafraid  
May lift a look on thine, a Maid  
Alway a Flower would be.

Nor Robins, Robins need not hide  
When Thou upon their Crypts intrude  
So Wings bestow on Me  
Or Petals, or a Dower of Buzz  
That Bee to ride, or Flower of Furze  
I that way worship Thee.

c. 1864

1945

870

Finding is the first Act  
The second, loss,  
Third, Expedition for  
The "Golden Fleece"

Fourth, no Discovery –  
Fifth, no Crew –  
Finally, no Golden Fleece –  
Jason – sham – too.

c. 1864

1945

871

The Sun and Moon must make their haste –  
The Stars express around  
For in the Zones of Paradise  
The Lord alone is burned –

His Eye, it is the East and West –  
The North and South when He  
Do concentrate His Countenance  
Like Glow Worms, flee away –

Oh Poor and Far –  
Oh Hindered Eye  
That hunted for the Day –  
The Lord a Candle entertains  
Entirely for Thee –

c. 1864

1945

872

As the Starved Maelstrom laps the Navies  
As the Vulture teased  
Forces the Broods in lonely Valleys  
As the Tiger eased

By but a Crumb of Blood, fasts Scarlet  
Till he meet a Man  
Dainty adorned with Veins and Tissues  
And partakes – his Tongue

Cooled by the Morsel for a moment  
Grows a fiercer thing  
Till he esteem his Dates and Cocoa  
A Nutrition mean

I, of a finer Famine  
Deem my Supper dry  
For but a Berry of Domingo  
And a Torrid Eye.

c. 1864

1945

873

Ribbons of the Year –  
Multitude Brocade –  
Worn to Nature's Party once  
  
Then, as flung aside  
As a faded Bead  
Or a Wrinkled Pearl  
Who shall charge the Vanity  
Of the Maker's Girl?

c. 1864

1945

874

They won't frown always – some sweet Day  
When I forgot to tease –  
They'll recollect how cold I looked  
And how I just said "Please."

Then They will hasten to the Door  
To call the little Girl  
Who cannot thank Them for the Ice  
That filled the lispings full.

c. 1864

1896

875

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.

c. 1864

1896

876

It was a Grave, yet bore no Stone  
Enclosed 'twas not of Rail  
A Consciousness its Acre, and  
It held a Human Soul.

Entombed by whom, for what offence  
If Home or Foreign born –  
Had I the curiosity  
'Twere not appeased of men

Till Resurrection, I must guess  
Denied the small desire  
A Rose upon its Ridge to sow  
Or take away a Briar.

c. 1864

1935

877

Each Scar I'll keep for Him  
Instead I'll say of Gem  
In His long Absence worn  
A Costlier one

But every Tear I bore  
Were He to count them o'er  
His own would fall so more  
I'll mis sum them.

c. 1864

1945

878

The Sun is gay or stark  
According to our Deed.  
If Merry, He is merrier –  
If eager for the Dead

Or an expended Day  
He helped to make too bright  
His mighty pleasure suits Us not  
It magnifies our Freight

c. 1864

1945

879

Each Second is the last  
Perhaps, recalls the Man  
Just measuring unconsciousness  
The Sea and Spar between.

To fail within a Chance -  
How terribler a thing  
Than perish from the Chance's list  
Before the Perishing!

c. 1864

1945

880

The Bird must sing to earn the Crumb  
What merit have the Tune  
No Breakfast if it guaranty

The Rose content may bloom  
To gain renown of Lady's Drawer  
But if the Lady come  
But once a Century, the Rose  
Superfluous become -

c. 1864

1945

881

I've none to tell me to but Thee  
So when Thou failest, nobody.  
It was a little tie -  
It just held Two, nor those it held  
Since Somewhere thy sweet Face has spilled  
Beyond my Boundary -

If things were opposite – and Me  
And Me it were – that ebbed from Thee  
On some unanswering Shore –  
Would'st Thou seek so – just say  
That I the Answer may pursue  
Unto the lips it eddied through –  
So – overtaking Thee –

c. 1864

1945

882

A Shade upon the mind there passes  
As when on Noon  
A Cloud the mighty Sun encloses  
Remembering

That some there be too numb to notice  
Oh God  
Why give if Thou must take away  
The Loved?

c. 1864

1945

883

The Poets light but Lamps –  
Themselves – go out –  
The Wicks they stimulate –  
If vital Light

Inhere as do the Suns –  
Each Age a Lens  
Disseminating their  
Circumference –

c. 1864

1945

884

An Everywhere of Silver  
With Ropes of Sand

To keep it from effacing  
The Track called Land.

c. 1864

1891

885

Our little Kinsmen – after Rain  
In plenty may be seen,  
A Pink and Pulp'y 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.

c. 1864

1945

886

These tested Our Horizon –  
Then disappeared  
As Birds before achieving  
A Latitude.

Our Retrospection of Them  
A fixed Delight,  
But our Anticipation  
A Dice – a Doubt –

c. 1864

1945

887

We outgrow love, like other things  
And put it in the Drawer –

Till it an Antique fashion shows –  
Like Costumes Grandsires wore.

c. 1864

1896

888

When I have seen the Sun emerge  
From His amazing House –  
And leave a Day at every Door  
A Deed, in every place –

Without the incident of Fame  
Or accident of Noise –  
The Earth has seemed to me a Drum,  
Pursued of little Boys

c. 1864

1945

889

Crisis is a Hair  
Toward which the forces creep  
Past which forces retrograde  
If it come in sleep

To suspend the Breath  
Is the most we can  
Ignorant is it Life or Death  
Nicely balancing.

Let an instant push  
Or an Atom press  
Or a Circle hesitate  
In Circumference

It – may jolt the Hand  
That adjusts the Hair  
That secures Eternity  
From presenting – Here –

c. 1864

1945

890

From Us She wandered now a Year,  
Her tarrying, unknown,  
If Wilderness prevent her feet  
Or that Ethereal Zone

No Eye hath seen and lived  
We ignorant must be –  
We only know what time of Year  
We took the Mystery.

c. 1864

1896

891

To my quick ear the Leaves – conferred –  
The Bushes – they were Bells –  
I could not find a 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 –

c. 1864

1896

892

Who occupies this House?  
A Stranger I must judge  
Since No one knows His Circumstance –  
'Tis well the name and age

Are writ upon the Door  
Or I should fear to pause  
Where not so much as Honest Dog  
Approach encourages.

It seems a curious Town –  
Some Houses very old,  
Some – newly raised this Afternoon,  
Were I compelled to build

It should not be among  
Inhabitants so still  
But where the Birds assemble  
And Boys were possible.

Before Myself was born  
'Twas settled, so they say,  
A Territory for the Ghosts –  
And Squirrels, formerly.

Until a Pioneer, as  
Settlers often do  
Liking the quiet of the Place  
Attracted more unto –

And from a Settlement  
A Capital has grown  
Distinguished for the gravity  
Of every Citizen.

The Owner of this House  
A Stranger He must be –  
Eternity's Acquaintances  
Are mostly so – to me.

c. 1864

1945

### 893

Drab Habitation of Whom?  
Tabernacle or Tomb –  
Or Dome of Worm –  
Or Porch of Gnome –  
Or some Elf's Catacomb?

c. 1864

1896

### 894

Of Consciousness, her awful Mate  
The Soul cannot be rid –  
As easy the secreting her  
Behind the Eyes of God.

The deepest hid is sighted first  
And scant to Him the Crowd –  
What triple Lenses burn upon  
The Escapade from God –

c. 1864

1945

895

A Cloud withdrew from the Sky  
Superior Glory be  
But that Cloud and its Auxiliaries  
Are forever lost to me

Had I but further scanned  
Had I secured the Glow  
In an Hermetic Memory  
It had availed me now.

Never to pass the Angel  
With a glance and a Bow  
Till I am firm in Heaven  
Is my intention now.

c. 1864

1945

896

Of Silken Speech and Specious Shoe  
A Traitor is the Bee  
His service to the newest Grace  
Present continually

His Suit a chance  
His Troth a Term  
Protracted as the Breeze  
Continual Ban propoundeth He  
Continual Divorce.

c. 1864

1945

897

How fortunate the Grave –  
All Prizes to obtain –  
Successful certain, if at last,  
First Suitor not in vain.

c. 1864

1945

898

How happy I was if I could forget  
To remember how sad I am  
Would be an easy adversity  
But the recollecting of Bloom  
  
Keeps making November difficult  
Till I who was almost bold  
Lose my way like a little Child  
And perish of the cold.

c. 1864

1945

899

Herein a Blossom lies –  
A Sepulchre, between –  
Cross it, and overcome the Bee –  
Remain – 'tis but a Rind.

c. 1864

1945

900

What did They do since I saw Them?  
Were They industrious?  
So many questions to put Them  
Have I the eagerness  
  
That could I snatch Their Faces  
That could Their lips reply  
Not till the last was answered  
Should They start for the Sky.

Not if Their Party were waiting,  
Not if to talk with Me  
Were to Them now, Homesickness  
After Eternity.

Not if the Just suspect me  
And offer a Reward  
Would I restore my Booty  
To that Bold Person, God –

c. 1864

1945

901

Sweet, to have had them lost  
For news that they be saved –  
The nearer they departed Us  
The nearer they, restored,

Shall stand to Our Right Hand –  
Most precious and the Dead –  
Next precious  
Those that rose to go –  
Then thought of Us, and stayed.

c. 1864

1935

902

The first Day that I was a Life  
I recollect it – How still –  
That last Day that I was a Life  
I recollect it – as well –

'Twas stiller – though the first  
Was still –  
'Twas empty – but the first  
Was full –

This – was my finallest Occasion –  
But then  
My tenderer Experiment  
Toward Men –

"Which choose I"?  
That – I cannot say –  
"Which choose They"?  
Question Memory!

c. 1864

1945

903

I hide myself within my flower,  
That fading from your Vase,  
You, unsuspecting, feel for me –  
Almost a loneliness.

c. 1864

1890

904

Had I not This, or This, I said,  
Appealing to Myself,  
In moment of prosperity –  
Inadequate – were Life –

"Thou hast not Me, nor Me" – it said,  
In Moment of Reverse –  
"And yet Thou art industrious –  
No need – hadst Thou – of us"?

My need – was all I had – I said –  
The need did not reduce –  
Because the food – exterminate –  
The hunger – does not cease –

But diligence – is sharper –  
Proportioned to the Chance –  
To feed upon the Retrograde –  
Enfeebles – the Advance –

c. 1864

1935

905

Between My Country – and the Others –  
There is a Sea –

But Flowers – negotiate between us –  
As Ministry.

c. 1864

1935

906

The Admirations – and Contempts – of time –  
Show justest – through an Open Tomb –  
The Dying – as it were a Height  
Reorganizes Estimate  
And what We saw not  
We distinguish clear –  
And mostly – see not  
What We saw before –  
  
'Tis Compound Vision –  
Light – enabling Light –  
The Finite – furnished  
With the Infinite –  
Convex – and Concave Witness –  
Back – toward Time –  
And forward –  
Toward the God of Him –

c. 1864

1929

907

Till Death – is narrow Loving –  
The scantest Heart extant  
Will hold you till your privilege  
Of Finiteness – be spent –

But He whose loss procures you  
Such Destitution that  
Your Life too abject for itself  
Thenceforward imitate –

Until – Resemblance perfect –  
Yourself, for His pursuit

Delight of Nature – abdicate –  
Exhibit Love – somewhat –

c. 1864

1929

908

"Tis Sunrise – Little Maid – Hast Thou  
No Station in the Day?

"Twas not thy wont, to hinder so –  
Retrieve thine industry –

"Tis Noon – My little Maid –  
Alas – and art thou sleeping yet?  
The Lily – waiting to be Wed –  
The Bee – Hast thou forgot?

My little Maid – "Tis Night – Alas  
That Night should be to thee  
Instead of Morning – Had'st thou broached  
Thy little Plan to Die –  
Dissuade thee, if I could not, Sweet,  
I might have aided – thee –

c. 1864

1896

909

I make His Crescent fill or lack –  
His Nature is at Full  
Or Quarter – as I signify –  
His Tides – do I control –

He holds superior in the Sky  
Or gropes, at my Command  
Behind inferior Clouds – or round  
A Mist's slow Colonnade –

But since We hold a Mutual Disc –  
And front a Mutual Day –  
Which is the Despot, neither knows –  
Nor Whose – the Tyranny –

c. 1864

1929

## 910

Experience is the Angled Road  
 Preferred against the Mind  
 By – Paradox – the Mind itself –  
 Presuming it to lead

Quite Opposite – How Complicate  
 The Discipline of Man –  
 Compelling Him to Choose Himself  
 His Preappointed Pain –

c. 1864

1929

## 911

Too little way the House must lie  
 From every Human Heart  
 That holds in undisputed Lease  
 A white inhabitant –

Too narrow is the Right between –  
 Too imminent the chance –  
 Each Consciousness must emigrate  
 And lose its neighbor once –

c. 1864

1935

## 912

Peace is a fiction of our Faith –  
 The Bells a Winter Night  
 Bearing the Neighbor out of Sound  
 That never did alight.

c. 1864

1945

## 913

And this of all my Hopes  
 This, is the silent end  
 Bountiful colored, my Morning rose  
 Early and sere, its end

Never Bud from a Stem  
Stepped with so gay a Foot  
Never a Worm so confident  
Bored at so brave a Root

c. 1864

1929

914

I cannot be ashamed  
Because I cannot see  
The love you offer –  
Magnitude  
Reverses Modesty

And I cannot be proud  
Because a Height so high  
Involves Alpine  
Requirements  
And Services of Snow.

c. 1864

1929

915

Faith – is the Pierless Bridge  
Supporting what We see  
Unto the Scene that We do not –  
Too slender for the eye

It bears the Soul as bold  
As it were rocked in Steel  
With Arms of Steel at either side –  
It joins – behind the Veil

To what, could We presume  
The Bridge would cease to be  
To Our far, vacillating Feet  
A first Necessity.

c. 1864

1929

His Feet are shod with Gauze –  
 His Helmet, is of Gold,  
 His Breast, a Single Onyx  
 With Chrysoprase, inlaid.

His Labor is a Chant –  
 His Idleness – a Tune –  
 Oh, for a Bee's experience  
 Of Clovers, and of Noon!

c. 1864

1890

Love – is anterior to Life –  
 Posterior – to Death –  
 Initial of Creation, and  
 The Exponent of Earth –

c. 1864

1896

Only a Shrine, but Mine –  
 I made the Taper shine –  
 Madonna dim, to whom all Feet may come,  
 Regard a Nun –

Thou knowest every Woe –  
 Needless to tell thee – so –  
 But can't thou do  
 The Grace next to it – heal?  
 That looks a harder skill to us –  
 Still – just as easy, if it be thy Will  
 To thee – Grant me –  
 Thou knowest, though, so Why tell thee?

c. 1864

1929

919

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.

c. 1864

1890

920

We can but follow to the Sun –  
As oft as He go down  
He leave Ourselves a Sphere behind –  
'Tis mostly – following –  
  
We go no further with the Dust  
Than to the Earthen Door –  
And then the Panels are reversed –  
And we behold – no more.

c. 1864

1955

921

If it had no pencil  
Would it try mine –  
Worn – now – and *dull* – sweet,  
Writing much to thee.  
If it had no word,  
Would it make the Daisy,  
Most as big as I was,  
When it plucked me?

c. 1864

1945

922

Those who have been in the Grave the longest –  
Those who begin Today –

Equally perish from our Practise –  
Death is the other way –

Foot of the Bold did least attempt it –  
It – is the White Exploit –  
Once to achieve, annuls the power  
Once to communicate –

c. 1864

1945

923

How the Waters closed above Him  
We shall never know –  
How He stretched His Anguish to us  
That – is covered too –

Spreads the Pond Her Base of Lilies  
Bold above the Boy  
Whose unclaimed Hat and Jacket  
Sum the History –

c. 1864

1945

924

Love – is that later Thing than Death –  
More previous – than Life –  
Confirms it at its entrance – And  
Usurps it – of itself –

Tastes Death – the first – to hand the sting  
The Second – to its friend –  
Disarms the little interval –  
Deposits Him with God –

Then hovers – an inferior Guard –  
Lest this Beloved Charge  
Need – once in an Eternity –  
A smaller than the Large –

c. 1864

1945

Struck, was I, not yet by Lightning –  
 Lightning – lets away  
 Power to perceive His Process  
 With Vitality.

Maimed – was I – yet not by Venture –  
 Stone of stolid Boy –  
 Nor a Sportsman's Peradventure –  
 Who mine Enemy?

Robbed – was I – intact to Bandit –  
 All my Mansion torn –  
 Sun – withdrawn to Recognition –  
 Furthest shining – done –

Yet was not the foe – of any –  
 Not the smallest Bird  
 In the nearest Orchard dwelling  
 Be of Me – afraid.

Most – I love the Cause that slew Me.  
 Often as I die  
 Its beloved Recognition  
 Holds a Sun on Me –

Best – at Setting – as is Nature's –  
 Neither witnessed Rise  
 Till the infinite Aurora  
 In the other's eyes.

c. 1864

1945

Patience – has a quiet Outer –  
 Patience – Look within –  
 Is an Insect's futile forces  
 Infinites – between –

'Scaping one – against the other  
 Fruitlesser to fling –

Patience – is the Smile's exertion  
Through the quivering –

c. 1864

1945

927

Absent Place – an April Day –  
Daffodils a-blow  
Homesick curiosity  
To the Souls that snow –

Drift may block within it  
Deeper than without –  
Daffodil delight but  
Him it duplicate –

c. 1864

1945

928

The Heart has narrow Banks  
It measures like the Sea  
In mighty – unremitting Bass  
And Blue Monotony

Till Hurricane bisect  
And as itself discerns  
Its insufficient Area  
The Heart convulsive learns

That Calm is but a Wall  
Of unattempted Gauze  
An instant's Push demolishes  
A Questioning – dissolves.

c. 1864

1945

929

How far is it to Heaven?  
As far as Death this way –  
Of River or of Ridge beyond  
Was no discovery.

How far is it to Hell?  
As far as Death this way –  
How far left hand the Sepulchre  
Defies Topography.

c. 1864

1945

930

There is a June when Corn is cut  
And Roses in the Seed –  
A Summer briefer than the first  
But tenderer indeed

As should a Face supposed the Grave's  
Emerge a single Noon  
In the Vermilion that it wore  
Affect us, and return –

Two Seasons, it is said, exist –  
The Summer of the Just,  
And this of Ours, diversified  
With Prospect, and with Frost –

May not our Second with its First  
So infinite compare  
That We but recollect the one  
The other to prefer?

c. 1864

1945

931

Noon – is the Hinge of Day –  
Evening – the Tissue Door –  
Morning – the East compelling the sill  
Till all the World is ajar –

c. 1864

1945

932

My best Acquaintances are those  
With Whom I spoke no Word –

The Stars that stated come to Town  
Esteemed Me never rude  
Although to their Celestial Call  
I failed to make reply –  
My constant – reverential Face  
Sufficient Courtesy.

c. 1864

1945

933

Two Travellers perishing in Snow  
The Forests as they froze  
Together heard them strengthening  
Each other with the words

That Heaven if Heaven – must contain  
What Either left behind  
And then the cheer too solemn grew  
For language, and the wind

Long steps across the features took  
That Love had touched that Morn  
With reverential Hyacinth –  
The taleless Days went on

Till Mystery impatient drew  
And those They left behind  
Led absent, were procured of Heaven  
As Those first furnished, said –

c. 1864

1945

934

That is solemn we have ended  
Be it but a Play  
Or a Glee among the Garret  
Or a Holiday

Or a leaving Home, or later,  
Parting with a World

We have understood for better  
Still to be explained.

c. 1864

1896

935

Death leaves Us homesick, who behind,  
Except that it is gone  
Are ignorant of its Concern  
As if it were not born.

Through all their former Places, we  
Like Individuals go  
Who something lost, the seeking for  
Is all that's left them, now —

c. 1863

1945

936

This Dust, and its Feature —  
Accredited — Today —  
Will in a second Future —  
Cease to identify —

This Mind, and its measure —  
A too minute Area  
For its enlarged inspection's  
Comparison — appear —

This World, and its species  
A too concluded show  
For its absorbed Attention's  
Remotest scrutiny —

c. 1864

1945

937\*

I felt a Cleaving in my Mind —  
As if my Brain had split —  
I tried to match it — Seam by Seam —  
But could not make them fit.

\* See poem 992.

The thought behind, I strove to join  
Unto the thought before –  
But Sequence ravelled out of Sound  
Like Balls – upon a Floor.

c. 1864

1896

938

Fairer through Fading – as the Day  
Into the Darkness dips away –  
Half Her Complexion of the Sun –  
Hindering – Haunting – Perishing –  
  
Rallies Her Glow, like a dying Friend –  
Teasing with glittering Amend –  
Only to aggravate the Dark  
Through an expiring – perfect – look –

c. 1864

1945

939

What I see not, I better see –  
Through Faith – my Hazel Eye  
Has periods of shutting –  
But, No lid has Memory –  
  
For frequent, all my sense obscured  
I equally behold  
As someone held a light unto  
The Features so beloved –  
  
And I arise – and in my Dream –  
Do Thee distinguished Grace –  
Till jealous Daylight interrupt –  
And mar thy perfectness –

c. 1864

1945

940

On that dear Frame the Years had worn  
Yet precious as the House

In which We first experienced Light  
The Witnessing, to Us –

Precious! It was conceiveless fair  
As Hands the Grave had grimed  
Should softly place within our own  
Denying that they died.

c. 1864

1945

941

The Lady feeds Her little Bird  
At rarer intervals –  
The little Bird would not dissent  
But meekly recognize

The Gulf between the Hand and Her  
And crumbless and afar  
And fainting, on Her yellow Knee  
Fall softly, and adore –

c. 1864

1945

942

Snow beneath whose chilly softness  
Some that never lay  
Make their first Repose this Winter  
I admonish Thee

Blanket Wealthier the Neighbor  
We so new bestow  
Than thine acclimated Creature  
Wilt Thou, Austere Snow?

c. 1864

1945

943

A Coffin – is a small Domain,  
Yet able to contain  
A Citizen of Paradise  
In its diminished Plane.

A Grave – is a restricted Breadth –  
Yet ampler than the Sun –  
And all the Seas He populates  
And Lands He looks upon

To Him who on its small Repose  
Bestows a single Friend –  
Circumference without Relief –  
Or Estimate – or End –

c. 1864

1945

944

I learned – at least – what Home could be –  
How ignorant I had been  
Of pretty ways of Covenant –  
How awkward at the Hymn

Round our new Fireside – but for this –  
This pattern – of the Way –  
Whose Memory drowns me, like the Dip  
Of a Celestial Sea –

What Mornings in our Garden – guessed –  
What Bees – for us – to hum –  
With only Birds to interrupt  
The Ripple of our Theme –

And Task for Both –  
When Play be done –  
Your Problem – of the Brain –  
And mine – some foolisher effect –  
A Ruffle – or a Tune –

The Afternoons – Together spent –  
And Twilight – in the Lanes –  
Some ministry to poorer lives –  
Seen poorest – thro' our gains –

And then Return – and Night – and Home –  
And then away to You to pass –  
A new – diviner – care –

Till Sunrise take us back to Scene –  
Transmuted – Vivider –

This seems a Home –  
And Home is not –  
But what that Place could be –  
Afflicts me – as a Setting Sun –  
Where Dawn – knows how to be –

c. 1864

1945

945

This is a Blossom of the Brain –  
A small – italic Seed  
Lodged by Design or Happening  
The Spirit fructified –

Shy as the Wind of his Chambers  
Swift as a Freshet's Tongue  
So of the Flower of the Soul  
Its process is unknown.

When it is found, a few rejoice  
The Wise convey it Home  
Carefully cherishing the spot  
If other Flower become.

When it is lost, that Day shall be  
The Funeral of God,  
Upon his Breast, a closing Soul  
The Flower of our Lord.

c. 1864

1945

946

It is an honorable Thought  
And makes One lift One's Hat  
As One met sudden Gentlefolk  
Upon a daily Street

That We've immortal Place  
Though Pyramids decay

And Kingdoms, like the Orchard  
Flit Russetly away

c. 1864

1896

947

Of Tolling Bell I ask the cause?  
“A Soul has gone to Heaven”  
I’m answered in a lonesome tone –  
Is Heaven then a Prison?

That Bells should ring till all should know  
A Soul had gone to Heaven  
Would seem to me the more the way  
A Good News should be given.

c. 1864

1896

948

’Twas Crisis – All the length had passed –  
That dull – benumbing time  
There is in Fever or Event –  
And now the Chance had come –

The instant holding in its claw  
The privilege to live  
Or warrant to report the Soul  
The other side the Grave.

The Muscles grappled as with leads  
That would not let the Will –  
The Spirit shook the Adamant –  
But could not make it feel.

The Second poised – debated – shot –  
Another had begun –  
And simultaneously, a Soul  
Escaped the House unseen –

c. 1864

1945

Under the Light, yet under,  
 Under the Grass and the Dirt,  
 Under the Beetle's Cellar  
 Under the Clover's Root,  
 Further than Arm could stretch  
 Were it Giant long,  
 Further than Sunshine could  
 Were the Day Year long,  
 Over the Light, yet over,  
 Over the Arc of the Bird –  
 Over the Comet's chimney –  
 Over the Cubit's Head,  
 Further than Guess can gallop  
 Further than Riddle ride –  
 Oh for a Disc to the Distance  
 Between Ourselves and the Dead!

c. 1864

1945

The Sunset stopped on Cottages  
 Where Sunset hence must be  
 For treason not of His, but Life's,  
 Gone Westerly, Today –

The Sunset stopped on Cottages  
 Where Morning just begun –  
 What difference, after all, Thou mak'st  
 Thou supercilious Sun?

c. 1864

1945

As Frost is best conceived  
 By force of its Result –  
 Affliction is inferred  
 By subsequent effect –

If when the sun reveal,  
The Garden keep the Gash –  
If as the Days resume  
The wilted countenance

Cannot correct the crease  
Or counteract the stain –  
Presumption is Vitality  
Was somewhere put in twain.

c. 1864

1945

952

A Man may make a Remark –  
In itself – a quiet thing  
That may furnish the Fuse unto a Spark  
In dormant nature – lain –

Let us deport – with skill –  
Let us discourse – with care –  
Powder exists in Charcoal –  
Before it exists in Fire.

c. 1864

1945

953

A Door just opened on a street –  
I – lost – was passing by –  
An instant's Width of Warmth disclosed –  
And Wealth – and Company.

The Door as instant shut – And I –  
I – lost – was passing by –  
Lost doubly – but by contrast – most –  
Informing – misery –

c. 1864

1896

954

The Chemical conviction  
That Nought be lost

Enable in Disaster  
My fractured Trust -

The Faces of the Atoms  
If I shall see  
How more the Finished Creatures  
Departed me!

c. 1864

1945

955

The Hollows round His eager Eyes  
Were Pages where to read  
Pathetic Histories - although  
Himself had not complained.  
Biography to All who passed  
Of Unobtrusive Pain  
Except for the italic Face  
Endured, unhelped - unknown.

c. 1864

1945

956

What shall I do when the Summer troubles -  
What, when the Rose is ripe -  
What when the Eggs fly off in Music  
From the Maple Keep?

What shall I do when the Skies a'chirrup  
Drop a Tune on me -  
When the Bee hangs all Noon in the Buttercup  
What will become of me?

Oh, when the Squirrel fills His Pockets  
And the Berries stare  
How can I bear their jocund Faces  
Thou from Here, so far?

'Twouldn't afflict a Robin -  
All His Goods have Wings -

I – do not fly, so wherefore  
My Perennial Things?

c. 1864

1945

957

As One does Sickness over  
In convalescent Mind,  
His scrutiny of Chances  
By blessed Health obscured –

As One rewalks a Precipice  
And whittles at the Twig  
That held Him from Perdition  
Sown sidewise in the Crag

A Custom of the Soul  
Far after suffering  
Identity to question  
For evidence 't has been –

c. 1864

1945

958

We met as Sparks – Diverging Flints  
Sent various – scattered ways –  
We parted as the Central Flint  
Were cloven with an Adze –  
Subsisting on the Light We bore  
Before We felt the Dark –  
A Flint unto this Day – perhaps –  
But for that single Spark.

c. 1864

1945

959

A loss of something ever felt I –  
The first that I could recollect  
Bereft I was – of what I knew not  
Too young that any should suspect

A Mourner walked among the children  
I notwithstanding went about  
As one bemoaning a Dominion  
Itself the only Prince cast out –

Elder, Today, a session wiser  
And fainter, too, as Wiseness is –  
I find myself still softly searching  
For my Delinquent Palaces –

And a Suspicion, like a Finger  
Touches my Forehead now and then  
That I am looking oppositely  
For the site of the Kingdom of Heaven –

c. 1864

1945

960

As plan for Noon and plan for Night  
So differ Life and Death  
In positive Prospective –  
The Foot upon the Earth

At Distance, and Achievement, strains,  
The Foot upon the Grave  
Makes effort at conclusion  
Assisted faint of Love.

c. 1864

1945

961

Wert Thou but ill – that I might show thee  
How long a Day I could endure  
Though thine attention stop not on me  
Nor the least signal, Me assure –

Wert Thou but Stranger in ungracious country –  
And Mine – the Door  
Thou paused at, for a passing bounty –  
No More –

Accused – wert Thou – and Myself – Tribunal –  
Convicted – Sentenced – Ermine – not to Me  
Half the Condition, thy Reverse – to follow –  
Just to partake – the infamy –

The Tenant of the Narrow Cottage, wert Thou –  
Permit to be  
The Housewife in thy low attendance  
Contenteth Me –

No Service hast Thou, I would not achieve it –  
To die – or live –  
The first – Sweet, proved I, ere I saw thee –  
For Life – be Love –

c. 1864

1945

### 962

Midsummer, was it, when They died –  
A full, and perfect time –  
The Summer closed upon itself  
In Consummated Bloom –

The Corn, her furthest kernel filled  
Before the coming Flail –  
When These – leaned into Perfectness –  
Through Haze of Burial –

c. 1864

1929

### 963

A nearness to Tremendousness –  
An Agony procures –  
Affliction ranges Boundlessness –  
Vicinity to Laws

Contentment's quiet Suburb –  
Affliction cannot stay  
In Acres – Its Location  
Is Illocality –

c. 1864

1935

## 964

"Unto Me?" I do not know you –  
Where may be your House?

"I am Jesus – Late of Judea –  
Now – of Paradise" –

Wagons – have you – to convey me?  
This is far from Thence –

"Arms of Mine – sufficient Phaeton –  
Trust Omnipotence" –

I am spotted – "I am Pardon" –  
I am small – "The Least  
Is esteemed in Heaven the Chiefest –  
Occupy my House" –

c. 1864

1929

## 965

Denial – is the only fact  
Perceived by the Denied –  
Whose Will – a numb significance –  
The Day the Heaven died –

And all the Earth strove common round –  
Without Delight, or Beam –  
What Comfort was it Wisdom – was –  
The spoiler of Our Home?

c. 1864

1929

## 966

All forgot for recollecting  
Just a paltry One –  
All forsook, for just a Stranger's  
New Accompanying –

Grace of Wealth, and Grace of Station  
Less accounted than

An unknown Esteem possessing –  
Estimate – Who can –  
Home effaced – Her faces dwindled –  
Nature – altered small –  
Sun – if shone – or Storm – if shattered –  
Overlooked I all –  
Dropped – my fate – a timid Pebble –  
In thy bolder Sea –  
Prove – me – Sweet – if I regret it –  
Prove Myself – of Thee –

c. 1864

1929

967

Pain – expands the Time –  
Ages coil within  
The minute Circumference  
Of a single Brain –  
Pain contracts – the Time –  
Occupied with Shot  
Gamuts of Eternities  
Are as they were not –

c. 1864

1929

968

Fitter to see Him, I may be  
For the long Hindrance – Grace – to Me –  
With Summers, and with Winters, grow,  
Some passing Year – A trait bestow  
To make Me fairest of the Earth –  
The Waiting – then – will seem so worth  
I shall impute with half a pain  
The blame that I was chosen – then –  
Time to anticipate His Gaze –  
It's first – Delight – and then – Surprise –

The turning o'er and o'er my face  
For Evidence it be the Grace -

He left behind One Day - So less  
He seek Conviction, That - be This -

I only must not grow so new  
That He'll mistake - and ask for me  
Of me - when first unto the Door  
I go - to Elsewhere go no more -

I only must not change so fair  
He'll sigh - "The Other - She - is Where?"  
The Love, tho', will array me right  
I shall be perfect - in His sight -

If He perceive the other Truth -  
Upon an Excellenter Youth -

How sweet I shall not lack in Vain -  
But gain - thro' loss - Through Grief - obtain -  
The Beauty that reward Him best -  
The Beauty of Demand - at Rest -

c. 1864

1930

## 969

He who in Himself believes -  
Fraud cannot presume -  
Faith is Constancy's Result -  
And assumes - from Home -  
  
Cannot perish, though it fail  
Every second time -  
But defaced Vicariously -  
For Some Other Shame -

c. 1864

1945

## 970

Color - Caste - Denomination -  
These - are Time's Affair -

Death's diviner Classifying  
Does not know they are –  
  
As in sleep – All Hue forgotten –  
Tenets – put behind –  
Death's large – Democratic fingers  
Rub away the Brand –  
  
If Circassian – He is careless –  
If He put away  
Chrysalis of Blonde – or Umber –  
Equal Butterfly –  
  
They emerge from His Obscuring –  
What Death – knows so well –  
Our minuter intuitions –  
Deem unpleasurable –

c. 1864

1929

971

Robbed by Death – but that was easy –  
To the failing Eye  
I could hold the latest Glowing –  
Robbed by Liberty

For Her Jugular Defences –  
This, too, I endured –  
Hint of Glory – it afforded –  
For the Brave Beloved –

Fraud of Distance – Fraud of Danger,  
Fraud of Death – to bear –  
It is Bounty – to Suspense's  
Vague Calamity –

Staking our entire Possession  
On a Hair's result –  
Then – Seesawing – coolly – on it –  
Trying if it split –

c. 1864

1945

972

Unfulfilled to Observation –  
Incomplete – to Eye –  
But to Faith – a Revolution  
In Locality –  
  
Unto Us – the Suns extinguish –  
To our Opposite –  
New Horizons – they embellish –  
Fronting Us – with Night.

c. 1864

1935

973

"Twas awkward, but it fitted me –  
An Ancient fashioned Heart –  
Its only lore – its Steadfastness –  
In Change – unerudit –  
  
It only moved as do the Suns –  
For merit of Return –  
Or Birds – confirmed perpetual  
By Alternating Zone –  
  
I only have it not Tonight  
In its established place –  
For technicality of Death –  
Omitted in the Lease –

c. 1864

1935

974

The Soul's distinct connection  
With immortality  
Is best disclosed by Danger  
Or quick Calamity –  
  
As Lightning on a Landscape  
Exhibits Sheets of Place –

Not yet suspected – but for Flash –  
And Click – and Suddenness.

c. 1864

1929

975

The Mountain sat upon the Plain  
In his tremendous Chair –  
His observation omnifold,  
His inquest, everywhere –

The Seasons played around his knees  
Like Children round a sire –  
Grandfather of the Days is He  
Of Dawn, the Ancestor –

c. 1864

1890

976

Death is a Dialogue between  
The Spirit and the Dust.  
“Dissolve” says Death – The Spirit “Sir  
I have another Trust” –

Death doubts it – Argues from the Ground –  
The Spirit turns away  
Just laying off for evidence  
An Overcoat of Clay.

c. 1864

1890

977

Besides this May  
We know  
There is Another –  
How fair  
Our Speculations of the Foreigner!

Some know Him whom We knew –  
Sweet Wonder –

A Nature be  
Where Saints, and our plain going Neighbor  
Keep May!

c. 1864

1945

978

It bloomed and dropt, a Single Noon –  
The Flower – distinct and Red –  
I, passing, thought another Noon  
Another in its stead

Will equal glow, and thought no More  
But came another Day  
To find the Species disappeared –  
The Same Locality –

The Sun in place – no other fraud  
On Nature's perfect Sum –  
Had I but lingered Yesterday –  
Was my retrieveless blame –

Much Flowers of this and further Zones  
Have perished in my Hands  
For seeking its Resemblance –  
But unapproached it stands –

The single Flower of the Earth  
That I, in passing by  
Unconscious was – Great Nature's Face  
Passed infinite by Me –

c. 1864

1955

979

This Merit hath the worst –  
It cannot be again –  
When Fate hath taunted last  
And thrown Her furthest Stone –

The Maimed may pause, and breathe,  
And glance securely round –

The Deer attracts no further  
Than it resists – the Hound –

c. 1864

1891

980

Purple – is fashionable twice –  
This season of the year,  
And when a soul perceives itself  
To be an Emperor.

c. 1864

1945

981

As Sleigh Bells seem in summer  
Or Bees, at Christmas show –  
So fairy – so fictitious  
The individuals do  
Repealed from observation –  
A Party that we knew –  
More distant in an instant  
Than Dawn in Timbuctoo.

c. 1864

1945

982

No Other can reduce  
Our mortal Consequence  
Like the remembering it be nought  
A Period from hence  
But Contemplation for  
Contemporaneous Nought  
Our Single Competition  
Jehovah's Estimate.

c. 1865

1914

983

Ideals are the Fairy Oil  
With which we help the Wheel

But when the Vital Axle turns  
The Eye rejects the Oil.

c. 1865

1945

984

"Tis Anguish grander than Delight  
"Tis Resurrection Pain –  
The meeting Bands of smitten Face  
We questioned to, again.

"Tis Transport wild as thrills the Graves  
When Cerements let go  
And Creatures clad in Miracle  
Go up by Two and Two.

c. 1865

1945

985

The Missing All – prevented Me  
From missing minor Things.  
If nothing larger than a World's  
Departure from a Hinge –  
Or Sun's extinction, be observed –  
"Twas not so large that I  
Could lift my Forehead from my work  
For Curiosity.

c. 1865

1914

986

A narrow Fellow in the Grass  
Occasionally rides –  
You may have met Him – did you not  
His notice sudden is –

The Grass divides as with a Comb –  
A spotted shaft is seen –  
And then it closes at your feet  
And opens further on –

He likes a Boggy Acre  
A Floor too cool for Corn –  
Yet when a Boy, and Barefoot –  
I more than once at Noon  
Have passed, I thought, a Whip lash  
Unbraiding in the Sun  
When stooping to secure it  
It wrinkled, and was gone –

Several of Nature's People  
I know, and they know me –  
I feel for them a transport  
Of cordiality –

But never met this Fellow  
Attended, or alone  
Without a tighter breathing  
And Zero at the Bone –

c. 1865

1866

987

The Leaves like Women interchange  
Exclusive Confidence –  
Somewhat of nods and somewhat  
Portentous inference.

The Parties in both cases  
Enjoining secrecy –  
Inviolable compact  
To notoriety.

c. 1865

1891

988

The Definition of Beauty is  
That Definition is none –  
Of Heaven, easing Analysis,  
Since Heaven and He are one.

c. 1865

1924

Gratitude – is not the mention  
Of a Tenderness,  
But its still appreciation  
Out of Plumb of Speech.

When the Sea return no Answer  
By the Line and Lead  
Proves it there's no Sea, or rather  
A remoter Bed?

c. 1865

1947

Not all die early, dying young –  
Maturity of Fate  
Is consummated equally  
In Ages, or a Night –

A Hoary Boy, I've known to drop  
Whole statured – by the side  
Of Junior of Fourscore – 'twas Act  
Not Period – that died.

c. 1865

1894

She sped as Petals of a Rose  
Offended by the Wind –  
A frail Aristocrat of Time  
Indemnity to find –  
Leaving on nature – a Default  
As Cricket or as Bee –  
But Andes in the Bosoms where  
She had begun to lie –

c. 1865

1932

992\*

The Dust behind I strove to join  
Unto the Disk before –  
But Sequence unravelled out of Sound  
Like Balls upon a Floor –

c. 1865

1955

993

We miss Her, not because We see –  
The Absence of an Eye –  
Except its Mind accompany  
Abridge Society

As slightly as the Routes of Stars –  
Ourselves – asleep below –  
We know that their superior Eyes  
Include Us – as they go –

c. 1865

1945

994

Partake as doth the Bee,  
Abstemiously.  
The Rose is an Estate –  
In Sicily.

c. 1865

1945

995

This was in the White of the Year –  
That – was in the Green –  
Drifts were as difficult then to think  
As Daisies now to be seen –

Looking back is best that is left  
Or if it be – before –

\* See poem 937.

Retrospection is Prospect's half,  
Sometimes, almost more.

c. 1865

1894

996

We'll pass without the parting  
So to spare  
Certificate of Absence –  
Deeming where  
  
I left Her I could find Her  
If I tried –  
This way, I keep from missing  
Those that died.

c. 1865

1894

997

Crumbling is not an instant's Act  
A fundamental pause  
Dilapidation's processes  
Are organized Decays.

"Tis first a Cobweb on the Soul  
A Cuticle of Dust  
A Borer in the Axis  
An Elemental Rust –

Ruin is formal – Devil's work  
Consecutive and slow –  
Fail in an instant, no man did  
Slipping – is Crash's law.

c. 1865

1945

998

Best Things dwell out of Sight  
The Pearl – the Just – Our Thought.

Most shun the Public Air  
Legitimate, and Rare –  
The Capsule of the Wind  
The Capsule of the Mind  
Exhibit here, as doth a Burr –  
Germ's Germ be where?

c. 1865

1945

999

Superfluous were the Sun  
When Excellence be dead  
He were superfluous every Day  
For every Day be said

That syllable whose Faith  
Just saves it from Despair  
And whose “I'll meet You” hesitates  
If Love inquire “Where”?

Upon His dateless Fame  
Our Periods may lie  
As Stars that drop anonymous  
From an abundant sky.

c. 1865

1896

1000

The Fingers of the Light  
Tapped soft upon the Town  
With “I am great and cannot wait  
So therefore let me in.”

“You're soon,” the Town replied,  
“My Faces are asleep –  
But swear, and I will let you by,  
You will not wake them up.”

The easy Guest complied  
But once within the Town

The transport of His Countenance  
Awakened Maid and Man

The Neighbor in the Pool  
Upon His Hip elate  
Made loud obeisance and the Gnat  
Held up His Cup for Light.

c. 1865

1945

1001

The Stimulus, beyond the Grave  
His Countenance to see  
Supports me like imperial Drams  
Afforded Day by Day.

c. 1865

1896

1002

Aurora is the effort  
Of the Celestial Face  
Unconsciousness of Perfectness  
To simulate, to Us.

c. 1865

1945

1003

Dying at my music!  
Bubble! Bubble!  
Hold me till the Octave's run!  
Quick! Burst the Windows!  
Ritardando!  
Phials left, and the Sun!

c. 1865

1945

1004

There is no Silence in the Earth – so silent  
As that endured

Which uttered, would discourage Nature  
And haunt the World.

c. 1865

1945

1005

Bind me – I still can sing –  
Banish – my mandolin  
Strikes true within –

Slay – and my Soul shall rise  
Chanting to Paradise –  
Still thine.

c. 1865

1945

1006

The first We knew of Him was Death –  
The second – was – Renown –  
Except the first had justified  
The second had not been.

c. 1865

1945

1007

Falsehood of Thee could I suppose  
'Twould undermine the Sill  
To which my Faith pinned Block by Block  
Her Cedar Citadel.

c. 1865

1945

1008

How still the Bells in Steeples stand  
Till swollen with the Sky  
They leap upon their silver Feet  
In frantic Melody!

c. 1865

1896

1009

I was a Phoebe – nothing more –  
A Phoebe – nothing less –  
The little note that others dropt  
I fitted into place –

I dwelt too low that any seek –  
Too shy, that any blame –  
A Phoebe makes a little print  
Upon the Floors of Fame –

c. 1865

1945

1010

Up Life's Hill with my little Bundle  
If I prove it steep –  
If a Discouragement withhold me –  
If my newest step  
  
Older feel than the Hope that prompted –  
Spotless be from blame  
Heart that proposed as Heart that accepted  
Homelessness, for Home –

c. 1865

1945

1011

She rose as high as His Occasion  
Then sought the Dust –  
And lower lay in low Westminster  
For Her brief Crest –

c. 1865

1945

1012

Which is best? Heaven –  
Or only Heaven to come  
With that old Codicil of Doubt?  
I cannot help esteem

The "Bird within the Hand"  
Superior to the one  
The "Bush" may yield me  
Or may not  
Too late to choose again.

c. 1865

1945

1013

Too scanty 'twas to die for you,  
The merest Greek could that.  
The living, Sweet, is costlier –  
I offer even that –

The Dying, is a trifle, past,  
But living, this include  
The dying multifold – without  
The Respite to be dead.

c. 1865

1945

1014

Did We abolish Frost  
The Summer would not cease –  
If Seasons perish or prevail  
Is optional with Us –

c. 1865

1945

1015

Were it but Me that gained the Height –  
Were it but They, that failed!  
How many things the Dying play  
Might they but live, they would!

c. 1865

1945

1016

The Hills in Purple syllables  
The Day's Adventures tell

To little Groups of Continents  
Just going Home from School.

c. 1865

1945

1017

To die – without the Dying  
And live – without the Life  
This is the hardest Miracle  
Propounded to Belief.

c. 1865

1945

1018

Who saw no Sunrise cannot say  
The Countenance 'twould be.  
Who guess at seeing, guess at loss  
Of the Ability.

The Emigrant of Light, it is  
Afflicted for the Day.  
The Blindness that beheld and blest –  
And could not find its Eye.

c. 1865

1945

1019

My Season's furthest Flower –  
I tenderer commend  
Because I found Her Kinsmanless,  
A Grace without a Friend.

c. 1865

1945

1020

Trudging to Eden, looking backward,  
I met Somebody's little Boy  
Asked him his name – He lisped me "Trotwood" –  
Lady, did He belong to thee?

Would it comfort – to know I met him –  
And that He didn't look afraid?  
I couldn't weep – for so many smiling  
New Acquaintance – this Baby made –

c. 1865

1945

1021

Far from Love the Heavenly Father  
Leads the Chosen Child,  
Oftener through Realm of Briar  
Than the Meadow mild.

Oftener by the Claw of Dragon  
Than the Hand of Friend  
Guides the Little One predestined  
To the Native Land.

c. 1865

1896

1022

I knew that I had gained  
And yet I knew not how  
By Diminution it was not  
But Discipline unto

A Rigor unrelieved  
Except by the Content  
Another bear its Duplicate  
In other Continent.

c. 1865

1945

1023

It rises – passes – on our South  
Inscribes a simple Noon –  
Cajoles a Moment with the Spires  
And infinite is gone –

c. 1865

1945

So large my Will  
 The little that I may  
 Embarrasses  
 Like gentle infamy –

Affront to Him  
 For whom the Whole were small  
 Affront to me  
 Who know His Meed of all.

Earth at the best  
 Is but a scanty Toy –  
 Bought, carried Home  
 To Immortality.

It looks so small  
 We chiefly wonder then  
 At our Conceit  
 In purchasing.

c. 1865

1945

The Products of my Farm are these  
 Sufficient for my Own  
 And here and there a Benefit  
 Unto a Neighbor's Bin.

With Us, 'tis Harvest all the Year  
 For when the Frosts begin  
 We just reverse the Zodiac  
 And fetch the Acres in.

c. 1865

1945

The Dying need but little, Dear,  
 A Glass of Water's all,  
 A Flower's unobtrusive Face  
 To punctuate the Wall,

A Fan, perhaps, a Friend's Regret  
And Certainty that one  
No color in the Rainbow  
Perceive, when you are gone.

c. 1865

1896

1027

My Heart upon a little Plate  
Her Palate to delight  
A Berry or a Bun, would be,  
Might it an Apricot!

c. 1865

1945

1028

"Twas my one Glory –  
Let it be  
Remembered  
I was owned of Thee –

c. 1865

1945

1029

Nor Mountain hinder Me  
Nor Sea –  
Who's Baltic –  
Who's Cordillera?

c. 1865

1945

1030

That Such have died enable Us  
The tranquiller to die –  
That Such have lived,  
Certificate for Immortality.

c. 1865

1896

Fate slew Him, but He did not drop –  
 She felled – He did not fall –  
 Impaled Him on Her fiercest stakes –  
 He neutralized them all –

She stung Him – sapped His firm Advance –  
 But when Her Worst was done  
 And He – unmoved regarded Her –  
 Acknowledged Him a Man.

c. 1865

1896

Who is the East?  
 The Yellow Man  
 Who may be Purple if He can  
 That carries in the Sun.

Who is the West?  
 The Purple Man  
 Who may be Yellow if He can  
 That lets Him out again.

c. 1865

1945

Said Death to Passion  
 “Give of thine an Acre unto me.”  
 Said Passion, through contracting Breaths  
 “A Thousand Times Thee Nay.”

Bore Death from Passion  
 All His East  
 He – sovereign as the Sun  
 Resituated in the West  
 And the Debate was done.

c. 1865

1945

1034

His Bill an Auger is  
His Head, a Cap and Frill  
He laboreth at every Tree  
A Worm, His utmost Goal.

c. 1865

1896

1035

Bee! I'm expecting you!  
Was saying Yesterday  
To Somebody you know  
That you were due –

The Frogs got Home last Week –  
Are settled, and at work –  
Birds, mostly back –  
The Clover warm and thick –

You'll get my Letter by  
The seventeenth; Reply  
Or better, be with me –  
Yours, Fly.

c. 1865

1945

1036

Satisfaction – is the Agent  
Of Satiety –  
Want – a quiet Commissary  
For Infinity.

To possess, is past the instant  
We achieve the Joy –  
Immortality contented  
Were Anomaly.

c. 1865

1945

Here, where the Daisies fit my Head  
 'Tis easiest to lie  
 And every Grass that plays outside  
 Is sorry, some, for me.

Where I am not afraid to go  
 I may confide my Flower –  
 Who was not Enemy of Me  
 Will gentle be, to Her.

Nor separate, Herself and Me  
 By Distances become –  
 A single Bloom we constitute  
 Departed, or at Home –

c. 1865

1945

Her little Parasol to lift  
 And once to let it down  
 Her whole Responsibility –  
 To imitate be Mine.

A Summer further I must wear,  
 Content if Nature's Drawer  
 Present me from sepulchral Crease  
 As blemishless, as Her.

c. 1865

1945

I heard, as if I had no Ear  
 Until a Vital Word  
 Came all the way from Life to me  
 And then I knew I heard.

I saw, as if my Eye were on  
 Another, till a Thing  
 And now I know 'twas Light, because  
 It fitted them, came in.

I dwelt, as if Myself were out,  
My Body but within  
Until a Might detected me  
And set my kernel in.

And Spirit turned unto the Dust  
“Old Friend, thou knowest me,”  
And Time went out to tell the News  
And met Eternity.

c. 1865

1945

1040

Not so the infinite Relations – Below  
Division is Adhesion’s forfeit – On High  
Affliction but a Speculation – And Woe  
A Fallacy, a Figment, We knew –

c. 1865

1945

1041

Somewhat, to hope for,  
Be it ne’er so far  
Is Capital against Despair –  
  
Somewhat, to suffer,  
Be it ne’er so keen –  
If terminable, may be borne.

c. 1865

1945

1042

Spring comes on the World –  
I sight the Aprils –  
Hueless to me until thou come  
As, till the Bee  
Blossoms stand negative,  
Touched to Conditions  
By a Hum.

c. 1865

1945

1043

Lest this be Heaven indeed  
An Obstacle is given  
That always gauges a Degree  
Between Ourselves and Heaven.

c. 1865

1945

1044

A Sickness of this World it most occasions  
When Best Men die.  
A Wishfulness their far Condition  
To occupy.

A Chief indifference, as Foreign  
A World must be  
Themselves forsake – contented,  
For Deity.

c. 1865

1896

1045

Nature rarer uses Yellow  
Than another Hue.  
Saves she all of that for Sunsets  
Prodigal of Blue

Spending Scarlet, like a Woman  
Yellow she affords  
Only scantily and selectly  
Like a Lover's Words.

c. 1865

1891

1046

I've dropped my Brain – My Soul is numb –  
The Veins that used to run  
Stop palsied – 'tis Paralysis  
Done perfecter on stone

Vitality is Carved and cool.  
My nerve in Marble lies –  
A Breathing Woman  
Yesterday – Endowed with Paradise.

Not dumb – I had a sort that moved –  
A Sense that smote and stirred –  
Instincts for Dance – a caper part –  
An Aptitude for Bird –

Who wrought Carrara in me  
And chiselled all my tune  
Were it a Witchcraft – were it Death –  
I've still a chance to strain

To Being, somewhere – Motion – Breath –  
Though Centuries beyond,  
And every limit a Decade –  
I'll shiver, satisfied.

c. 1865

1945

1047

The Opening and the Close  
Of Being, are alike  
Or differ, if they do,  
As Bloom upon a Stalk.

That from an equal Seed  
Unto an equal Bud  
Go parallel, perfected  
In that they have decayed.

c. 1865

1945

1048

Reportless Subjects, to the Quick  
Continual addressed –  
But foreign as the Dialect  
Of Danes, unto the rest.

Reportless Measures, to the Ear  
Susceptive – stimulus –  
But like an Oriental Tale  
To others, fabulous –

c. 1865

1945

1049

Pain has but one Acquaintance  
And that is Death –  
Each one unto the other  
Society enough.

Pain is the Junior Party  
By just a Second's right –  
Death tenderly assists Him  
And then absconds from Sight.

c. 1865

1945

1050

As willing lid o'er weary eye  
The Evening on the Day leans  
Till of all our nature's House  
Remains but Balcony

c. 1865

1945

1051

I cannot meet the Spring unmoved –  
I feel the old desire –  
A Hurry with a lingering, mixed,  
A Warrant to be fair –  
  
A Competition in my sense  
With something hid in Her –  
And as she vanishes, Remorse  
I saw no more of Her.

c. 1865

1945

I never saw a Moor –  
 I never saw the Sea –  
 Yet know I how the Heather looks  
 And what a Billow be.

I never spoke with God  
 Nor visited in Heaven –  
 Yet certain am I of the spot  
 As if the Checks were given –

c. 1865

1890

It was a quiet way –  
 He asked if I was his –  
 I made no answer of the Tongue  
 But answer of the Eyes –  
 And then He bore me on  
 Before this mortal noise  
 With swiftness, as of Chariots  
 And distance, as of Wheels.  
 This World did drop away  
 As Acres from the feet  
 Of one that leaneth from Balloon  
 Upon an Ether street.  
 The Gulf behind was not,  
 The Continents were new –  
 Eternity it was before  
 Eternity was due.  
 No Seasons were to us –  
 It was not Night nor Morn –  
 But Sunrise stopped upon the place  
 And fastened it in Dawn.

c. 1865

1929

## 1054

Not to discover weakness is  
 The Artifice of strength –  
 Impregnability inheres  
 As much through Consciousness

Of faith of others in itself  
 As Pyramidal Nerve  
 Behind the most unconscious clock  
 What skilful Pointers move –

c. 1865

1945

## 1055

The Soul should always stand ajar  
 That if the Heaven inquire  
 He will not be obliged to wait  
 Or shy of troubling Her

Depart, before the Host have slid  
 The Bolt unto the Door –  
 To search for the accomplished Guest,  
 Her Visitor, no more –

c. 1865

1896

## 1056

There is a Zone whose even Years  
 No Solstice interrupt –  
 Whose Sun constructs perpetual Noon  
 Whose perfect Seasons wait –

Whose Summer set in Summer, till  
 The Centuries of June  
 And Centuries of August cease  
 And Consciousness – is Noon.

c. 1865

1945

1057

I had a daily Bliss  
I half indifferent viewed  
Till sudden I perceived it stir –  
It grew as I pursued  
  
Till when around a Height  
It wasted from my sight  
Increased beyond my utmost scope  
I learned to estimate.

c. 1865

1896

1058

Bloom – is Result – to meet a Flower  
And casually glance  
Would scarcely cause one to suspect  
The minor Circumstance

Assisting in the Bright Affair  
So intricately done  
Then offered as a Butterfly  
To the Meridian –

To pack the Bud – oppose the Worm –  
Obtain its right of Dew –  
Adjust the Heat – elude the Wind –  
Escape the prowling Bee

Great Nature not to disappoint  
Awaiting Her that Day –  
To be a Flower, is profound  
Responsibility –

c. 1865

1945

1059

Sang from the Heart, Sire,  
Dipped my Beak in it,  
If the Tune drip too much  
Have a tint too Red

Pardon the Cochineal –  
Suffer the Vermilion –  
Death is the Wealth  
Of the Poorest Bird.

Bear with the Ballad –  
Awkward – faltering –  
Death twists the strings –  
'Twasn't my blame –

Pause in your Liturgies –  
Wait your Chorals –  
While I repeat your  
Hallowed name –

c. 1865

1945

1060

Air has no Residence, no Neighbor,  
No Ear, no Door,  
No Apprehension of Another  
Oh, Happy Air!

Ethereal Guest at e'en an Outcast's Pillow –  
Essential Host, in Life's faint, wailing Inn,  
Later than Light thy Consciousness accost me  
Till it depart, persuading Mine –

c. 1865

1945

1061

Three Weeks passed since I had seen Her –  
Some Disease had vexed  
'Twas with Text and Village Singing  
I beheld Her next

And a Company – our pleasure  
To discourse alone –  
Gracious now to me as any –  
Gracious unto none –

Borne without dissent of Either  
To the Parish night –  
Of the Separated Parties  
Which be out of sight?

c. 1865

1896

1062

He scanned it – staggered –  
Dropped the Loop  
To Past or Period –  
Caught helpless at a sense as if  
His Mind were going blind –  
  
Groped up, to see if God was there –  
Groped backward at Himself  
Caressed a Trigger absently  
And wandered out of Life.

c. 1865

1945

1063

Ashes denote that Fire was –  
Revere the Grayest Pile  
For the Departed Creature's sake  
That hovered there awhile –  
  
Fire exists the first in light  
And then consolidates  
Only the Chemist can disclose  
Into what Carbonates.

c. 1865

1896

1064

To help our Bleaker Parts  
Salubrious Hours are given  
Which if they do not fit for Earth  
Drill silently for Heaven –

c. 1865

1896

1065

Let down the Bars, Oh Death -  
The tired Flocks come in  
Whose bleating ceases to repeat  
Whose wandering is done -

Thine is the stillest night  
Thine the securest Fold  
Too near Thou art for seeking Thee  
Too tender, to be told.

c. 1865

1891

1066

Fame's Boys and Girls, who never die  
And are too seldom born -

c. 1865

1945

1067

Except the smaller size  
No lives are round -  
These - hurry to a sphere  
And show and end -  
The larger - slower grow  
And later hang -  
The Summers of Hesperides  
Are long.

c. 1866

1891

1068

Further in Summer than the Birds  
Pathetic from the Grass  
A minor Nation celebrates  
Its unobtrusive Mass.

No Ordinance be seen  
So gradual the Grace

A pensive Custom it becomes  
Enlarging Loneliness.

Antiquest felt at Noon  
When August burning low  
Arise this spectral Canticle  
Repose to typify

Remit as yet no Grace  
No Furrow on the Glow  
Yet a Druidic Difference  
Enhances Nature now

c. 1866

1891

1069

Paradise is of the option.  
Whosoever will  
Own in Eden notwithstanding  
Adam and Repeal.

c. 1866

1931

1070

To undertake is to achieve  
Be Undertaking blent  
With fortitude of obstacle  
And toward encouragement

That fine Suspicion, Natures must  
Permitted to revere  
Departed Standards and the few  
Criterion Sources here

c. 1865

1932

1071

Perception of an object costs  
Precise the Object's loss –  
Perception in itself a Gain  
Replying to its Price –

The Object Absolute – is nought –  
Perception sets it fair  
And then upbraids a Perfectness  
That situates so far –

c. 1866

1914

1072

Title divine – is mine!  
The Wife – without the Sign!  
Acute Degree – conferred on me –  
Empress of Calvary!  
Royal – all but the Crown!  
Betrothed – without the swoon  
God sends us Women –  
When you – hold – Garnet to Garnet –  
Gold – to Gold –  
Born – Bridalled – Shrouded –  
In a Day –  
Tri Victory  
“My Husband” – women say –  
Stroking the Melody –  
Is *this* – the way?

c. 1862

1924

1073

Experiment to me  
Is every one I meet  
If it contain a Kernel?  
The Figure of a Nut  
  
Presents upon a Tree  
Equally plausibly,  
But Meat within, is requisite  
To Squirrels, and to Me.

c. 1865

1891

1074

Count not that far that can be had,  
Though sunset lie between –  
Nor that adjacent, that beside,  
Is further than the sun.

c. 1866

1894

1075

The Sky is low – the Clouds are mean.  
A Travelling Flake of Snow  
Across a Barn or through a Rut  
Debates if it will go –

A Narrow Wind complains all Day  
How some one treated him  
Nature, like Us is sometimes caught  
Without her Diadem.

c. 1866

1890

1076

Just Once! Oh least Request!  
Could Adamant refuse  
So small a Grace  
So scanty put,  
Such agonizing terms?  
Would not a God of Flint  
Be conscious of a sigh  
As down His Heaven dropt remote  
“Just Once” Sweet Deity?

c. 1862

1924

1077

These are the Signs to Nature’s Inns –  
Her invitation broad  
To Whosoever famishing  
To taste her mystic Bread –

These are the rites of Nature's House –  
The Hospitality  
That opens with an equal width  
To Beggar and to Bee

For Sureties of her staunch Estate  
Her undecaying Cheer  
The Purple in the East is set  
And in the North, the Star –

c. 1866

1929

1078

The Bustle in a House  
The Morning after Death  
Is solemnest of industries  
Enacted upon Earth –

The Sweeping up the Heart  
And putting Love away  
We shall not want to use again  
Until Eternity.

c. 1866

1890

1079

The Sun went down – no Man looked on –  
The Earth and I, alone,  
Were present at the Majesty –  
He triumphed, and went on –

The Sun went up – no Man looked on –  
The Earth and I and One  
A nameless Bird – a Stranger  
Were Witness for the Crown –

c. 1866

1929

1080

When they come back – if Blossoms do –  
I always feel a doubt

If Blossoms can be born again  
When once the Art is out –

When they begin, if Robins may,  
I always had a fear  
I did not tell, it was their last Experiment  
Last Year,

When it is May, if May return,  
Had nobody a pang  
Lest in a Face so beautiful  
He might not look again?

If I am there – One does not know  
What Party – One may be  
Tomorrow, but if I am there  
I take back all I say –

c. 1866

1929

1081

Superiority to Fate  
Is difficult to gain  
'Tis not conferred of Any  
But possible to earn  
  
A pittance at a time  
Until to Her surprise  
The Soul with strict economy  
Subsist till Paradise.

c. 1866

1896

1082

Revolution is the Pod  
Systems rattle from  
When the Winds of Will are stirred  
Excellent is Bloom  
  
But except its Russet Base  
Every Summer be

The Entomber of itself,  
So of Liberty –

Left inactive on the Stalk  
All its Purple fled  
Revolution shakes it for  
Test if it be dead.

c. 1866

1929

1083

We learn in the Retreating  
How vast an one  
Was recently among us –  
A Perished Sun  
  
Endear in the departure  
How doubly more  
Than all the Golden presence  
It was – before –

1866

1896

1084

At Half past Three, a single Bird  
Unto a silent Sky  
Propounded but a single term  
Of cautious melody.

At Half past Four, Experiment  
Had subjugated test  
And lo, Her silver Principle  
Supplanted all the rest.

At Half past Seven, Element  
Nor Implement, be seen –  
And Place was where the Presence was  
Circumference between.

c. 1866

1891

1085

If Nature smiles – the Mother must  
I'm sure, at many a whim  
Of Her eccentric Family –  
Is She so much to blame?

c. 1866

1929

1086

What Twigs We held by –  
Oh the View  
When Life's swift River striven through  
We pause before a further plunge  
To take Momentum –  
As the Fringe

Upon a former Garment shows  
The Garment cast,  
Our Props disclose  
So scant, so eminently small  
Of Might to help, so pitiful  
To sink, if We had labored, fond  
The diligence were not more blind

How scant, by everlasting Light  
The Discs that satisfied Our Sight –  
How dimmer than a Saturn's Bar  
The Things esteemed, for Things that are!

c. 1866

1935

1087

We miss a Kinsman more  
When warranted to see  
Than when withheld of Oceans  
From possibility

A Furlong than a League  
Inflicts a pricklier pain,

Till We, who smiled at Pyrenees –  
Of Parishes, complain.

c. 1866

1929

1088

Ended, ere it begun –  
The Title was scarcely told  
When the Preface perished from Consciousness  
The Story, unrevealed –

Had it been mine, to print!  
Had it been yours, to read!  
That it was not Our privilege  
The interdict of God –

c. 1866

1932

1089

Myself can read the Telegrams  
A Letter chief to me  
The Stock's advance and Retrograde  
And what the Markets say

The Weather – how the Rains  
In Counties have begun.  
'Tis News as null as nothing,  
But sweeter so – than none.

c. 1866

1945

1090

I am afraid to own a Body –  
I am afraid to own a Soul –  
Profound – precarious Property –  
Possession, not optional –

Double Estate – entailed at pleasure  
Upon an unsuspecting Heir –

Duke in a moment of Deathlessness  
And God, for a Frontier.

c. 1866

1935

1091

The Well upon the Brook  
Were foolish to depend –  
Let Brooks – renew of Brooks –  
But Wells – of failless Ground!

c. 1866

1945

1092

It was not Saint – it was too large –  
Nor Snow – it was too small –  
It only held itself aloof  
Like something spiritual –

c. 1866

1929

1093

Because 'twas Riches I could own,  
Myself had earned it – Me,  
I knew the Dollars by their names –  
It feels like Poverty

An Earldom out of sight to hold,  
An Income in the Air,  
Possession – has a sweeter chink  
Unto a Miser's Ear –

c. 1866

1935

1094

Themself are all I have –  
Myself a freckled – be –  
I thought you'd choose a Velvet Cheek

Or one of Ivory –  
Would you – instead of Me?

c. 1866

1935

1095

To Whom the Mornings stand for Nights,  
What must the Midnights – be!

c. 1866

1935

1096

These Strangers, in a foreign World,  
Protection asked of me –  
Befriend them, lest Yourself in Heaven  
Be found a Refugee –

c. 1866

1945

1097

Dew – is the Freshet in the Grass –  
'Tis many a tiny Mill  
Turns unperceived beneath our feet  
And Artisan lies still –

We spy the Forests and the Hills  
The Tents to Nature's Show  
Mistake the Outside for the in  
And mention what we saw.

Could Commentators on the Sign  
Of Nature's Caravan  
Obtain "Admission" as a Child  
Some Wednesday Afternoon.

c. 1866

1914

1098

Of the Heart that goes in, and closes the Door  
Shall the Playfellow Heart complain

Though the Ring is unwhole, and the Company broke  
Can never be fitted again?

c. 1866

1945

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 -

c. 1866

1890

1100

The last Night that She lived  
It was a Common Night  
Except the Dying - this to Us  
Made Nature different

We noticed smallest things -  
Things overlooked before  
By this great light upon our Minds  
Italicized - as 'twere.

As We went out and in  
Between Her final Room  
And Rooms where Those to be alive  
Tomorrow were, a Blame

That Others could exist  
While She must finish quite

A Jealousy for Her arose  
So nearly infinite –  
We waited while She passed –  
It was a narrow time –  
Too jostled were Our Souls to speak  
At length the notice came.

She mentioned, and forgot –  
Then lightly as a Reed  
Bent to the Water, struggled scarce –  
Consented, and was dead –

And We – We placed the Hair –  
And drew the Head erect –  
And then an awful leisure was  
Belief to regulate –

c. 1866

1890

1101

Between the form of Life and Life  
The difference is as big  
As Liquor at the Lip between  
And Liquor in the Jug  
The latter – excellent to keep –  
But for ecstatic need  
The corkless is superior –  
I know for I have tried

c. 1866

1945

1102

His Bill is clasped – his Eye forsook –  
His Feathers wilted low –  
The Claws that clung, like lifeless Gloves  
Indifferent hanging now –  
The Joy that in his happy Throat  
Was waiting to be poured  
Gored through and through with Death, to be  
Assassin of a Bird

Resembles to my outraged mind  
The firing in Heaven,  
On Angels – squandering for you  
Their Miracles of Tune –

c. 1866

1945

1103

The spry Arms of the Wind  
If I could crawl between  
I have an errand imminent  
To an adjoining Zone –

I should not care to stop  
My Process is not long  
The Wind could wait without the Gate  
Or stroll the Town among.

To ascertain the House  
And is the soul at Home  
And hold the Wick of mine to it  
To light, and then return –

c. 1866

1945

1104

The Crickets sang  
And set the Sun  
And Workmen finished one by one  
Their Seam the Day upon.

The low Grass loaded with the Dew  
The Twilight stood, as Strangers do  
With Hat in Hand, polite and new  
To stay as if, or go.

A Vastness, as a Neighbor, came,  
A Wisdom, without Face, or Name,  
A Peace, as Hemispheres at Home  
And so the Night became.

c. 1866

1896

Like Men and Women Shadows walk  
 Upon the Hills Today –  
 With here and there a mighty Bow  
 Or trailing Courtesy  
 To Neighbors doubtless of their own  
 Not quickened to perceive  
 Minuter landscape as Ourselves  
 And Boroughs where we live –

c. 1867

1914

We do not know the time we lose –  
 The awful moment is  
 And takes its fundamental place  
 Among the certainties –

A firm appearance still inflates  
 The card – the chance – the friend –  
 The spectre of solidities  
 Whose substances are sand –

c. 1867

1932

The Bird did prance – the Bee did play –  
 The Sun ran miles away .  
 So blind with joy he could not choose  
 Between his Holiday

The morn was up – the meadows out  
 The Fences all but ran,  
 Republic of Delight, I thought  
 Where each is Citizen –

From Heavy laden Lands to thee  
 Were seas to cross to come  
 A Caspian were crowded –  
 Too near thou art for Fame –

c. 1867

1945

## 1108

A Diamond on the Hand  
 To Custom Common grown  
 Subsides from its significance  
 The Gem were best unknown –  
 Within a Seller's Shrine  
 How many sight and sigh  
 And cannot, but are mad for fear  
 That any other buy.

c. 1867

1932

## 1109

I fit for them –  
 I seek the Dark  
 Till I am thorough fit.  
 The labor is a sober one  
 With this sufficient sweet  
 That abstinence of mine produce  
 A purer food for them, if I succeed,  
 If not I had  
 The transport of the Aim –

c. 1867

1914

## 1110

None who saw it ever told it  
 'Tis as hid as Death  
 Had for that specific treasure  
 A departing breath –  
 Surfaces may be invested  
 Did the Diamond grow  
 General as the Dandelion  
 Would you serve it so?

c. 1867

1945

## 1111

Some Wretched creature, savior take  
 Who would exult to die

And leave for thy sweet mercy's sake  
Another Hour to me

c. 1867

1945

1112

That this should feel the need of Death  
The same as those that lived  
Is such a Feat of Irony  
As never was – achieved –

Not satisfied to ape the Great  
In his simplicity  
The small must die, as well as He –  
Oh the Audacity –

c. 1867

1945

1113

There is a strength in proving that it can be borne  
Although it tear –  
What are the sinews of such cordage for  
Except to bear  
The ship might be of satin had it not to fight –  
To walk on seas requires cedar Feet

c. 1867

1945

1114

The largest Fire ever known  
Occurs each Afternoon –  
Discovered is without surprise  
Proceeds without concern –  
Consumes and no report to men  
An Occidental Town,  
Rebuilt another morning  
To be burned down again.

c. 1864

1914

## 1115

The murmuring of Bees, has ceased  
 But murmuring of some  
 Posterior, prophetic,  
 Has simultaneous come.  
 The lower metres of the Year  
 When Nature's laugh is done  
 The Revelations of the Book  
 Whose Genesis was June.  
 Appropriate Creatures to her change  
 The Typic Mother sends  
 As Accent fades to interval  
 With separating Friends  
 Till what we speculate, has been  
 And thoughts we will not show  
 More intimate with us become  
 Than Persons, that we know.

c. 1868

1947

## 1116

There is another Loneliness  
 That many die without –  
 Not want of friend occasions it  
 Or circumstance of Lot  
 But nature, sometimes, sometimes thought  
 And whoso it befall  
 Is richer than could be revealed  
 By mortal numeral –

c. 1868

1914

## 1117

A Mine there is no Man would own  
 But must it be conferred,  
 Demeaning by exclusive wealth  
 A Universe beside –

Potosi never to be spent  
But hoarded in the mind  
What Misers wring their hands tonight  
For Indies in the Ground!

c. 1868

1932

1118

Exhilaration is the Breeze  
That lifts us from the Ground  
And leaves us in another place  
Whose statement is not found —

Returns us not, but after time  
We soberly descend  
A little newer for the term  
Upon Enchanted Ground —

c. 1868

1914

1119

Paradise is that old mansion  
Many owned before —  
Occupied by each an instant  
Then reversed the Door —  
Bliss is frugal of her Leases  
Adam taught her Thrift  
Bankrupt once through his excesses —

c. 1868

1945

(*unfinished*)

1120

This slow Day moved along —  
I heard its axles go  
As if they could not hoist themselves  
They hated motion so —

I told my soul to come —  
It was no use to wait —

We went and played and came again  
And it was out of sight—

c. 1868

1945

1121

Time does go on—  
I tell it gay to those who suffer now—  
They shall survive—  
There is a sun—  
They don't believe it now—

c. 1868

1945

1122

'Tis my first night beneath the Sun  
If I should spend it here—  
Above him is too low a height  
For his Barometer  
Who Airs of expectation breathes  
And takes the Wind at prime—  
But Distance his Delights confides  
To those who visit him—

c. 1868

1945

1123

A great Hope fell  
You heard no noise  
The Ruin was within  
Oh cunning wreck that told no tale  
And let no Witness in

The mind was built for mighty Freight  
For dread occasion planned  
How often foundering at Sea  
Ostensibly, on Land

A not admitting of the wound  
Until it grew so wide

That all my Life had entered it  
And there were troughs beside

A closing of the simple lid  
That opened to the sun  
Until the tender Carpenter  
Perpetual nail it down –

c. 1868

1945

1124

Had we known the Ton she bore  
We had helped the terror  
But she straighter walked for Freight  
So be hers the error –

c. 1868

1945

1125

Oh Sumptuous moment  
Slower go  
That I may gloat on thee –  
'Twill never be the same to starve  
Now I abundance see –  
  
Which was to famish, then or now –  
The difference of Day  
Ask him unto the Gallows led –  
With morning in the sky –

c. 1868

1945

1126

Shall I take thee, the Poet said  
To the propounded word?  
Be stationed with the Candidates  
Till I have finer tried –

The Poet searched Philology  
And when about to ring

For the suspended Candidate  
There came unsummoned in -

That portion of the Vision  
The Word applied to fill  
Not unto nomination  
The Cherubim reveal -

c. 1868

1945

1127

Soft as the massacre of Suns  
By Evening's Sabres slain

c. 1868

1945

1128

These are the Nights that Beetles love -  
From Eminence remote  
Drives ponderous perpendicular  
His figure intimate  
The terror of the Children  
The merriment of men  
Depositing his Thunder  
He hoists abroad again -  
A Bomb upon the Ceiling  
Is an improving thing -  
It keeps the nerves progressive  
Conjecture flourishing -  
Too dear the Summer evening  
Without discreet alarm -  
Supplied by Entomology  
With its remaining charm -

c. 1868

1945

1129

Tell all the Truth but tell it slant -  
Success in Circuit lies  
Too bright for our infirm Delight  
The Truth's superb surprise

As Lightning to the Children eased  
With explanation kind  
The Truth must dazzle gradually  
Or every man be blind –

c. 1868

1945

1130

That odd old man is dead a year –  
We miss his stated Hat.  
'Twas such an evening bright and stiff  
His faded lamp went out.

Who miss his antiquated Wick –  
Are any hoar for him?  
Waits any indurated mate  
His wrinkled coming Home?

Oh Life, begun in fluent Blood  
And consummated dull!  
Achievement contemplating thee –  
Feels transitive and cool.

c. 1868

1945

1131

The Merchant of the Picturesque  
A Counter has and sales  
But is within or negative  
Precisely as the calls –  
To Children he is small in price  
And large in courtesy –  
It suits him better than a check  
Their artless currency –  
Of Counterfeits he is so shy  
Do one advance so near  
As to behold his ample flight –

c. 1868

(*unfinished*)

1945

The smouldering embers blush –  
 Oh Hearts within the Coal  
 Hast thou survived so many years?  
 The smouldering embers smile –  
 Soft stirs the news of Light  
 The stolid seconds glow  
 One requisite has Fire that lasts  
 Prometheus never knew –

c. 1868  
*(unfinished)*

1945

The Snow that never drifts –  
 The transient, fragrant snow  
 That comes a single time a Year  
 Is softly driving now –

So thorough in the Tree  
 At night beneath the star  
 That it was February's Foot  
 Experience would swear –

Like Winter as a Face  
 We stern and former knew  
 Repaired of all but Loneliness  
 By Nature's Alibi –

Were every storm so spice  
 The Value could not be –  
 We buy with contrast – Pang is good  
 As near as memory –

c. 1868

1945

The Wind took up the Northern Things  
 And piled them in the south –

Then gave the East unto the West  
And opening his mouth

The four Divisions of the Earth  
Did make as to devour  
While everything to corners slunk  
Behind the awful power -

The Wind - unto his Chambers went  
And nature ventured out -  
Her subjects scattered into place  
Her systems ranged about

Again the smoke from Dwellings rose  
The Day abroad was heard -  
How intimate, a Tempest past  
The Transport of the Bird -

c. 1868

1945

1135

Too cold is this  
To warm with Sun -  
Too stiff to bended be,  
To joint this Agate were a work -  
Outstaring Masonry -

How went the Agile Kernel out  
Contusion of the Husk  
Nor Rip, nor wrinkle indicate  
But just an Asterisk.

c. 1868

1914

1136

The Frost of Death was on the Pane -  
"Secure your Flower" said he.  
Like Sailors fighting with a Leak  
We fought Mortality.

Our passive Flower we held to Sea -  
To Mountain - To the Sun -

Yet even on his Scarlet shelf  
To crawl the Frost begun –

We pried him back  
Ourselves we wedged  
Himself and her between,  
Yet easy as the narrow Snake  
He forked his way along

Till all her helpless beauty bent  
And then our wrath begun –  
We hunted him to his Ravine  
We chased him to his Den –

We hated Death and hated Life  
And nowhere was to go –  
Than Sea and continent there is  
A larger – it is Woe –

c. 1869

1945

1137

The duties of the Wind are few,  
To cast the ships, at Sea,  
Establish March, the Floods escort,  
And usher Liberty.

The pleasures of the Wind are broad,  
To dwell Extent among,  
Remain, or wander,  
Speculate, or Forests entertain.

The kinsmen of the Wind are Peaks  
Azof – the Equinox,  
Also with Bird and Asteroid  
A bowing intercourse.

The limitations of the Wind  
Do he exist, or die,  
Too wise he seems for Wakelessness,  
However, know not I.

c. 1869

1945

1138

A Spider sewed at Night  
Without a Light  
Upon an Arc of White.

If Ruff it was of Dame  
Or Shroud of Gnome  
Himself himself inform.

Of Immortality  
His Strategy  
Was Physiognomy.

c. 1869

1891

1139

Her sovereign People  
Nature knows as well  
And is as fond of signifying  
As if fallible –

c. 1869

1952

1140

The Day grew small, surrounded tight  
By early, stooping Night –  
The Afternoon in Evening deep  
Its Yellow shortness dropt –  
The Winds went out their martial ways  
The Leaves obtained excuse –  
November hung his Granite Hat  
Upon a nail of Plush –

c. 1869

1945

1141

The Face we choose to miss –  
Be it but for a Day

As absent as a Hundred Years,  
When it has rode away.

c. 1869

1914

1142

The Props assist the House  
Until the House is built  
And then the Props withdraw  
And adequate, erect,  
The House support itself  
And cease to recollect  
The Auger and the Carpenter –  
Just such a retrospect  
Hath the perfected Life –  
A past of Plank and Nail  
And slowness – then the Scaffolds drop  
Affirming it a Soul.

c. 1863

1914

1143

The Work of Her that went,  
The Toil of Fellows done –  
In Ovens green our Mother bakes,  
By Fires of the Sun.

c. 1869

1955

1144

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.

1869?

1894

1145

In thy long Paradise of Light  
No moment will there be

When I shall long for Earthly Play  
And mortal Company –

c. 1869

1945

1146

When Etna basks and purrs  
Naples is more afraid  
Than when she shows her Garnet Tooth –  
Security is loud –

c. 1869

1914

1147

After a hundred years  
Nobody knows the Place  
Agony that enacted there  
Motionless as Peace

Weeds triumphant ranged  
Strangers strolled and spelled  
At the lone Orthography  
Of the Elder Dead

Winds of Summer Fields  
Recollect the way –  
Instinct picking up the Key  
Dropped by memory –

c. 1869

1891

1148

After the Sun comes out  
How it alters the World –  
Waggons like messengers hurry about  
Yesterday is old –

All men meet as if  
Each foreclosed a news –

Fresh as a Cargo from Batize  
Nature's qualities –

c. 1869

1955

1149

I noticed People disappeared  
When but a little child –  
Supposed they visited remote  
Or settled Regions wild –  
Now know I – They both visited  
And settled Regions wild  
But did because they died  
A Fact withheld the little child –

c. 1869  
*(unfinished)*

1891

1150

How many schemes may die  
In one short Afternoon  
Entirely unknown  
To those they most concern –  
The man that was not lost  
Because by accident  
He varied by a Ribbon's width  
From his accustomed route –  
The Love that would not try  
Because beside the Door  
It must be competitions  
Some unsuspecting Horse was tied  
Surveying his Despair

c. 1869

1945

1151

Soul, take thy risk,  
With Death to be

Were better than be not  
With thee

c. 1869

1945

1152

Tell as a Marksman – were forgotten  
Tell – this Day endures  
Ruddy as that coeval Apple  
The Tradition bears –

Fresh as Mankind that humble story  
Though a statelier Tale  
Grown in the Repetition hoary  
Scarcely would prevail –

Tell had a son – The ones that knew it  
Need not linger here –  
Those who did not to Human Nature  
Will subscribe a Tear –

Tell would not bare his Head  
In Presence  
Of the Ducal Hat –  
Threatened for that with Death – by Gessler –  
Tyranny bethought

Make of his only Boy a Target  
That surpasses Death –  
Stolid to Love's supreme entreaty  
Not forsook of Faith –

Mercy of the Almighty begging –  
Tell his Arrow sent –  
God it is said replies in Person  
When the cry is meant –

c. 1869

1945

1153

Through what transports of Patience  
I reached the stolid Bliss

To breathe my Blank without thee  
Attest me this and this –  
By that bleak exultation  
I won as near as this  
Thy privilege of dying  
Abbreviate me this –

c. 1874

1945

1154

A full fed Rose on meals of Tint  
A Dinner for a Bee  
In process of the Noon became –  
Each bright Mortality  
The Forfeit is of Creature fair  
Itself, adored before  
Submitting for our unknown sake  
To be esteemed no more –

c. 1870

1955

1155

Distance – is not the Realm of Fox  
Nor by Relay of Bird  
Abated – Distance is  
Until thyself, Beloved.

c. 1870

1914

1156

Lest any doubt that we are glad that they were born Today  
Whose having lived is held by us in noble Holiday  
Without the date, like Consciousness or Immortality –

c. 1870

1932

1157

Some Days retired from the rest  
In soft distinction lie

[ 516 ]

The Day that a Companion came  
Or was obliged to die

c. 1870

1914

1158

Best Witchcraft is Geometry  
To the magician's mind –  
His ordinary acts are feats  
To thinking of mankind.

c. 1870

1932

1159

Great Streets of silence led away  
To Neighborhoods of Pause –  
Here was no Notice – no Dissent  
No Universe – no Laws –

By Clocks, 'twas Morning, and for Night  
The Bells at Distance called –  
But Epoch had no basis here  
For Period exhaled.

c. 1870

1891

1160

He is alive, this morning –  
He is alive – and awake –  
Birds are resuming for Him –  
Blossoms – dress for His Sake.  
Bees – to their Loaves of Honey  
Add an Amber Crumb  
Him – to regale – Me – Only –  
Motion, and am dumb.

c. 1870

1955

1161

Trust adjusts her "Peradventure" –  
Phantoms entered "and not you."

1870

1931

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.

1870

1945

1163

God made no act without a cause,  
Nor heart without an aim,  
Our inference is premature,  
Our premises to blame.

1870?

1894

1164

Were it to be the last  
How infinite would be  
What we did not suspect was marked –  
Our final interview.

1870

1955

1165

Contained in this short Life  
Are magical extents  
The soul returning soft at night  
To steal securen thence

As Children strictest kept  
Turn soonest to the sea  
Whose nameless Fathoms slink away  
Beside infinity

c. 1870

1945

1166

Of Paul and Silas it is said  
They were in Prison laid  
But when they went to take them out  
They were not there instead.

Security the same insures  
To our assaulted Minds –  
The staple must be optional  
That an Immortal binds.

c. 1870

1945

1167

Alone and in a Circumstance  
Reluctant to be told  
A spider on my reticence  
Assiduously crawled

And so much more at Home than I  
Immediately grew  
I felt myself a visitor  
And hurriedly withdrew

Revisiting my late abode  
With articles of claim  
I found it quietly assumed  
As a Gymnasium  
Where Tax asleep and Title off  
The inmates of the Air  
Perpetual presumption took  
As each were special Heir –  
If any strike me on the street  
I can return the Blow –

If any take my property  
According to the Law  
The Statute is my Learned friend  
But what redress can be  
For an offense nor here nor there  
So not in Equity –  
That Larceny of time and mind  
The marrow of the Day  
By spider, or forbid it Lord  
That I should specify.

1870

1945

1168

As old as Woe –  
How old is that?  
Some eighteen thousand years –  
As old as Bliss  
How old is that  
They are of equal years  
  
Together chiefest they are found  
But seldom side by side  
From neither of them tho' he try  
Can Human nature hide

c. 1870

1945

1169

Lest they should come – is all my fear  
When sweet incarcerated here

c. 1870

1945

1170

Nature affects to be sedate  
Upon occasion, grand  
But let our observation shut  
Her practices extend

To Necromancy and the Trades  
Remote to understand  
Behold our spacious Citizen  
Unto a Juggler turned –

c. 1870

1945

1171

On the World you colored  
Morning painted rose –  
Idle his Vermilion  
Aimless crept the Glows  
Over Realms of Orchards  
I the Day before  
Conquered with the Robin –  
Misery, how fair  
Till your wrinkled Finger  
Shored the sun away  
Midnight's awful Pattern  
In the Goods of Day –

c. 1870

1945

1172

The Clouds their Backs together laid  
The North begun to push  
The Forests galloped till they fell  
The Lightning played like mice

The Thunder crumbled like a stuff  
How good to be in Tombs  
Where Nature's Temper cannot reach  
Nor missile ever comes

c. 1870

1890

1173

The Lightning is a yellow Fork  
From Tables in the sky

By inadvertent fingers dropt  
The awful Cutlery

Of mansions never quite disclosed  
And never quite concealed  
The Apparatus of the Dark  
To ignorance revealed.

c. 1870

1945

1174

There's the Battle of Burgoyne –  
Over, every Day,  
By the Time that Man and Beast  
Put their work away  
“Sunset” sounds majestic –  
But that solemn War  
Could you comprehend it  
You would chastened stare –

c. 1870

1945

1175

We like a Hairbreadth 'scape  
It tingles in the Mind  
Far after Act or Accident  
Like paragraphs of Wind

If we had ventured less  
The Breeze were not so fine  
That reaches to our utmost Hair  
Its Tentacles divine.

c. 1870

1945

1176

We never know how high we are  
Till we are asked to rise  
And then if we are true to plan  
Our statures touch the skies –

The Heroism we recite  
Would be a normal thing  
Did not ourselves the Cubits warp  
For fear to be a King –

c. 1870

1896

1177

A prompt – executive Bird is the Jay –  
Bold as a Bailiff's Hymn –  
Brittle and Brief in quality –  
Warrant in every line –

Sitting a Bough like a Brigadier  
Confident and straight –  
Much is the mien of him in March  
As a Magistrate –

c. 1865

1914

1178

My God – He sees thee –  
Shine thy best –  
Fling up thy Balls of Gold  
Till every Cubit play with thee  
And every Crescent hold –  
Elate the Acre at his feet –  
Upon his Atom swim –  
Oh Sun – but just a Second's right  
In thy long Race with him!

c. 1871

1932

1179

Of so divine a Loss  
We enter but the Gain,  
Indemnity for Loneliness  
That such a Bliss has been.

c. 1871

1914

"Remember me" implored the Thief!  
 Oh Hospitality!  
 My Guest "Today in Paradise"  
 I give thee guaranty.

That Courtesy will fair remain  
 When the Delight is Dust  
 With which we cite this mightiest case  
 Of compensated Trust.

Of all we are allowed to hope  
 But Affidavit stands  
 That this was due where most we fear  
 Be unexpected Friends.

c. 1871

1914

When I hoped I feared –  
 Since I hoped I dared  
 Everywhere alone  
 As a Church remain –  
 Spectre cannot harm –  
 Serpent cannot charm –  
 He deposes Doom  
 Who hath suffered him –

c. 1862

1891

Remembrance has a Rear and Front –  
 'Tis something like a House –  
 It has a Garret also  
 For Refuse and the Mouse.

Besides the deepest Cellar  
 That ever Mason laid –

Look to it by its Fathoms  
Ourselves be not pursued –

c. 1871

1896

1183

Step lightly on this narrow spot –  
The broadest Land that grows  
Is not so ample as the Breast  
These Emerald Seams enclose.

Step lofty, for this name be told  
As far as Cannon dwell  
Or Flag subsist or Fame export  
Her deathless Syllable.

c. 1871

1891

1184

The Days that we can spare  
Are those a Function die  
Or Friend or Nature – stranded then  
In our Economy

Our Estimates a Scheme –  
Our Ultimates a Sham –  
We let go all of Time without  
Arithmetic of him –

c. 1871

1932

1185

A little Dog that wags his tail  
And knows no other joy  
Of such a little Dog am I  
Reminded by a Boy

Who gambols all the living Day  
Without an earthly cause  
Because he is a little Boy  
I honestly suppose –

The Cat that in the Corner dwells  
Her martial Day forgot  
The Mouse but a Tradition now  
Of her desireless Lot

Another class remind me  
Who neither please nor play  
But not to make a "bit of noise"  
Beseech each little Boy -

c. 1871

1945

1186

Too few the mornings be,  
Too scant the nights.  
No lodging can be had  
For the delights  
That come to earth to stay,  
But no apartment find  
And ride away.

1871

1894

1187

Oh Shadow on the Grass,  
Art thou a Step or not?  
Go make thee fair my Candidate  
My nominated Heart -  
Oh Shadow on the Grass  
While I delay to guess  
Some other thou wilt consecrate -  
Oh Unelected Face -

c. 1871

1929

1188

'Twas fighting for his Life he was -  
That sort accomplish well -  
The Ordnance of Vitality  
Is frugal of its Ball.

It aims once – kills once – conquers once –  
There is no second War  
In that Campaign inscrutable  
Of the Interior.

c. 1871

1945

1189

The Voice that stands for Floods to me  
Is sterile borne to some –  
The Face that makes the Morning mean  
Glowes impotent on them –

What difference in Substance lies  
That what is Sum to me  
By other Financiers be deemed  
Exclusive Poverty!

c. 1871

1945

1190

The Sun and Fog contested  
The Government of Day –  
The Sun took down his Yellow Whip  
And drove the Fog away –

c. 1871

1945

1191

The pungent atom in the Air  
Admits of no debate –  
All that is named of Summer Days  
Relinquished our Estate –  
  
For what Department of Delight  
As positive are we  
As Limit of Dominion  
Or Dams – of Ecstasy –

c. 1871

1945

1192

An honest Tear  
Is durabler than Bronze –  
This Cenotaph  
May each that dies –

Reared by itself –  
No Deputy suffice –  
Gratitude bears  
When Obelisk decays

c. 1871

1945

1193

All men for Honor hardest work  
But are not known to earn –  
Paid after they have ceased to work  
In Infamy or Urn –

c. 1871

1945

1194

Somehow myself survived the Night  
And entered with the Day –  
That it be saved the Saved suffice  
Without the Formula.

Henceforth I take my living place  
As one commuted led –  
A Candidate for Morning Chance  
But dated with the Dead.

c. 1871

1935

1195

What we see we know somewhat  
Be it but a little –  
What we don't surmise we do  
Though it shows so fickle

I shall vote for Lands with Locks  
Granted I can pick 'em –  
Transport's doubtful Dividend  
Patented by Adam.

c. 1871

1945

1196

To make Routine a Stimulus  
Remember it can cease –  
Capacity to Terminate  
Is a Specific Grace –  
Of Retrospect the Arrow  
That power to repair  
Departed with the Torment  
Become, alas, more fair –

c. 1871

1947

1197

I should not dare to be so sad  
So many Years again –  
A Load is first impossible  
When we have put it down –

The Superhuman then withdraws  
And we who never saw  
The Giant at the other side  
Begin to perish now.

1871

1929

1198

A soft Sea washed around the House  
A Sea of Summer Air  
And rose and fell the magic Planks  
That sailed without a care –  
For Captain was the Butterfly  
For Helmsman was the Bee

And an entire universe  
For the delighted crew.

c. 1871

1945

1199

Are Friends Delight or Pain?  
Could Bounty but remain  
Riches were good —

But if they only stay  
Ampler to fly away  
Riches are sad.

c. 1871

1896

1200

Because my Brook is fluent  
I know 'tis dry —  
Because my Brook is silent  
It is the Sea —

And startled at its rising  
I try to flee  
To where the Strong assure me  
Is "no more Sea" —

c. 1871

1945

1201

So I pull my Stockings off  
Wading in the Water  
For the Disobedience' Sake  
Boy that lived for "or'ter"

Went to Heaven perhaps at Death  
And perhaps he didn't  
Moses wasn't fairly used —  
Ananias wasn't —

c. 1871

1945

The Frost was never seen –  
 If met, too rapid passed,  
 Or in too unsubstantial Team –  
 The Flowers notice first

A Stranger hovering round  
 A Symptom of alarm  
 In Villages remotely set  
 But search effaces him

Till some retrieveless Night  
 Our Vigilance at waste  
 The Garden gets the only shot  
 That never could be traced.

Unproved is much we know –  
 Unknown the worst we fear –  
 Of Strangers is the Earth the Inn  
 Of Secrets is the Air –

To analyze perhaps  
 A Philip would prefer  
 But Labor vaster than myself  
 I find it to infer.

c. 1871

1945

The Past is such a curious Creature  
 To look her in the Face  
 A Transport may receipt us  
 Or a Disgrace –

Unarmed if any meet her  
 I charge him fly  
 Her faded Ammunition  
 Might yet reply.

c. 1871

1896

Whatever it is — she has tried it —  
 Awful Father of Love —  
 Is not Ours the chastising —  
 Do not chastise the Dove —

Not for Ourselves, petition —  
 Nothing is left to pray —  
 When a subject is finished —  
 Words are handed away —

Only lest she be lonely  
 In thy beautiful House  
 Give her for her Transgression  
 License to think of us —

c. 1871

1945

Immortal is an ample word  
 When what we need is by  
 But when it leaves us for a time  
 'Tis a necessity.

Of Heaven above the firmest proof  
 We fundamental know  
 Except for its marauding Hand  
 It had been Heaven below.

c. 1872

1896

The Show is not the Show  
 But they that go —  
 Menagerie to me  
 My Neighbor be —  
 Fair Play —  
 Both went to see —

c. 1872

1891

1207

He preached upon "Breadth" till it argued him narrow –  
The Broad are too broad to define  
And of "Truth" until it proclaimed him a Liar –  
The Truth never flaunted a Sign –

Simplicity fled from his counterfeit presence  
As Gold the Pyrites would shun –  
What confusion would cover the innocent Jesus  
To meet so enabled a Man!

c. 1872

1891

1208

Our own possessions – though our own –  
'Tis well to hoard anew –  
Remembering the Dimensions  
Of Possibility.

c. 1872

1894

1209

To disappear enhances –  
The Man that runs away  
Is tinctured for an instant  
With Immortality

But yesterday a Vagrant –  
Today in Memory lain  
With superstitious value  
We tamper with "Again"

But "Never" far as Honor  
Withdraws the Worthless thing  
And impotent to cherish  
We hasten to adorn –

Of Death the sternest function  
That just as we discern

The Excellence defies us –  
Securest gathered then

The Fruit perverse to plucking,  
But leaning to the Sight  
With the ecstatic limit  
Of unobtained Delight –

c. 1872

1894

1210

The Sea said “Come” to the Brook –  
The Brook said “Let me grow” –  
The Sea said “Then you will be a Sea –  
I want a Brook – Come now”!

The Sea said “Go” to the Sea –  
The Sea said “I am he  
You cherished” – “Learned Waters –  
Wisdom is stale – to Me”

c. 1872

1947

1211

A Sparrow took a Slice of Twig  
And thought it very nice  
I think, because his empty Plate  
Was handed Nature twice –

Invigorated, waded  
In all the deepest Sky  
Until his little Figure  
Was forfeited away –

c. 1872

1945

1212

A word is dead  
When it is said,  
Some say.

I say it just  
Begins to live  
That day.

1872?

1894

1213

We like March.  
His Shoes are Purple –  
He is new and high –  
Makes he Mud for Dog and Peddler,  
Makes he Forests dry.  
Knows the Adder Tongue his coming  
And presents her Spot –  
Stands the Sun so close and mighty  
That our Minds are hot.

News is he of all the others –  
Bold it were to die  
With the Blue Birds exercising  
On his British Sky.

*version of 1872*

1955

We like March – his shoes are Purple.  
He is new and high –  
Makes he Mud for Dog and Peddler –  
Makes he Forests Dry –  
Knows the Adder's Tongue his coming  
And begets her spot –  
Stands the Sun so close and mighty –  
That our Minds are hot.  
News is he of all the others –  
Bold it were to die  
With the Blue Birds buccaneering  
On his British sky –

*version of 1878*

1896

1214

We introduce ourselves  
To Planets and to Flowers

But with ourselves  
Have etiquettes  
Embarrassments  
And awes

c. 1872

1945

1215

I bet with every Wind that blew  
Till Nature in chagrin  
Employed a Fact to visit me  
And scuttle my Balloon –

c. 1872

1914

1216

A Deed knocks first at Thought  
And then – it knocks at Will –  
That is the manufacturing spot  
And Will at Home and well

It then goes out an Act  
Or is entombed so still  
That only to the ear of God  
Its Doom is audible –

c. 1872

1891

1217

Fortitude incarnate  
Here is laid away  
In the swift Partitions  
Of the awful Sea –

Babble of the Happy  
Cavil of the Bold  
Hoary the Fruition  
But the Sea is old

Edifice of Ocean  
Thy tumultuous Rooms

Suit me at a venture  
Better than the Tombs

c. 1872

1945

1218

Let my first Knowing be of thee  
With morning's warming Light –  
And my first Fearing, lest Unknowns  
Engulf thee in the night –

c. 1872

1945

1219

Now I knew I lost her –  
Not that she was gone –  
But Remoteness travelled  
On her Face and Tongue.

Alien, though adjoining  
As a Foreign Race –  
Traversed she though pausing  
Latitudeless Place.

Elements Unaltered –  
Universe the same  
But Love's transmigration –  
Somehow this had come –

Henceforth to remember  
Nature took the Day  
I had paid so much for –  
His is Penury  
Not who toils for Freedom  
Or for Family  
But the Restitution  
Of Idolatry.

c. 1872

1945

## 1220

Of Nature I shall have enough  
 When I have entered these  
 Entitled to a Bumble bee's  
 Familiarities.

c. 1872

1945

## 1221

Some we see no more, Tenements of Wonder  
 Occupy to us though perhaps to them  
 Simpler are the Days than the Supposition  
 Their removing Manners  
 Leave us to presume

That oblique Belief which we call Conjecture  
 Grapples with a Theme stubborn as Sublime  
 Able as the Dust to equip its feature  
 Adequate as Drums  
 To enlist the Tomb.

c. 1872

1945

## 1222

The Riddle we can guess  
 We speedily despise –  
 Not anything is stale so long  
 As Yesterday's surprise –

c. 1870

1945

## 1223

Who goes to dine must take his Feast  
 Or find the Banquet mean –  
 The Table is not laid without  
 Till it is laid within.

For Pattern is the Mind bestowed  
 That imitating her

Our most ignoble Services  
Exhibit worthier.

c. 1872

1945

1224

Like Trains of Cars on Tracks of Plush  
I hear the level Bee –  
A Jar across the Flowers goes  
Their Velvet Masonry

Withstands until the sweet Assault  
Their Chivalry consumes –  
While He, victorious tilts away  
To vanquish other Blooms.

c. 1872

1890

1225

Its Hour with itself  
The Spirit never shows.  
What Terror would enthrall the Street  
Could Countenance disclose

The Subterranean Freight  
The Cellars of the Soul –  
Thank God the loudest Place he made  
Is licensed to be still.

c. 1872

1929

1226

The Popular Heart is a Cannon first –  
Subsequent a Drum –  
Bells for an Auxiliary  
And an Afterward of Rum –

Not a Tomorrow to know its name  
Nor a Past to stare –

Ditches for Realms and a Trip to Jail  
For a Souvenir -

c. 1872

1929

1227

My Triumph lasted till the Drums  
Had left the Dead alone  
And then I dropped my Victory  
And chastened stole along  
To where the finished Faces  
Conclusion turned on me  
And then I hated Glory  
And wished myself were They.

What is to be is best desried  
When it has also been -  
Could Prospect taste of Retrospect  
The tyrannies of Men  
Were Tenderer - diviner  
The Transitive toward.  
A Bayonet's contrition  
Is nothing to the Dead.

c. 1872

1935

1228

So much of Heaven has gone from Earth  
That there must be a Heaven  
If only to enclose the Saints  
To Affidavit given.

The Missionary to the Mole  
Must prove there is a Sky  
Location doubtless he would plead  
But what excuse have I?

Too much of Proof affronts Belief  
The Turtle will not try

Unless you leave him – then return  
And he has hauled away.

c. 1872

1947

1229

Because He loves Her  
We will pry and see if she is fair  
What difference is on her Face  
From Features others wear.

It will not harm her magic pace  
That we so far behind –  
Her Distances propitiate  
As Forests touch the Wind

Not hoping for his notice vast  
But nearer to adore  
'Tis Glory's far sufficiency  
That makes our trying poor.

c. 1872

1945

1230

It came at last but prompter Death  
Had occupied the House –  
His pallid Furniture arranged  
And his metallic Peace –

Oh faithful Frost that kept the Date  
Had Love as punctual been  
Delight had aggrandized the Gate  
And blocked the coming in.

c. 1872

1945

1231

Somewhere upon the general Earth  
Itself exist Today –  
The Magic passive but extant  
That consecrated me –

Indifferent Seasons doubtless play  
Where I for right to be –  
Would pay each Atom that I am  
But Immortality –

Reserving that but just to prove  
Another Date of Thee –  
Oh God of Width, do not for us  
Curtail Eternity!

c. 1872

1945

1232

The Clover's simple Fame  
Remembered of the Cow –  
Is better than enameled Realms  
Of notability.  
Renown perceives itself  
And that degrades the Flower –  
The Daisy that has looked behind  
Has compromised its power –

c. 1872

1945

1233

Had I not seen the Sun  
I could have borne the shade  
But Light a newer Wilderness  
My Wilderness has made –

c. 1872

1945

1234

If my Bark sink  
'Tis to another sea –  
Mortality's Ground Floor  
Is Immortality –

c. 1872

1945

Like Rain it sounded till it curved  
 And then I knew 'twas Wind –  
 It walked as wet as any Wave  
 But swept as dry as sand –  
 When it had pushed itself away  
 To some remotest Plain  
 A coming as of Hosts was heard  
 That was indeed the Rain –  
 It filled the Wells, it pleased the Pools  
 It warbled in the Road –  
 It pulled the spigot from the Hills  
 And let the Floods abroad –  
 It loosened acres, lifted seas  
 The sites of Centres stirred  
 Then like Elijah rode away  
 Upon a Wheel of Cloud.

c. 1872

1945

Like Time's insidious wrinkle  
 On a beloved Face  
 We clutch the Grace the tighter  
 Though we resent the crease  
  
 The Frost himself so comely  
 Dishevels every prime  
 Asserting from his Prism  
 That none can punish him

c. 1872

1945

My Heart ran so to thee  
 It would not wait for me  
 And I affronted grew  
 And drew away

For whatsoe'er my pace  
He first achieve thy Face  
How general a Grace  
Allotted two -

Not in malignity  
Mentioned I this to thee -  
Had he obliquity  
Soonest to share  
But for the Greed of him -  
Boasting my Premium -  
Basking in Bethleem  
Ere I be there -

c. 1878

1945

1238

Power is a familiar growth -  
Not foreign - not to be -  
Beside us like a bland Abyss  
In every company -  
Escape it - there is but a chance -  
When consciousness and clay  
Lean forward for a final glance -  
Disprove that and you may -

c. 1872

1945

1239

Risk is the Hair that holds the Tun  
Seductive in the Air -  
That Tun is hollow - but the Tun -  
With Hundred Weights - to spare -

Too ponderous to suspect the snare  
Espies that fickle chair  
And seats itself to be let go  
By that perfidious Hair -

The "foolish Tun" the Critics say -  
While that delusive Hair

Persuasive as Perdition,  
Decoys its Traveller.

c. 1872

1945

1240

The Beggar at the Door for Fame  
Were easily supplied  
But Bread is that Diviner thing  
Disclosed to be denied

c. 1872

1945

1241

The Lilac is an ancient shrub  
But ancienter than that  
The Firmamental Lilac  
Upon the Hill tonight –  
The Sun subsiding on his Course  
Bequeaths this final Plant  
To Contemplation – not to Touch –  
The Flower of Occident.  
Of one Corolla is the West –  
The Calyx is the Earth –  
The Capsules burnished Seeds the Stars  
The Scientist of Faith  
His research has but just begun –  
Above his synthesis  
The Flora unimpeachable  
To Time's Analysis –  
“Eye hath not seen” may possibly  
Be current with the Blind  
But let not Revelation  
By theses be detained –

c. 1872

1945

1242

To flee from memory  
Had we the Wings  
Many would fly  
Inured to slower things  
Birds with surprise  
Would scan the cowering Van  
Of men escaping  
From the mind of man

c. 1872

1945

1243

Safe Despair it is that raves –  
Agony is frugal.  
Puts itself severe away  
For its own perusal.

Garrisoned no Soul can be  
In the Front of Trouble –  
Love is one, not aggregate –  
Nor is Dying double –

c. 1873

1914

1244

The Butterfly's Assumption Gown  
In Chrysoprase Apartments hung  
This afternoon put on –

How condescending to descend  
And be of Buttercups the friend  
In a New England Town –

c. 1873

1890

1245

The Suburbs of a Secret  
A Strategist should keep,

Better than on a Dream intrude  
To scrutinize the Sleep.

c. 1873

1914

1246

The Butterfly in honored Dust  
Assuredly will lie  
But none will pass the Catacomb  
So chastened as the Fly –

c. 1873

1915

1247

To pile like Thunder to its close  
Then crumble grand away  
While Everything created hid  
This – would be Poetry –

Or Love – the two coeval come –  
We both and neither prove –  
Experience either and consume –  
For None see God and live –

c. 1873

1914

1248

The incidents of love  
Are more than its Events –  
Investment's best Expositor  
Is the minute Per Cents –

c. 1873

1914

1249

The Stars are old, that stood for me –  
The West a little worn –  
Yet newer glows the only Gold  
I ever cared to earn –

Presuming on that lone result  
Her infinite disdain  
But vanquished her with my defeat  
'Twas Victory was slain.

c. 1873

1914

1250

White as an Indian Pipe  
Red as a Cardinal Flower  
Fabulous as a Moon at Noon  
February Hour -

c. 1873

1932

1251

Silence is all we dread.  
There's Ransom in a Voice -  
But Silence is Infinity.  
Himself have not a face.

1873

1932

1252

Like Brooms of Steel  
The Snow and Wind  
Had swept the Winter Street -  
The House was hooked  
The Sun sent out  
Faint Deputies of Heat -  
Where rode the Bird  
The Silence tied  
His ample - plodding Steed  
The Apple in the Cellar snug  
Was all the one that played.

c. 1873

1914

## 1253

Had this one Day not been,  
 Or could it cease to be  
 How smitten, how superfluous,  
 Were every other Day!

Lest Love should value less  
 What Loss would value more  
 Had it the stricken privilege,  
 It cherishes before.

c. 1873

1914

## 1254

Elijah's Wagon knew no thill  
 Was innocent of Wheel  
 Elijah's horses as unique  
 As was his vehicle –

Elijah's journey to portray  
 Expire with him the skill  
 Who justified Elijah  
 In feats inscrutable –

c. 1873

1914

## 1255

Longing is like the Seed  
 That wrestles in the Ground,  
 Believing if it intercede  
 It shall at length be found.

The Hour, and the Clime –  
 Each Circumstance unknown,  
 What Constancy must be achieved  
 Before it see the Sun!

c. 1873

1929

1256

Not any higher stands the Grave  
For Heroes than for Men –  
Not any nearer for the Child  
Than numb Three Score and Ten –

This latest Leisure equal lulls  
The Beggar and his Queen  
Propitiate this Democrat  
A Summer's Afternoon –

c. 1873

1896

1257

Dominion lasts until obtained –  
Possession just as long –  
But these – endowing as they flit  
Eternally belong.

How everlasting are the Lips  
Known only to the Dew –  
These are the Brides of permanence  
Supplanting me and you.

c. 1873

1932

1258

Who were “the Father and the Son”  
We pondered when a child,  
And what had they to do with us  
And when portentous told

With inference appalling  
By Childhood fortified  
We thought, at least they are no worse  
Than they have been described.

Who are “the Father and the Son”  
Did we demand Today  
“The Father and the Son” himself  
Would doubtless specify –

But had they the felicity  
When we desired to know,  
We better Friends had been, perhaps,  
Than time ensue to be –

We start – to learn that we believe  
But once – entirely –  
Belief, it does not fit so well  
When altered frequently –

We blush, that Heaven if we achieve –  
Event ineffable –  
We shall have shunned until ashamed  
To own the Miracle –

c. 1873

1914

1259

A Wind that rose  
Though not a Leaf  
In any Forest stirred  
But with itself did cold engage  
Beyond the Realm of Bird –  
A Wind that woke a lone Delight  
Like Separation's Swell  
Restored in Arctic Confidence  
To the Invisible –

c. 1873

1932

1260

Because that you are going  
And never coming back  
And I, however absolute,  
May overlook your Track –

Because that Death is final,  
However first it be,  
This instant be suspended  
Above Mortality –

Significance that each has lived  
The other to detect  
Discovery not God himself  
Could now annihilate

Eternity, Presumption  
The instant I perceive  
That you, who were Existence  
Yourself forgot to live –

The “Life that is” will then have been  
A thing I never knew –  
As Paradise fictitious  
Until the Realm of you –

The “Life that is to be,” to me,  
A Residence too plain  
Unless in my Redeemer’s Face  
I recognize your own –

Of Immortality who doubts  
He may exchange with me  
Curtailed by your obscuring Face  
Of everything but He –

Of Heaven and Hell I also yield  
The Right to reprehend  
To whoso would commute this Face  
For his less priceless Friend.

If “God is Love” as he admits  
We think that he must be  
Because he is a “jealous God”  
He tells us certainly

If “All is possible with” him  
As he besides concedes  
He will refund us finally  
Our confiscated Gods –

## 1261

A Word dropped careless on a Page  
 May stimulate an eye  
 When folded in perpetual seam  
 The Wrinkled Maker lie

Infection in the sentence breeds  
 We may inhale Despair  
 At distances of Centuries  
 From the Malaria –

c. 1873

1947

## 1262

I cannot see my soul but know 'tis there  
 Nor ever saw his house nor furniture,  
 Who has invited me with him to dwell;  
 But a confiding guest consult as well,  
 What raiment honor him the most,  
 That I be adequately dressed,  
 For he insures to none  
 Lest men specifical adorn  
 Procuring him perpetual drest  
 By dating it a sudden feast.

1873?

1894

## 1263

There is no Frigate like a Book  
 To take us Lands away  
 Nor any Coursers like a Page  
 Of prancing Poetry –  
 This Traverse may the poorest take  
 Without oppress of Toll –  
 How frugal is the Chariot  
 That bears the Human soul.

c. 1873

1894

1264

This is the place they hoped before,  
Where I am hoping now.  
The seed of disappointment grew  
Within a capsule gay,  
Too distant to arrest the feet  
That walk this plank of balm –  
Before them lies escapeless sea –  
The way is closed they came.

c. 1873

1894

1265

The most triumphant Bird I ever knew or met  
Embarked upon a twig today  
And till Dominion set  
I famish to behold so eminent a sight  
And sang for nothing scrutable  
But intimate Delight.  
Retired, and resumed his transitive Estate –  
To what delicious Accident  
Does finest Glory fit!

c. 1873

1894

1266

When Memory is full  
Put on the perfect Lid –  
This Morning's finest syllable  
Presumptuous Evening said –

c. 1873

1951

1267

I saw that the Flake was on it  
But plotted with Time to dispute –  
“Unchanged” I urged with a candor  
That cost me my honest Heart –

But "you" – she returned with valor  
Sagacious of my mistake  
"Have altered – Accept the pillage  
For the progress' sake" –

c. 1873

1915

1268

Confirming All who analyze  
In the Opinion fair  
That Eloquence is when the Heart  
Has not a Voice to spare –

c. 1873

1932

1269

I worked for chaff and earning Wheat  
Was haughty and betrayed.  
What right had Fields to arbitrate  
In matters ratified?

I tasted Wheat and hated Chaff  
And thanked the ample friend –  
Wisdom is more becoming viewed  
At distance than at hand.

c. 1873

1896

1270

Is Heaven a Physician?  
They say that He can heal –  
But Medicine Posthumous  
Is unavailable –  
Is Heaven an Exchequer?  
They speak of what we owe –  
But that negotiation  
I'm not a Party to –

c. 1873

1891

September's Baccalaureate  
 A combination is  
 Of Crickets – Crows – and Retrospects  
 And a dissembling Breeze

That hints without assuming –  
 An Innuendo sear  
 That makes the Heart put up its Fun  
 And turn Philosopher.

c. 1873

1892

So proud she was to die  
 It made us all ashamed  
 That what we cherished, so unknown  
 To her desire seemed –  
 So satisfied to go  
 Where none of us should be  
 Immediately – that Anguish stooped  
 Almost to Jealousy –

c. 1873

1896

That sacred Closet when you sweep –  
 Entitled "Memory" –  
 Select a reverential Broom –  
 And do it silently.

'Twill be a Labor of surprise –  
 Besides Identity  
 Of other Interlocutors  
 A probability –

August the Dust of that Domain –  
 Unchallenged – let it lie –  
 You cannot supersede itself  
 But it can silence you –

c. 1873

1945

1274

The Bone that has no Marrow,  
What Ultimate for that?  
It is not fit for Table  
For Beggar or for Cat.

A Bone has obligations –  
A Being has the same –  
A Marrowless Assembly  
Is culpabler than shame.

But how shall finished Creatures  
A function fresh obtain?  
Old Nicodemus' Phantom  
Confronting us again!

c. 1873

1896

1275

The Spider as an Artist  
Has never been employed –  
Though his surpassing Merit  
Is freely certified

By every Broom and Bridget  
Throughout a Christian Land –  
Neglected Son of Genius  
I take thee by the Hand –

c. 1873

1896

1276

'Twas later when the summer went  
Than when the Cricket came –  
And yet we knew that gentle Clock  
Meant nought but Going Home –  
'Twas sooner when the Cricket went  
Than when the Winter came  
Yet that pathetic Pendulum  
Keeps esoteric Time.

c. 1873

1890

1277

While we were fearing it, it came –  
But came with less of fear  
Because that fearing it so long  
Had almost made it fair –

There is a Fitting – a Dismay –  
A Fitting – a Despair –  
"Tis harder knowing it is Due  
Than knowing it is Here.

The Trying on the Utmost  
The Morning it is new  
Is Terribler than wearing it  
A whole existence through.

c. 1873

1896

1278

The Mountains stood in Haze –  
The Valleys stopped below  
And went or waited as they liked  
The River and the Sky.

At leisure was the Sun –  
His interests of Fire  
A little from remark withdrawn –  
The Twilight spoke the Spire,

So soft upon the Scene  
The Act of evening fell  
We felt how neighborly a Thing  
Was the Invisible.

c. 1873

1945

1279

The Way to know the Bobolink  
From every other Bird  
Precisely as the Joy of him –  
Obliged to be inferred.

Of impudent Habiliment  
Attired to defy,  
Impertinence subordinate  
At times to Majesty.

Of Sentiments seditious  
Amenable to Law –  
As Heresies of Transport  
Or Puck's Apostacy.

Extrinsic to Attention  
Too intimate with Joy –  
He compliments existence  
Until allured away

By Seasons or his Children –  
Adult and urgent grown –  
Or unforeseen aggrandizement  
Or, happily, Renown –

By Contrast certifying  
The Bird of Birds is gone –  
How nullified the Meadow –  
Her Sorcerer withdrawn!

c. 1873

1945

1280

The harm of Years is on him –  
The infamy of Time –  
Depose him like a Fashion  
And give Dominion room.

Forget his Morning Forces –  
The Glory of Decay  
Is a minuter Pageant  
Than least Vitality.

c. 1873

1945

1281

A stagnant pleasure like a Pool  
That lets its Rushes grow  
Until they heedless tumble in  
And make the Water slow

Impeding navigation bright  
Of Shadows going down  
Yet even this shall rouse itself  
When freshets come along.

c. 1873

1945

1282

Art thou the thing I wanted?  
Begone – my Tooth has grown –  
Supply the minor Palate  
That has not starved so long –  
I tell thee while I waited  
The mystery of Food  
Increased till I abjured it  
And dine without Like God –

*rough draft I*

Art thou the thing I wanted?  
Begone – my Tooth has grown –  
Affront a minor palate  
Thou could'st not goad so long –  
I tell thee while I waited –  
The mystery of Food  
Increased till I abjured it  
Subsisting now like God –

*rough draft II*

c. 1873

1945

1283

Could Hope inspect her Basis  
Her Craft were done –

Has a fictitious Charter  
Or it has none –

Balked in the vastest instance  
But to renew –  
Felled by but one assassin –  
Prosperity –

c. 1873

1945

1284

Had we our senses  
But perhaps 'tis well they're not at Home  
So intimate with Madness  
He's liable with them

Had we the eyes within our Head –  
How well that we are Blind –  
We could not look upon the Earth –  
So utterly unmoved –

c. 1873

1945

1285

I know Suspense – it steps so terse  
And turns so weak away –  
Besides – Suspense is neighborly  
When I am riding by –

Is always at the Window  
Though lately I descriy  
And mention to my Horses  
The need is not of me –

c. 1873

1945

1286

I thought that nature was enough  
Till Human nature came  
But that the other did absorb  
As Parallax a Flame –

Of Human nature just aware  
There added the Divine  
Brief struggle for capacity  
The power to contain

Is always as the contents  
But give a Giant room  
And you will lodge a Giant  
And not a smaller man

c. 1873

1945

1287

In this short Life  
That only lasts an hour  
How much – how little – is  
Within our power

c. 1873

1945

1288

Lain in Nature – so suffice us  
The enchantless Pod  
When we advertise existence  
For the missing Seed –

Maddest Heart that God created  
Cannot move a sod  
Pasted by the simple summer  
On the Longed for Dead

c. 1873

1945

1289

Left in immortal Youth  
On that low Plain  
That hath nor Retrospection  
Nor Again –  
Ransomed from years –  
Sequestered from Decay

Canceled like Dawn  
In comprehensive Day –

c. 1873

1945

1290

The most pathetic thing I do  
Is play I hear from you –  
I make believe until my Heart  
Almost believes it too  
But when I break it with the news  
You knew it was not true  
I wish I had not broken it –  
Goliah – so would you –

c. 1873

1945

1291

Until the Desert knows  
That Water grows  
His Sands suffice  
But let him once suspect  
That Caspian Fact  
Sahara dies

Utmost is relative –  
Have not or Have  
Adjacent sums  
Enough – the first Abode  
On the familiar Road  
Galloped in Dreams –

c. 1873

1945

1292

Yesterday is History,  
"Tis so far away –  
Yesterday is Poetry –  
"Tis Philosophy –

Yesterday is mystery –  
Where it is Today  
While we shrewdly speculate  
Flutter both away

c. 1873

1945

1293

The things we thought that we should do  
We other things have done  
But those peculiar industries  
Have never been begun –

The Lands we thought that we should seek  
When large enough to run  
By Speculation ceded  
To Speculation's Son –

The Heaven, in which we hoped to pause  
When Discipline was done  
Untenable to Logic  
But possibly the one –

c. 1874

1931

1294

Of Life to own –  
From Life to draw –  
But never touch the reservoir –

1874

1931

1295

Two Lengths has every Day –  
Its absolute extent  
And Area superior  
By Hope or Horror lent –

Eternity will be  
Velocity or Pause

At Fundamental Signals  
From Fundamental Laws.

To die is not to go –  
On Doom's consummate Chart  
No Territory new is staked –  
Remain thou as thou art.

c. 1874

1914

1296

Death's Waylaying not the sharpest  
Of the thefts of Time –  
There Marauds a sorcer Robber,  
Silence – is his name –  
No Assault, nor any Menace  
Doth betoken him.  
But from Life's consummate Cluster –  
He supplants the Balm.

c. 1874

1931

1297

Go slow, my soul, to feed thyself  
Upon his rare approach –  
Go rapid, lest Competing Death  
Prevail upon the Coach –  
Go timid, should his final eye  
Determine thee amiss –  
Go boldly – for thou paid'st his price  
Redemption – for a Kiss –

c. 1874

1894

1298

The Mushroom is the Elf of Plants –  
At Evening, it is not –  
At Morning, in a Truffled Hut  
It stop upon a Spot

As if it tarried always  
And yet its whole Career  
Is shorter than a Snake's Delay  
And fleetier than a Tare –

'Tis Vegetation's Juggler –  
The Germ of Alibi –  
Doth like a Bubble antedate  
And like a Bubble, hie –

I feel as if the Grass was pleased  
To have it intermit –  
This surreptitious scion  
Of Summer's circumspect.

Had Nature any supple Face  
Or could she one contemn –  
Had Nature an Apostate –  
That Mushroom – it is Him!

c. 1874

1891

1299

Delight's Despair at setting  
Is that Delight is less  
Than the sufficing Longing  
That so impoverish.

Enchantment's Perihelion  
Mistaken oft has been  
For the Authentic orbit  
Of its Anterior Sun.

c. 1874

1945

1300

From his slim Palace in the Dust  
He relegates the Realm,  
More loyal for the exody  
That has befallen him.

c. 1874

1945

1301

I cannot want it more –  
I cannot want it less –  
My Human Nature's fullest force  
Expends itself on this.

And yet it nothing is  
To him who easy owns –  
Is Worth itself or Distance  
He fathoms who obtains.

c. 1874

1945

1302

I think that the Root of the Wind is Water –  
It would not sound so deep  
Were it a Firmamental Product –  
Airs no Oceans keep –  
Mediterranean intonations –  
To a Current's Ear –  
There is a maritime conviction  
In the Atmosphere –

c. 1874

1914

1303

Not One by Heaven defrauded stay –  
Although he seem to steal  
He restitutes in some sweet way  
Secreted in his will –

c. 1874

1914

1304

Not with a Club, the Heart is broken  
Nor with a Stone –  
A Whip so small you could not see it  
I've known

To lash the Magic Creature  
Till it fell,  
Yet that Whip's Name  
Too noble then to tell.

Magnanimous as Bird  
By Boy desried –  
Singing unto the Stone  
Of which it died –

Shame need not crouch  
In such an Earth as Ours –  
Shame – stand erect –  
The Universe is yours.

c. 1874

1896

1305

Recollect the Face of me  
When in thy Felicity,  
Due in Paradise today  
Guest of mine assuredly –

Other Courtesies have been –  
Other Courtesy may be –  
We commend ourselves to thee  
Paragon of Chivalry.

c. 1874

1945

1306

Surprise is like a thrilling – pungent –  
Upon a tasteless meat  
Alone – too acrid – but combined  
An edible Delight.

c. 1874

1945

1307

That short – potential stir  
That each can make but once –

That Bustle so illustrious  
'Tis almost Consequence –  
Is the éclat of Death –  
Oh, thou unknown Renown  
That not a Beggar would accept  
Had he the power to spurn –

c. 1874

1890

1308

The Day she goes  
Or Day she stays  
Are equally supreme –  
Existence has a stated width  
Departed, or at Home –

c. 1874

1945

1309

The Infinite a sudden Guest  
Has been assumed to be –  
But how can that stupendous come  
Which never went away?

c. 1874

1945

1310

The Notice that is called the Spring  
Is but a month from here –  
Put up my Heart thy Hoary work  
And take a Rosy Chair.

Not any House the Flowers keep –  
The Birds enamor Care –  
Our salary the longest Day  
Is nothing but a Bier.

c. 1874

1945

1311

This dirty – little – Heart  
Is freely mine.  
I won it with a Bun –  
A Freckled shrine –

But eligibly fair  
To him who sees  
The Visage of the Soul  
And not the knees.

c. 1874

1945

1312

To break so vast a Heart  
Required a Blow as vast –  
No Zephyr felled this Cedar straight –  
'Twas undeserved Blast –

c. 1874

1945

1313

Warm in her Hand these accents lie  
While faithful and afar  
The Grace so awkward for her sake  
Its fond subjection wear –

c. 1874

1945

1314

When a Lover is a Beggar  
Abject is his Knee –  
When a Lover is an Owner  
Different is he –

What he begged is then the Beggar –  
Oh disparity –  
Bread of Heaven resents bestowal  
Like an obloquy –

c. 1878

1945

1315

Which is the best – the Moon or the Crescent?  
Neither – said the Moon –  
That is best which is not – Achieve it –  
You efface the Sheen.

Not of detention is Fruition –  
Shudder to attain.  
Transport's decomposition follows –  
He is Prism born.

c. 1874

1945

1316

Winter is good – his Hoar Delights  
Italic flavor yield –  
To Intellects inebriate  
With Summer, or the World –  
  
Generic as a Quarry  
And hearty – as a Rose –  
Invited with Asperity  
But welcome when he goes.

c. 1874

1945

1317

Abraham to kill him  
Was distinctly told –  
Isaac was an Urchin –  
Abraham was old –

Not a hesitation –  
Abraham complied –  
Flattered by Obeisance  
Tyranny demurred –

Isaac – to his children  
Lived to tell the tale –

Moral – with a Mastiff  
Manners may prevail.

c. 1874

1945

1318

Frigid and sweet Her parting Face –  
Frigid and fleet my Feet –  
Alien and vain whatever Clime  
Acrid whatever Fate.

Given to me without the Suit  
Riches and Name and Realm –  
Who was She to withhold from me  
Penury and Home?

c. 1874

1945

1319

How News must feel when travelling  
If News have any Heart  
Alighting at the Dwelling  
'Twill enter like a Dart!

What News must think when pondering  
If News have any Thought  
Concerning the stupendousness  
Of its perceiveless freight!

What News will do when every Man  
Shall comprehend as one  
And not in all the Universe  
A thing to tell remain?

c. 1874

1945

1320

Dear March – Come in –  
How glad I am –  
I hoped for you before –

Put down your Hat –  
You must have walked –  
How out of Breath you are –  
Dear March, how are you, and the Rest –  
Did you leave Nature well –  
Oh March, Come right up stairs with me –  
I have so much to tell –

I got your Letter, and the Birds –  
The Maples never knew that you were coming – till I called  
I declare – how Red their Faces grew –  
But March, forgive me – and  
All those Hills you left for me to Hue –  
There was no Purple suitable –  
You took it all with you –

Who knocks? That April.  
Lock the Door –  
I will not be pursued –  
He stayed away a Year to call  
When I am occupied –  
But trifles look so trivial  
As soon as you have come

That Blame is just as dear as Praise  
And Praise as mere as Blame –

c. 1874

1896

1321

Elizabeth told Essex  
That she could not forgive  
The clemency of Deity  
However – might survive –  
That secondary succor  
We trust that she partook  
When suing – like her Essex  
For a reprieving Look –

c. 1874

1945

1322

Floss won't save you from an Abyss  
But a Rope will –  
Notwithstanding a Rope for a Souvenir  
Is not beautiful –

But I tell you every step is a Trough –  
And every stop a Well –  
Now will you have the Rope or the Floss?  
Prices reasonable –

c. 1874

1945

1323

I never hear that one is dead  
Without the chance of Life  
Afresh annihilating me  
That mightiest Belief,

Too mighty for the Daily mind  
That tilling its abyss,  
Had Madness, had it once or twice  
The yawning Consciousness,

Beliefs are Bandaged, like the Tongue  
When Terror were it told  
In any Tone commensurate  
Would strike us instant Dead

I do not know the man so bold  
He dare in lonely Place  
That awful stranger Consciousness  
Deliberately face –

c. 1874

1945

1324

I send you a decrepit flower  
That nature sent to me  
At parting – she was going south  
And I designed to stay –

Her motive for the souvenir  
If sentiment for me  
Or circumstance prudential  
Withheld invincibly –

c. 1874

1945

1325

Knock with tremor –  
These are Caesars –  
Should they be at Home  
Flee as if you trod unthinking  
On the Foot of Doom –  
  
These receded to accostal  
Centuries ago –  
Should they rend you with “How are you”  
What have you to show?

c. 1874

1945

1326

Our little secrets slink away –  
Beside God’s shall not tell –  
He kept his word a Trillion years  
And might we not as well –  
But for the niggardly delight  
To make each other stare  
Is there no sweet beneath the sun  
With this that may compare –

c. 1874

1945

1327

The Symptom of the Gale –  
The Second of Dismay –  
Between its Rumor and its Face –  
Is almost Revelry –

The Houses firmer root –  
The Heavens cannot be found –  
The Upper Surfaces of things  
Take covert in the Ground –

The Mem’ry of the Sun  
Not Any can recall –  
Although by Nature’s sterling Watch  
So scant an interval –

And when the Noise is caught  
And Nature looks around –  
“We dreamed it”? She interrogates –  
“Good Morning” – We propound?

c. 1874

1955

1328

The vastest earthly Day  
Is shrunken small  
By one Defaulting Face  
Behind a Pall –

c. 1874

1945

1329

Whether they have forgotten  
Or are forgetting now  
Or never remembered –  
Safer not to know –

Miseries of conjecture  
Are a softer woe  
Than a Fact of Iron  
Hardened with I know –

c. 1874

1945

1330

Without a smile – Without a Throe  
A Summer’s soft Assemblies go  
To their entrancing end

Unknown – for all the times we met –  
Estranged, however intimate –  
What a dissembling Friend –

c. 1874

1945

1331

Wonder – is not precisely Knowing  
And not precisely Knowing not –  
A beautiful but bleak condition  
He has not lived who has not felt –

Suspense – is his maturer Sister –  
Whether Adult Delight is Pain  
Or of itself a new misgiving –  
This is the Gnat that mangles men –

c. 1874

1945

1332

Pink – small – and punctual –  
Aromatic – low –  
Covert – in April –  
Candid – in May –  
Dear to the Moss –  
Known to the Knoll –  
Next to the Robin  
In every human Soul –  
Bold little Beauty  
Bedecked with thee  
Nature forswears  
Antiquity –

c. 1875

1890

1333

A little Madness in the Spring  
Is wholesome even for the King,  
But God be with the Clown –

Who ponders this tremendous scene –  
This whole Experiment of Green –  
As if it were his own!

c. 1875

1914

1334

How soft this Prison is  
How sweet these sullen bars  
No Despot but the King of Down  
Invented this repose  
  
Of Fate if this is All  
Has he no added Realm  
A Dungeon but a Kinsman is  
Incarceration – Home.

c. 1875

1951

1335

Let me not mar that perfect Dream  
By an Auroral stain  
But so adjust my daily Night  
That it will come again.

Not when we know, the Power accosts –  
The Garment of Surprise  
Was all our timid Mother wore  
At Home – in Paradise.

c. 1875

1947

1336

Nature assigns the Sun –  
That – is Astronomy –  
Nature cannot enact a Friend –  
That – is Astrology.

c. 1875

1951

1337

Upon a Lilac Sea  
To toss incessantly  
His Plush Alarm  
Who fleeing from the Spring  
The Spring avenging fling  
To Dooms of Balm –

c. 1875

1945

1338

What tenements of clover  
Are fitting for the bee,  
What edifices azure  
For butterflies and me –  
What residences nimble  
Arise and evanesce  
Without a rhythmic rumor  
Or an assaulting guess.

1875?

1894

1339

A Bee his burnished Carriage  
Drove boldly to a Rose –  
Combinedly alighting –  
Himself – his Carriage was –  
The Rose received his visit  
With frank tranquillity  
Withholding not a Crescent  
To his Cupidity –  
Their Moment consummated –  
Remained for him – to flee –  
Remained for her – of rapture  
But the humility.

c. 1875

1945

1340

A Rat surrendered here  
A brief career of Cheer  
And Fraud and Fear.

Of Ignominy's due  
Let all addicted to  
Beware.

The most obliging Trap  
Its tendency to snap  
Cannot resist —

Temptation is the Friend  
Repugnantly resigned  
At last.

c. 1875

1945

1341

Unto the Whole — how add?  
Has “All” a further Realm —  
Or Utmost an Ulterior?  
Oh, Subsidy of Balm!

c. 1875

1945

1342

“Was not” was all the Statement.  
The Unpretension stuns —  
Perhaps — the Comprehension —  
They wore no Lexicons —

But lest our Speculation  
In inanition die  
Because “God took him” mention —  
That was Philology —

c. 1875

1945

A single Clover Plank  
Was all that saved a Bee  
A Bee I personally knew  
From sinking in the sky –

’Twixt Firmament above  
And Firmament below  
The Billows of Circumference  
Were sweeping him away –

The idly swaying Plank  
Responsible to nought  
A sudden Freight of Wind assumed  
And Bumble Bee was not –

This harrowing event  
Transpiring in the Grass  
Did not so much as wring from him  
A wandering “Alas” –

c. 1875

1945

Not any more to be lacked –  
Not any more to be known –  
Denizen of Significance  
For a span so worn –

Even Nature herself  
Has forgot it is there –  
Sedulous of her Multitudes  
Notwithstanding Despair –

Of the Ones that pursued it  
Suing it not to go  
Some have solaced the longing  
To accompany –

Some – rescinded the Wrench –  
Others – Shall I say

Plated the residue of Adz  
With Monotony.

c. 1875

1929

1345

An antiquated Grace  
Becomes that cherished Face  
As well as prime  
Enjoining us to part  
We and our pouting Heart  
Good friends with time

c. 1875

1945

1346

As Summer into Autumn slips  
And yet we sooner say  
“The Summer” than “the Autumn,” lest  
We turn the sun away,

And almost count it an Affront  
The presence to concede  
Of one however lovely, not  
The one that we have loved –

So we evade the charge of Years  
On one attempting shy  
The Circumvention of the Shaft  
Of Life’s Declivity.

c. 1875

1894

1347

Escape is such a thankful Word  
I often in the Night  
Consider it unto myself  
No spectacle in sight

Escape – it is the Basket  
In which the Heart is caught

When down some awful Battlement  
The rest of Life is dropt -

'Tis not to sight the savior -  
It is to be the saved -  
And that is why I lay my Head  
Upon this trusty word -

c. 1875

1945

1348

Lift it - with the Feathers  
Not alone we fly -  
Launch it - the aquatic  
Not the only sea -  
Advocate the Azure  
To the lower Eyes -  
He has obligation  
Who has Paradise -

c. 1875

1945

1349

I'd rather recollect a setting  
Than own a rising sun  
Though one is beautiful forgetting -  
And true the other one.

Because in going is a Drama  
Staying cannot confer  
To die divinely once a Twilight -  
Than wane is easier -

c. 1875

1945

1350

Luck is not chance -  
It's Toil -  
Fortune's expensive smile  
Is earned -

The Father of the Mine  
Is that old-fashioned Coin  
We spurned –

c. 1875

1945

1351

You cannot take itself  
From any Human soul –  
That indestructible estate  
Enable him to dwell –  
Impregnable as Light  
That every man behold  
But take away as difficult  
As undiscovered Gold –

c. 1875

1945

1352

To his simplicity  
To die – was little Fate –  
If Duty live – contented  
But her Confederate.

c. 1876

1931

1353

The last of Summer is Delight –  
Deterred by Retrospect.  
'Tis Ecstasy's revealed Review –  
Enchantment's Syndicate.

To meet it – nameless as it is –  
Without celestial Mail –  
Audacious as without a Knock  
To walk within the Veil.

c. 1876

1929

1354

The Heart is the Capital of the Mind –  
The Mind is a single State –  
The Heart and the Mind together make  
A single Continent –

One – is the Population –  
Numerous enough –  
This ecstatic Nation  
Seek – it is Yourself.

c. 1876

1929

1355

The Mind lives on the Heart  
Like any Parasite –  
If that is full of Meat  
The Mind is fat.

But if the Heart omit  
Emaciate the Wit –  
The Aliment of it  
So absolute.

c. 1876

1932

1356

The Rat is the concisest Tenant.  
He pays no Rent.  
Repudiates the Obligation –  
On Schemes intent

Balking our Wit  
To sound or circumvent –  
Hate cannot harm  
A Foe so reticent –  
Neither Decree prohibit him –  
Lawful as Equilibrium.

c. 1876

1891

"Faithful to the end" Amended  
 From the Heavenly Clause -  
 Constancy with a Proviso  
 Constancy abhors -

"Crowns of Life" are servile Prizes  
 To the stately Heart,  
 Given for the Giving, solely,  
 No Emolument.

*version I*  
 c. 1876

1932

"Faithful to the end" Amended  
 From the Heavenly clause -  
 Lucrative indeed the offer  
 But the Heart withdraws -

"I will give" the base Proviso -  
 Spare Your "Crown of Life" -  
 Those it fits, too fair to wear it -  
 Try it on Yourself -

*version II*  
 c. 1876

1945

The Treason of an accent  
 Might Ecstasy transfer -  
 Of her effacing Fathom  
 Is no Recoverer -

*version I*  
 c. 1876

1931

The Treason of an Accent  
 Might vilify the Joy -  
 To breathe - corrode the rapture  
 Of Sanctity to be -

*version II*  
 c. 1876

1914

1359

The long sigh of the Frog  
Upon a Summer's Day  
Enacts intoxication  
Upon the Reverie –  
But his receding Swell  
Substantiates a Peace  
That makes the Ear inordinate  
For corporal release –

c. 1876

1914

1360

I sued the News – yet feared – the News  
That such a Realm could be –  
“The House not made with Hands” it was –  
Thrown open wide to me –

c. 1876

1931

1361

The Flake the Wind exasperate  
More eloquently lie  
Than if escorted to its Down  
By Arm of Chivalry.

c. 1876

1931

1362

Of their peculiar light  
I keep one ray  
To clarify the Sight  
To seek them by –

c. 1876

1931

1363

Summer laid her simple Hat  
On its boundless Shelf –

Unobserved – a Ribbon slipt,  
Snatch it for yourself.

Summer laid her supple Glove  
In its sylvan Drawer –  
Wheresoe'er, or was she --  
The demand of Awe?

c. 1876

1947

1364

How know it from a Summer's Day?  
Its Fervors are as firm –  
And nothing in the Countenance  
But scintillates the same –  
Yet Birds examine it and flee –  
And Vans without a name  
Inspect the Admonition  
And sunder as they came –

c. 1876

1955

1365

Take all away –  
The only thing worth larceny  
Is left – the Immortality –

c. 1876

1891

1366A

Brother of Ingots – Ah Peru –  
Empty the Hearts that purchased you –

c. 1876

1945

1366B

Sister of Ophir –  
Ah, Peru –

Subtle the Sum  
That purchase you –

c. 1878

1932

1366C

Brother of Ophir  
Bright Adieu,  
Honor, the shortest route  
To you.

c. 1880

1894

1367

“Tomorrow” – whose location  
The Wise deceives  
Though its hallucination  
Is last that leaves –  
Tomorrow – thou Retriever  
Of every tare –  
Of Alibi art thou  
Or ownest where?

c. 1876

1951

1368

Love’s stricken “why”  
Is all that love can speak –  
Built of but just a syllable  
The hugest hearts that break.

c. 1876

1894

1369

Trusty as the stars  
Who quit their shining working  
Prompt as when I lit them  
In Genesis’ new house,  
Durable as dawn  
Whose antiquated blossom

Makes a world's suspense  
Perish and rejoice.

1876?

1894

1370

Gathered into the Earth,  
And out of story –  
Gathered to that strange Fame –  
That lonesome Glory  
That hath no omen here – but Awe –

c. 1876

1945

1371

How fits his Umber Coat  
The Tailor of the Nut?  
Combined without a seam  
Like Raiment of a Dream –

Who spun the Auburn Cloth?  
Computed how the girth?  
The Chestnut aged grows  
In those primeval Clothes –

We know that we are wise –  
Accomplished in Surprise –  
Yet by this Countryman –  
This nature – how undone!

c. 1876

1945

1372

The Sun is one – and on the Tare  
He doth as punctual call  
As on the conscientious Flower  
And estimates them all –

c. 1876

1945

1373

The worthlessness of Earthly things  
The Ditty is that Nature Sings –  
And then – enforces their delight  
Till Synods are inordinate –

c. 1876

1945

1374

A Saucer holds a Cup  
In sordid human Life  
But in a Squirrel's estimate  
A Saucer hold a Loaf.

A Table of a Tree  
Demands the little King  
And every Breeze that run along  
His Dining Room do swing.

His Cutlery – he keeps  
Within his Russet Lips –  
To see it flashing when he dines  
Do Birmingham eclipse –

Convicted – could we be  
Of our Minutiae  
The smallest Citizen that flies  
Is heartier than we –

c. 1876

1945

1375

Death warrants are supposed to be  
An enginery of equity  
A merciful mistake  
A pencil in an Idol's Hand  
A Devotee has oft consigned  
To Crucifix or Block

c. 1876

1945

1376

Dreams are the subtle Dower  
That make us rich an Hour -  
Then fling us poor  
Out of the purple Door  
Into the Precinct raw  
Possessed before -

c. 1876

1945

1377

Forbidden Fruit a flavor has  
That lawful Orchards mocks -  
How luscious lies within the Pod  
The Pea that Duty locks -

c. 1876

1896

1378

His Heart was darker than the starless night  
For that there is a morn  
But in this black Receptacle  
Can be no Bode of Dawn

c. 1876

1945

1379

His Mansion in the Pool  
The Frog forsakes -  
He rises on a Log  
And statements makes -  
His Auditors two Worlds  
Deducting me -  
The Orator of April  
Is hoarse Today -  
His Mittens at his Feet  
No Hand hath he -  
His eloquence a Bubble  
As Fame should be -

Applaud him to discover  
To your chagrin  
Demosthenes has vanished  
In Waters Green –

c. 1876

1945

1380

How much the present moment means  
To those who've nothing more –  
The Fop – the Carp – the Atheist –  
Stake an entire store  
Upon a Moment's shallow Rim  
While their commuted Feet  
The Torrents of Eternity  
Do all but inundate –

c. 1876

1945

1381

I suppose the time will come  
Aid it in the coming  
When the Bird will crowd the Tree  
And the Bee be booming.

I suppose the time will come  
Hinder it a little  
When the Corn in Silk will dress  
And in Chintz the Apple

I believe the Day will be  
When the Jay will giggle  
At his new white House the Earth  
That, too, halt a little –

c. 1876

1945

1382

In many and reportless places  
We feel a Joy –

Reportless, also, but sincere as Nature  
Or Deity -

It comes, without a consternation -  
Dissolves - the same -  
But leaves a sumptuous Destitution -  
Without a Name -

Profane it by a search - we cannot  
It has no home -  
Nor we who having once inhaled it -  
Thereafter roam.

c. 1876

1945

1383

Long Years apart - can make no  
Breach a second cannot fill -  
The absence of the Witch does not  
Invalidate the spell -

The embers of a Thousand Years  
Uncovered by the Hand  
That fondled them when they were Fire  
Will stir and understand -

c. 1876

1945

1384

Praise it - 'tis dead -  
It cannot glow -  
Warm this inclement Ear  
With the encomium it earned  
Since it was gathered here -  
Invest this alabaster Zest  
In the Delights of Dust -  
Remitted - since it flitted it  
In recusance august.

c. 1876

1945

1385

"Secrets" is a daily word  
Yet does not exist –  
Muffled – it remits surmise –  
Murmured – it has ceased –  
Dungeoned in the Human Breast  
Doubtless secrets lie –  
But that Grate inviolate –  
Goes nor comes away  
Nothing with a Tongue or Ear –  
Secrets stapled there  
Will emerge but once – and dumb –  
To the Sepulchre –

c. 1879

1945

1386

Summer – we all have seen –  
A few of us – believed –  
A few – the more aspiring  
Unquestionably loved –  
  
But Summer does not care –  
She goes her spacious way  
As eligible as the moon  
To our Temerity –  
  
The Doom to be adored –  
The Affluence conferred –  
Unknown as to an Ecstasy  
The Embryo endowed –

c. 1876

1945

1387

The Butterfly's Numidian Gown  
With spots of Burnish roasted on  
Is proof against the Sun  
Yet prone to shut its spotted Fan

And panting on a Clover lean  
As if it were undone -

c. 1876

1945

1388

Those Cattle smaller than a Bee  
That herd upon the eye -  
Whose tillage is the passing Crumb -  
Those Cattle are the Fly -  
Of Barns for Winter - blameless -  
Extemporaneous stalls  
They found to our objection -  
On eligible walls -  
Reserving the presumption  
To suddenly descend  
And gallop on the Furniture -  
Or odiouser offend -  
Of their peculiar calling  
Unqualified to judge  
To Nature we remand them  
To justify or scourge -

c. 1876

1945

1389

Touch lightly Nature's sweet Guitar  
Unless thou know'st the Tune  
Or every Bird will point at thee  
Because a Bard too soon -

c. 1876

1945

1390

These held their Wick above the West -  
Till when the Red declined -  
Or how the Amber aided it -  
Defied to be defined -

Then waned without disparagement  
In a dissembling Hue  
That would not let the Eye decide  
Did it abide or no –

c. 1877

1951

1391

They might not need me – yet they might –  
I'll let my Heart be just in sight –  
A smile so small as mine might be  
Precisely their necessity –

c. 1877

1894

1392

Hope is a strange invention –  
A Patent of the Heart –  
In unremitting action  
Yet never wearing out –  
  
Of this electric Adjunct  
Not anything is known  
But its unique momentum  
Embellish all we own –

c. 1877

1931

1393

Lay this Laurel on the One  
Too intrinsic for Renown –  
Laurel – veil your deathless tree –  
Him you chasten, that is He!

c. 1877

1891

1394

Whose Pink career may have a close  
Portentous as our own, who knows?

To imitate these Neighbors fleet  
In awe and innocence, were meet.

c. 1877

1894

1395

After all Birds have been investigated and laid aside –  
Nature imparts the little Blue-Bird – assured  
Her conscientious Voice will soar unmoved  
Above ostensible Vicissitude.

First at the March – competing with the Wind –  
Her panting note exalts us – like a friend –  
Last to adhere when Summer cleaves away –  
Elegy of Integrity.

c. 1877

1932

1396

She laid her docile Crescent down  
And this confiding Stone  
Still states to Dates that have forgot  
The News that she is gone –  
  
So constant to its stolid trust,  
The Shaft that never knew –  
It shames the Constancy that fled  
Before its emblem flew –

c. 1877

1896

1397

It sounded as if the Streets were running  
And then – the Streets stood still –  
Eclipse – was all we could see at the Window  
And Awe – was all we could feel.

By and by – the boldest stole out of his Covert  
To see if Time was there –

Nature was in an Opal Apron,  
Mixing fresher Air.

c. 1877

1891

1398

I have no Life but this –  
To lead it here –  
Nor any Death – but lest  
Dispelled from there –  
  
Nor tie to Earths to come –  
Nor Action new –  
Except through this extent –  
The Realm of you –

c. 1877

1891

1399

Perhaps they do not go so far  
As we who stay, suppose –  
Perhaps come closer, for the lapse  
Of their corporeal clothes –  
  
It may be know so certainly  
How short we have to fear  
That comprehension antedates  
And estimates us there –

c. 1877

1947

1400

What mystery pervades a well!  
That water lives so far –  
A neighbor from another world  
Residing in a jar

Whose limit none have ever seen,  
But just his lid of glass –  
Like looking every time you please  
In an abyss's face!

The grass does not appear afraid,  
I often wonder he  
Can stand so close and look so bold  
At what is awe to me.

Related somehow they may be,  
The sedge stands next the sea –  
Where he is floorless  
And does no timidity betray

But nature is a stranger yet;  
The ones that cite her most  
Have never passed her haunted house,  
Nor simplified her ghost.

To pity those that know her not  
Is helped by the regret  
That those who know her, know her less  
The nearer her they get.

1877?

1896

1401

To own a Susan of my own  
Is of itself a Bliss –  
Whatever Realm I forfeit, Lord,  
Continue me in this!

c. 1877

1932

1402

To the stanch Dust  
We safe commit thee –  
Tongue if it hath,  
Inviolate to thee –  
Silence – denote –  
And Sanctity – enforce thee –  
Passenger – of Infinity –

c. 1877

1914