

THE POEMS OF

Emily Dickinson

READING EDITION



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Bright Knots of Apparitions
 Salute us, with their wings - 15

As we - it were - that perished -
 Themselves - had just remained till we rejoin them -
 And 'twas they, and not ourself
 That mourned - 20

338 Tie the strings to my Life, My Lord,
 Then, I am ready to go!
 Just a look at the Horses -
 Rapid! That will do!

Put me in on the firmest side -
 So I shall never fall - 5
 For we must ride to the Judgment -
 And it's partly, down Hill -

But never I mind the steepest -
 And never I mind the Sea - 10
 Held fast in Everlasting Race -
 By my own Choice, and Thee -

Good bye to the Life I used to live -
 And the World I used to know -
 And kiss the Hills, for me, just once -
 Then - I am ready to go! 15

339 I like a look of Agony,
 Because I know it's true -
 Men do not sham Convulsion,
 Nor simulate, a Throe -

The eyes glaze once - and that is Death -
 Impossible to feign 5
 The Beads upon the Forehead
 By homely Anguish strung.

340 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 - 5
 Kept beating - beating - till I thought
 My mind was going numb -

And then I heard them lift a Box
 And creak across my Soul 10
 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 15
 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 - 20

341 'Tis so appalling - it exhilarates -
 So over Horror, it half captivates -
 The Soul stares after it, secure -
 To know the worst, leaves no dread more -

To scan a Ghost, is faint -
 But grappling, conquers it - 5
 How easy, Torment, now -
 Suspense kept sawing so -

The Truth, is Bald - and Cold -
 But that will hold - 10
 If any are not sure -
 We show them - prayer -
 But we, who know,
 Stop hoping, now -