This quiet Dust was Gentlemen and Ladies
And Lads and Girls -
Was laughter and ability and Sighing
And Frocks and Curls.
This Passive Place a Summer's nimble mansion
Where Bloom and Bees
Exist an Oriental Circuit
Then cease, like these -

To own the Art within the Soul
The Soul to entertain
With Silence as a Company
And Festival maintain
In an unfurnished Circumstance
Possession is to One
As an Estate perpetual
Or a reduceless Mine.

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.

'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 it's 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 -

We outgrow love, like other things
And put it in the Drawer -
Till it an Antique fashion shows -
Like Costumes Grandstires wore.

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.

A narrow Fellow in the Grass
Occasionally rides -
You may have met him? Did you not
His notice instant 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 -
But 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.

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

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 -