



Perhaps they do not go so far As we who stay, suppose	[1399]	Death sets a Thing significant The Eye had hurried by	[360]
Within that little Hive Such hints of Honey lay As made Reality a Dream And Dreams, Reality	[1607]	The first Day's Night had come – And grateful that a thing So terrible – had been endured – I told my Soul to sing – She said her Strings were snapt – Her Bow – to Atoms blown	[410]
Winter under cultivation Is as arable as Spring	[1707]	Much madness is divinest Sense – To a discerning Eye – Much Sense – the starkest Madness – 'Tis the Majority In this, as All, prevail – Assent – and you are sane – Demur – you're straightway dangerous – And handled with a Chain	[435]
The earth has many keys. Where melody is not Is the unknown peninsula	[1775]	I heard a Fly buzz – when I died – The Stillness in the Room Was like the Stillness in the Air – Between the Heaves of Storm	[465]
<b><i>Light &amp; Dark</i></b>			
There's a certain Slant of light, Winter Afternoons – That oppresses, like the Heft Of Cathedral Tunes – When it comes, the Landscape listens – Shadows – hold their breath	[258]	It was not Death, for I stood up, And all the Dead, lie down – It was not Night, for all the Bells Put out their Tongues, for Noon. As if my life were shaven, And fitted to a frame, And could not breathe without a key, And 'twas like Midnight, some – When everything that ticked – has stopped – And Space stares all around	[510]
You cannot put a Fire out – A Thing that can ignite Can go, itself, without a Fan – Upon the slowest Night	[530]	The World – feels Dusty When We stop to Die – We want the Dew – then – Honors – taste dry	[715]
Remorse – is Memory – awake – A Presence of Departed Acts – Its Past – set down before the Soul And lighted with a Match	[744]	The Service without Hope – Is tenderest, I think – There is no Diligence like that That knows not an Until	[779]
A Light exists in Spring Not present on the Year At any other period – It shows the furthest Tree Upon the furthest Slope you know	[812]	The Opening and the Close Of Being, are alike Or differ, if they do, As Bloom upon a Stalk	[1047]
Tell all the Truth but tell it slant – The Truth must dazzle gradually Or every man be blind	[1129]	The Things that never can come back, are several Childhood – some forms of Hope – the Dead	[1515]
By a departing light We see acuter, quite Than by a wick that stays	[1714]	There comes an hour when begging stops, When the long interceding lips Perceive their prayer is vain	[1751]
<b><i>Anxiety, Dread &amp; Death</i></b>			
'Tis Living – hurts us more – But Dying – is a different way – A Kind behind the Door	[335]		
This is the hour of Lead – Remembered, if outlived, As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow First – Chill – then Stupor – then the letting go	[341]		