Emily Dickinson’s #207 [#214] (1861; 1890)

I taste a liquor never brewed -
From Tankards scooped in Pearl -
Not all the Frankfort Berries
Yield such an Alcohol!

Inebriate of air - am I -
And debauchee of dew -
Reeling - through endless summer days -
From inns of molten blue -

When “Landlords” turn the drunken Bee
Out of the Foxglove’s door -
When Butterflies - renounce their “drams” -
I shall but drink the more!

Till seraphs swing their snowy Hats -
And Saints - to windows run -
To see the little Tippler
Leaning against the - Sun!

Emily Dickinson’s #236 [#324] (1861; 1890)

Some keep the Sabbath going to Church -
I keep it, staying at Home -
With a Bobolink for a Chorister -
And an Orchard, for a Dome -

Some keep the Sabbath in Surplice
I, just wear my Wings -
And instead of tolling the Bell, for Church
Our little Sexton - sings.

God preaches, a noted Clergyman -
And the sermon is never long,
So instead of getting to Heaven, at last -
I’m going, all along.
Emily Dickinson’s #320 [#258] (1890)

There’s a certain Slant of light,
Winter Afternoons -
That oppresses, like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes -

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us -
We can find no scar,
But internal difference -
Where the Meanings, are -

None may teach it - Any -
‘Tis the Seal Despair -
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the Air -

When it comes, the Landscape listens -
Shadows - hold their breath -
When it goes, ‘tis like the Distance
On the look of Death -

Emily Dickinson’s #448 [#449]

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”?
“For Beauty”, I replied -
“And I - for Truth - Themselves are One -
We Bretheren, are”, He said -

And so, as Kinsmen, met a Night -
We talked between the Rooms -
Until the Moss had reached our lips -
And covered up - Our names -
Emily Dickinson’s #519 [#441]

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

Emily Dickinson’s #598 [#632]

The Brain - is wider than the sky -
For - put them side by side -
The one the other will contain
With ease - and You - beside -

The Brain is deeper than the sea -
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 - Heft them - Pound for Pound -
And they will differ - if they do -
As Syllable from Sound -
Emily Dickinson’s #620 [#435] (1863; 1890)

Much Madness is divinest Sense -
To a discerning Eye -
Much Sense - the starkest Madness -
‘Tis the Majority
In this, as all, prevail - 5
Assent - and you are sane -
Demur - you’re straightway dangerous -
And handled with a Chain -

Emily Dickinson’s #1773 [#1732]

My life closed twice before it’s close;
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive 5
As these that twice befell.
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.