

POEMS

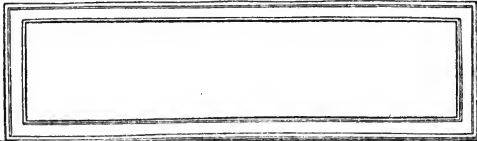
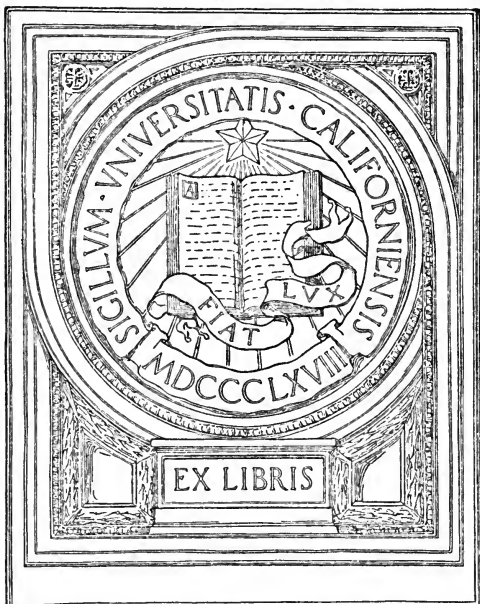
by

Emily Dickinson

Second Series



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POEMS  
BY  
EMILY DICKINSON.

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ROBERTS BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,  
*Boston.*



Fac-simile of "Renunciation," by Emily Dickinson.

PRINTED IN THE FIRST VOLUME OF HER POEMS.

There came a Ray -  
At Summer's full.  
Enquiring for me -  
I thought that such  
were for the Saints -  
When Resurrections - or -  
The Sun - as Common  
went - abroad -  
The Storms - accustomed -  
Here -  
As if no soul - that  
solitude passed -  
Which maketh  
all things - new -

The time was scarce  
prepared - of speech.

The falling of a word  
was needless - as at  
Sacrament -

The wardrobe - of  
our Lord!

Each was 10 -  
each. the called  
Church.

Permitted 10 - Communion  
this time.

Let us 10 - and word  
short.

at supper of the Lamb.

The hours slid  
fast - as hours will -  
Clutched tight - of  
good, hands -

So - faces as Mrs Decker  
look back.

Bound in opposing bands.

And so when  
all the time had taken,  
without external sound,  
Each sound the  
other's Crucifix -

We gave no other  
Bond -

Sufficient - Truth -

That we shall  
rise.

Exposed - at length  
the Grave.

↳ That non-Mar-  
riage -

Justified - through  
Calvaries - of  
Love!

# POEMS

BY

EMILY DICKINSON

*Edited by two of her Friends*

T. W. HIGGINSON AND MABEL LOOMIS TODD

*SECOND SERIES*

BOSTON

ROBERTS BROTHERS

1896

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Caroline E. de Cate

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1916  
H. W. H.

## P R E F A C E.



THE eagerness with which the first volume of Emily Dickinson's poems has been read shows very clearly that all our alleged modern artificiality does not prevent a prompt appreciation of the qualities of directness and simplicity in approaching the greatest themes,—life and love and death. That "irresistible needle-touch," as one of her best critics has called it, piercing at once the very core of a thought, has found a response as wide and sympathetic as it has been unexpected even to those who knew best her compelling power. This second volume, while open to the same criticism as to form with its predecessor, shows also the same shining beauties.

Although Emily Dickinson had been in the habit of sending occasional poems to friends and corre-

spondents, the full extent of her writing was by no means imagined by them. Her friend "H. H." must at least have suspected it, for in a letter dated 5th September, 1884, she wrote:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,— What portfolios full of verses you must have! It is a cruel wrong to your "day and generation" that you will not give them light.

If such a thing should happen as that I should outlive you, I wish you would make me your literary legatee and executor. Surely after you are what is called "dead" you will be willing that the poor ghosts you have left behind should be cheered and pleased by your verses, will you not? You ought to be. I do not think we have a right to withhold from the world a word or a thought any more than a *deed* which might help a single soul. . . .

Truly yours,

HELEN JACKSON.

The "portfolios" were found, shortly after Emily Dickinson's death, by her sister and only surviving housemate. Most of the poems had been carefully copied on sheets of note-paper, and tied in little fascicules, each of six or eight sheets. While many



of them bear evidence of having been thrown off at white heat, still more had received thoughtful revision. There is the frequent addition of rather perplexing foot-notes, affording large choice of words and phrases. And in the copies which she sent to friends, sometimes one form, sometimes another, is found to have been used. Without important exception, her friends have generously placed at the disposal of the Editors any poems they had received from her; and these have given the obvious advantage of comparison among several renderings of the same verse.

To what further rigorous pruning her verses would have been subjected had she published them herself, we cannot know. They should be regarded in many cases as merely the first strong and suggestive sketches of an artist, intended to be embodied at some time in the finished picture.

Emily Dickinson appears to have written her first poems in the winter of 1862. In a letter to one of the present Editors the April following, she says, "I made no verse, but one or two, until this winter."

The handwriting was at first somewhat like the delicate, running Italian hand of our elder gentle-

women; but as she advanced in breadth of thought, it grew bolder and more abrupt, until in her latest years each letter stood distinct and separate from its fellows. In most of her poems, particularly the later ones, everything by way of punctuation was discarded, except numerous dashes; and all important words began with capitals. The effect of a page of her more recent manuscript is exceedingly quaint and strong. The fac-simile given in the present volume is from one of the earlier transition periods. Although there is nowhere a date, the handwriting makes it possible to arrange the poems with general chronologic accuracy.

As a rule, the verses were without titles; but "A Country Burial," "A Thunder-Storm," "The Humming-Bird," and a few others were named by their author, frequently at the end,—sometimes only in the accompanying note, if sent to a friend.

The variation of readings, with the fact that she often wrote in pencil and not always clearly, have at times thrown a good deal of responsibility upon her Editors. But all interference not absolutely inevitable has been avoided. The very roughness of her

own rendering is part of herself, and not lightly to be touched; for it seems in many cases that she intentionally avoided the smoother and more usual rhymes.

Like impressionist pictures, or Wagner's rugged music, the very absence of conventional form challenges attention. In Emily Dickinson's exacting hands, the especial, intrinsic fitness of a particular order of words might not be sacrificed to anything virtually extrinsic; and her verses all show a strange cadence of inner rhythmical music. Lines are always daringly constructed, and the "thought-rhyme" appears frequently, — appealing, indeed, to an unrecognized sense more elusive than hearing.

Emily Dickinson scrutinized everything with clear-eyed frankness. Every subject was proper ground for legitimate study, even the sombre facts of death and burial, and the unknown life beyond. She touches these themes sometimes lightly, sometimes almost humorously, more often with weird and peculiar power; but she is never by any chance frivolous or trivial. And while, as one critic has said, she may exhibit toward God "an Emersonian self-possession,"

it was because she looked upon all life with a candor as unprejudiced as it is rare.

She had tried society and the world, and found them lacking. She was not an invalid, and she lived in seclusion from no love-disappointment. Her life was the normal blossoming of a nature introspective to a high degree, whose best thought could not exist in pretence.

Storm, wind, the wild March sky, sunsets and dawns; the birds and bees, butterflies and flowers of her garden, with a few trusted human friends, were sufficient companionship. The coming of the first robin was a jubilee beyond crowning of monarch or birthday of pope; the first red leaf hurrying through "the altered air," an epoch. Immortality was close about her; and while never morbid or melancholy, she lived in its presence.

MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS,  
August, 1891.

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*MY* nosegays are for captives ;  
    Dim, long-expectant eyes,  
*Fingers denied the plucking,*  
    Patient till paradise.

*To such, if they should whisper*  
    *Of morning and the moor,*  
*They bear no other errand,*  
    *And I, no other prayer.*



I.  
LIFE.





## P O E M S.



### I.

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 !  
How public, like a frog  
To tell your name the livelong day  
To an admiring bog !

## II.

I BRING an unaccustomed wine  
To lips long parching, next to mine,  
And summon them to drink.

Crackling with fever, they essay ;  
I turn my brimming eyes away,  
And come next hour to look.

The hands still hug the tardy glass ;  
The lips I would have cooled, alas !  
Are so superfluous cold,

I would as soon attempt to warm  
The bosoms where the frost has lain  
Ages beneath the mould.

Some other thirsty there may be  
To whom this would have pointed me  
Had it remained to speak.

And so I always bear the cup  
If, haply, mine may be the drop  
Some pilgrim thirst to slake, —

If, haply, any say to me,  
“Unto the little, unto me,”  
When I at last awake.

## III.

THE nearest dream recedes, unrealized.  
The heaven we chase  
Like the June bee  
Before the school-boy  
Invites the race ;  
Stoops to an easy clover —  
Dips — evades — teases — deploys ;  
Then to the royal clouds  
Lifts his light pinnace  
Heedless of the boy  
Staring, bewildered, at the mocking sky.

Homesick for steadfast honey,  
Ah ! the bee flies not  
That brews that rare variety.

## IV.

WE play at paste,  
Till qualified for pearl,  
Then drop the paste,  
And deem ourself a fool.  
The shapes, though, were similar,  
And our new hands  
Learned gem-tactics  
Practising sands.

## V.

I FOUND the phrase to every thought  
I ever had, but one ;  
And that defies me, — as a hand  
Did try to chalk the sun

To races nurtured in the dark ; —  
How would your own begin ?  
Can blaze be done in cochineal,  
Or noon in mazarin ?

## VI.

## HOPE.

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 ;  
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 ;  
Yet, never, in extremity,  
It asked a crumb of me.

## VII.

## THE WHITE HEAT.

DARE you see a soul at the white heat?  
Then crouch within the door.

Red is the fire's common tint;  
But when the vivid ore

Has sated flame's conditions,  
Its quivering substance plays  
Without a color but the light  
Of unanointed blaze.

Least village boasts its blacksmith,  
Whose anvil's even din  
Stands symbol for the finer forge  
That soundless tugs within,

Refining these impatient ores  
With hammer and with blaze,  
Until the designated light  
Repudiate the forge.



## VIII.

## TRIUMPHANT.

WHO never lost, are unprepared  
    A coronet to find ;  
Who never thirsted, flagons  
And cooling tamarind.

Who never climbed the weary league —  
Can such a foot explore  
The purple territories  
On Pizarro's shore ?

How many legions overcome ?  
The emperor will say.  
How many colors taken  
On Revolution Day ?

How many bullets bearest ?  
The royal scar hast thou ?  
Angels, write " Promoted " —  
On this soldier's brow !

## IX.

## THE TEST.

I CAN wade grief,  
Whole pools of it, —  
I'm used to that.  
But the least push of joy  
Breaks up my feet,  
And I tip — drunken.  
Let no pebble smile,  
'T was the new liquor, —  
That was all !

Power is only pain,  
Stranded, through discipline,  
Till weights will hang.  
Give balm to giants,  
And they'll wilt, like men.  
Give Himmaleh, —  
They'll carry him !

X.

ESCAPE.

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

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

## XI.

## COMPENSATION.

FOR each ecstatic instant  
We must an anguish pay  
In keen and quivering ratio  
To the ecstasy.

For each beloved hour  
Sharp pittances of years,  
Bitter contested farthings  
And coffers heaped with tears.

## XII.

## THE MARTYRS.

THROUGH the straight pass of suffering  
The martyrs even trod,  
Their feet upon temptation,  
Their faces upon God.

A stately, shriven company ;  
Convulsion playing round,  
Harmless as streaks of meteor  
Upon a planet's bound.

Their faith the everlasting troth ;  
Their expectation fair ;  
The needle to the north degree  
Wades so, through polar air.

## XIII.

## A PRAYER.

I MEANT to have but modest needs,  
Such as content, and heaven ;  
Within my income these could lie,  
And life and I keep even.

But since the last included both,  
It would suffice my prayer  
But just for one to stipulate,  
And grace would grant the pair.

And so, upon this wise I prayed, —  
Great Spirit, give to me  
A heaven not so large as yours,  
But large enough for me.

A smile suffused Jehovah's face ;  
The cherubim withdrew ;  
Grave saints stole out to look at me,  
And showed their dimples, too.

I left the place with all my might, —  
My prayer away I threw ;  
The quiet ages picked it up,  
And Judgment twinkled, too,

That one so honest be extant  
As take the tale for true  
That “Whatsoever you shall ask,  
Itself be given you.”

But I, grown shrewder, scan the skies  
With a suspicious air, —  
As children, swindled for the first,  
All swindlers be, infer.

## XIV.

THE thought beneath so slight a film  
Is more distinctly seen, —  
As laces just reveal the surge,  
Or mists the Apennine.



## XV.

THE soul unto itself  
Is an imperial friend, —  
Or the most agonizing spy  
An enemy could send.

Secure against its own,  
No treason it can fear ;  
Itself its sovereign, of itself  
The soul should stand in awe.

## XVI.

**S**URGEONS must be very careful  
When they take the knife !  
Underneath their fine incisions  
Stirs the culprit, — Life !

## XVII.

## THE RAILWAY TRAIN.

I LIKE to see it lap the miles,  
And lick the valleys up,  
And stop to feed itself at tanks ;  
And then, prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains,  
And, supercilious, peer  
In shanties by the sides of roads ;  
And then a quarry pare

To fit its sides, and crawl between,  
Complaining all the while  
In horrid, hooting stanza ;  
Then chase itself down hill

And neigh like Boanerges ;  
Then, punctual as a star,  
Stop — docile and omnipotent —  
At its own stable door.

## XVIII.

## THE SHOW.

THE show is not the show,  
But they that go.  
Menagerie to me  
My neighbor be.  
Fair play —  
Both went to see.

## XIX.

**D**ELIGHT becomes pictorial  
When viewed through pain,—  
More fair, because impossible  
That any gain.

The mountain at a given distance  
In amber lies ;  
Approached, the amber flits a little,—  
And that 's the skies !

## XX.

A THOUGHT went up my mind to-day  
That I have had before,  
But did not finish, — some way back,  
I could not fix the year,

Nor where it went, nor why it came  
The second time to me,  
Nor definitely what it was,  
Have I the art to say.

But somewhere in my soul, I know  
I've met the thing before ;  
It just reminded me — 't was all —  
And came my way no more.

XXI.

IS Heaven a physician?  
They say that He can heal ;  
But medicine posthumous  
Is unavailable.

Is Heaven an exchequer?  
They speak of what we owe ;  
But that negotiation  
I 'm not a party to.

## XXII.

## THE RETURN.

THOUGH I get home how late, how late !  
So I get home, 't will compensate.  
Better will be the ecstasy  
That they have done expecting me,  
When, night descending, dumb and dark,  
They hear my unexpected knock.  
Transporting must the moment be,  
Brewed from decades of agony !

To think just how the fire will burn,  
Just how long-cheated eyes will turn  
To wonder what myself will say,  
And what itself will say to me,  
Beguiles the centuries of way !



## XXIII.

A POOR torn heart, a tattered heart,  
That sat it down to rest,  
Nor noticed that the ebbing day  
Flowed silver to the west,  
Nor noticed night did soft descend  
Nor constellation burn,  
Intent upon the vision  
Of latitudes unknown.

The angels, happening that way,  
This dusty heart espied ;  
Tenderly took it up from toil  
And carried it to God.  
There, -- sandals for the barefoot ;  
There, -- gathered from the gales,  
Do the blue havens by the hand  
Lead the wandering sails.

## XXIV.

## TOO MUCH.

I SHOULD have been too glad, I see,  
Too lifted for the scant degree  
Of life's penurious round ;  
My little circuit would have shamed  
This new circumference, have blamed  
The homelier time behind.

I should have been too saved, I see,  
Too rescued ; fear too dim to me  
That I could spell the prayer  
I knew so perfect yesterday, —  
That scalding one, " Sabachthani, "  
Recited fluent here.

Earth would have been too much, I see,  
And heaven not enough for me ;  
I should have had the joy  
Without the fear to justify, —  
The palm without the Calvary ;  
So, Saviour, crucify.

Defeat whets victory, they say ;  
The reefs in old Gethsemane  
    Endear the shore beyond.  
'T is beggars banquets best define ;  
'T is thirsting vitalizes wine, —  
    Faith faints to understand.

## XXV.

## SHIPWRECK.

IT tossed and tossed, —  
    A little brig I knew, —  
O'ertook by blast,  
It spun and spun,  
And groped delirious, for morn.

It slipped and slipped,  
As one that drunken stepped ;  
Its white foot tripped,  
Then dropped from sight.

Ah, brig, good-night  
To crew and you ;  
The ocean's heart too smooth, too blue,  
To break for you.

## XXVI.

VICTORY comes late,  
And is held low to freezing lips  
Too rapt with frost  
To take it.  
How sweet it would have tasted,  
Just a drop !  
Was God so economical ?  
His table 's spread too high for us  
Unless we dine on tip-toe.  
Crumbs fit such little mouths,  
Cherries suit robins ;  
The eagle's golden breakfast  
Strangles them.  
God keeps his oath to sparrows,  
Who of little love  
Know how to starve !

## XXVII.

## ENOUGH.

GOD gave a loaf to every bird,  
But just a crumb to me ;  
I dare not eat it, though I starve, —  
My poignant luxury  
To own it, touch it, prove the feat  
That made the pellet mine, —  
Too happy in my sparrow chance  
For ampler coveting.

It might be famine all around,  
I could not miss an ear,  
Such plenty smiles upon my board,  
My garner shows so fair.  
I wonder how the rich may feel, —  
An Indiaman — an Earl?  
I deem that I with but a crumb  
Am sovereign of them all.

## XXVIII.

**E**XPERIMENT to me  
Is every one I meet.  
If it contain a kernel?  
The figure of a nut

Presents upon a tree,  
Equally plausibly ;  
But meat within is requisite,  
To squirrels and to me.

## XXIX.

## MY COUNTRY'S WARDROBE.

MY country need not change her gown,  
Her triple suit as sweet  
As when 't was cut at Lexington,  
And first pronounced "a fit."

Great Britain disapproves "the stars ;"  
Disparagement discreet, —  
There 's something in their attitude  
That taunts her bayonet.



XXX.

FAITH is a fine invention  
For gentlemen who see ;  
But microscopes are prudent  
In an emergency !

## XXXI.

EXCEPT the heaven had come so near,  
So seemed to choose my door,  
The distance would not haunt me so ;  
I had not hoped before.

But just to hear the grace depart  
I never thought to see,  
Afflicts me with a double loss ;  
'T is lost, and lost to me.

XXXII.

**P**ORTRAITS are to daily faces  
As an evening west  
To a fine, pedantic sunshine  
In a satin vest.

## XXXIII.

## THE DUEL.

I TOOK my power in my hand  
And went against the world ;  
'T was not so much as David had,  
But I was twice as bold.

I aimed my pebble, but myself  
Was all the one that fell.  
Was it Goliath was too large,  
Or only I too small?

## XXXIV.

A SHADY friend for torrid days  
Is easier to find  
Than one of higher temperature  
For frigid hour of mind.

The vane a little to the east  
Scares muslin souls away ;  
If broadcloth breasts are firmer  
Than those of organdy,

Who is to blame? The weaver?  
Ah ! the bewildering thread !  
The tapestries of paradise  
So notelessly are made !

## XXXV.

## THE GOAL.

EACH life converges to some centre  
Expressed or still ;  
Exists in every human nature  
A goal,

Admitted scarcely to itself, it may be,  
Too fair  
For credibility's temerity  
To dare.

Adored with caution, as a brittle heaven,  
To reach  
Were hopeless as the rainbow's raiment  
To touch,

Yet persevered toward, surer for the distance ;  
How high  
Unto the saints' slow diligence  
The sky !

Ungained, it may be, by a life's low venture,  
But then,  
Eternity enables the endeavoring  
Again.

## XXXVI.

## SIGHT.

**B**EFORE I got my eye put out,  
I liked as well to see  
As other creatures that have eyes,  
And know no other way.

But were it told to me, to-day,  
That I might have the sky  
For mine, I tell you that my heart  
Would split, for size of me.

The meadows mine, the mountains mine, —  
All forests, stintless stars,  
As much of noon as I could take  
Between my finite eyes.



The motions of the dipping birds,  
The lightning's jointed road,  
For mine to look at when I liked, —  
The news would strike me dead !

So, safer, guess, with just my soul  
Upon the window-pane  
Where other creatures put their eyes,  
Incautious of the sun.

## XXXVII.

TALK with prudence to a beggar  
Of 'Potosi' and the mines !  
Reverently to the hungry  
Of your viands and your wines !

Cautious, hint to any captive  
You have passed' enfranchised feet !  
Anecdotes of air in dungeons  
Have sometimes proved deadly sweet !

## XXXVIII.

## THE PREACHER.

HE preached upon "breadth" till it argued  
him narrow,—

The broad are too broad to define ;

And of "truth" until it proclaimed him a liar, —

The truth never flaunted a sign.

Simplicity fled from his counterfeit presence

As gold the pyrites would shun.

What confusion would cover the innocent Jesus

To meet so enabled a man !

## XXXIX.

GOOD night! which put the candle out?  
A jealous zephyr, not a doubt.  
Ah! friend, you little knew  
How long at that celestial wick  
The angels labored diligent;  
Extinguished, now, for you!

It might have been the lighthouse spark  
Some sailor, rowing in the dark,  
Had importuned to see!  
It might have been the waning lamp  
That lit the drummer from the camp  
To purer reveille!

## XL.

WHEN I hoped I feared,  
    Since I hoped I dared ;  
Everywhere alone  
As a church remain ;  
Spectre cannot harm,  
Serpent cannot charm ;  
He deposes doom,  
Who hath suffered him.

## XLI.

## DEED.

A DEED knocks first at thought,  
And then it knocks at will.  
That is the manufacturing spot,  
And will at home and well.

It then goes out an act,  
Or is entombed so still  
That only to the ear of God  
Its doom is audible.

## XLII.

## TIME'S LESSON.

**M**INE enemy is growing old, —  
I have at last revenge.  
The palate of the hate departs ;  
If any would avenge, —

Let him be quick, the viand flits,  
It is a faded meat.  
Anger as soon as fed is dead ;  
'Tis starving makes it fat.

## XLIII.

## REMORSE.

REMORSE is memory awake,  
Her companies astir, —  
A presence of departed acts  
At window and at door.

It's past set down before the soul,  
And lighted with a match,  
Perusal to facilitate  
Of its condensed despatch.

Remorse is cureless, — the disease  
Not even God can heal ;  
For 't is his institution, —  
The complement of hell.



XLIV.

THE SHELTER.

THE body grows outside, —  
The more convenient way, —  
That if the spirit like to hide,  
Its temple stands alway

Ajar, secure, inviting ;  
It never did betray  
The soul that asked its shelter  
In timid honesty.

## XLV.

UNDUE significance a starving man attaches  
    To food  
Far off ; he sighs, and therefore hopeless,  
And therefore good.

Partaken, it relieves indeed, but proves us  
That spices fly  
In the receipt. It was the distance  
Was savory.

## XLVI.

**H**EART not so heavy as mine,  
    Wending late home,  
As it passed my window  
Whistled itself a tune, —

A careless snatch, a ballad,  
A ditty of the street ;  
Yet to my irritated ear  
An anodyne so sweet,

It was as if a bobolink,  
Sauntering this way,  
Carolled and mused and carolled,  
Then bubbled slow away.

It was as if a chirping brook  
Upon a toilsome way  
Set bleeding feet to minuets  
Without the knowing why.

To-morrow, night will come again,  
Weary, perhaps, and sore.  
Ah, bugle, by my window,  
I pray you stroll once more !

## XLVII.

I MANY times thought peace had come,  
When peace was far away ;  
As wrecked men deem they sight the land  
At centre of the sea,

And struggle slacker, but to prove,  
As hopelessly as I,  
How many the fictitious shores  
Before the harbor lie.

## XLVIII.

UNTO my books so good to turn  
Far ends of tired days ;  
It half endears the abstinence,  
And pain is missed in praise.

As flavors cheer retarded guests  
With banquetings to be,  
So spices stimulate the time  
Till my small library.

It may be wilderness without,  
Far feet of failing men,  
But holiday excludes the night,  
And it is bells within.

I thank these kinsmen of the shelf ;  
Their countenances bland  
Enamour in prospective,  
And satisfy, obtained.

## XLIX.

THIS merit hath the worst, —  
It cannot be again.  
When Fate hath taunted last  
And thrown her furthest stone,

The maimed may pause and breathe,  
And glance securely round.  
The deer invites no longer  
Than it eludes the hound.

## L.

## HUNGER.

I HAD been hungry all the years ;  
My noon had come, to dine ;  
I, trembling, drew the table near,  
And touched the curious wine.

'T was this on tables I had seen,  
When turning, hungry, lone,  
I looked in windows, for the wealth  
I could not hope to own.

I did not know the ample bread,  
'T was so unlike the crumb  
The birds and I had often shared  
In Nature's dining-room.



The plenty hurt me, 't was so new, —  
Myself felt ill and odd,  
As berry of a mountain bush  
Transplanted to the road.

Nor was I hungry ; so I found  
That hunger was a way  
Of persons outside windows,  
The entering takes away.

## LI.

I GAINED it so,  
By climbing slow,  
By catching at the twigs that grow  
Between the bliss and me.

It hung so high,  
As well the sky  
Attempt by strategy.

I said I gained it, —  
This was all.  
Look, how I clutch it,  
Lest it fall,  
And I a pauper go ;  
Unfitted by an instant's grace  
For the contented beggar's face  
I wore an hour ago.

## LII.

**T**O learn the transport by the pain,  
As blind men learn the sun ;  
To die of thirst, suspecting  
That brooks in meadows run ;

To stay the homesick, homesick feet  
Upon a foreign shore  
Haunted by native lands, the while,  
And blue, beloved air —

This is the sovereign anguish,  
This, the signal woe !  
These are the patient laureates  
Whose voices, trained below,

Ascend in ceaseless carol,  
Inaudible, indeed,  
To us, the duller scholars  
Of the mysterious bard !

## LIII.

## X RETURNING.

I YEARS had been from home,  
And now, before the door,  
I dared not open, lest a face  
I never saw before

Stare vacant into mine  
And ask my business there.  
My business, — just a life I left,  
Was such still dwelling there?

I fumbled at my nerve,  
I scanned the windows near ;  
The silence like an ocean rolled,  
And broke against my ear.

I laughed a wooden laugh  
That I could fear a door,  
Who danger and the dead had faced,  
But never quaked before.

I fitted to the latch  
My hand, with trembling care,  
Lest back the awful door should spring,  
And leave me standing there.

I moved my fingers off  
As cautiously as glass,  
And held my ears, and like a thief  
Fled gasping from the house.

## LIV.

## PRAYER.

PRAYER is the little implement  
Through which men reach  
Where presence is denied them.  
They fling their speech

By means of it in God's ear ;  
If then He hear,  
This sums the apparatus  
Comprised in prayer.

## LV.

I KNOW that he exists  
Somewhere, in silence.  
He has hid his rare life  
From our gross eyes.

'T is an instant's play,  
'T is a fond ambush,  
Just to make bliss  
Earn her own surprise !

But should the play  
Prove piercing earnest,  
Should the glee glaze  
In death's stiff stare,

Would not the fun  
Look too expensive?  
Would not the jest  
Have crawled too far?

## LVI.

## MELODIES UNHEARD.

MUSICIANS wrestle everywhere :  
All day, among the crowded air,  
I hear the silver strife ;  
And — waking long before the dawn —  
Such transport breaks upon the town  
I think it that “ new life ! ”

It is not bird, it has no nest ;  
Nor band, in brass and scarlet dressed,  
Nor tambourine, nor man ;  
It is not hymn from pulpit read, —  
The morning stars the treble led  
On time’s first afternoon !

Some say it is the spheres at play !  
Some say that bright majority  
Of vanished dames and men !  
Some think it service in the place  
Where we, with late, celestial face,  
Please God, shall ascertain !



## LVII.

## CALLED BACK.

JUST lost when I was saved !  
Just felt the world go by !  
Just girt me for the onset with eternity,  
When breath blew back,  
And on the other side  
I heard recede the disappointed tide !

Therefore, as one returned, I feel,  
Odd secrets of the line to tell !  
Some sailor, skirting foreign shores,  
Some pale reporter from the awful doors  
Before the seal !

Next time, to stay !  
Next time, the things to see  
By ear unheard,  
Unscrutinized by eye.

Next time, to tarry,  
While the ages steal, —  
Slow tramp the centuries,  
And the cycles wheel.

II.

LOVE.



I.

CHOICE.

OF all the souls that stand create  
I have elected one.  
When sense from spirit files away,  
And subterfuge is done ;

When that which is and that which was  
Apart, intrinsic, stand,  
And this brief tragedy of flesh  
Is shifted like a sand ;

When figures show their royal front  
And mists are carved away, —  
Behold the atom I preferred  
To all the lists of clay !

## II.

I HAVE no life but this,  
To lead it here ;  
Nor any death, but lest  
Dispelled from there ;

Nor tie to earths to come,  
Nor action new,  
Except through this extent,  
The realm of you.

## III.

YOUR riches taught me poverty.  
Myself a millionaire  
In little wealths, — as girls could boast, —  
Till broad as Buenos Ayre,

You drifted your dominions  
A different Peru ;  
And I esteemed all poverty,  
For life's estate with you.

Of mines I little know, myself,  
But just the names of gems, —  
The colors of the commonest ;  
And scarce of diadems

So much that, did I meet the queen,  
Her glory I should know :  
But this must be a different wealth,  
To miss it beggars so.

I'm sure 't is India all day  
To those who look on you  
Without a stint, without a blame, —  
Might I but be the Jew !

I'm sure it is Golconda,  
Beyond my power to deem, —  
To have a smile for mine each day,  
How better than a gem !

At least, it solaces to know  
That there exists a gold,  
Although I prove it just in time  
Its distance to behold !

It's far, far treasure to surmise,  
And estimate the pearl  
That slipped my simple fingers through  
While just a girl at school !



## IV.

## THE CONTRACT.

I GAVE myself to him,  
And took himself for pay.  
The solemn contract of a life  
Was ratified this way.

The wealth might disappoint,  
Myself a poorer prove  
Than this great purchaser suspect,  
The daily own of Love

Depreciate the vision ;  
But, till the merchant buy,  
Still fable, in the isles of spice,  
The subtle cargoes lie.

At least, 't is mutual risk, —  
Some found it mutual gain ;  
Sweet debt of Life, — each night to owe,  
Insolvent, every noon.

## V.

## THE LETTER.

“GOING to him ! Happy letter ! Tell him —  
Tell him the page I did n't write ;  
Tell him I only said the syntax,  
And left the verb and the pronoun out.  
Tell him just how the fingers hurried,  
Then how they waded, slow, slow, slow ;  
And then you wished you had eyes in your pages,  
So you could see what moved them so.

“Tell him it was n't a practised writer,  
You guessed, from the way the sentence toiled ;  
You could hear the bodice tug, behind you,  
As if it held but the might of a child ;  
You almost pitied it, you, it worked so.  
Tell him — No, you may quibble there,  
For it would split his heart to know it,  
And then you and I were silenter.

“Tell him night finished before we finished,  
And the old clock kept neighing ‘day!’  
And you got sleepy and begged to be ended—  
What could it hinder so, to say?  
Tell him just how she sealed you, cautious,  
But if he ask where you are hid  
Until to-morrow, — happy letter!  
Gesture, coquette, and shake your head!”

## VI.

THE way I read a letter's this :  
'T is first I lock the door,  
And push it with my fingers next,  
For transport it be sure.

And then I go the furthest off  
To counteract a knock ;  
Then draw my little letter forth  
And softly pick its lock.

Then, glancing narrow at the wall,  
And narrow at the floor,  
For firm conviction of a mouse  
Not exorcised before,

Peruse how infinite I am  
To — no one that you know !  
And sigh for lack of heaven, — but not  
The heaven the creeds bestow.

VII.

WILD nights ! Wild nights !  
    Were I with thee,  
Wild nights should be  
Our luxury !

Futile the winds  
To a heart in port, —  
Done with the compass,  
Done with the chart.

Rowing in Eden !  
Ah ! the sea !  
Might I but moor  
To-night in thee !

## VIII.

## AT HOME.

THE night was wide, and furnished scant  
    With but a single star,  
That often as a cloud it met  
Blew out itself for fear.

The wind pursued the little bush,  
And drove away the leaves  
November left ; then clambered up  
And fretted in the eaves.

No squirrel went abroad ;  
A dog's belated feet  
Like intermittent plash were heard  
Adown the empty street.

To feel if blinds be fast,  
And closer to the fire  
Her little rocking-chair to draw,  
And shiver for the poor,

The housewife's gentle task.  
"How pleasanter," said she  
Unto the sofa opposite,  
"The sleet than May — no thee !"

## IX.

## POSSESSION.

**D**ID the harebell loose her girdle  
To the lover bee,  
Would the bee the harebell hallow  
Much as formerly?

Did the paradise, persuaded,  
Yield her moat of pearl,  
Would the Eden be an Eden,  
Or the earl an earl?



## X.

A CHARM invests a face  
Imperfectly beheld, —  
The lady dare not lift her veil  
For fear it be dispelled.

But peers beyond her mesh,  
And wishes, and denies, —  
Lest interview annul a want  
That image satisfies.

## XI.

## THE LOVERS.

THE rose did caper on her cheek,  
Her bodice rose and fell,  
Her pretty speech, like drunken men,  
Did stagger pitiful.

Her fingers fumbled at her work, —  
Her needle would not go ;  
What ailed so smart a little maid  
It puzzled me to know,

Till opposite I spied a cheek  
That bore another rose ;  
Just opposite, another speech  
That like the drunkard goes ;

A vest that, like the bodice, danced  
To the immortal tune, —  
Till those two troubled little clocks  
Ticked softly into one.

## XII.

**I**N lands I never saw, they say,  
Immortal Alps look down,  
Whose bonnets touch the firmament,  
Whose sandais touch the town, —

Meek at whose everlasting feet  
A myriad daisies play.  
Which, sir, are you, and which am I,  
Upon an August day?

## XIII.

THE moon is distant from the sea,  
And yet with amber hands  
She leads him, docile as a boy,  
Along appointed sands.

He never misses a degree ;  
Obedient to her eye,  
He comes just so far toward the town,  
Just so far goes away.

Oh, Signor, thine the amber hand,  
And mine the distant sea, —  
Obedient to the least command  
Thine eyes impose on me.

## XIV.

HE put the belt around my life, —  
I heard the buckle snap,  
And turned away, imperial,  
My lifetime folding up  
Deliberate, as a duke would do  
A kingdom's title-deed, —  
Henceforth a dedicated sort,  
A member of the cloud.

Yet not too far to come at call,  
And do the little toils  
That make the circuit of the rest,  
And deal occasional smiles  
To lives that stoop to notice mine  
And kindly ask it in, —  
Whose invitation, knew you not  
For whom I must decline?

## XV.

## THE LOST JEWEL.

I HELD a jewel in my fingers  
And went to sleep.  
The day was warm, and winds were prosy ;  
I said : " 'T will keep."

I woke and chid my honest fingers, —  
The gem was gone ;  
And now an amethyst remembrance  
Is all I own.

## XVI.

WHAT if I say I shall not wait?  
What if I burst the fleshly gate  
And pass, escaped, to thee?  
What if I file this mortal off,  
See where it hurt me, — that 's enough, —  
And wade in liberty?

They cannot take us any more, —  
Dungeons may call, and guns implore ;  
Unmeaning now, to me,  
As laughter was an hour ago,  
Or laces, or a travelling show,  
Or who died yesterday !





III.

NATURE.



## I.

## MOTHER NATURE.

NATURE, the gentlest mother,  
Impatient of no child,  
The feeblest or the waywardest, —  
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill  
By traveller is heard,  
Restraining rampant squirrel  
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation,  
A summer afternoon, —  
Her household, her assembly ;  
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles  
Incites the timid prayer  
Of the minutest cricket,  
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep  
She turns as long away  
As will suffice to light her lamps ;  
Then, bending from the sky

With infinite affection  
And infiniter care,  
Her golden finger on her lip,  
Wills silence everywhere.

## II.

## OUT OF THE MORNING.

WILL there really be a morning?  
Is there such a thing as day?  
Could I see it from the mountains  
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water-lilies?  
Has it feathers like a bird?  
Is it brought from famous countries  
Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!  
Oh, some wise man from the skies!  
Please to tell a little pilgrim  
Where the place called morning lies!

## III.

AT half-past three a single bird  
Unto a silent sky  
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 was seen,  
And place was where the presence was,  
Circumference between.

## IV.

## DAY'S PARLOR.

THE day came slow, till five o'clock,  
Then sprang before the hills  
Like hindered rubies, or the light  
A sudden musket spills.

The purple could not keep the east,  
The sunrise shook from fold,  
Like breadths of topaz, packed a night,  
The lady just unrolled.

The happy winds their timbrels took ;  
The birds, in docile rows,  
Arranged themselves around their prince  
(The wind is prince of those).

The orchard sparkled like a Jew, —  
How mighty 't was, to stay  
A guest in this stupendous place,  
The parlor of the day !

## V.

## THE SUN'S WOOING.

THE sun just touched the morning ;  
The morning, happy thing,  
Supposed that he had come to dwell,  
And life would be all spring.

She felt herself supremer, —  
A raised, ethereal thing ;  
Henceforth for her what holiday !  
Meanwhile, her wheeling king

Trailed slow along the orchards  
His haughty, spangled hems,  
Leaving a new necessity, —  
The want of diadems !

The morning fluttered, staggered,  
Felt feebly for her crown, —  
Her unanointed forehead  
Henceforth her only one.



VI.

THE ROBIN.

THE robin is the one  
That interrupts the morn  
With hurried, few, express reports  
When March is scarcely on.

The robin is the one  
That overflows the noon  
With her cherubic quantity,  
An April but begun.

The robin is the one  
That speechless from her nest  
Submits that home and certainty  
And sanctity are best.

## VII.

## THE BUTTERFLY'S DAY.

FROM cocoon forth a butterfly  
As lady from her door  
Emerged — a summer afternoon —  
Repairing everywhere,

Without design, that I could trace,  
Except to stray abroad  
On miscellaneous enterprise  
The clovers understood.

Her pretty parasol was seen  
Contracting in a field  
Where men made hay, then struggling hard  
With an opposing cloud,

Where parties, phantom as herself,  
To Nowhere seemed to go  
In purposeless circumference,  
As 't were a tropic show.

And notwithstanding bee that worked,  
And flower that zealous blew,  
This audience of idleness  
Disdained them, from the sky,

Till sundown crept, a steady tide,  
And men that made the hay,  
And afternoon, and butterfly,  
Extinguished in its sea.

## VIII.

## THE BLUEBIRD.

BEFORE you thought of spring,  
Except as a surmise,  
You see, God bless his suddenness,  
A fellow in the skies  
Of independent hues, *W.P.*  
A little weather-worn,  
Inspiring habiliments  
Of indigo and brown.

With specimens of song,  
As if for you to choose,  
Discretion in the interval,  
With gay delays he goes .  
To some superior tree  
Without a single leaf,  
And shouts for joy to nobody  
But his seraphic self!

## IX.

## APRIL.

A<sup>N</sup> altered look about the hills ;  
A Tyrian light the village fills ;  
A wider sunrise in the dawn ;  
A deeper twilight on the lawn ;  
A print of a vermilion foot ;  
A purple finger on the slope ;  
A flippant fly upon the pane ;  
A spider at his trade again ;  
An added strut in chanticleer ;  
A flower expected everywhere ;  
An axe shrill singing in the woods ;  
Fern-odors on untravelled roads, —  
All this, and more I cannot tell,  
A furtive look you know as well,  
And Nicodemus' mystery  
Receives its annual reply.

## X.

## THE SLEEPING FLOWERS.

“WHOSE are the little beds,” I asked,  
“Which in the valleys lie?”  
Some shook their heads, and others smiled,  
And no one made reply.

“Perhaps they did not hear,” I said ;  
“I will inquire again.  
Whose are the beds, the tiny beds  
So thick upon the plain?”

“’T is daisy in the shortest ;  
A little farther on,  
Nearest the door to wake the first,  
Little leontodon.

“’T is iris, sir, and aster,  
Anemone and bell,  
Batschia in the blanket red,  
And chubby daffodil.”

Meanwhile at many cradles  
Her busy foot she plied,  
Humming the quaintest lullaby  
That ever rocked a child.

“Hush ! Epigea wakens !  
The crocus stirs her lids,  
Rhodora’s cheek is crimson, —  
She’s dreaming of the woods.”

Then, turning from them, reverent,  
“Their bed-time ’t is,” she said ;  
“The bumble-bees will wake them  
When April woods are red.”

## XI.

## MY ROSE.

PIGMY seraphs gone astray,  
Velvet people from Vevay,  
Belles from some lost summer day,  
Bees' exclusive coterie.  
Paris could not lay the fold  
Belted down with emerald ;  
Venice could not show a cheek  
Of a tint so lustrous meek.  
Never such an ambushade  
As of brier and leaf displayed  
For my little damask maid.  
I had rather wear her grace  
Than an earl's distinguished face ;  
I had rather dwell like her  
Than be Duke of Exeter  
Royalty enough for me  
To subdue the bumble-bee !



XII.

THE ORIOLE'S SECRET.

TO hear an oriole sing  
    May be a common thing,  
Or only a divine.

It is not of the bird  
Who sings the same, unheard,  
As unto crowd.

The fashion of the ear  
Attireth that it hear  
In dun or fair.

So whether it be rune,  
Or whether it be none,  
Is of within ;

The "tune is in the tree,"  
The sceptic showeth me ;  
"No, sir ! In thee !"

## XIII.

## THE ORIOLE.

ONE of the ones that Midas touched,  
Who failed to touch us all,  
Was that confiding prodigal,  
The blissful oriole.

So drunk, he disavows it  
With badinage divine ;  
So dazzling, we mistake him  
For an alighting mine.

A pleader, a dissembler,  
An epicure, a thief, —  
Betimes an oratorio,  
An ecstasy in chief ;

The Jesuit of orchards,  
He cheats as he enchants  
Of an entire attar  
For his decamping wants.

The splendor of a Burmah,  
The meteor of birds,  
Departing like a pageant  
Of ballads and of bards.

I never thought that Jason sought  
For any golden fleece ;  
But then I am a rural man,  
With thoughts that make for peace.

But if there were a Jason,  
Tradition suffer me  
Behold his lost emolument  
Upon the apple-tree.

## XIV.

## IN SHADOW.

I DREADED that first robin so,  
But he is mastered now,  
And I'm accustomed to him grown, —  
He hurts a little, though.

I thought if I could only live  
Till that first shout got by,  
Not all pianos in the woods  
Had power to mangle me.

I dared not meet the daffodils,  
For fear their yellow gown  
Would pierce me with a fashion  
So foreign to my own.

I wished the grass would hurry,  
So when 't was time to see,  
He'd be too tall, the tallest one  
Could stretch to look at me.

I could not bear the bees should come,  
I wished they 'd stay away  
In those dim countries where they go :  
What word had they for me ?

They 're here, though ; not a creature failed,  
No blossom stayed away  
In gentle deference to me,  
The Queen of Calvary.

Each one salutes me as he goes,  
And I my childish plumes  
Lift, in bereaved acknowledgment  
Of their unthinking drums.

## XV.

## THE HUMMING-BIRD.

A ROUTE of evanescence  
With a revolving wheel ;  
A resonance of emerald,  
A rush of cochineal ;  
And every blossom on the bush  
Adjusts its tumbled head, —  
The mail from Tunis, probably,  
An easy morning's ride.

## XVI.

## SECRETS.

THE skies can't keep their secret !  
They tell it to the hills —  
The hills just tell the orchards ---  
And they the daffodils !

A bird, by chance, that goes that way  
Soft overheard the whole.  
If I should bribe the little bird,  
Who knows but she would tell ?

I think I won't, however,  
It's finer not to know ;  
If summer were an axiom,  
What sorcery had snow ?

So keep your secret, Father !  
I would not, if I could,  
Know what the sapphire fellows do,  
In your new-fashioned world !

## XVII.

WHO robbed the woods,  
The trusting woods?  
The unsuspecting trees  
Brought out their burrs and mosses  
His fantasy to please.  
He scanned their trinkets, curious,  
He grasped, he bore away.  
What will the solemn hemlock,  
What will the fir-tree say?



## XVIII.

## TWO VOYAGERS.

TWO butterflies went out at noon  
And waltzed above a stream,  
Then stepped straight through the firmament  
And rested on a beam ;

And then together bore away  
Upon a shining sea, —  
Though never yet, in any port,  
Their coming mentioned be.

If spoken by the distant bird,  
If met in ether sea  
By frigate or by merchantman,  
Report was not to me.

## XIX.

## BY THE SEA.

I STARTED early, took my dog,  
And visited the sea ;  
The mermaids in the basement  
Came out to look at me,

And frigates in the upper floor  
Extended hempen hands,  
Presuming me to be a mouse  
Aground, upon the sands.

But no man moved me till the tide  
Went past my simple shoe,  
And past my apron and my belt,  
And past my bodice too,

And made as he would eat me up  
As wholly as a dew  
Upon a dandelion's sleeve —  
And then I started too.

And he — he followed close behind ;  
I felt his silver heel  
Upon my ankle, — then my shoe  
Would overflow with pearl.

Until we met the solid town,  
No man he seemed to know ;  
And bowing with a mighty look  
At me, the sea withdrew.

## XX.

## OLD-FASHIONED.

A RCTURUS is his other name, —  
I 'd rather call him star !  
It 's so unkind of science  
To go and interfere !

I pull a flower from the woods, —  
A monster with a glass  
Computes the stamens in a breath,  
And has her in a class.

Whereas I took the butterfly  
Aforetime in my hat,  
He sits erect in cabinets,  
The clover-bells forgot.

What once was heaven, is zenith now.  
Where I proposed to go  
When time's brief masquerade was done,  
Is mapped, and charted too !

What if the poles should frisk about  
And stand upon their heads !  
I hope I 'm ready for the worst,  
Whatever prank betides !

Perhaps the kingdom of Heaven 's changed !  
I hope the children there  
Won't be new-fashioned when I come,  
And laugh at me, and stare !

I hope the father in the skies  
Will lift his little girl, —  
Old-fashioned, naughty, everything, —  
Over the stile of pearl !

## XXI.

## A TEMPEST.

**A**N awful tempest mashed the air,  
The clouds were gaunt and few ;  
A black, as of a spectre's cloak,  
Hid heaven and earth from view.

The creatures chuckled on the roofs  
And whistled in the air,  
And shook their fists and gnashed their teeth,  
And swung their frenzied hair.

The morning lit, the birds arose ;  
The monster's faded eyes  
Turned slowly to his native coast,  
And peace was Paradise !

XXII.

THE SEA.

**A**<sup>N</sup> everywhere of silver,  
With ropes of sand  
To keep it from effacing  
The track called land.

## XXIII.

## IN THE GARDEN.

A BIRD came down the walk :  
He did not know I saw ;  
He bit an angle-worm in halves  
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew  
From a convenient grass,  
And then hopped sidewise to the wall  
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes  
That hurried all abroad, —  
They looked like frightened beads, I thought ;  
He stirred his velvet head



Like one in danger ; cautious,  
I offered him a crumb,  
And he unrolled his feathers  
And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,  
Too silver for a seam,  
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,  
Leap, plashless, as they swim.

## XXIV.

## THE SNAKE.

A NARROW fellow in the grass  
Occasionally rides ;  
You may have met him, — did you not,  
His notice sudden 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.  
Yet when a child, and barefoot,  
I more than once, at morn,

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.

## XXV.

## THE MUSHROOM.

THE mushroom is the elf of plants,  
At evening it is not ;  
At morning in a truffled hut  
It stops upon a spot

As if it tarried always ;  
And yet its whole career  
Is shorter than a snake's delay,  
And fleeter than a tare.

'T is vegetation's juggler,  
The germ of alibi ;  
Doth like a bubble antedate,  
And like a bubble hie.

I feel as if the grass were pleased  
To have it intermit ;  
The surreptitious scion  
Of summer's circumspect.

Had nature any outcast face,  
Could she a son condemn,  
Had nature an Iscariot,  
That mushroom, — it is him.

## XXVI.

## THE STORM:

THERE came a wind like a bugle ;  
It quivered through the grass,  
And a green chill upon the heat  
So ominous did pass  
We barred the windows and the doors  
As from an emerald ghost ;  
The doom's electric moccason  
That very instant passed.  
On a strange mob of panting trees,  
And fences fled away,  
And rivers where the houses ran  
The living looked that day.  
The bell within the steeple wild  
The flying tidings whirled.  
How much can come  
And much can go,  
And yet abide the world !

XXVII.

THE SPIDER.

A SPIDER sewed at night  
Without a light  
Upon an arc of white.  
If ruff it was of dame  
Or shroud of gnome,  
Himself, himself inform.  
Of immortality  
His strategy  
Was physiognomy.

## XXVIII.

I KNOW a place where summer strives  
With such a practised frost,  
She each year leads her daisies back,  
Recording briefly, "Lost."

But when the south wind stirs the pools  
And struggles in the lanes,  
Her heart misgives her for her vow,  
And she pours soft refrains

Into the lap of adamant,  
And spices, and the dew,  
That stiffens quietly to quartz,  
Upon her amber shoe.



## XXIX.

THE one that could repeat the summer day  
Were greater than itself, though he  
Minutest of mankind might be.  
And who could reproduce the sun,  
At period of going down —  
The lingering and the stain, I mean —  
When Orient has been outgrown,  
And Occident becomes unknown,  
His name remain.

## XXX.

## THE WIND'S VISIT.

THE wind tapped like a tired man,  
And like a host, "Come in,"  
I boldly answered ; entered then  
My residence within

A rapid, footless guest,  
To offer whom a chair  
Were as impossible as hand  
A sofa to the air.

No bone had he to bind him,  
His speech was like the push  
Of numerous humming-birds at once  
From a superior bush.

His countenance a billow,  
His fingers, if he pass,  
Let go a music, as of tunes  
Blown tremulous in glass.

He visited, still flitting ;  
Then, like a timid man,  
Again he tapped — 't was flurriedly —  
And I became alone.

## XXXI.

NATURE rarer uses yellow  
Than another hue ;  
Saves she all of that for sunsets, —  
Prodigal of blue,

Spending scarlet like a woman,  
Yellow she affords  
Only scantly and selectly,  
Like a lover's words.

XXXII.

GOSSIP.

THE leaves, like women, interchange  
Sagacious confidence ;  
Somewhat of nods, and somewhat of  
Portentous inference,

The parties in both cases  
Enjoining secrecy, —  
Inviolable compact  
To notoriety.

## XXXIII.

## SIMPLICITY.

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

## XXXIV.

## STORM.

IT sounded as if the streets were running,  
And then the streets stood still.  
Eclipse was all we could see at the window,  
And awe was all we could feel.

By and by the boldest stole out of his covert,  
To see if time was there.  
Nature was in her beryl apron,  
Mixing fresher air.

## XXXV.

## THE RAT.

THE rat is the concisest tenant.  
He pays no rent, —  
Repudiates the obligation,  
On schemes intent.

Balking our wit  
To sound or circumvent,  
Hate cannot harm  
A foe so reticent.

Neither decree  
Prohibits him,  
Lawful as  
Equilibrium.



## XXXVI.

FREQUENTLY the woods are pink,  
Frequently are brown ;  
Frequently the hills undress  
Behind my native town.

Oft a head is crested  
I was wont to see,  
And as oft a cranny  
Where it used to be.

And the earth, they tell me,  
On its axis turned, —  
Wonderful rotation  
By but twelve performed !

## XXXVII.

## A THUNDER-STORM.

THE wind begun to rock the grass  
With threatening tunes and low, —  
He flung a menace at the earth,  
A menace at the sky.

The leaves unhooked themselves from trees  
And started all abroad ;  
The dust did scoop itself like hands  
And throw away the road.

The wagons quickened on the streets,  
The thunder hurried slow ;  
The lightning showed a yellow beak,  
And then a livid claw.

The birds put up the bars to nests,  
The cattle fled to barns ;  
There came one drop of giant rain,  
And then, as if the hands

That held the dams had parted hold,  
The waters wrecked the sky,  
But overlooked my father's house,  
Just quartering a tree.

## XXXVIII.

## WITH FLOWERS.

SOUTH winds jostle them,  
Bumblebees come,  
Hover, hesitate,  
Drink, and are gone.

Butterflies pause  
On their passage Cashmere ;  
I, softly plucking,  
Present them here !

XXXIX.

SUNSET.

WHERE ships of purple gently toss  
On seas of daffodil,  
Fantastic sailors mingle,  
And then — the wharf is still.

## XL.

SHE sweeps with many-colored brooms,  
And leaves the shreds behind ;  
Oh, housewife in the evening west,  
Come back, and dust the pond !

You dropped a purple ravelling in,  
You dropped an amber thread ;  
And now you 've littered all the East  
With duds of emerald !

And still she plies her spotted brooms,  
And still the aprons fly,  
Till brooms fade softly into stars —  
And then I come away.

## XLI.

**L**IKE mighty footlights burned the red  
At bases of the trees, —  
The far theatricals of day  
Exhibiting to these.

'T was universe that did applaud  
While, chiefest of the crowd,  
Enabled by his royal dress,  
Myself distinguished God.

## XLII.

## PROBLEMS.

BRING me the sunset in a cup,  
Reckon the morning's flagons up,  
And say how many dew ;  
Tell me how far the morning leaps,  
Tell me what time the weaver sleeps  
Who spun the breadths of blue !

Write me how many notes there be  
In the new robin's ecstasy  
Among astonished boughs ;  
How many trips the tortoise makes,  
How many cups the bee partakes, —  
The debauchee of dews !



Also, who laid the rainbow's piers,  
Also, who leads the docile spheres  
    By withes of supple blue?  
Whose fingers string the stalactite,  
Who counts the wampum of the night,  
    To see that none is due?

Who built this little Alban house  
And shut the windows down so close  
    My spirit cannot see?  
Who 'll let me out some gala day,  
With implements to fly away,  
    Passing pomposity?

## XLIII.

## THE JUGGLER OF DAY.

**B**LAZING in gold and quenching in purple,  
Leaping like leopards to the sky,  
Then at the feet of the old horizon  
Laying her spotted face, to die ;

Stooping as low as the otter's window,  
Touching the roof and tinting the barn,  
Kissing her bonnet to the meadow, —  
And the juggler of day is gone !

## XLIV.

## MY CRICKET.

FARTHER in summer than the birds,  
    Pathetic from the grass,  
A minor nation celebrates  
Its unobtrusive mass.

No ordinance is seen,  
So gradual the grace,  
A pensive custom it becomes,  
Enlarging loneliness.

Antiquest felt at noon  
When August, burning low,  
Calls forth this spectral canticle,  
Repose to typify.

Remit as yet no grace,  
No furrow on the glow,  
Yet a druidic difference  
Enhances nature now.

## XLV.

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 who would be gone.

And thus, without a wing,  
Or service of a keel,  
Our summer made her light escape  
Into the beautiful.

## XLVI.

IT can't be summer, — that got through ;  
It 's early yet for spring ;  
There 's that long town of white to cross  
Before the blackbirds sing.

It can't be dying, — it 's too rouge, —  
The dead shall go in white.  
So sunset shuts my question down  
With clasps of chrysolite.

## XLVII.

## SUMMER'S OBSEQUIES.

THE gentian weaves her fringes,  
The maple's loom is red.  
My departing blossoms  
Obviate parade.

A brief, but patient illness,  
An hour to prepare ;  
And one, below this morning,  
Is where the angels are.

It was a short procession, —  
The bobolink was there,  
An aged bee addressed us,  
And then we knelt in prayer.

We trust that she was willing,—  
We ask that we may be.  
Summer, sister, seraph,  
Let us go with thee !

In the name of the bee  
And of the butterfly  
And of the breeze, amen !

## XLVIII.

## FRINGED GENTIAN.

GOD made a little gentian ;  
It tried to be a rose  
And failed, and all the summer laughed.  
But just before the snows  
There came a purple creature  
That ravished all the hill ;  
And summer hid her forehead,  
And mockery was still. |  
The frosts were her condition ;  
The Tyrian would not come  
Until the North evoked it.  
“Creator ! shall I bloom ?”



## XLIX.

## NOVEMBER.

BESIDES the autumn poets sing,  
A few prosaic days  
A little this side of the snow  
And that side of the haze.

A few incisive mornings,  
A few ascetic eyes, —  
Gone Mr. Bryant's golden-rod,  
And Mr. Thomson's sheaves.

Still is the bustle in the brook,  
Sealed are the spicy valves ;  
Mesmeric fingers softly touch  
The eyes of many elves.

Perhaps a squirrel may remain,  
My sentiments to share.  
Grant me, O Lord, a sunny mind,  
Thy windy will to bear !

## L.

## THE SNOW.

IT sifts from leaden sieves,  
It powders all the wood,  
It fills with alabaster wool  
The wrinkles of the road.

It makes an even face  
Of mountain and of plain, —  
Unbroken forehead from the east  
Unto the east again.

It reaches to the fence,  
It wraps it, rail by rail,  
Till it is lost in fleeces ;  
It flings a crystal veil

On stump and stack and stem, —  
The summer's empty room,  
Acres of seams where harvests were,  
Recordless, but for them.

It ruffles wrists of posts,  
As ankles of a queen, —  
Then stills its artisans like ghosts,  
Denying they have been.

## LI

## THE BLUE JAY.

NO brigadier throughout the year  
So civic as the jay.  
A neighbor and a warrior too,  
With shrill felicity

Pursuing winds that censure us  
A February day,  
The brother of the universe  
Was never blown away.

The snow and he are intimate ;  
I 've often seen them play  
When heaven looked upon us all  
With such severity,

I felt apology were due  
To an insulted sky,  
Whose pompous frown was nutriment  
To their temerity.

The pillow of this daring head  
Is pungent evergreens ;  
His larder — terse and militant —  
Unknown, refreshing things ;

His character a tonic,  
His future a dispute ;  
Unfair an immortality  
That leaves this neighbor out.



IV.

TIME AND ETERNITY.





I.

LET down the bars, O Death !  
The tired flocks come in  
Whose bleating ceases to repeat,  
Whose wandering is done.

Thine is the stillest night,  
Thine the securest fold ;  
Too near thou art for seeking thee,  
Too tender to be told.

## II.

GOING to heaven !  
I don't know when,  
Pray do not ask me how, —  
Indeed, I 'm too astonished  
To think of answering you !  
Going to heaven ! —  
How dim it sounds !  
And yet it will be done  
As sure as flocks go home at night  
Unto the shepherd's arm !

Perhaps you 're going too !  
Who knows ?  
If you should get there first,  
Save just a little place for me  
Close to the two I lost !

The smallest "robe" will fit me,  
And just a bit of "crown ;"  
For you know we do not mind our dress  
When we are going home.

I'm glad I don't believe it,  
For it would stop my breath,  
And I'd like to look a little more  
At such a curious earth !  
I am glad they did believe it  
Whom I have never found  
Since the mighty autumn afternoon  
I left them in the ground.

## III.

A<sup>T</sup> least to pray is left, is left.  
O Jesus ! in the air  
I know not which thy chamber is, —  
I'm knocking everywhere.

Thou stirrest earthquake in the South,  
And maelstrom in the sea ;  
Say, Jesus Christ of Nazareth,  
Hast thou no arm for me ?

## IV.

## EPITAPH.

STEP lightly on this narrow spot !  
The broadest land that grows  
Is not so ample as the breast  
These emerald seams enclose.

Step lofty ; for this name is told  
As far as cannon dwell,  
Or flag subsist, or fame export  
Her deathless syllable.

## V.

MORNS like these we parted ;  
Noons like these she rose,  
Fluttering first, then firmer,  
To her fair repose.

Never did she lisp it,  
And 't was not for me ;  
She was mute from transport,  
I, from agony !

Till the evening, nearing,  
One the shutters drew —  
Quick ! a sharper rustling !  
And this linnet flew !

## VI.

A DEATH-BLOW is a life-blow to some  
Who, till they died, did not alive become ;  
Who, had they lived, had died, but when  
They died, vitality begun.

## VII.

I READ my sentence steadily,  
Reviewed it with my eyes,  
To see that I made no mistake  
In its extremest clause, —

The date, and manner of the shame ;  
And then the pious form  
That “ God have mercy ” on the soul  
The jury voted him.

I made my soul familiar  
With her extremity,  
That at the last it should not be  
A novel agony,

But she and Death, acquainted,  
Meet tranquilly as friends,  
Salute and pass without a hint —  
And there the matter ends.



## VIII.

I HAVE not told my garden yet,  
Lest that should conquer me ;  
I have not quite the strength now  
To break it to the bee.

I will not name it in the street,  
For shops would stare, that I,  
So shy, so very ignorant,  
Should have the face to die.

The hillsides must not know it,  
Where I have rambled so,  
Nor tell the loving forests  
The day that I shall go,

Nor lisp it at the table,  
Nor heedless by the way  
Hint that within the riddle  
One will walk to-day !

## IX.

## THE BATTLE-FIELD.

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 on his repealless list  
Can summon every face.

## X.

THE only ghost I ever saw  
Was dressed in mechlin, — so ;  
He wore no sandal on his foot,  
And stepped like flakes of snow.  
His gait was soundless, like the bird,  
But rapid, like the roe ;  
His fashions quaint, mosaic,  
Or, haply, mistletoe.

His conversation seldom,  
His laughter like the breeze  
That dies away in dimples  
Among the pensive trees.  
Our interview was transient, —  
Of me, himself was shy ;  
And God forbid I look behind  
Since that appalling day !



## XI.

SOME, too fragile for winter winds,  
The thoughtful grave encloses, —  
Tenderly tucking them in from frost  
Before their feet are cold.

Never the treasures in her nest  
The cautious grave exposes,  
Building where schoolboy dare not look  
And sportsman is not bold.

This covert have all the children  
Early aged, and often cold, —  
Sparrows unnoticed by the Father ;  
Lambs for whom time had not a fold.

## XII.

AS by the dead! we love to sit,  
Become so wondrous dear,  
As for the lost we grapple,  
Though all the rest are here, —

In broken mathematics  
We estimate our prize,  
Vast, in its fading ratio,  
To our penurious eyes!

## XIII.

## MEMORIALS.

DEATH sets a thing significant  
The eye had hurried by,  
Except a perished creature  
Entreat us tenderly

To ponder little workmanships  
In crayon or in wool,  
With "This was last her fingers did,"  
Industrious until

The thimble weighed too heavy,  
The stitches stopped themselves,  
And then 't was put among the dust  
Upon the closet shelves.

A book I have, a friend gave,  
Whose pencil, here and there,  
Had notched the place that pleased him, —  
At rest his fingers are.

Now, when I read, I read not,  
For interrupting tears  
Obliterate the etchings  
Too costly for repairs.

## XIV.

I WENT to heaven, —  
'T was a small town,  
Lit with a ruby,  
Lathed with down.  
Stiller than the fields  
At the full dew,  
Beautiful as pictures  
No man drew.  
People like the moth,  
Of mechlin, frames,  
Duties of gossamer,  
And eider names.  
Almost contented  
I could be  
'Mong such unique  
Society.



## XV.

THEIR height in heaven comforts not,  
Their glory nought to me ;  
'T was best imperfect. as it was ;  
I'm finite, I can't see.

The house of supposition,  
The glimmering frontier  
That skirts the acres of perhaps,  
To me shows insecure.

The wealth I had contented me ;  
If 't was a meaner size,  
Then I had counted it until  
It pleased my narrow eyes

Better than larger values,  
However true their show ;  
This timid life of evidence  
Keeps pleading, " I don't know."

## XVI.

THERE is a shame of nobleness  
    Confronting sudden self, —  
A finer shame of ecstasy  
Convicted of itself.

A best disgrace a brave man feels,  
Acknowledged of the brave, —  
One more "Ye Blessed" to be told ;  
But this involves the grave.

## XVII.

## TRIUMPH.

TRIUMPH may be of several kinds.  
There 's triumph in the room  
When that old imperator, Death,  
By faith is overcome.

There 's triumph of the finer mind  
When truth, affronted long,  
Advances calm to her supreme,  
Her God her only throng.

A triumph when temptation's bribe  
Is slowly handed back,  
One eye upon the heaven renounced  
And one upon the rack.

Severer triumph, by himself  
Experienced, who can pass  
Acquitted from that naked bar,  
Jehovah's countenance !

## XVIII.

POMPLESS no life can pass away ;  
    The lowliest career  
To the same pageant wends its way  
    As that exalted here.  
How cordial is the mystery !  
    The hospitable pall  
A " this way " beckons spaciously, —  
    A miracle for all !

## XIX.

I NOTICED people disappeared,  
When but a little child, —  
Supposed they visited remote,  
Or settled regions wild.

Now know I they both visited  
And settled regions wild,  
But did because they died, — a fact  
Withheld the little child !

## XX.

## FOLLOWING.

I HAD no cause to be awake,  
My best was gone to sleep,  
And morn a new politeness took,  
And failed to wake them up,

But called the others clear,  
And passed their curtains by.  
Sweet morning, when I over-sleep,  
Knock, recollect, for me !

I looked at sunrise once,  
And then I looked at them,  
And wishfulness in me arose  
For circumstance the same.

'T was such an ample peace,  
It could not hold a sigh, —  
'T was Sabbath with the bells divorced,  
'T was sunset all the day.

So choosing but a gown  
And taking but a prayer,  
The only raiment I should need,  
I struggled, and was there.

## XXI.

IF anybody's friend be dead,  
It's sharpest of the theme  
The thinking how they walked alive,  
At such and such a time.

Their costume, of a Sunday,  
Some manner of the hair, —  
A prank nobody knew but them,  
Lost, in the sepulchre.

How warm they were on such a day :  
You almost feel the date,  
So short way off it seems ; and now,  
They're centuries from that.

How pleased they were at what you said ;  
You try to touch the smile,  
And dip your fingers in the frost :  
When was it, can you tell,



You asked the company to tea,  
Acquaintance, just a few,  
And chatted close with this grand thing  
That don't remember you?

Past bows and invitations,  
Past interview, and vow,  
Past what ourselves can estimate, ---  
That makes the quick of woe !

## XXII.

## THE JOURNEY.

OUR journey had advanced ;  
Our feet were almost come  
To that odd fork in Being's road,  
Eternity by term.

Our pace took sudden awe,  
Our feet reluctant led.  
Before were cities, but between,  
The forest of the dead.

Retreat was out of hope, —  
Behind, a sealed route,  
Eternity's white flag before,  
And God at every gate.

## XXIII.

## A COUNTRY BURIAL.

**A**MPLE make this bed.  
Make this bed with awe ;  
In it wait till judgment break  
Excellent and fair.

Be its mattress straight,  
Be its pillow round ;  
Let no sunrise' yellow noise  
Interrupt this ground.

## XXIV.

## GOING.

ON such a night, or such a night,  
Would anybody care  
If such a little figure  
Slipped quiet from its chair,

So quiet, oh, how quiet !  
That nobody might know  
But that the little figure  
Rocked softer, to and fro ?

On such a dawn, or such a dawn,  
Would anybody sigh  
That such a little figure  
Too sound asleep did lie

For chanticleer to wake it, —  
Or stirring house below,  
Or giddy bird in orchard,  
Or early task to do ?

There was a little figure plump  
For every little knoll,  
Busy needles, and spools of thread,  
And trudging feet from school.

Playmates, and holidays, and nuts,  
And visions vast and small.  
Strange that the feet so precious charged  
Should reach so small a goal !

## XXV.

ESSENTIAL oils are wrung :  
The attar from the rose  
Is not expressed by suns alone,  
It is the gift of screws.

The general rose decays ;  
But this, in lady's drawer,  
Makes summer when the lady lies  
In ceaseless rosemary.

## XXVI.

I LIVED on dread ; to those who know  
The stimulus there is  
In danger, other impetus  
Is numb and vital-less.

As 't were a spur upon the soul,  
A fear will urge it where  
To go without the spectre's aid  
Were challenging despair.

## XXVII.

IF I should die,  
And you should live,  
And time should gurgle on,  
And morn should beam,  
And noon should burn,  
As it has usual done ;  
If birds should build as early,  
And bees as bustling go, —  
One might depart at option  
From enterprise below !  
'T is sweet to know that stocks will stand  
When we with daisies lie,  
That commerce will continue,  
And trades as briskly fly.  
It makes the parting tranquil  
And keeps the soul serene,  
That gentlemen so sprightly  
Conduct the pleasing scene !



## XXVIII.

## AT LENGTH.

HER final summer was it,  
And yet we guessed it not ;  
If tenderer industriousness  
Pervaded her, we thought

A further force of life  
Developed from within, —  
When Death lit all the shortness up,  
And made the hurry plain.

We wondered at our blindness, —  
When nothing was to see  
But her Carrara guide-post, —  
At our stupidity,

When, duller than our dulness,  
The busy darling lay,  
So busy was she, finishing,  
So leisurely were we !

## XXIX.

## GHOSTS.

ONE need not be a chamber to be haunted,  
One need not be a house ;  
The brain has corridors surpassing  
Material place.

Far safer, of a midnight meeting  
External ghost,  
Than an interior confronting  
That whiter host.

Far safer through an Abbey gallop,  
The stones achase,  
Than, moonless, one's own self encounter  
In lonesome place.

Ourself, behind ourself concealed,  
Should startle most ;  
Assassin, hid in our apartment,  
Be horror's least.

The prudent carries a revolver,  
He bolts the door,  
O'erlooking a superior spectre  
More near.

## XXX.

## VANISHED.

SHE died, — this was the way she died ;  
And when her breath was done,  
Took up her simple wardrobe  
And started for the sun.

Her little figure at the gate  
The angels must have spied,  
Since I could never find her  
Upon the mortal side.

## XXXI.

## PRECEDENCE.

WAIT till the majesty of Death  
Invests so mean a brow !  
Almost a powdered footman  
Might dare to touch it now !

Wait till in everlasting robes  
This democrat is dressed,  
Then prate about "preferment"  
And "station" and the rest !

Around this quiet courtier  
Obsequious angels wait !  
Full royal is his retinue,  
Full purple is his state !

A lord might dare to lift the hat  
To such a modest clay,  
Since that my Lord, "the Lord of lords"  
Receives unblushingly !

## XXXII.

## GONE.

WENT up a year this evening !  
I recollect it well !  
Amid no bells nor bravos  
The bystanders will tell !  
Cheerful, as to the village,  
Tranquil, as to repose,  
Chastened, as to the chapel,  
This humble tourist rose.  
Did not talk of returning,  
Alluded to no time  
When, were the gales propitious,  
We might look for him ;  
Was grateful for the roses .  
In life's diverse bouquet,  
Talked softly of new species  
To pick another day.

Beguiling thus the wonder,  
The wondrous nearer drew ;  
Hands bustled at the moorings —  
The crowd respectful grew.  
Ascended from our vision  
To countenances new !  
A difference, a daisy,  
Is all the rest I knew !

## XXXIII.

## REQUIEM.

TAKEN from men this morning,  
Carried by men to-day,  
Met by the gods with banners  
Who marshalled her away.

One little maid from playmates,  
One little mind from school, —  
There must be guests in Eden ;  
All the rooms are full.

Far as the east from even,  
Dim as the border star, —  
Courtiers quaint, in kingdoms,  
Our departed are.



## XXXIV.

WHAT inn is this  
Where for the night  
Peculiar traveller comes?  
Who is the landlord?  
Where the maids?  
Behold, what curious rooms!  
No ruddy fires on the hearth,  
No brimming tankards flow.  
Necromancer, landlord,  
Who are these below?

## XXXV.

IT was not death, for I stood up,  
And all the dead lie down ;  
It was not night, for all the bells  
Put out their tongues, for noon.

It was not frost, for on my flesh  
I felt siroccos crawl, —  
Nor fire, for just my marble feet  
Could keep a chancel cool.

And yet it tasted like them all ;  
The figures I have seen  
Set orderly, for burial,  
Reminded me of mine,

As if my life were shaven  
And fitted to a frame,  
And could not breathe without a key ;  
And 't was like midnight, some,

When everything that ticked has stopped,  
And space stares, all around,  
Or grisly frosts, first autumn morns,  
Repeal the beating ground.

But most like chaos, — stopless, cool, —  
Without a chance or spar,  
Or even a report of land  
To justify despair.

## XXXVI.

## TILL THE END.

I SHOULD not dare to leave my friend,  
Because — because if he should die  
While I was gone, and I — too late —  
Should reach the heart that wanted me ;

If I should disappoint the eyes  
That hunted, hunted so, to see,  
And could not bear to shut until  
They “ noticed ” me — they noticed me ;

If I should stab the patient faith  
So sure I 'd come — so sure I 'd come,  
It listening, listening, went to sleep  
Telling my tardy name, —

My heart would wish it broke before,  
Since breaking then, since breaking then,  
Were useless as next morning's sun,  
Where midnight frosts had lain !

## XXXVII.

## VOID.

**G**REAT streets of silence led away  
To neighborhoods of pause ;  
Here was no notice, no dissent,  
No universe, no laws.

By clocks 't was morning, and for night  
The bells at distance called ;  
But epoch had no basis here,  
For period exhaled.

## XXXVIII.

A THROE upon the features  
A hurry in the breath,  
An ecstasy of parting  
Denominated "Death," —

An anguish at the mention,  
Which, when to patience grown,  
I've known permission given  
To rejoin its own.

## XXXIX.

## SAVED !

OF tribulation these are they  
Denoted by the white ;  
The spangled gowns, a lesser rank  
Of victors designate. -

All these did conquer ; but the ones  
Who overcame most times  
Wear nothing commoner than snow,  
No ornament but palms.

Surrender is a sort unknown  
On this superior soil ;  
Defeat, an outgrown anguish,  
Remembered as the mile

Our panting ankle barely gained  
When night devoured the road ;  
But we stood whispering in the house,  
And all we said was " Saved " !

## XL.

I THINK just how my shape will rise  
When I shall be forgiven,  
Till hair and eyes and timid head  
Are out of sight, in heaven.

I think just how my lips will weigh  
With shapeless, quivering prayer  
That you, so late, consider me,  
The sparrow of your care.

I mind me that of anguish sent,  
Some drifts were moved away  
Before my simple bosom broke, —  
And why not this, if they?

And so, until delirious borne  
I con that thing, — “forgiven,” —  
Till with long fright and longer trust  
I drop my heart, unshriven !



## XLI.

## THE FORGOTTEN GRAVE.

AFTER a hundred years  
Nobody knows the place, —  
Agony, that enacted there,  
Motionless as peace.

Weeds triumphant ranged,  
Strangers strolled and spelled  
At the lone orthography  
Of the elder dead.

Winds of summer fields  
Recollect the way, —  
Instinct picking up the key  
Dropped by memory.

## XLII.

LAY this laurel on the one  
Too intrinsic for renown.  
Laurel! veil your deathless tree, —  
Him you chasten, that is he!







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