Emily Dickinson

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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

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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

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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