



280 – I felt a Funeral, in my Brain

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 -

529 - I'm sorry for the Dead

I'm sorry for the Dead – Today -

It's such congenial times

Old Neighbors have at fences -

It's time o'year for Hay.

And Broad - Sunburned Acquaintance

Discourse between the Toil -

And laugh, a homely species

That makes the Fences smile -

It seems so straight to lie away

From all the noise of Fields -

The Busy Carts - the fragrant Cocks -

The Mower's Metre - Steals

A Trouble lest they're homesick –

Those Farmers - and their Wives -

Set separate from the Farming -

And all the Neighbors' lives -

A Wonder if the Sepulchre

Don't feel a lonesome way -

When Men - and Boys - and Carts -
and June,

Go down the Fields to "Hay" -

This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me -
The Simple News that Nature told -
With tender Majesty
Her Message is committed
To Hands I cannot see-
For love of Her – Sweet – countrymen -
Judge tenderly - of Me

1540 – As imperceptibly as Grief

As imperceptibly as Grief
The Summer lapsed away -
Too Imperceptible at last
To seem like Perfidy -
A Quietness distilled
As Twilight long begun,
Or Nature spending with herself
Sequestered Afternoon -
The Dusk drew earlier in -

The Morning foreign shone -
A courteous, yet harrowing Grace,
As Guest, that would be gone -
And thus, without a Wing
Or service of a Keel
Our Summer made her light escape
Into the Beautiful.

754 – My life Had stood - a loaded gun

My Life had stood - a Loaded Gun -

In Corners - till a Day

The Owner passed - identified -

And carried Me away -

And now We roam in Sovereign Woods -

And now We hunt the Doe -

And every time I speak for Him -

The Mountains straight reply-

And do I smile, such cordial light
Upon the Valley glow -
It is as a Vesuvian face
Had let its pleasure through -

And when at Night - Our good Day done -
I guard My Master's Head -
'Tis better than the Eider-Duck's
Deep Pillow - to have shared -

To foe of His - I'm deadly foe -

None stir the second time -

On whom I lay a Yellow Eye -

Or an emphatic Thumb -

Though I than He - may longer live

He longer must - than I -

For I have but the power to kill,

Without - the power to die -

465 – I heard a Fly buzz

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 -

658 – Whole Gulfs

Whole Gulfs - of Red, and Fleets - of Red -

And Crews - of solid Blood -

Did place about the West - Tonight -

As 'twere specific Ground -

And They - appointed Creatures -

In Authorized Arrays -

Due – promptly - as a Drama

That bows - and disappears-

409 – They dropped like Flakes

They dropped like Flakes -

They dropped like Stars -

Like Petals from a Rose -

When suddenly across the June

A wind with fingers - goes-

They perished in the Seamless Grass -

No eye could find the place -

But God can summon every face

On his Repealless - List.

639 – My portion is Defeat

My Portion is Defeat - today-

A paler luck than Victory -

Less Paeans - fewer Bells -

The Drums don't follow Me - with
tunes -

Defeat - a somewhat slower -
means -

More Arduous than Balls -

'Tis populous with Bone and stain -

And Men too straight to stoop
again,

And Piles of solid Moan -

And Chips of Blank - in Boyish
Eyes -

And scraps of Prayer -

And Death's surprise,

Stamped visible - in Stone -

There's somewhat prouder, over there -

The Trumpets tell it to the Air -

How different Victory

To Him who has it - and the One

Who to have had it, would have been

Contenteder - to die -

1225 – Its Hour with Itself

Its Hour with Itself

The Spirit never shows.

What Terror would enthrall the Street

Could Countenance disclose

The Subterranean Freight

The Cellars of the Soul -

Thank God the loudest Place he made

Is incensed to be still.

470 – I am alive

I am alive - I guess -

The Branches on my Hand

Are full of Morning Glory -

And at my finger's end-

The Carmine - tingles warm -

And if I hold a Glass

Across my Mouth - it blurs it -

Physician's - proof of Breath -

I am alive - because

I am not in a Room -

The Parlor - Commonly - It is -

So Visitors may come -

And lean - and view It sidewise -

And add "How cold - it grew" -

And 'Was it conscious - when It
stepped

In Immortality?"

I am alive - because

I do not own a House -

Entitled to myself - precise -

And fitting no one else -

And marked my Girlhood's name

So Visitors may know

Which Door is mine - and not
mistake -

And try another Key -

How good - to be alive!

How infinite - to be

Alive - two-fold - The Birth I had -

And this - besides, in - Thee!

677 – To be alive

To be alive - is Power

Existence - in itself -

Without a further function -

Omnipotence - Enough -

To be alive - and Will

'Tis able as a God -

The Maker - of Ourselves - be what -

Such being Finitude