THE POEMS OF

Emily Dickinson

READING EDITION

EDITED BY

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Salute us, As we - it	ots of Apparitions with their wings - were - that perished - had just remained till we rejoin them -	15	I felt a Funeral, in my Brain, And Mourners to and fro Kept treading - treading - till it seemed		
And 'twas That mour	And 'twas they, and not ourself  That mourned -  Tie the strings to my Life, My Lord,	20		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 -	5
Then, I am Just a look Rapid! Tha Put me in c So I shall n For we mus And it's par	ready to go! at the Horses - at will do!			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,	10
	ever fall - st ride to the Judgment - rtly, down Hill -	5		As all the Heavens were a Bell, And Being, but an Ear, And I, and Silence, some strange Race	15
And never I Held fast in	mind the steepest - I mind the Sea - Everlasting Race - Choice, and Thee -	10	341	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 -  'Tis so appalling - it exhilirates - So over Horror, it half captivates -	- 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1
And the Wo	o the Life I used to live - orld I used to know - e Hills, for me, just once - ready to go!	15			20
339 I like a look Because I kr Men do not Nor simulat	now it's true - sham Convulsion,			The Soul stares after it, secure - To know the worst, leaves no dread more - To scan a Ghost, is faint - But grappling, conquers it - How easy, Torment, now -	5
Impossible t The Beads o	ze once - and that is Death - o feign pon the Forehead Anguish strung.	S		Suspense kept sawing so -  The Truth, is Bald - and Cold -  But that will hold -  If any are not sure -  We show them - prayer -  But we, who know,  Stop hoping, now -	10