Emily Dickinson

747

It dropped so low – in my Regard –
I heard it hit the Ground –
And go to pieces on the Stones
At bottom of my Mind –

Yet blamed the Fate that flung it – less
Than I reviled Myself,
For entertaining Plated Wares
Upon my Silver Shelf –

 About 1863

569

I reckon – when I count at all –
First - Poets – Then the Sun –
Then Summer - Then the Heaven of God –
And then – the List is done –

But, looking back – the First so seems
To Comprehend the Whole –

The Others look a needless Show –

So I write – Poets – All –

Their Summer – lasts a Solid Year –

They can afford a Sun
The East – would deem extravagant –
And if the Further Heaven –

Be Beautiful as they prepare

For Those who worship Them –
It is too difficult a Grace –
To justify the Dream –

 About 1862

789

On a Columnar Self –

How ample to rely

In Tumult – or Extremity –

How good the Certainty

That Lever cannot pry –

And Wedge cannot divide

Conviction – That Granitic Base –

Though None be on our Side –

Suffice Us – for a Crowd –

Ourself – and Rectitude –

And that Assembly – not far off

From furthest Spirit – God –

 About 1863