

Emily Dickinson Poems
[Cross-cultural Collaboration, Spring 2007](http://www.bartleby.com/113/1020.html)
<http://wordsworth2.net/projects/cmnc07sp>

Emily Dickinson (1830–86). Complete Poems. 1924.
<http://www.bartleby.com/113/1020.html>
Part One: Life XX

I TASTE a liquor never brewed,
From tankards scooped in pearl;
Not all the vats upon the Rhine
Yield such an alcohol!

Inebriate of air am I, 5
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, 10
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 15
Leaning against the sun!



Emily Dickinson (1830–86). Complete Poems. 1924.
<http://www.bartleby.com/113/4027.html>
Part Four: Time and Eternity XXVII

BECAUSE I could not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste, 5
And I had put away
My labor, and my leisure too,
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played
At wrestling in a ring; 10
We passed the fields of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible, 15
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.



Emily Dickinson (1830–86). Complete Poems. 1924.
<http://www.bartleby.com/113/2082.html>
Part Two: Nature LXXXII

THERE'S a certain slant of light,
On winter afternoons,
That oppresses, like the weight
Of cathedral tunes.

Heavenly hurt it gives us; 5
We can find no scar,
But internal difference
Where the meanings are.

None may teach it anything,
'T is the seal, despair,— 10
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the air.

When it comes, the landscape listens,
Shadows hold their breath;
When it goes, 't is like the distance 15
On the look of death.



[*Heath Anthology of American Literature*, concise ed. (1313): Poem 1129

Tell all the Truth but tell it slant—
Success in Circuit lies
Too bright for our infirm Delight
The Truth's superb surprise
As Lightning to the Children eased
With explanation kind
The Truth must dazzle gradually
Or every man be blind—



Emily Dickinson (1830–86). *Complete Poems*. 1924.

<http://www.bartleby.com/113/2019.html>

Part Two: Nature XIX

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 5
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, 10
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— 15
And then I started too.

And he—he followed close behind;
I felt his silver heel
Upon my ankle,—then my shoes
Would overflow with pearl. 20

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