

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

Suffice Us – for a Crowd –
Ourself – and Rectitude –
And that Assembly – not far off

From furthest Spirit – God –

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 –