

## Emily Dickinson Poems

**216**

Safe in their Alabaster Chambers —  
Untouched by Morning  
And untouched by Noon —  
Sleep the meek members of the Resurrection —  
Rafter of satin,  
And Roof of stone.

Light laughs the breeze  
In her Castle above them —  
Babbles the Bee in a stolid Ear,  
Pipe the Sweet Birds in ignorant cadence —  
Ah, what sagacity perished here!

Grand go the years in the crescent above them;  
Worlds scoop their arcs, and firmaments row,  
Diadems drop and Doges surrender,  
Soundless as dots on a disk of snow.

**280**

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

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

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

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

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

### 341

After great pain, a formal feeling comes —  
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs —  
The stiff Heart questions was it He, that bore,  
And Yesterday, or Centuries before?

The Feet, mechanical, go round —  
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought —  
A Wooden way  
Regardless grown,  
A Quartz contentment, like a stone —

This is the Hour of Lead —  
Remembered, if outlived,  
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow —  
First — Chill — then Stupor — then the letting go —

### 465

I heard a Fly buzz — when I died —  
The Stillness in the Room  
Was like the Stillness in the Air —  
Between the Heaves of Storm —

The Eyes around — had wrung them dry —  
And Breaths were gathering firm  
For that last Onset — when the King  
Be witnessed — in the Room —

I willed my Keepsakes — Signed away  
What portion of me be  
Assignable — and then it was  
There interposed a Fly —

With Blue — uncertain stumbling Buzz —  
Between the light — and me —  
And then the Windows failed — and then  
I could not see to see—

## 712

Because I could not stop for Death—  
He kindly stopped for me—  
The Carriage held but just Ourselves—  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove—He knew no haste,  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure too,  
For His Civility—

We passed the School, where Children strove  
At recess—in the ring—  
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain—  
We passed the Setting Sun—

Or rather—He passed Us—  
The Dews drew quivering and chill—  
For only Gossamer, my Gown—  
My Tippet—only Tulle—

We paused before a House that seemed  
A Swelling of the Ground—  
The Roof was scarcely visible—  
The Cornice—in the Ground—

Since then—'tis centuries— and yet  
Feels shorter than the Day  
I first surmised the Horses' Heads  
Were toward Eternity—