

## A SELECTION OF POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON

---

HOPE is the thing with feathers  
That perches in the soul,  
And sings the tune without the words,  
And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the gale is heard;      5  
And sore must be the storm  
That could abash the little bird  
That kept so many warm.

I 've heard it in the chillest land,  
And on the strangest sea;      10  
Yet, never, in extremity,  
It asked a crumb of me.

## A SELECTION OF POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON

---

HOW happy is the little stone  
That rambles in the road alone,  
And doesn't care about careers,  
And exigencies never fears;  
Whose coat of elemental brown      5  
A passing universe put on;  
And independent as the sun,  
Associates or glows alone,  
Fulfilling absolute decree  
In casual simplicity.      10

## A SELECTION OF POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON

---

I DIED for beauty, but was scarce  
Adjusted in the tomb,  
When one who died for truth was lain  
In an adjoining room.

He questioned softly why I failed?      5  
“For beauty,” I replied.  
“And I for truth,—the two are one;  
We brethren are,” he said.

And so, as kinsmen met a night,  
We talked between the rooms,      10  
Until the moss had reached our lips,  
And covered up our names.

## A SELECTION OF POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON

---

I 'M nobody! Who are you?  
Are you nobody, too?  
Then there 's a pair of us—don't tell!  
They 'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!      5  
How public, like a frog  
To tell your name the livelong day  
To an admiring bog!

## A SELECTION OF POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON

---

I NEVER hear the word “escape”  
Without a quicker blood,  
A sudden expectation,  
A flying attitude.

I never hear of prisons broad      5  
By soldiers battered down,  
But I tug childish at my bars,—  
Only to fail again!

## A SELECTION OF POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON

---

I NEVER lost as much but twice,  
And that was in the sod;  
Twice have I stood a beggar  
Before the door of God!

Angels, twice descending,        5  
Reimbursed my store.  
Burglar, banker, father,  
I am poor once more!

## A SELECTION OF POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON

---

SUCCESS is counted sweetest  
By those who ne'er succeed.  
To comprehend a nectar  
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple host      5  
Who took the flag to-day  
Can tell the definition,  
So clear, of victory,

As he, defeated, dying,  
On whose forbidden ear      10  
The distant strains of triumph  
Break, agonized and clear.

## A SELECTION OF POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON

---

THE BRAIN is wider than the sky,  
For, put them side by side,  
The one the other will include  
With ease, and you beside.

The brain is deeper than the sea,      5  
For, hold them, blue to blue,  
The one the other will absorb,  
As sponges, buckets do.

The brain is just the weight of God,  
For, lift them, pound for pound,      10  
And they will differ, if they do,  
As syllable from sound.



## A SELECTION OF POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON

---

THERE is no frigate like a book  
To take us lands away,  
Nor any coursers like a page  
Of prancing poetry.

This traverse may the poorest take      5  
Without oppress of toll;  
How frugal is the chariot  
That bears a human soul!

## A SELECTION OF POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON

---

TO make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee,—  
One clover, and a bee,  
And revery.  
The revery alone will do  
If bees are few.

## A SELECTION OF POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON

---

BECAUSE I could not stop for Death,  
He kindly stopped for me;  
The carriage held but just ourselves  
And Immortality.  
We slowly drove, he knew no haste,  
And I had put away  
My labor, and my leisure too,  
For his civility.

We passed the school, where children strove  
At recess, in the ring;  
We passed the fields of gazing grain,  
We passed the setting sun.

Or rather, be passed us;  
The dews grew quivering and chill,  
For only gossamer my gown,  
My tippet only tulle.

We paused before house that seemed  
A swelling of the ground;  
The roof was scarcely visible,  
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries, and yet each  
Feels shorter than the day  
I first surmised the horses' heads  
Were toward eternity.