THE POEMS OF

Emily Dickinson

READING EDITION

EDITED BY

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The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press
Cambridge, Massachusetts, and London, England

2005
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 it's established place -
For technicality of Death -
Omitted in the Lease -

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.

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 it's neighbor once -

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.

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

Split the Lark - and you'll find the Music -
Bulb after Bulb, in Silver rolled -
Scantily 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?

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

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 -

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

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