POEMS
by Emily Dickinson

Edition by Teresa Pelka

Verified against manuscript and print resources piece by piece, organized into thematic stanzas, with an introduction on the poet’s inspiration with Greek and Latin, her correlative with Webster 1828, and the Aristotelian motif: Things perpetual — these are not in time, but in eternity.

The world has always appeared to me perpetual; it is better to believe it without beginning or end.

Thomas Taylor

There always is the simple question: do we believe Emily Dickinson tried to tell about very exceptional Bees, Ears, or Birds, so peculiar that you write them with capital letters? Introduction

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INTRODUCTION
PRINT SO FAR

Emily Dickinson’s *Poems* were first printed in year 1890. Around 400 copies sold within months, which was really a success those times, and further prints were done. Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd prepared the print from notes. In their edition, mostly the shape of the stanza might cause reservations, but book sales proved the poetry was appreciated favorably.

Views changed in 1955, when Thomas Herbert Johnson published *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*. He elaborated on manuscripts that Harvard University received in 1950, as a gift from Gilbert H. Montague.¹ In 1956, Amherst College was given a collection by Millicent Todd Bingham.

It was with regard to Johnson’s print that opinion came, on an “extensive” or even “pervasive” manner for dashes, “unconventional” or “unexpected” use of capital letters, or summarily an “idiosyncratic poetic practice” by Ms. Dickinson.²
The poet, as well as her readers, would know proper spelling and punctuation, even if only simply aware of the founding texts, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, or the Bill of Rights.

In the Declaration, John Dunlap’s peculiarity would have been in his use of capital letters for all nouns, forms deriving from nouns, and phrases of nominal reference, as “to Publish and Declare” — yet he did that according to quite a prevalent and known printing style of the time.

Outside the style, we may have capital letters to specify on terms. John Carter capitalized the Constitution as that of the United States. For particular States, he printed the word “constitution” with a small letter.

Emily Dickinson certainly did not mean her poetry for just a joke, though her poems show a sense of humor as well. Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd were cognizant of the poet in person. They knew how she made notes, or drafted
poems, and what a clean copy was to look — according to her own resolves. Their edition does not have “idiosyncrasies”. Those occurred with Johnson’s print, year 1955.

Most of the pieces never were finalized by the poet for print, and all formats today are editions that compare somewhere between the first draft and the Declaration of Independence as published, in text refinement. There always is a simple question: do we believe Emily Dickinson tried to tell about Bees, Ears, or Birds so extraordinary, that you write them with capital letters?

*Babbles the Bee in a stolid Ear,*

*Pipe the Sweet Birds in ignorant cadence —*

(Safe in Their Alabaster Chambers, Johnson’s edition; the big letters do not occur in the Republican of 1862, when the poet lived).

Over the Internet, we can have a glimpse at sample F124C, a draft of Safe in Their Alabaster Chambers from Houghton, one of Harvard University libraries. It is handwritten in pencil. If
Emily Dickinson used such big letters, there had to be a reason. Image contrast is enhanced.

Houghton sample F124C.

The habit of the hand has a “non-print character”, ε: we can find it only in manuscripts. To compare the Diadems, Doges, Surrender, and Firmaments along with soundless, we might think about word stress and vowel length.

With shapes as entirely, me, and resurrections, in the handwritten Renunciation as published by Little, Brown and Company in 1891, and the Eden of the Wild Nights (Houghton, sample number 269 by Franklin), we may think about vowel quality, low or high, in some general contour.
In vowel chart mid position, between front and back, as well as low and high vowels, there is a speech sound central quality. Some phonetic scripts may interpret this mid for the *shwa*.

The handwritten ε is as the Greek epsilon. We can see it is not to represent the shwa, but it can be a mark for vowel length and height, in relation to the central quality. It is as a precursor shape, with modern phonetic scripts.
Might there be a connection between the epsilon and manuscript big letters? Let us consider a fragment of the poem Success as edited by Johnson.

Not one of all the purple Host
Who took the Flag today...

To think about someone who likes to talk verses, he or she would put more emphasis on words as host and flag, to tell you the poem. This emphasis is not for the most important words. It is the prosodic stress.

It is possible that Emily Dickinson shared her markup for intonation and rhythm with her friends. Poets yet never have marked prosody for publication: you do not do it for the general reader; you do it for your vowels. In proximity with prosodic emphasis, unstressed vowels become the shortest, which matters in the poetic meter — this can be the connection between the big letters and the epsilon.

Before we analyze the manner of writing any further, let us think if we have genuine sam-
ples. To regard copy physical qualities, we may focus on Houghton F124B. We can examine a handwritten feature, the digraph TH in the *Alabaster Chambers*, to compare Houghton F67B.

Houghton F124B.

F124B was accepted by both Johnson and Franklin, and the habit of the hand does not have the characteristic T we can see in F124C. Except adolescence, and senility only sometimes, handwriting hardly would just change.

Houghton F124C.

F124B looks closer to a fair copy than F124C, and Emily Dickinson’s letter shape T would have grown
bigger — and not smaller — along with her finalization of text. We can recur to the Little and Brown Renunciation, for the words there, thought, or that. The handwriting here is not as casual as in F124C.

Theories on Emily Dickinson’s worsening eyesight fail with an important regard: the writing characters in F124B are not enlarged, or separated. Samples as P90-39, the Suspense, might substantiate doubt on the writer’s visual acuity, provided the quality here did not arise with another determinant, and that might have been an extremely short pencil, too. For all Ts, the stem and the bar yet do come together, the bar to wander to the left of the stem.
Persons of regular vision happen to experience hindrance in own handwritten style. An alternate character T, bar shifted to the right, yet surfaces with a smooth flow of ink, also in sample F67B.

Houghton F67B, as well as F67A, are copies of the poem Too Late. They show the text re-written almost consistently with the print by Higginson and Todd. Houghton copy F67A differs in two words, joy and remaining; Houghton F67B in one word, joy, and the word is the only one not to rhyme.

Delayed till she had ceased to know,
Delayed till in its vest of snow
Her loving bosom lay.
An hour behind the fleeting breath,
Later by just an hour than death, —
Oh, lagging yesterday!
Could she have guessed that it would be;
Could but a crier of the JOY (first print: glee)
Have climbed the distant hill;
Had not the bliss so slow a pace, —
Who knows, but this surrendered face
Were undefeated still?

It is hard to believe the author would have re-written the poem entire (a few times!) with just one odd word, and in a different hand — to send it to friends? More, Johnson’s joy in the place of glee would hint that a “loving” person could enjoy the “loved” one dying (hence the quotation marks), and the poem, though ironic, does not show such prejudice or error in use of words.

The first print glee does not only rhyme: “glee and glory”, the song and fame theme of Anglo-Saxon legends, merely has become less familiar to the reading public today.

The verses may suggest prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, whose marriage with queen Victoria was surrounded with propaganda
of family tremendous happiness, questioned in the queen’s times and later. Present day, we can read the historian doubt by Jane Ridley, via BBC News. It was during queen Victoria’s “domestic bliss” there came another tension between the United States and Britain, in the Trent Affair. Prince Albert died in December.

Language work may favor markup, it yet would never look as in the Houghton copies, text rewritten with one word obviously to stand out: a person of standard linguistic aptitude would have had no difficulty to find a synonym or rhyme.

Emily Dickinson was above standard, in her language skill. We may consider the Bequest: with regard to vowel reduction, natural in English, the Bequest will give two stanzas of 8 and 5 lengths. Classic or ancient canons allowed to “sum up” vowel length. A short vowel might make one length, a long one — two, not only in elegiac verse.
The poet used her epsilon strictly in places for the letter shape “e”. We can use an inverted lunate, ө, deriving it from the shape be (Ǝ) in Phoenician, a popular merchant script of the ancient Mediterranean. We do not claim insight into the poet’s mind; we come up with a symbol to relate vowel length generally and the central mid.

There was no vowel reduction in the classics, but we can think about own way, to consider prosody for English as a natural language. The boldface is to highlight the prosodic stress, the chevron or hat ` to mark the vowels that would be the shortest, in proximity with prosodically prominent positions. We can have them for half-lengths.

8 You left me sweet, two le_gә_cies, —
5 A le_`gә_cy `әf love
8 A Hea_`әn_ly Fa_`hәr would con_tent,
5 Had He `thә of_`әr of;

8 You left me ba`und_`dә_rәz of pain
5 `Cә_pa_`ciәs as the sea,

25
8 Be tween e_tər_nɪ ty and time,
5 Your con_science and me.

In the word “boundaries”, the diphthong does not make two vowels, and it can “add up” with the adjacent short length ə. As noted before, we can think about someone who simply likes to talk verses, and not necessarily about pompous presentations for rhymed lines.

Let us now view the “capital letters” in Houghton sample P90-28: the preceding boldface prosodic highlight for the Bequest converges considerably; we do not get prosody marked in print because spoken expression is always, however to an extent — individual.
P90-28 differs from Higginson-Todd in wording: most copies today would present versions never prepared for publication, whereas a special Bee or Ear cannot provide for poetic appeal. Johnson’s overuse of the dash also does not serve the skill well: and how do we even say the clipped ’t?

A precious — mouldering pleasure — ’t is —

To meet an Antique Book —
In just the Dress his Century wore —
A privilege — I think —

His venerable Hand to take —
And warming in our own —
A passage back — or two — to make —
To Times when he — was young — (In a Library).

Authors for Amherst College say that recovery of the manner the poet worked on language is rather impossible: there is not enough original material.

It is impossible for any transcription of these fragments to capture the important details of how Dickinson originally laid out her poetry on the page.  


We need to re-evaluate the fascicles. The letter shape T might prove too narrow an assay, in appreciation of the written samples. Our criterion may include the epsilon, predicate structure, vowel contour, phonemics, person reference in abstract thought, and altogether stylistic coherence.

Not to evolve into a manual for written forgery, let us only try to realize what we would need to approve of, to disregard a criterion the letter shape T is part. We may use a “sample” for Emily Dickinson’s handwritten style, the marker to have run dry: the “sample” is not to cheat; it is to encourage open minds. Hear — I have never met this Teresa, Emily.

There was no way for markers to run dry in Emily Dickinson’s times, as there were no markers. In
everyday life, people yet had two important practices: for books to make notes or to copy manually.

Copybooks were for learners to reproduce written examples. The books might as well be “manufactured” at home, a person able to write to provide a pattern for a child, or a person hard of writing. Following someone’s handwritten style was much more usual those times than it is today.

More, the practice was not new or limited to America. The Philadelphia-published periodical *Port folio*, volume XVI of 1823, laid out the recommendation for British youths:

*The youth should begin to write at a very early age; for the well known reason, that the more early any mechanical operation is begun, the greater dexterity is generally acquired. Till a very considerable improvement has been made, he should be taught to imitate, not the engraved models too often employed, but manuscript copies at the head of his page.*

Paper notebooks were sewn for household accountancy, as well as family or personal learning.
Most people knew how to make them, pages usually numbered: the numbers can show if any content might have been lost. Only a few of the manuscripts for Emily Dickinson’s poetry would have anything like a page number. With a quantity as more than fifteen hundred pieces, in Johnson’s as well as Franklin’s calculations, it would be natural to have a record where all pages are numbered.

Someone might say, poems are easy to rearrange as loose sheets of paper, for volume beginning or end. Poetry may seem abstract; let us think about recipes. How many people would we have today, to note recipes in a personal book and say you need to follow the page number order to use them? Numbered pages allow other markup for content arrangement; and well, you can have a few books for types of content, if you like.

The fascicles have mostly the poems *Dickinson took pains to copy carefully onto folded sheets and gather*
with string, say the Harvard on the previously referred webpage, and the Amherst agree that most pieces are of re-written shapes.

Emily Dickinson would have been the person to have “taken the pains” of rewriting, yet never to have cared to make a regular book and number the pages.

For personal keeping, the rewriting shows strangely hurried. The author herself would have “swapped” words in lines (The Great Storm Is Over):

*Then a softness suffuses the story,*

*And a silence the teller’s eye...*

Softness and silence become returned to their places with markup (Life V, sample F685). My Google Drive has the samples arranged according to the first print, for ease of comparison. See the Resource for the poetry at teresapelka.com.

In the Library (Life X, sample P90-10), the author herself would have rewritten the piece with repetitive phrasing, absent from the first print, though it does not tackle even stanza breaks:
On themes concern our mutual mind,
The literature of man —

What interested scholars most,
What competitions ran
When Plato was a certainty,
And Sophocles a man.

(The Chrysalis verb agreement is untouched, too.)

Safe in Their Alabaster Chambers would have the same, oddly “mechanical” error, let us compare samples F124 A-D:

Light laughs the breeze in her castle above them...
The stanza to follow right next begins as

Grand go the years in the crescent above them...

School copybook practice might have been even completely mechanical, yet rewriting own content has always been and will remain different, to a human being employing own handwritten style and semantics.

Here, the author would have rewritten a piece with a suggestion for improvement, but with-
out improving it, and in content where keeping the previous form looks unnecessary — unless we would be to reflect on a lexemic correlation between poems, for which the example in J621 does not make anything much of the case:

I asked no other thing
No other was denied
I offered Being for it;
The mighty merchant sneered+

Down the page, the plus symbol is rewritten, with the suggestion, +smiled.

Without any suggestion for improvement, If You Were Coming in the Fall might give even a comic effect, yet only if to believe the author herself was unaware of lack of rhyme as combined with lack of reference in context (Love VI, sample J511):

If I could see you in a year,
I’d wind the months in balls —
And put them each in separate Drawers,
For fear the numbers fuse —
Higginson and Todd did not surmise such poetic nescience, or the piece is not the first or only to let think they had other, better copies.

*If I could see you in a year,*

*I’d wind the months in balls,*

*And put them each in separate drawers,*

*Until their time befalls.*

Electricity did not much belong with their lives then — Johnson dated the poem for year 1862. In Boston, the first electric streetcar started up in 1888. In the USA entire, the first to market electricity was the California Electric Company in 1879, within own system for San Francisco. Their commercial generators began work in 1880. The early high voltage weighed about 10 dollars per lamp dusk to dawn, mostly against city coffers. In New York, Thomas Edison opened his public electric supply in 1882, direct current.

There is no record for electricity having been installed in the Amherst household within the poet’s lifespan (she died in 1886), and Emily
Dickinson Museum exhibits her room with a fuel lamp. Poem components as *housewives* or *drawers* suggest a home; J511 would have extrapolation of no evidence in Emily Dickinson's style, hence my following Higginson and Todd.

It remains the objective reality that fascicles of no page number allow insertion. We would need to ignore this and try — well, visually a kind of carpet for hanging on a wall, and acoustically a thud, as poetic imagery for a woman (F332A):

*Sift her, from Brow to Barefoot!*

*Strain till your last Surmise —*

**Drop, like a Tapestry, away...**

*(Surrender, Love V). To oppose would have been “frivolous” of the man: an idea much unlike Emily Dickinson in the *Apotheosis*. More, the first print piece does not tell about a man, please see the analysis on page 219.*

Fascicle distribution of the epsilon may occasion doubt, too. Different from any of the
poet’s imagery as well, *The Wind* (sample F334A) would expand on a figure-of-speech hand as bodily dust, to spell the word shape “beyond” with the epsilon and then without it, in two consecutive lines.

_Inheritance, it is, to us —_

**Beyond the Art to Earn —**

**Beyond the trait to take away…**

Prosodic marking would be acquiring the looks of “directions for use”, and the lines are plain 8-by-6 in vowel value.

Suspicion may grow, if we compare the *Port folio*, page 302:

_In public schools, it is probably supposed that he (...) who is destined for a liberal profession, may obtain sufficient skill in the mechanical operations of writing and arithmetic, either before the age the youth are usually admitted into those schools, or by employing the holidays and vacations in these secondary and auxiliary studies._
The questioned fascicle fragment, having alluded to money with the “Art to Earn”, ends as follows:

In some odd fashion
of it’s own —

Some quainter Holiday —

The first print has been criticized for stanza shapes, and as a heavy edit on the original poetry. I disagree on the latter and enclose a piece-by-piece analysis also to continue with the criterion. The first print is not a heavy edit, and wholesale belief in the fascicles — because they were written by hand — does not do the poetry any favor.

I believe my reservations are reasonable, and my resolve is to favor the poet. Editors have done broader jobs, for living and approving authors, than the one required here. There is no way to claim or seek Emily Dickinson’s approval, but this will apply to my edition as well as to any other, whereas edited shape always regards the language standard and the quality of the source material.
A passage back, or two, to make
To times when he was young.

{stanza break}

His quaint opinions to inspect,
His knowledge to unfold
On what concerns our mutual mind,
The literature of old;

{stanza break}

What interested scholars most,
What competitions ran...

The poet’s linguistic endeavor can gain in appeal, if we allow thematic stanzas and adapt the punctuation, only to do what is fair about poetry from private notes: we would not have own unfinished writings for an honest presentation.

Feel welcome to compare my manner with text for the USA Charters of Freedom. The Constitution is a “syntax bonanza”, that is, an exceptionally rich resource. We only cannot have language forms that are hundreds of years aged, to learn modern grammar; teresapelka.com.
POETIC PUNCTUATION

HIGGINSON-TODD stanzas look focused on proportion, and poetry highlights on delineation of semantic scopes more. Ends of versed lines may work as commas; let us put the lines together and see (Time and Eternity, X):

*I died for beauty, but was scarce adjusted in the tomb…*

We might get an impression a person was hardly fitting in a coffin, but it is usual to pause a little, when we read the end of the line. We can express this pause with a “default comma”.

*...but was scarce, adjusted in the tomb…*

Indeed, the poetic person does not have spatial concerns, and soon gets company: dying for beauty was not enough, and you cannot die twice.

Our “default comma” will depend on word sense. We may compare the *Success*, text transcribed into clauses:

*Success is counted sweetest by those who ne’er succeed.*

*To comprehend a nectar, requires sorest need.*
In *The Lonely House*, if we allow a picture as the Sun might have been capable of opening the door, we allow for the thought something has been stolen from the household:

... *Fancy the sunrise left the door ajar!*

The first print yet might have “lost” a comma:

*Fancy the sunrise*, left the door ajar!

We can continue our notes on punctuation with reference to stanzas.

**THE THEMATIC STANZA**

*The Lonely House* does assure that Emily Dickinson was not stereotyped in her written composition (Life, poem XV):

*I know some lonely houses off the road
A robber’d like the look of —
Wooden barred,
And windows hanging low,
Inviting to
A portico...*
The Library yet would show an unfinished stanza shape, in handwritten as well as printed copies. Emily Dickinson’s health condition before death did not let her even title all her poems.

... The gown that Dante deified.

Facts, centuries before,

{stanza break}

He traverses familiar,

As one should come to town... 7

Stanzas need to be integral bodies of word sense. The Wind encourages a consideration of the stanza as a thematic structure.

Of all the sounds despatched abroad,

There’s not a charge to me

Like that old measure in the boughs,

That phraseless melody

The wind does, working like a hand

Whose fingers brush the sky,

Then quiver down, with tufts of tune

Permitted gods and me.

{stanza break}
When winds go round and round in bands,
And thrum upon the door,
And birds take places overhead,
To bear them orchestra;

The first print uses the comma here. At stanza end, the comma may yet give the impression something is interrupted, fragmented. The semicolon works better in delineating on thematically self-contained structures, and the first print embraces the use, see The Heart Asks Pleasure First, In a Library, or Whether My Bark Went Down at Sea.

The comma may set forth semantic elements that continue to expand. Let us recur to the Success.

Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne’er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple host
Who took the flag to-day
Can tell the definition,
So clear, **of victory**,  
**As he**, defeated, dying,  
On whose forbidden ear  
The distant strains of triumph  
**Break**, agonized and clear.

The verse brings a picture of enemy brief and transient victory. To resolve in favor of a unitary layout, I could follow Houghton print image 72S-700. Thomas Niles, the publisher, reportedly admitted in his letter to Emily Dickinson, “you have doubtless perceived [it] was slightly changed in phraseology”. The problem was not so much in the layout, though the poem became divided into stanzas in the first print.

The final verses as in the *Masque of Poets* would have success defined by a person to experience failure: the enemy takes the flag and the lead character dies hearing shouts of exultation, *the distant strains of triumph break, agonizing clear*. 

Opposite semantics yet never become misnomers in Emily Dickinson’s verses. The first print
has the lead character lose the flag, but it is not far away he can hear the enemy defeated:

*The distant strains of triumph

*Break, agonized and clear* (Higginson-Todd).

It was the sake of thematic integrity to make me present the *Psalm of the Day* as a layout of $4 \times 3 - 6 - 3 \times 3 - 6$ lines, whereas the notion of a thematically self-contained structure encouraged the presentation of the *Summer’s Armies* as $6 - 6 \times 3$ lines of text.

Regard to thematic delineation influenced me into shaping the text as two stanzas, for the *Transplanted* and *Death and Life*. The train of thought required to join the verses into unitary layouts for the *Dawn*, *Perhaps You’d Like to Buy a Flower*, *A Train Went through a Burial Gate*, and *The Bustle in a House*.

Word sense indicated to think over the comma for *Rouge et Noir*, *A Service of Song*, *Love’s Baptism*, *One Dignity*, and *The Funeral*. 
The semicolon rather than the comma closes the first stanza in *The Grass*; the semicolon remains for the fourth, owing to the phrasal development:

*And even when it dies, to pass*

*In odors so divine,*

*As lowly spices gone to sleep,*

*Or amulets of pine;*

*{stanza break}*

*And then to dwell in sovereign barns…*

In *The Outlet*, I leave the comma and dash combination:

*I’ll fetch thee brooks*

*From spotted nooks, —*

*Say, sea, take me!*

The comma and dash are to mark a phrasal antecedent or, in simpler words, it is before the comma and dash we tell the grounds or cause, and we offer a consequent or response after. The dash alone expands on thought.

The semicolon holds for the third and fifth stanzas in the *Indian Summer*, and for the second
thematic stanza in the *Emancipation*. The dot can mark an inner boundary for a train of thought, as it does in the first stanza of *Along the Potomac*.

I have arranged the stanzas thematically for the Library, *In Vain*, *Resurrection*, *The Wife*, *Apotheosis*, *May-Flower* — feel welcome to Fascicle copies and print: piece by piece, at the end of the book. My adaptations are only to help perceive the text in its flow.

**THE GREEK AND LATIN INSPIRATION**

It is natural, for a person of a fondness for language, to study it analytically, to detail. Emily Dickinson evidently did learn in such a way.

Not only stanzas or syntax, words have constituents, too. Word particles can be inspiration. Here, Latin and Greek words to have the particle –*lus*– helped make poetic imagery.

- *Much madness:* Greek *alusson*, madwort, *Farsetia chypeata*; *alusos*, curing madness; *alusidotos*, wrought in chain;
• **Exclusion:** the Latin *divinatio* might mean an examination concluded in a secret vote; we can read the *divine majority* as a *personal resolve*;

• **Unreturning:** Greek *anaplius*, washing or rinsing out; *anelusis*, going up, return; *elusis*, step, gait; Latin *lenunculus*, a small boat, skiff (the toddling little boat);

• **Have you got a brook in your little heart:** Latin *rivulus*, a small brook, petty stream; *galgulus*, small bird; *aridulus*, somewhat dry;

• **On this long storm:** Greek *enelusios*, struck by lightning;

• **Playmates:** Latin *collusor*, companion at play; *condiscipulus*, schoolmate; *angelus*, a messenger, an angel; *lapillus*, small stone, pebble; *lusus*, a game; Greek *omelusia*, companionship.

*Along the Potomac* has the morphemic patterning precede a psychological scope. The Latin *angellus*, double *el*, could mean *an angle of small measure.*

*To look at her; how slowly*

*The seasons must have turned*
Till bullets clipt an angle,
And he passed quickly round!

The psychological image: ... But proud in apparition,
That woman and her boy
Pass back and forth before my brain,
As ever in the sky.

I Asked No Other Thing builds an abstract picture
on Latin and Greek particles upo/ypo: cauponarius,
a male shopkeeper, tradesman; isotypos, shaped alike; synypoptosis, simultaneous presentation to
the senses; upopternis, knob (a button that can twirl), and upo, below, looking at a picture (as for
Brazil on a map).
I asked no other thing,
No other was denied.
I offered Being for it;
The mighty merchant smiled.

Brazil? He twirled a button,
Without a glance my way:
“But, madam, is there nothing else
That we can show to-day?”

Please try the Perseus language tool
for Latin and Greek.
perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/search

TO ANTIQUITY AND BACK

For thousands of years, speech syllables
and sounds have been making more than
one word, in more than one language. Already an-
cients had words entire bring more than one sense.

In Latin, the word *praesentio* did not refer
only to presaging; it also meant *predictive percep-
tion*. *Praesens* meant *in sight, present*. The shape
“preasensus” was the same to imply something or
someone *predictably present* or a *presentiment*.

In Emily Dickinson’s *Presentiment*, the plural
shape “suns” may suggest the Proto-Indo-European
theory by William Jones.\(^\text{10}\) He speculated that
European and Far East Indian languages came

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from one ancestor language. There has never been evidence to this, and words as *man, woman, child,* or *house* differ in form between Latin and Greek, as they may between German, French, Polish, or Russian.

To compare just Latin and Greek, we have dissimilar words for the Sun: *Sol* and *Helios.* The poem has all nouns in the singular, except the *suns;* comprehensibly, it would not be much support for the PIE theory.

The *Beclouded* word form *some one* was quite regular in Webster 1828 and translations from ancient classics. *Someone* was close in sense to *anyone,* any person, and the difference in spelling was to indicate “a type of person”. Today, the context resolves on the meaning.

The poet allowed the word *divine* classically to indicate senses as *psychological* or *select.* In the *Exclusion,* the soul, to decide on oneself, follows own
*divine majority*; to regard Latin, own secret or inner resolve. *Much Madness* highlights on the difference between personal and group accord.

Words as *divine, heavens or skies*, correlate with the Latin *cælum*, which meant “out there, where the stars are” or “the highest”, for quality. The *odors so divine* in *The Grass*, the *clew divine* in the *Chrysalis*, and the *divine intoxication* in *Setting Sail*, all refer to exquisite and earthly experiences.

Ancient Roman mythologies had *the skies* also for “somewhere the souls of the deceased went”. An eagle, *aquila* in Latin, was a funerary symbol too. In Emily Dickinson’s poetry, the words *heaven* or *skies* do not presume on the Last Judgment and salvation; they are closer in sense to “after we die”:

*I reason that in heaven  
Somehow, it will be even,  
Some new equation given;  
But what of that?*  
(Time and Eternity, XXIII).
We can associate some of her predicate forms with ancient Greek philosophers.

*Captivity* is *consciousness,*
*So’s liberty.*

*(Emancipation).*

The philosophers organized concepts in categories. We can interpret the lines above as *captivity belongs with the category of CONSCIOUSNESS; one is aware whether captive, and it is the same with the state or condition of being free.* We can find the logical predication in Aristotle, for example.

English is a non-flexing language. To purport that consciousness is captivity, we would have to follow the regular word order and say literally,

*consciousness is captivity.*

On our way back from Antiquity, we may view the poem *Mine* as enjoyment of a rare book, possibly on Greek writings. The white vote was that of approval in ancient Greece, which in public matters had to be affirmed by officials named *the*
prytaneis. No modern political interpretation for a vote would apply. First “white primaries” were held years after Emily Dickinson’s death in 1886.

Therefore, the royal seal might be an *ex libris*, or a library stamp to affirm on borrowing. Webster 1828 display page 544 derives *delirium* from wandering off the furrow, and furrows were counted. Pages for the *ex libris*, or library book cards, have been usually those without number, at book beginning.

Works of ancient Greeks may come to mind with browsing Webster 1828 for occurrences of the word shape *grave*. The dictionary defines *auxesis* as *a figure by which any thing is magnified too much*, and *a more grave and magnificent word is put for the proper word*. The poetic *scarlet prison* might mean a library stamp kit, possibly with an ink pad.

For the phrase *grave’s repeal*, we may refer to the verb *to disinter*; Webster 1828 explains the sense also was *to take out as from a grave, to bring from obscurity into view*. The accompanying quote
from Addison tells, *The philosopher — may be concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred.*

The piece-by-piece analysis (page 204) concludes in two works by Thomas Taylor, *A Dissertation on the Philosophy of Aristotle, in Four Books,* and *Collectanea.* They were rare books also in Emily Dickinson’s times. *Perpetuity* as a notion to embrace *recurrent manifestation* pervades the poetry, not only for Time and Eternity.

The poet’s use of Aristotle should not be judged by published translations. Dictionary search for the word shape ἐπιδεικνύουσι, at the beginning of the third chapter of *Physics* Book 1, will show δείκνυμι for bringing to light, and δεινός as for the timid dwelling of the *Surrender.* The overcoat of clay from *Death Is a Dialogue* might get along well with the Greek ὅλον and ὅλονόστική, for the same chapter. The poet worked the sense on her own, with the philosopher’s discourse to refute the thesis “All is One”, as in an equation.
I do not want to ruin the pleasure a curious reader might have, and my last spoiler is *I Reason, Earth Is Short*. At teresapelka.com, feel welcome to the *Lexica*: Aristotle and Emily Dickinson have much in common, testing *the philosophical* against *the everyday*, and I enclose sample searches to show the correlation; my gist for *Physics* and *Metaphysics* yet remains an independent project.

Webster 1828 is available from the Internet Archive: [archive.org](http://archive.org). Naturally, dictionary definitions are not the objects of thought they describe; the *Surrender* yet affirms that a lexicon can be itself companionship of highest quality:

*Why, God would be content*  
*With but a fraction of the love*  
*Poured thee without a stint.*

... *The whole of me, forever... Might...*  
... *Some distant heaven... Dwell timidly with thee.*

Emily Dickinson reportedly wrote to Thomas Higginson in 1862, *For several years, my lexicon was my only companion.*
THE SUPERNATURAL, OR GOD

Beyond doubt, Emily Dickinson used *the poetic person*, the phrase to be my preference over the *lyrical subject*. The phrase *the poetic person* is not the same as *a human being*; it is as the *grammatical person*, where we can use personal pronouns for animals or imagination as well, please see *A Service of Song*, or *Liquor Never Brewed*.

Her first person pronouns, *I* or *we*, depart from material existence in *To Fight Aloud Is Very Brave*, or *Renunciation*. Reference to human reality yet does not mean the poet herself in *Love’s Baptism*.

The way to present belief always involves the human being — bodily, psychological, or both — in context with feeling and thinking.

A feeling and thinking entity does not presume on the outcome or result of events, even if mildly humorous about oneself:

*For Heaven is a different thing
Conjectured, and waked sudden in...* (Rouge Gagne).
We can compare *The Butterfly’s Assumption-Gown*, a humorous piece where an association with *a priori* reckoning may come in parallel with *The Chrysalis* and its expectation on the world as inclusive of the skies to be made of some fine fabric.

It is own, human thinking to let one take comfort in reading:

*He danced along the dingy days,*

*And this bequest of wings*

*Was but a book. What liberty*

*A loosened spirit brings! (A Book).*

It is a human feeling, to want an affection to survive:

*Before the judgment-seat of God,*

*The last and second time*

*These fleshless lovers met,*

*A heaven in a gaze,*

*A heaven of heavens, the privilege*

*Of one another’s eyes. (Resurrection).*

It is human feeling and thinking, to associate physical phenomena and emotional response:
There’s a certain slant of light,
On winter afternoons,
That oppresses, like the weight
Of cathedral tunes.

When it comes, the landscape listens,
Shadows hold their breath... (Nature, XXXI).

The ordinary, everyday human being remains a factor, even without appearing in the picture: belief in God is a human matter.

It makes no difference abroad,
The seasons fit the same...
(Two Worlds).

We may compare A Service of Song, where a bird, even if complaining about some regular preacher length of sermon, celebrates when humans do.

God or Heavenly Father, the words belong with human notionality, and word senses vary among people, as well as change over time. The Bequest clearly refers to Antiquity. An indefinite Heavenly
Father suggests a pre-Christian time, when the notion of one heavenly father figure did not have the prevalence to motivate the definite article of today:

You left me sweet, two legacies, —

A legacy of love

A Heavenly Father would content

Had He the offer of...

By notionality, I mean the human ability to speak, write, as well as think and project, with use of own vocabulary and ideas about living experience, learning, intellect, theory, and imagery; human thinking is not necessarily made of dictionary definitions.

Safe in Their Alabaster Chambers shows that ways to practice and profess belief are matters human and not always wise. The poem is not likely about Christianity. The phrase “the members of the resurrection” localizes, regards a specific environment, and Christianity was global already in Emily Dickinson’s times. More, not all people for Chris-
tian resurrection have been born even by today, according to the creed as it has long been known.

We may think about ancient Egypt and the Fertile Crescent. The people could not have truly believed the mummified shells of human remains might ever regain living functions. The phrase *rafter of satin, and roof of stone*, an idea impracticable for builders, looks a metaphor for pretended belief.

**WORD SENSE AND HUMAN LIVING EXPERIENCE**

There is a word in Emily Dickinson’s works taken much too neurophysiologically, and the word is *pain*, a common noun.

*You left me* **boundaries of pain**

*Capacious as the sea,*

*Between eternity and time,*

*Your consciousness and me...* (Bequest).

Borders as above would lack shape, for a somatic reality, and even if one has not had experience
with pain whatsoever more serious than an ache from a milk tooth, one knows that people cannot pass on or swap physical sensations. Early in life, we people learn that our bodies are individual.

   English language yet has the phrase to take the pains, for conscious effort. This does not have to bring physical, psychological, or any pain at all. We may think about Aristotle and Webster, along with the word βαρύμοιχος, toilsome.

   The ancient barys could mean heavy, as well as deep or strong: the term worked for mass, length, and intensity or amplification, βαραθρώδης to say abysmal about a sea, and precipitous with regard to a way or path.11 The phrase bareia prosodia denoted the grave accent, a linguistic feature. Webster 1828 will show the word βαρύς along with the shape grave sometimes. The Greek ἄδυλογος was the one who spoke sweetly; ἄδυνατος was a term for One motionless Being, disputed by Aristotle.

   We may also read today about ancient Greek epigrams, as in the fragmentary codex that Yale
University acquired in 1996. It forwards a story of a poet who, having lived “a pound of years” and worked on some toilsome grammar, was going to Hades — to counsel the dead. Kevin Wilkinson interprets the “pound of years” as about 70 years of life by Palladas.12

The Mystery of Pain may encourage thinking about language as a cognitive device. Emily Dickinson would have been a precursor with the idea.

*Pain has an element of blank;*

*It cannot recollect*

*When it began...*

The pain is not experiential. Without perception on its beginning and source, there is no physical or psychological pain, and human memory gathers on sensory circumstances as the predicament allows. We may note that the English verb *to ache* does not have the Passive. We do not say *we are ached.* In a conjugation chart, the place would be blank. For future forms, we use the infinitive.
To take a cognitive implication, we do not have to learn everything by experience. In particular, making a life painful would not make it meaningful.

The poet was aware in her use of the grammatical articles, *a* and *the*. In the poem *Real*, the phrase *I like a look of agony*, denies fondness; we would have *the look of agony*, then: the anguish is *homely*, the poem is about ordinary dying.

*I like a look of agony,*
*Because I know it’s true;*
*Men do not sham convulsion,*
*Nor simulate a throe.*

*The eyes glaze once, and that is death.*
*Impossible to feign*
*The beads upon the forehead*
*By homely anguish strung.*

For the verb *to like*, we may refer to Webster 1828 (II), page 54. It has senses as *to liken*, quoted after Shakespeare, or *to choose*, quoted after Locke.
It is cognitively quite challenging, to think about this world without death, to wonder if there would be a person willing to stay on this planet eternally. To expand on the articles, *I lost a world* (*Lost*) does not pronounce the end of the world.

*The Sea of Sunset* shows cognitive individuality in picturing the world. The Yellow Sea is in the Far East. However, it receives a western connotation, since the Yellow River comes to feed the waters of the sea — as objectively as geographically — from the West.

Human cognitive mapping is anthropocentric only as to take the mapper point of view. Thinking about every human being in the world does not happen every so often, and it could be strange, when the focus is on the local fauna or flora. In the *May-Flower*, the phrase *every human soul* refers to everyone in the area.

*Next to the robin*  
In every human soul.
Today as well, a phrase as nobody knows would be likely to tell nobody around knows.

In everyday life as of now too, there might be hardly anything more prosaic than book dusting. Penning verse about the prose of life belongs with genius (pen and paper, let us try). Here, the verses have the poetic person reading, when the time for housekeeping comes. Interrupting an interesting read requires self-denial, hence the Surrender.

To hold the poem for the author’s affection towards a man (God is a masculine reference), we would purport the poet presumed she was capable of a gender relationship with God. Why, God would be content

With but a fraction of the love

Poured thee without a stint.

The poetry has no evidence Emily Dickinson harbored such belief. Regarding human relationships and God, there are the poetic pieces Proof and Resurrection.
In the *Proof*, Christian salvation is the hope for two loving humans to meet after death. In the *Resurrection*, the poetic person envisions such a meeting in front of a *judging* God: He is a being different from human.

Among attributes shared with humans, God is in all philosophy and religion an entity of own will and affect; nobody takes pleasing — God or people — for certainty. The language usage of the time had the word shape “content” also to connote *the necessary minimum* or *just enough*: “journalism was content to print little more than the Inaugural Address”, we can learn from *The Atlantic* about the presidential election of 1800.14

Emily Dickinson’s inquiry into polysemy and ambiguity worked around language and word shapes; it did not put human form or identity to doubt. The *dim companion* hardly could have been a person, and there are no “dim people” in her poetry.

What can get dim with time? — Print. *A companion* can be a lexicon, handbook, or com-
pendium. The poetic person does not expect own name in a written resource to include a definition for God (the word shape “content” is the same for a book interior). My suspect is Webster 1828, display page 834, entry God. As regards pleasing, whether people or God, a gift of dust could be only incongruous: there never have been such poor sentient beings.

PERSONALITY AND WRITING

I have read quite a few texts about writers. Stories differed and their narrators did, pursuits by the human sources usually to influence the picture of a linguistically creative person. People who were not artists allowed more speculation on mentality and comport. Rumor or opinion, even madness or drug use have been ascribed to writing: quite powerful odia.

I am a linguist and a pragmatic. To me, language activity is a normal and ordinary matter; also my bread, per file or word count in trans-
lation. It does not need phenomena supernatural, or aberration from norm. Simply to say it, some people like to bake bread, some — to make horseshoes, and some people like to wield words.

On the side of simple facts, Emily Dickinson’s writing is sober. Her imagery is lexical, and the style does not have the prolixity, repetitive phonemics, and anaphora or antecedent misuse we may get with people who are mentally unstable or substance-dependent. Her creativity has awareness of the poetic person as a device, and employs no linguistic naivete.

Regarding recluse habits, there is a state of focus that solitude and silence encourage. It is especially desirable for language work; absorption with language matter can bring natural, emotional and intellectual rewards. As eremite monks are not suspected, authors as well, do not purpose to offend the world. Detachment is not the same as loneliness, and it does not grant a position beyond people, either:
I reason that in heaven
Somehow, it will be even,
Some new *equation* given;
But what of that? (Time and Eternity, XXIII).

Have pleasure: dictionary browsing can help view
the poetry as a conscious exploration on linguistic
shape and sense. The poet certainly did not expect
dictionaries to vanish or change dramatically with
time, and she realized the patterning would be
perceivable — you do not need to go on top of a
mountain, for your language matter; it can be right
next to you, on a bookshelf.

Language art can be as garment for the
heart, mind, or soul, and Emily Dickinson was
talented as well as elegant, in joining linguistic
prowess with a simple allure of speech. She wrote
in favor of this *some one* to like to talk verses,
rather than a person to seek a pedestal. We can
return to this art and natural charm, despite
Thomas Johnson’s print.

Teresa Pelka
This is my letter to the world,
That never wrote to me,
The simple news that Nature told,
With tender majesty.

Her message is committed
To hands I cannot see;
For love of her, sweet countrymen,
Judge tenderly of me!

The Greek word φυσικός, *fysikos*, continues to mean *natural*, as it also did in Aristotle's *Physics* and *Metaphysics*, the book after *Physics*.
I.
SUCCESS

SUCCESS is counted sweetest
By those who ne’er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.
Not one of all the purple host
Who took the flag to-day
Can tell the definition,
So clear, of victory,
As he, defeated, dying,
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Break, agonized and clear.
II.

Ours share of night to bear,
Our share of morning,
Our blank in bliss to fill,
Our blank in scorning.

Here a star, and there a star,
Some lose their way.
Here a mist, and there a mist,
Afterwards — day!
III.
ROUGE ET NOIR

Soul, wilt thou toss again?
By just such a hazard
Hundreds have lost, indeed,
But tens have won an all.

Angels’ breathless ballot
Lingers to record thee;
Imps, in eager caucus,
Raffle for my soul.
IV.

ROUGE GAGNE

’T is so much joy! ’T is so much joy!
If I should fail, what poverty!
And yet, as poor as I
Have ventured all upon a throw;
Have gained! Yes! Hesitated so
This side the victory!

Life is but life, and death but death!
Bliss is but bliss, and breath but breath!
And if, indeed, I fail,
At least to know the worst is sweet.
Defeat means nothing but defeat,
No drearier can prevail!

And if I gain, — oh, gun at sea,
Oh, bells that in the steeples be,
At first repeat it slow!
For Heaven is a different thing
Conjectured, and waked sudden in,
And might o’erwhelm me so!
GLEE! the great storm is over!
Four have recovered the land;
Forty gone down together
Into the boiling sand.

Ring, for the scant salvation!
Toll, for the bonnie souls —
Neighbor and friend and bridegroom,
Spinning upon the shoals!

How they will tell the shipwreck
When winter shakes the door,
Till the children ask, “But the forty?
Did they come back no more?”

Then a silence suffuses the story,
And a softness the teller’s eye;
And the children no further question,
And only the waves reply.
VI.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
    I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.
VII.
ALMOST!

WITHIN my reach!
I could have touched!
I might have chanced that way!
Soft sauntered through the village,
Sauntered as soft away!

So unsuspected, violets
Within the fields lie low;
Too late for striving fingers
That passed, an hour ago!
VIII.

A WOUNDED deer leaps highest,  
I’ve heard the hunter tell;  
’T is but the ecstasy of death,  
And then the brake is still.

The smitten rock that gushes,  
The trampled steel that springs:  
A cheek is always redder  
Just where the hectic stings!

Mirth is the mail of anguish,  
In which it cautions arm,  
Lest anybody spy the blood  
And “You’re hurt” exclaim!
IX.

The heart asks pleasure first,
   And then, excuse from pain;
And then, those little anodynes
That deaden suffering;

And then, to go to sleep;
And then, if it should be
The will of its Inquisitor,
The liberty to die.
X.
IN A LIBRARY

A precious, mouldering pleasure’s is
To meet an antique book,
In just the dress his century wore;
A privilege, I think,
His venerable hand to take,
And warming in our own,
A passage back, or two, to make
To times when he was young.

His quaint opinions to inspect,
His knowledge to unfold
On what concerns our mutual mind,
The literature of old;

What interested scholars most,
What competitions ran
When Plato was a certainty,
And Sophocles a man;
When Sappho was a living girl,
And Beatrice wore
The gown that Dante deified.
Facts, centuries before,
He traverses familiar,
As one should come to town
And tell you all your dreams were true:
He lived where dreams were sown.

His presence is enchantment,
You beg him not to go;
Old volumes shake their vellum heads
And tantalize, just so.
XI.

Much madness is divinest sense
    To a discerning eye;
Much sense the starkest madness.
’T is, the majority
In this, as all, prevails.
Assent, and you are sane;
Demur, — you’re straightway dangerous,
And handled with a chain.
XII.

I asked no other thing,
No other was denied.
I offered Being for it;
The mighty merchant smiled.

Brazil? He twirled a button,
Without a glance my way:
“But, madam, is there nothing else
That we can show to-day?”
XIII.
EXCLUSION

THE soul selects her own society,
   Then shuts the door;
On her divine majority
Obtrude no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot’s pausing
At her low gate;
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling
Upon her mat.

I’ve known her from an ample nation
Choose one;
Then close the valves of her attention
Like stone.
XIV.
THE SECRET

SOME things that fly there be —
Birds, hours, the bumble-bee:
Of these no elegy.

Some things that stay there be —
Grief, hills, eternity:
Nor this behooveth me.

There are, that resting, rise.
Can I expound the skies?
How still the riddle lies!
XV.
THE LONELY HOUSE

I know some lonely houses off the road
A robber ’d like the look of —
Wooden barred,
And windows hanging low,
Inviting to
A portico,
Where two could creep:
One hand the tools,
The other peep
To make sure all’s asleep.
Old-fashioned eyes,
Not easy to surprise!

How orderly the kitchen ’d look by night,
With just a clock, —
But they could gag the tick,
And mice won’t bark;
And so the walls don’t tell,
None will.
A pair of spectacles afar just stir —
An almanac’s aware.
Was it the mat winked,
Or a nervous star?
The moon slides down the stair
To see who’s there.

There’s plunder, — where?
Tankard, or spoon,
Earring, or stone,
A watch, some antique brooch
To match the grandmamma,
Staid sleeping there.

Day rattles, too,
Stealth’s slow;
The sun has got as far
As the third sycamore.
Screams chanticleer,
“Who’s there?”
And echoes, trains away,
Sneer — “Where?”
While the old couple, just astir,
Fancy the sunrise, left the door ajar!
XVI.

To fight aloud is very brave,
But gallanter, I know,
Who charge within the bosom
The cavalry of woe.

Who win, and nations do not see,
Who fall, and none observe;
Whose dying eyes no country
Regards with patriot love.

We trust, in plumed procession,
For such the angels go,
Rank after rank, with even feet
And uniforms of snow.
XVII.
DAWN

WHEN night is almost done,
And sunrise grows so near
That we can touch the spaces,
It’s time to smooth the hair,
And get the dimples ready,
And wonder we could care
For that old faded midnight
That frightened but an hour.
XVIII.
THE BOOK OF MARTYRS

READ, sweet, how others strove,
Till we are stouter;
What they renounced,
Till we are less afraid;
How many times they bore
The faithful witness,
Till we are helped
As if a kingdom cared!

Read then of faith
That shone above the fagot;
Clear strains of hymn
The river could not drown;
Brave names of men
And celestial women
Passed out of record
Into renown!
XIX.
THE MYSTERY OF PAIN

PAIN has an element of blank;
It cannot recollect
When it began, or if there were
A day when it was not.

It has no future but itself;
Its infinite realms contain
Its past, enlightened to perceive
New periods of pain.
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,
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,
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
Leaning against the sun!
XXI.
A BOOK

He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.

He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!
XXII.

I had no time to hate, because
The grave would hinder me,
And life was not so ample I
Could finish enmity.

Nor had I time to love; but since
Some industry must be,
The little toil of love, I thought,
Was large enough for me.
XXIII.
UNRETURNING

’T was such a little, little boat
That toddled down the bay!
’T was such a gallant, gallant sea
That beckoned it away!

’T was such a greedy, greedy wave
That licked it from the coast;
Nor ever guessed the stately sails
My little craft was lost!
XXIV.

Whether my bark went down at sea,
Whether she met with gales,
Whether to isles enchanted
She bent her docile sails;
By what mystic mooring
She is held to-day, —
This is the errand of the eye
Out upon the bay.
XXV.

BELSHAZZAR had a letter —
He never had but one;
Belshazzar’s correspondent
Concluded — and begun
In that immortal copy:
The conscience of us all
Can read without its glasses
On revelation’s wall.
XXVI.

The brain within its groove
    Runs evenly and true;
But let a splinter swerve,
’T were easier for you
To put the water back
When floods have slit the hills,
And scooped a turnpike for themselves,
And blotted out the mills!
LOVE
I.

MINE

MINE by the right of the white election!
Mine by the royal seal!
Mine by the sign in the scarlet prison
Bars cannot conceal!

Mine, here in vision and in veto!
Mine, by the grave’s repeal
Titled, confirmed — delirious charter!
Mine, while the ages steal!
II.
BEQUEST

YOU left me sweet, two legacies —
A legacy of love
A Heavenly Father would content,
Had He the offer of;

You left me boundaries of pain
Capacious as the sea,
Between eternity and time,
Your consciousness and me.
III.

ALTER? When the hills do.
Falter? When the sun
Question if his glory
Be the perfect one.

Surfeit? When the daffodil
Doth of the dew:
Even as herself, O friend!
I will of you!
IV.
SUSPENSE

ELYSIUM is as far as to
The very nearest room,
If in that room a friend await
Felicity or doom.

What fortitude the soul contains,
That it can so endure
The accent of a coming foot,
The opening of a door!
Doubt me, my dim companion!
Why, God would be content
With but a fraction of the love
Poured thee without a stint.
The whole of me, forever,
What more the woman can —
Say quick, that I may dower thee
With last delight I own!

It cannot be my spirit,
For that was thine before;
I ceded all of dust I knew —
What opulence the more
Had I, a humble maiden,
Whose farthest of degree
Was that she might,
Some distant heaven,
Dwell timidly with thee!
VI.

If you were coming in the fall,
I’d brush the summer by
With half a smile and half a spurn,
As housewives do a fly.

If I could see you in a year,
I’d wind the months in balls,
And put them each in separate drawers,
Until their time befalls.

If only centuries delayed,
I’d count them on my hand,
Subtracting till my fingers dropped
Into Van Diemen’s land.

If certain, when this life was out,
That yours and mine should be,
I’d toss it yonder like a rind,
And taste eternity.
But now, all ignorant of the length
Of time's uncertain wing,
It goads me, like the goblin bee,
That will not state its sting.
VII.
WITH A FLOWER

I hide myself within my flower,
That wearing on your breast,
You, unsuspecting, wear me too —
And angels know the rest.

I hide myself within my flower,
That, fading from your vase,
You, unsuspecting, feel for me
Almost a loneliness.
VIII.
PROOF

THAT I did always love,
    I bring thee proof:
That till I loved
I did not love enough.

That I shall love alway,
I offer thee
That love is life,
And life hath immortality.

This, dost thou doubt, sweet?
Then have I
Nothing to show
But Calvary.
IX.

HAVE you got a brook in your little heart,
Where bashful flowers blow,
And blushing birds go down to drink,
And shadows tremble so?

And nobody knows, so still it flows,
That any brook is there;
And yet your little draught of life
Is daily drunken there.

Then look out for the little brook in March,
When the rivers overflow,
And the snows come hurrying from the hills,
And the bridges often go.

And later, in August it may be,
When the meadows parching lie,
Beware, lest this little brook of life
Some burning noon go dry!
X.
TRANSPPLANTED

As if some little Arctic flower,
Upon the polar hem,
Went wandering down the latitudes,
Until it puzzled came
To continents of summer,
To firmaments of sun,
To strange, bright crowds of flowers,
And birds of foreign tongue!

I say, as if this little flower
To Eden, wandered in, —
What then? Why, nothing,
Only, your inference therefrom!
XI.
THE OUTLET

My river runs to thee:
Blue sea, wilt welcome me?
My river waits reply.
Oh, sea, look graciously!

I’ll fetch thee brooks
From spotted nooks, —
Say, sea, take me!
IN VAIN

I CANNOT live with you,
It would be life,
And life is over there
Behind the shelf
The sexton keeps the key to,
Putting up
Our life — his porcelain,
Like a cup
Discarded of the housewife,
Quaint or broken;
A newer Sevres pleases,
Old ones crack.

I could not die with you,
For one must wait
To shut the other’s gaze down —
You could not.
And I, could I stand by
And see you freeze,
Without my right of frost,
Death’s privilege?
Nor could I rise with you,
Because your face
Would put out Jesus’,
That new grace
Glow plain and foreign
On my homesick eye,
Except that you, than he
Shone closer by.

They’d judge us — how?
For you served Heaven, you know,
Or sought to;
I could not,
Because you saturated sight,
And I had no more eyes
For sordid excellence
As Paradise.
And were you lost, I would be,
Though my name
Rang loudest
On the heavenly fame;
And were you saved,
And I condemned to be
Where you were not,
That self were hell to me.

So we must keep apart,
You there, I here,
With just the door ajar
That oceans are,
And prayer,
And that pale sustenance,
Despair!
XIII.
RENUNCIATION

There came a day at summer’s full
Entirely for me;
I thought that such were for the saints,
Where revelations be.

The sun, as common, went abroad,
The flowers, accustomed, blew,
As if no soul the solstice passed
That maketh all things new.

The time was scarce profaned by speech;
The symbol of a word
Was needless, as at sacrament
The wardrobe of our Lord.

Each was to each the sealed church,
Permitted to commune this time,
Lest we too awkward show
At supper of the Lamb.
The hours slid fast, as hours will,
Clutched tight by greedy hands;
So faces on two decks look back,
Bound to opposing lands.

And so, when all the time had failed,
Without external sound,
Each bound the other’s crucifix,
We gave no other bond.

Sufficient troth that we shall rise —
Deposed, at length, the grave —
To that new marriage, justified
Through Calvaries of Love!
XIV.
LOVE’S BAPTISM

I’m ceded, I’ve stopped being theirs;
The name they dropped upon my face
With water, in the country church,
Is finished using now,
And they can put it with my dolls,
My childhood, and the string of spools
I’ve finished threading, too.

Baptized before without the choice,
But this time consciously, of grace
Unto supremest name,
Called to my full, the crescent dropped,
Existence’s whole arc filled up
With one small diadem.

My second rank, too small the first,
Crowned, crowing on my father’s breast,
A half unconscious queen;
But this time, adequate, erect,
With will to choose or to reject,
And I choose — just a throne.
RESURRECTION

T was a long parting, but the time
For interview had come;
Before the judgment-seat of God,
The last and second time
These fleshless lovers met,
A heaven in a gaze,
A heaven of heavens, the privilege
Of one another’s eyes.

No lifetime set on them,
Apparelled as the new
Unborn, except they had beheld,
Born everlasting now.

Was bridal e’er like this?
A paradise, the host,
And cherubim and seraphim
The most familiar guest.
XVI.
APOCALYPSE

I’m wife; I’ve finished that,
That other state;
I’m Czar, I’m woman now:
It’s safer so.

How odd the girl’s life looks
Behind this soft eclipse!
I think that Earth seems so
To those in Heaven now.

This being comfort, then
That other kind was pain;
But why compare?
I’m wife! stop there!
XVII.
THE WIFE

SHE rose to his requirement, dropped
The playthings of her life
To take the honorable work
Of woman and of wife.

If aught she missed in her new day
Of amplitude, or awe,
Or first prospective, or the gold
In using wore away —
It lay unmentioned, as the sea
Develops pearl and weed,
But only to himself is known
The fathoms they abide.
XVIII.
APOTHEOSIS

COME slowly, Eden!
Lips unused to thee;
Bashful, sip thy jasmines,
As the fainting bee,
Reaching late his flower,
Round her chamber hums,
Counts his nectars — enters,
And is lost in balms!
NATURE
I.

New feet within my garden go,
New fingers stir the sod;
A troubadour upon the elm
Betrays the solitude.

New children play upon the green,
New weary sleep below;
And still the pensive spring returns,
And still the punctual snow!
II.
MAY-FLOWER

Pink, small, and punctual,
Aromatic, low,
Covert in April,
Candid in May,
Dear to the moss,
Known by the knoll,
Next to the robin
In every human soul.

Bold little beauty,
Bedecked with thee,
Nature forswears
Antiquity.
III.
WHY?

THE murmur of a bee
A witchcraft yieldeth me.
If any ask me why,
’T were easier to die
Than tell.

The red upon the hill
Taketh away my will;
If anybody sneer,
Take care, for God is here,
That’s all.

The breaking of the day
Addeth to my degree;
If any ask me how,
Artist, who drew me so,
Must tell!
Perhaps you’d like to buy a flower?
But I could never sell.
If you would like to borrow
Until the daffodil
Unties her yellow bonnet
Beneath the village door,
Until the bees, from clover rows
Their hock and sherry draw,
Why, I will lend until just then,
But not an hour more!
V.

THE pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover, any time, to him
Is aristocracy.
VI.
A SERVICE OF SONG

SOME keep the Sabbath going to church;
I keep it staying at home,
With a bobolink for a chorister,
And an orchard for a dome.

Some keep the Sabbath in surplice;
I just wear my wings,
And instead of tolling the bell for church,
Our little sexton sings.

God preaches, — a noted clergyman, —
And the sermon is never long;
So instead of getting to heaven, at last
I’m going all along!
VII.

The bee is not afraid of me,
    I know the butterfly;
The pretty people in the woods
Receive me cordially.

The brooks laugh louder when I come,
The breezes madder play.
Wherefore, mine eye, thy silver mists?
Wherefore, O summer’s day?
VIII.
SUMMER’S ARMIES

Some rainbow coming from the fair!
Some vision of the world Cashmere
I confidently see!
Or else, a peacock’s purple train,
Feather by feather, on the plain
Fritters itself away!

The dreamy butterflies bestir,
Lethargic pools resume the whir
Of last year’s sundered tune.

From some old fortress on the sun
Baronial bees march, one by one,
In murmuring platoon!

The robins stand as thick to-day
As flakes of snow stood yesterday,
On fence, and roof, and twig.
The orchis binds her feather on
For her old lover, Don the Sun,
Revisiting the bog!

Without commander, countless, still,
The regiment of wood and hill
In bright detachment stand.

Behold! Whose multitudes are these?
The children of whose turbaned seas,
Or what Circassian land?
THE GRASS

The grass so little has to do —
A sphere of simple green,
With only butterflies to brood,
And bees to entertain;

And stir all day to pretty tunes
The breezes fetch along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap
And bow to everything;

And thread the dews all night, like pearls,
And make itself so fine, —
A duchess were too common
For such a noticing.
And even when it dies, to pass
In odors so divine,
As lowly spices gone to sleep,
Or amulets of pine;

And then to dwell in sovereign barns,
And dream the days away, —
The grass so little has to do,
I wish I were the hay!
X.

A LITTLE road not made of man,
   Enabled of the eye,
Accessible to thill of bee,
Or cart of butterfly.

If town it have, beyond itself,
’T is that I cannot say;
I only sigh — no vehicle
Bears me along that way.
XI.
SUMMER SHOWER

A drop fell on the apple tree,
Another on the roof;
A half a dozen kissed the eaves,
And made the gables laugh.

A few went out to help the brook,
That went to help the sea.
Myself conjectured, Were they pearls,
What necklaces could be!

The dust replaced in hoisted roads,
The birds jocoser sung;
The sunshine threw his hat away,
The orchards spangles hung.

The breezes brought dejected lutes,
And bathed them in the glee;
The East put out a single flag,
And signed the fête away.
XII.
PSALM OF THE DAY

A something in a summer’s day,
As slow her flambeaux burn away,
Which solemnizes me;

A something in a summer’s noon —
An azure depth, a wordless tune,
Transcending ecstasy;

And still within a summer’s night
A something so transporting bright,
I clap my hands to see;

Then veil my too inspecting face,
Lest such a subtle, shimmering grace
Flutter too far for me.

The wizard-fingers never rest,
The purple brook within the breast
Still chafes its narrow bed;
Still rears the East her amber flag,
Guides still the sun along the crag
His caravan of red.
Like flowers that heard the tale of dews,
But never deemed the dripping prize
 Awaited their low brows;

Or bees, that thought the summer’s name
Some rumor of delirium
No summer could for them;

Or Arctic creature, dimly stirred
By tropic hint — some travelled bird
Imported to the wood;

Or, wind’s bright signal to the ear,
Making that homely and severe,
Contented, known before —
The heaven unexpected came,
To lives that thought their worshipping
A too presumptuous psalm.
XIII.
THE SEA OF SUNSET

THIS is the land the sunset washes,
These are the banks of the Yellow Sea;
Where it rose, or whither it rushes,
These are the western mystery!

Night after night, her purple traffic
Strews the landing with opal bales;
Merchantmen poise upon horizons,
Dip, and vanish with fairy sails!
XIV.

PURPLE CLOVER

There is a flower that bees prefer,
And butterflies desire;
To gain the purple democrat
The humming-birds aspire;
And whatsoever insect pass,
A honey bears away
Proportioned to his several dearth
And her capacity.

Her face is rounder than the moon,
And ruddier than the gown
Of orchis in the pasture,
Or rhododendron worn.
She doth not wait for June;
Before the world is green
Her sturdy little countenance
Against the wind is seen,
Contending with the grass,
Near kinsman to herself,
For privilege of sod and sun,
Sweet litigants for life.

And when the hills are full,
And newer fashions blow,
Doth not retract a single spice
For pang of jealousy:
Her public is the noon,
Her providence the sun,
Her progress by the bee proclaimed
In sovereign, swerveless tune.

The bravest of the host,
Surrendering the last,
Nor even of defeat aware
When cancelled by the frost.
XV.
THE BEE

Like trains of cars on tracks of plush
I hear the level bee:
A jar across the flowers goes,
Their velvet masonry
Withstands until the sweet assault
Their chivalry consumes,
While he, victorious, tilts away
To vanquish other blooms.

His feet are shod with gauze,
His helmet is of gold;
His breast, a single onyx
With chrysoprase, inlaid.

His labor is a chant,
His idleness a tune;
Oh, for a bee’s experience
Of clovers and of noon!
XVI.

RESENTIMENT is that long shadow
on the lawn
Indicative that suns go down;
The notice to the startled grass
That darkness is about to pass.
XVII.

As children bid the guest good-night,
   And then reluctant turn,
My flowers raise their pretty lips,
Then put their nightgowns on.

As children caper when they wake,
Merry that it is morn,
My flowers from a hundred cribs
Will peep, and prance again.
XVIII.

ANGELS, in the early morning, 
May be seen the dews among; 
Stooping, plucking, smiling, flying: 
Do the buds to them belong?

Angels, when the sun is hottest, 
May be seen the sands among: 
Stooping, plucking, sighing, flying, — 
Parched the flowers they bear along.
XIX.

So bashful, when I spied her,
So pretty, so ashamed!
So hidden in her leaflets,
Lest anybody find;

So breathless till I passed her,
So helpless when I turned
And bore her, struggling, blushing,
Her simple haunts beyond!

For whom I robbed the dingle,
For whom betrayed the dell,
Many will doubtless ask me,
But I shall never tell!
XX.
TWO WORLDS

It makes no difference abroad —
The seasons fit the same,
The mornings blossom into noons,
And split their pods of flame.

Wild-flowers kindle in the woods,
The brooks brag all the day;
No blackbird bates his jargoning
For passing Calvary.

*Auto-da-fé* and Judgment
Are nothing to the bee;
His separation from his rose
To him seems misery.
XXI.
THE MOUNTAIN

The mountain sat upon the plain
In his eternal chair,
His observation omnifold,
His inquest everywhere.

The seasons played around his knees,
Like children round a sire:
Grandfather of the days is he,
Of dawn, the ancestor.
XXII.
A DAY

I'll tell you how the sun rose —
A ribbon at a time!
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran!

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun;
Then I said softly to myself,
“That must have been the sun!”

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while,
Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.
XXIII.

The butterfly’s assumption-gown,
In chrysoprase apartments hung,
This afternoon put on.

How condescending to descend,
And be of buttercups the friend
In a New England town!
XXIV.  
THE WIND

Of all the sounds despatched abroad,  
There’s not a charge to me  
Like that old measure in the boughs,  
That phraseless melody  
The wind does, working like a hand  
Whose fingers brush the sky,  
Then quiver down, with tufts of tune  
Permitted gods and me.

When winds go round and round in bands,  
And thrum upon the door,  
And birds take places overhead,  
To bear them orchestra;
I crave him grace, of summer boughs,
If such an outcast be,
He never heard that fleshless chant
Rise solemn in the tree,
As if some caravan of sound
On deserts, in the sky,
Had broken rank,
Then knit — and passed
In seamless company.
XXV.
DEATH AND LIFE

APPARENTLY with no surprise
To any happy flower,
The frost beheads it at its play
In accidental power.

The blond assassin passes on,
The sun proceeds unmoved
To measure off another day
For an approving God.
XXVI.

’T was later, when the summer went
Than when the cricket came,
And yet we knew that gentle clock
Meant nought but going home.

’T was sooner, when the cricket went
Than when the winter came,
Yet that pathetic pendulum
Keeps esoteric time.
XXVII.

INDIAN SUMMER

These are the days when birds come back,
A very few, a bird or two,
To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies put on
The old, old sophistries of June —
A blue and gold mistake.

Oh, fraud that cannot cheat the bee,
Almost thy plausibility
Induces my belief;

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear,
And softly through the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf!
Oh, sacrament of summer days,
Oh, last communion in the haze,
Permit a child to join;

Thy sacred emblems to partake,
Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thine immortal wine!
XXVIII.
AUTUMN

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry’s cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.

The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I’ll put a trinket on.
XXIX.
BECLOUDED

The sky is low, the clouds are mean,
A travelling flake of snow
Across a barn or through a rut
Debates, if it will go.

A narrow wind complains all day
How some one treated him;
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught
Without her diadem.
XXX.
THE HEMLOCK

I

THINK the hemlock likes to stand
Upon a marge of snow;
It suits his own austerity,
And satisfies an awe
That men must slake in wilderness,
Or in the desert cloy —
An instinct for the hoar, the bald,
Lapland’s necessity.

The hemlock’s nature thrives on cold;
The gnash of northern winds
Is sweetest nutriment to him,
His best Norwegian wines.

To satin races he is nought;
But children on the Don
Beneath his tabernacles play,
And Dnieper wrestlers run.
XXXI.

There’s a certain slant of light,
On winter afternoons,
That oppresses, like the weight
Of cathedral tunes.

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

None may teach it anything,
’Tis the seal, despair —
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
On the look of death.
TIME AND ETERNITY
I.

One dignity delays for all,
One mitred afternoon.
None can avoid this purple,
None evade this crown.

Coach it insures, and footmen,
Chamber, and state, and throng;
Bells, also, in the village,
As we ride grand along.

What dignified attendants,
What service, when we pause!
How loyally at parting
Their hundred hats they raise!

How pomp surpassing ermine,
When simple you and I
Present our meek escutcheon,
And claim the rank to die!
II.

TOO LATE

DELAYED, till she had ceased to know,
  Delayed, till in its vest of snow
      Her loving bosom lay;
An hour behind the fleeting breath,
Later by just an hour than death —
      Oh, lagging yesterday!

Could she have guessed that it would be;
Could but a crier of the glee
      Have climbed the distant hill;
Had not the bliss so slow a pace, —
Who knows, but this surrendered face
      Were undefeated still?

Oh, if there may departing be
Any forgot by Victory
      In her imperial round,
Show them this meek appalled thing,
That could not stop to be a king;
      Doubtful, if it be crowned!

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III.
ASTRA CASTRA

DEPARTED to the judgment,
A mighty afternoon;
Great clouds like ushers leaning,
Creation looking on.

The flesh surrendered, cancelled,
The bodiless begun;
Two worlds, like audiences, disperse
And leave the soul alone.
SAFE in their alabaster chambers,
Untouched by morning and untouched by noon,
Sleep the meek members of the resurrection,
Rafter of satin, and roof of stone.

Light laughs the breeze in her castle of sunshine;
Babbles the bee in a stolid ear;
Pipe the sweet birds in ignorant cadence —
Ah, what sagacity perished here!

Grand go the years in the crescent above them;
Worlds scoop their arcs, and firmaments row,
Diadems drop and Doges surrender,
Soundless as dots on a disk of snow.
V.

On this long storm the rainbow rose,
On this late morn the sun;
The clouds, like listless elephants,
Horizons straggled down.

The birds rose smiling in their nests,
The gales indeed were done;
Alas! how heedless were the eyes
On whom the summer shone!

The quiet nonchalance of death
No daybreak can bestir;
The slow, archangel’s syllables
Must awaken her.
VI.
FROM THE CHRYSALIS

My cocoon tightens, colors tease,
I’m feeling for the air;
A dim capacity for wings
Degrades the dress I wear.

A power of butterfly must be
The aptitude to fly;
Meadows of majesty concede
And easy sweep of sky.

So I must baffle at the hint
And cipher at the sign,
And make much blunder, if at last
I take the clew divine.
VII.
SETTING SAIL

EXULTATION is the going
Of an inland soul to sea —
Past the houses, past the headlands,
Into deep eternity!

Bred as we, among the mountains,
Can the sailor understand
The divine intoxication
Of the first league out from land?
VIII.

LOOK back on time with kindly eyes,
He doubtless did his best;
How softly sinks his trembling sun
In human nature’s west!
IX.

A TRAIN went through a burial gate,
A bird broke forth and sang,
And trilled, and quivered, and shook his throat
Till all the churchyard rang;
And then adjusted his little notes,
And bowed and sang again.
Doubtless, he thought it meet of him
To say good-by to men.
I  
DIED for beauty, but was scarce  
Adjusted in the tomb,  
When one who died for truth was lain  
In an adjoining room.

He questioned softly, why I failed?  
“For beauty,” I replied.  
“And I for truth, — the two are one;  
We brethren are,” he said.

And so, as kinsmen met a night,  
We talked between the rooms,  
Until the moss had reached our lips,  
And covered up our names.
XI.

“TROUBLED ABOUT MANY THINGS”

How many times these low feet staggered,
Only the soldered mouth can tell;
Try! can you stir the awful rivet?
Try! can you lift the hasps of steel?

Stroke the cool forehead, hot so often,
Lift, if you can, the listless hair;
Handle the adamantine fingers —
Never a thimble more shall wear.

Buzz the dull flies on the chamber window;
Brave shines the sun through the freckled pane;
Fearless, the cobweb swings from the ceiling —
Indolent housewife, in daisies lain!
XII.
REAL

LIKE a look of agony,
Because I know it’s true;
Men do not sham convulsion,
Nor simulate a throe.

The eyes glaze once, and that is death.
Impossible to feign
The beads upon the forehead
By homely anguish strung.
XIII.
THE FUNERAL

THAT short, potential stir
That each can make, but once;
That bustle so illustrious
’T is almost consequence,
Is the éclat of death.

Oh, thou unknown renown
That not a beggar would accept,
Had he the power to spurn!
XIV.

I went to thank her,
   But she slept.
Her bed a funnelled stone,
With nosegays at the head and foot,
That travellers had thrown,
Who went to thank her;
But she slept.

’T was short, to cross the sea,
To look upon her like, alive;
But turning back — ’t was slow.
XV.

I’ve seen a dying eye
Run round and round a room
In search of something, as it seemed,
Then cloudier become;
And then, obscure with fog,
And then be soldered down,
Without disclosing what it be,
’T were blessed to have seen.
XVI.

REFUGE

The clouds their backs together laid,
The north begun to push;
The forests galloped till they fell,
The lightning skipped like mice,
The thunder crumbled like stuff, —
How good to be safe in tombs,
Where nature’s temper cannot reach,
Nor vengeance ever comes!
XVII.

NEVER saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in Heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.
XVIII.
PLAYMATES

GOD permits industrious angels
Afternoons to play.
I met one, — forgot my school-mates,
All, for him, straightway.

God calls home the angels promptly
At the setting sun;
I missed mine. How dreary marbles,
After playing Crown!
XIX.

To know just how he suffered would be dear;
   To know if any human eyes were near
To whom he could intrust his wavering gaze,
Until it settled firm on Paradise.

To know if he was patient, part content,
Was dying as he thought, or different;
Was it a pleasant day to die,
And did the sunshine face his way?

What was his furthest mind, of home, or God,
Or what the distant say
At news that he ceased human nature
On such a day?
And wishes, had he any?
Just his sigh, accented,
Had been legible to me.
And was he confident until
Ill fluttered out in everlasting well?

And if he spoke, what name was best,
What first,
What one broke off with
At the drowsiest?

Was he afraid, or tranquil?
Might he know
How conscious consciousness could grow,
Till love that was, and love too blest to be,
Meet — and the junction be Eternity?
XX.

The last night that she lived,
   It was a common night,
Except the dying; this to us
Made nature different.

We noticed smallest things —
Things overlooked before,
By this great light upon our minds
Italicized, as ’t were.

That others could exist
While she must finish quite,
A jealousy for her arose
So nearly infinite.

We waited while she passed;
It was a narrow time,
Too jostled were our souls to speak,
At length the notice came.
She mentioned, and forgot;
Then lightly as a reed
Bent to the water, shivered scarce,
Consented, and was dead.

And we, we placed the hair,
And drew the head erect;
And then, an awful leisure was
Our faith to regulate.
XXI.
THE FIRST LESSON

Not in this world to see his face
Sounds long, until I read the place
Where this is said to be;
But just the primer to a life
Unopened, rare, upon the shelf,
Clasped yet to him and me.

And yet, my primer suits me so,
I would not choose a book to know
Than that, be sweeter wise;
Might some one else so learned be,
And leave me just my A B C,
Himself could have the skies.
XXII.

The bustle in a house
The morning after death
Is solemnest of industries
Enacted upon earth —
The sweeping up the heart,
And putting love away:
We shall not want to use again
Until eternity.
XXIII.

I REASON, earth is short,

And anguish absolute,

And many hurt;

But what of that?

I reason, we could die:

The best vitality

Cannot excel decay;

But what of that?

I reason that in heaven

Somehow, it will be even,

Some new equation given;

But what of that?
AFRAID? Of whom am I afraid?
Not death; for who is he?
The porter of my father’s lodge
As much abasheth me.

Of life? ’T were odd I fear a thing
That comprehendeth me
In one or more existences
At Deity’s decree.

Of resurrection? Is the east
Afraid to trust the morn
With her fastidious forehead?
As soon impeach my crown!
XXV.

DYING

The sun kept setting, setting still;
No hue of afternoon
Upon the village I perceived —
From house to house, ’t was noon.

The dusk kept dropping, dropping still;
No dew upon the grass,
But only on my forehead stopped,
And wandered in my face.

My feet kept drowsing, drowsing still,
My fingers were awake;
Yet why so little sound myself
Unto my seeming make?

How well I knew the light before!
I could not see it now.
’T is dying, I am doing; but
I’m not afraid to know.
XXVI.

Two swimmers wrestled on the spar
   Until the morning sun,
When one turned smiling to the land.
O God, the other one!

The stray ships passing spied a face
Upon the waters borne,
With eyes in death still begging raised,
And hands beseeching thrown.
XXVII.
THE CHARIOT

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,
And I had put away
My labor, and my leisure too,
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played,
Their lessons scarcely done;
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,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then’st is centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day;
I first surmised, the horses’ heads
Were toward eternity.
XXVIII.

She went as quiet as the dew
   From a familiar flower.
Not like the dew did she return
At the accustomed hour!

She dropt as softly as a star
   From out my summer’s eve;
Less skillful than Le Verrier
It’s sorer to believe!
XXIX.
RESURGAM

At last to be identified!
At last, the lamps upon thy side,
The rest of life to see!

Past midnight, past the morning star!
Past sunrise! Ah! what leagues there are
Between our feet and day!
Except to heaven, she is nought;
Except for angels, lone;
Except to some wide-wandering bee,
A flower superfluous blown;

Except for winds, provincial;
Except by butterflies,
Unnoticed as a single dew
That on the acre lies.

The smallest housewife in the grass,
Yet take her from the lawn,
And somebody has lost the face
That made existence home!
XXXI.

DEATH is a dialogue between
The spirit and the dust.

Death doubts it, argues from the ground.
The Spirit turns away,
Just laying off, for evidence,
An overcoat of clay.
XXXII.

It was too late for man,
But early yet for God;
Creation impotent to help,
But prayer remained our side.

How excellent the heaven,
When earth cannot be had;
How hospitable, then, the face
Of our old neighbor, God!
XXXIII.
ALONG THE POTOMAC

When I was small, a woman died.
   To-day her only boy
Went up from the Potomac,
His face all victory.

To look at her; how slowly
The seasons must have turned
Till bullets clipt an angle,
And he passed quickly round!

If pride shall be in Paradise
I never can decide;
Of their imperial conduct
No person testified.

But proud in apparition,
That woman and her boy
Pass back and forth before my brain,
As ever in the sky.
XXXIV.

The daisy follows soft the sun,
And when his golden walk is done,
Sits shyly at his feet.
He, waking, finds the flower near.
“Wherefore, marauder, art thou here?”
“Because, sir, love is sweet!”

We are the flower, Thou the sun!
Forgive us, if as days decline,
We nearer steal to Thee —
Enamoured of the parting west,
The peace, the flight, the amethyst,
Night’s possibility!
XXXV.
EMANCIPATION

No rack can torture me,
My soul’s at liberty.

Behind this mortal bone
There knits a bolder one:
You cannot prick with saw,
Nor rend with scymitar.
Two bodies therefore be;
Bind one, and one will flee.

The eagle of his nest
No easier divest
And gain the sky,
Than mayest thou;

Except thyself may be
Thine enemy;
Captivity is consciousness,
So’s liberty.
XXXVI.
LOST

I

LOST a world the other day.
Has anybody found?
You’ll know it by the row of stars
Around its forehead bound.

A rich man might not notice it;
Yet to my frugal eye
Of more esteem than ducats.
Oh, find it, sir, for me!
XXXVII.

If I shouldn’t be alive
When the robins come,
Give the one in red cravat
A memorial crumb.

If I couldn’t thank you,
Being just asleep,
You will know I’m trying
With my granite lip!
XXXVIII.

Sleep is supposed to be,
By souls of sanity,
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand
Down which on either hand
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be,
By people of degree,
The breaking of the day.

Morning has not occurred!
That shall aurora be
East of eternity;

One with the banner gay,
One in the red array —
That is the break of day!
XXXIX.

I shall know why, when time is over,
And I have ceased to wonder why;
Christ will explain each separate anguish
In the fair schoolroom of the sky.

He will tell me what Peter promised,
And I, for wonder at his woe,
I shall forget the drop of anguish
That scalds me now, that scalds me now.
NEVER lost as much but twice,
And that was in the sod;
Twice have I stood a beggar
Before the door of God!

Angels, twice descending,
Reimbursed my store.
Burglar, banker, father,
I am poor once more!
FASCICLE COPIES AND PRINT: PIECE BY PIECE

The first print of Emily Dickinson’s poetry in 1890, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd, became criticized as a heavy edit on the original poetry. For his publication of 1955, Thomas Herbert Johnson used fascicle copies. We may compare the copies, the first print, and — where necessary — Johnson’s edition as well, to have a view.

At teresapelka.com, my Resource for Emily Dickinson’s poetry links to fascicle copies arranged according to the first print. It is enough we open two browser windows.
Emily Dickinson reportedly tolerated advice by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who also was her long time acquaintance. She wrote him in a letter: "Thank you for the surgery; it was not so painful as I supposed. I bring you others, as you ask, though they might not differ (as published in The Atlantic).

The first print yet limps, mostly on the shape of the stanza, and I wanted an edition for my happy bookshelf, that is, one to make me really glad.

Johnson used primarily hyphens or dashes, and Higginson and Todd used regular punctuation, for what looks to be structure markup in manuscript samples. Let us view sample J67, the Success.
The markup is neither punctuation, nor hyphens or dashes. In J67, we have markup around the words *today* or *defeated*. Thomas Johnson separated the word *dying* with dashes, and chose punctuation as in the *Masque of Poets* for other words. He was arbitrary, if we compare Higginson and Todd, who followed standard punctuation.

Johnson’s editorial despotism afflicted most pieces. It is not only in sample J113, *Our Share of Night*, that line end structure tags do not look like dashes at all.

Johnson’s print:

*Our share of night to bear —
Our share of morning —
Our blank in bliss to fill
Our blank in scorning —*
The dash alone expands or highlights on thought; with a comma, it marks off a phrasal antecedent. With Johnson’s overuse, both the roles are lost.

Obvious punctuation, as the comma for non-defining time clauses, happens to be omitted in the manuscripts.

*So bashful when I spied her...* (Nature XIX)

The flower or herb is not a metaphor; the poetic person carries it. The plant is “shy” — grows in foliage — it does not become hidden the moment the person approaches. *As children bid the guest*, in Nature XVII, does give flowers eyes and lips, but with affection that does not use touch: the poet muses on times of day and plant behavior (some close their chalices at night) only as an observer.

For the following comparison, I mostly note on differences in words and phrases. Punctuation becomes part of the picture only when the happy shelf requires, and I mark adjustment as {P}. Thematic rearrangement is marked as {T}, spel-
ling as \{S\}, and grammar as \{G\}. Where the first print and manuscript sample agree in word content, I mark it A, and include from the first print as-is, unless the other markup would apply.

**LIFE**

**I. Success \{T\}**

Johnson has the poem conclude as,

*The distant strains of triumph*

**Burst agonized and clear!**

As the strains are distant, and the enemy’s victory transient, Higginson and Todd make better sense:

*The distant strains of triumph*

**Break, agonized and clear.**

A broken triumph allows a moment of quiet, where the poet would be the only one to give a shout, with the exclamation. My happy shelf resolve: the first print content, with a thematic layout as in the *Masque of Poets*.

**II. Our Share of Night to Bear / A**

Fascicle and Johnson punctuation:
Some lose their way!

The first print:

Some lose their way.

Afterwards — day!

Punctuation characters as the exclamation, question, or dash, decrease in strength and appeal with overuse. I follow the first print.

III. Rouge et Noir / A {P}

IV. Rouge Gagne {S}

First print content:

Life is but life, and death but death!
Bliss is but bliss, and breath but breath!
And if, indeed, I fail,
At least to know the worst is sweet.
Defeat means nothing but defeat,
No drearier can prevail!

Fascicle P90-4, J172:

No drearier can befall!

Trente et Quarante is a card game. In one context with belief and promise of afterlife, the verb to
befall would implicate predestination: people would be saved or condemned regardless of own conduct. The poetry does not evidence such faith (compare If I Can Stop One Heart from Breaking), and the card game is won based on prevalence. My happy shelf: the first print, Heaven capitalized, for the standard reference to religion.

V. Glee! The Great Storm Is Over! {P}

Johnson’s edit disregards fascicle suggested corrections:

Then a softness — suffuse the Story —
And a silence — the Teller’s eye —
And the Children — no further question
And only the Sea — reply

The first print is preferable also for verb agreement:

Then a silence suffuses the story,
And a softness the teller’s eye;
And the children no further question,
And only the waves reply.
VI. If I Can Stop One Heart from Breaking / A

VII. Almost! {P} {T}

Fascicle copy and Johnson:

*So unsuspected Violets*

*Within the meadows go —*

*Too late for striving fingers*

*That passed, an hour ago!*

The first print:

*So unsuspected violets*

*Within the fields lie low;*

*Too late for striving fingers*

*That passed, an hour ago.*

The poem is about a countryside walk, which brings locomotion into the picture, and violets never go anywhere on their own. Repetitiveness on short lexical items of close shapes, as *go ~ ago*, is stylistically weak for a finished poetic form. High vowels gain, in the phrase *within the fields lie low*. My happy shelf follows the first print, with
a thematic layout, one more comma, and one more exclamation mark:

So unsuspected, violets... An hour ago!

VIII. A Wounded Deer Leaps Highest / A

IX. The Heart Asks Pleasure First / A

Sample J536 shows Johnson’s edit ignore fascicle suggested correction; Johnson says:

The privilege to die —

Higginson and Todd say:

The liberty to die.

For a heart as human emotion to belong with the soul as well, it is liberty to make sense; a privilege might imply anticipation of a torturous life, after death as well, absent from the poetry. Please compare Rouge Gagne (Life IV) and Webster 1828, for paregoric, elixir, and inquiry, as correlate with truth.

X. In a Library {T}

Sample J371 is probably of the greatest variance of all, in shapes for the letter T. Lexemic repeti-
tiveness, as of man/a man, ascertain/certainty might induce special emphasis on the last syllable, in the verb to ascertain: an effect the poetry does not employ (and people may read time and again, with pleasure). Johnson:

His quaint opinions — to inspect —
His thought to ascertain
On Themes concern our mutual mind —
The Literature of Man —

What interested Scholars — most —
What Competitions ran —
When Plato — was a Certainty —
And Sophocles — a Man —

... As One should come to Town —
And tell you all your Dreams — were true —
He lived — where Dreams were born —

The first print:

His quaint opinions to inspect,
His knowledge to unfold
On what concerns our mutual mind,
The literature of old;

What interested scholars most,
What competitions ran
When Plato was a certainty,
And Sophocles a man;

… As one should come to town
And tell you all your dreams were true:
He lived where dreams were sown.

My happy shelf: the first print with the content arranged into thematic stanzas, that is, regardless of classicist strict proportion.

XI. Much Madness Is Divinest Sense / A {P}
Please compare the Introduction for the Latin and Greek in the poetry.

XII. I Asked No Other Thing / A
Johnson’s edit ignores a suggested correction.
I asked no other thing —
No other — was denied —
I offered Being — for it —

The Mighty Merchant sneered —

My happy shelf: the first print.

I asked no other thing,
No other was denied.
I offered Being for it;
The mighty merchant smiled.

XIII. Exclusion

Johnson’s edit ignores corrections altogether. The first print does not have lids for valves: with a woman figure in the picture, lids collocate with eyelids, and stone would make a heavy impression; valves might bring on a heart, firm against influence (the woman’s gate is “low”). Rush may remain ignored, as most doormats were made of rush, before synthetic rubber.

XIV. The Secret / A {P}

XV. The Lonely House / A {P}

My happy shelf: I accept one idea for edit, for the sake of high vowels, antique in the place of ancient.
XVI. To Fight Aloud Is Very Brave / A \{P\}

XVII. Dawn / A \{T\}

XVIII. The Book of Martyrs / A \{P\}

XIX. The Mystery of Pain

There is no image available from Emily Dickinson Archive. Johnson uses a potentially dialectal shape, *begun*, where the first print has the regular second form, *began*. His edit does not have the noun *realms*; it brings a thought of syntactic government in the first print:

*Its infinite realms contain...*

Johnson: *Its Infinite contain...*

Please compare the Introduction, for word sense and human living experience.

XX. I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed / A

Thomas Johnson printed quotes on *landlords* and *drams*, which brought redundant literalness, for *drunken Bees at the foxglove’s door, inns of molten blue*, and other phrases of poetic imagery.

XXI. A Book / A \{T\}
XXII. I Had No Time to Hate

There is no image available from Emily Dickinson Archive. Where the first print reports, the *subjunctivus* is Thomas Johnson’s resolve:

*The little Toil of Love —
I thought
Be large enough for Me —*

My happy shelf follows the first print, as evaluation happens to change also in feelings.

*The little toil of love, I thought,
Was large enough for me.*

XXIII. Unreturning / A

XXIV. Whether My Bark Went Down at Sea / A {T}

XXV. Belshazzar Had a Letter / A {P}

My shelf: I adjust the punctuation, to avoid the impression there might be a conjunctive missing.

*Belshazzar’s correspondent
Concluded — and begun
In that immortal copy:*
The conscience of us all
Can read without its glasses
On revelation’s wall.

XXVI. The Brain within Its Groove / A

LOVE

I. Mine {P}

Sample J528 proposes alterations, as bolts for the place of bars, and while the ages steal for long as ages steal; a good affidavit would be to replace the delirious charter. The sample is suggestive of “onion skin exercise”, practice in following written characters in line, on semi-transparent paper.

The above compares with counterfeit; the regular practice of the times was to copy below handwritten samples, to learn to write. It might result in alternate letter shapes, please compare the shape H, for In Vain, further in the text here.
II. Bequest \{P\}
The fascicle copy has the word shape “sire” in the place of “sweet”. Please compare the Introduction and the note right next here.

III. Alter?
The manuscript sample has the word shape “sir” in the place of “friend”, and exclamations in places for question marks. The contextual daffodil yet makes an association friendly, rather than that for a difference in status or other quality. Question marks accord with friendly enthusiasm better. Please compare Webster 1828, to daff: to toss aside, to put off.

IV. Suspense / A

V. Surrender \{P\}
The first print does not have the manuscript last stanza (J275). The first stanza tells about a book that briefly describes God, and the phrase the whole of me is a development on sufficiency of such description. The book is probably a dictionary.
If to change the object of thought from a book to a man, the fascicle stanza would be imposing a picture of an intimate affair, with its reference to body parts, *brow to barefoot*: the woman would be promising whether life or love, intimately to be worthy of God.

Most of the difference between the first print and handwritten copies looks a bad joke on the poet — a single woman — implying that she was mad about finding a man. In the *Library*, the fascicle lines for *ascertaining* and *man*, would be followed by an idea as a *born Dream*.

Let us avoid comment on Emily Dickinson’s privacy, as there is nobody able to claim having been invited. Only as a person to tell what there shows — the contrary is probable, Emily Dickinson was not desperate to find company. Her close friend died, and she was unwilling to have another. She reportedly wrote to Thomas Higginson: *When a little girl, I had a friend who taught me Immortality;*
but venturing too near, himself, he never returned (as published in *The Atlantic*).

*Along the Potomac, Time and Eternity* XXXIII:

*When I was small, a woman died.*

… Proud in apparition,

*That woman and her boy*

*Pass back and forth before my brain,*

*As ever in the sky.*

The *Proof* (Love, VIII) would tell about an acquaintance that did not begin as a love affair:

*That I did always love,*

*I bring thee proof:*

*That till I loved*

*I did not love enough.*

It is not only the change in the object of thought to make me believe the fascicle stanza for the *Surrender* is an insertion. The first print is a collection of pieces to look verbally correlate with Webster 1828, whereas the fascicle stanza — if to sustain and reflect — might correlate with another dictionary and fascicle notes for the
poem *Mine*, but not with the *Surrender* as in the first print or Webster. (The first print does not have the “corrections” for *Mine* either.) Let me explain how we can correlate with a dictionary.

It is probably a natural thought, also with early use of dictionaries, that words occur: not only as entries, but in definitions as well. My early experience was with a Latin-Polish dictionary by Łukasz Konciewicz, where I was able to use entries only if the word shape was similar due to etymology. I was just a curious kid.

Let us take up a few word shapes, as *grave* from the Latin *gravis*, *bay* from the Latin *baia*, and *triangle* from *triangulum*. We read the dictionary for the selected words. Webster 1828 has all our three shapes meet on display page 232, in the entry *base*.

Here we go: the sense can be as *the lowest or gravest part in music* (There’s a Certain Slant of Light, Nature XXXI); it can be *a rustic play, called also bays, or prison bars* (Mine, Love I) and we
can learn that any side of a triangle may be called its base, but this term most properly belongs to the side which is parallel to the horizon. For this sense, we may try One Dignity, Time and Eternity I.

If we look up Webster 1828 for bolts, as suggested for editing the poem Mine, along with the Gray’s Inn, the name Emerson will surface over the Internet, with the King’s Bench and Common Pleas, for the “onion skin” good affidavit.¹⁵

The “insertion dictionary” might have been that by Joseph Emerson Worcester. His competition against Webster became described as a “dictionary war”: Noah Webster would Americanize, and Joseph Worcester “Britishize”.¹⁶ Fascicle insertions and alterations would not have been made by a friend.

Worcester’s was the dictionary “on which, as is well known, the literary men of this metropolis are by special statute allowed to be sworn in place of the Bible”, wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes senior (1809 – 1894), a medic and author from
Boston, one of the Fireside Poets. I do not imply him for the author of the good affidavit. For some more of my angle on the Surrender, please compare the Introduction, about human living experience.

VI. If You Were Coming in the Fall
Having “gotten it off my chest” in the preceding note, I add here that my happy shelf is definitely not into the fascicle version for this poem as well. I describe my reservations in the Introduction and keep the first print.

VII. With a Flower / A

VIII. Proof / A

IX. Have You Got a Brook in Your Little Heart
The first print:

Then look out for the little brook in March…

Fascicle handwriting and Johnson:

Why, look out for the little brook in March…

The fascicle stanza to follow has the phrase and later, underlined; the invocatory why continues to
be used when telling “what there would be to miss out on”, as it suggests for the *Transplanted*, right next in the first print.

**X. Transplanted / A {P} {T}**

**XI. The Outlet / A {T}**

**XII. In Vain {P} {T}**

Fascicle copy J640 has an atypical letter shape “x”. An edit as consequence in the place of *excellence* would imply predestination (please compare *Rouge Gagne*). *Exercise* for sustenance, and *white* instead of the first print *pale, privilege* to be deleted, there is no suggestion for replacement.

*White* appears along with *fire* in the insertion for *Surrender*, too. In turn, an alternate character H may visually give an impression as “white ideal”, for the “White Heat” (J365).

The *White Heat* does not look a piece to belong with the *Hemlock* (Nature, XXX). A quote from
Ralph Waldo Emerson might come to mind, “Philosophically considered, the universe is composed of Nature and the Soul”. The fascicles yet have no consequence for the notation, and the pieces do not agree in their poetic mood.

XIII. Renunciation / A (copy F325)
XIV. Love’s Baptism / A (copy P90-40)
XV. Resurrection / A {T}

XVI. Apocalypse {S}
Fascicle copy:
How odd the girl’s life looks
Behind this soft eclipse
I think that Earth feels so
To folks in Heaven now

The first print:
How odd the girl’s life looks
Behind this soft eclipse!
I think that earth seems so
To those in heaven now.
The word shape “folks” would be strangely colloquial, with regard to Emily Dickinson’s style generally, and the verb to seem is better than the verb to feel, to get along with the verb to look. The first print does not capitalize the Earth and Heaven, which I do for the sake of my happy shelf and the language standard.

XVII. The Wife \{P\} \{T\}

XVIII. Apotheosis / A \{P\} \{T\}

NATURE
I. New Feet within My Garden Go / A
II. May-Flower / A \{T\}
III. Why? / A
IV. Perhaps You’d Like to Buy a Flower? / A \{T\}
V. The Pedigree of Honey / A
VI. A Service of Song / A \{P\}
VII. The Bee Is Not Afraid of Me / A
Sample P90-51 has the piece noted on the same page with Success.

VIII. Summer’s Armies / A {P} {T}

IX. The Grass {P}
Sample F379 has suggestions for edit the first print does not include.

X. A Little Road Not Made of Man {P}
There is no image from Emily Dickinson Archive available. I follow the first print:

*If town it have, beyond itself,*

’T is that I cannot say;

I only sigh, no vehicle

Bears me along that way.

Johnson:

*If Town it have — beyond itself —*

’T is that — I cannot say —

I only know — no Currricle that rumble there

Bear Me —
XI. Summer Shower / A

XII. Psalm of the Day \{P\} \{T\}

The poem was preserved on separate sheets of paper; Johnson dated the two sheets for 1858 and 1862, and regarded them as two individual poems. He gave the “first part” an end that does not persuade — it interrupts a development:

So looking on — the night — the morn
Conclude the wonder gay —
And I meet, coming thro’ the dews
Another summer’s Day!

The first print holds the matter together, and lets the piece develop until another dawn:

The heaven unexpected came,
To lives that thought their worshipping
A too presumptuous psalm.

The first print has phrasal development in the first stanza:

A something in a summer’s noon,

An azure depth, a wordless tune,

Transcending ecstasy.
The fascicle copy and Johnson remain limited to nouns.

*something in a summer’s noon —
*A depth — an Azure — a perfume —
*Transcending ecstasy.

Fascicle handwriting has phonemic repetitiveness:
*Like flowers that heard the news of dews...

The first print:
*Like flowers that heard the tales of dews...

**XIII. The Sea of Sunset {P}

Fascicle and Johnson copies have merchantmen “vanish like orioles”, where the visual effect a bird might give jumping off a fence does not have any appeal as an idea for human business. More, the word shape “orioles” is likely to bring linguistic equivalence; we might say (orioleez) or (orioulz), and that is maybe a minor, yet a hindrance, for a position as stanza (and poem) end. I follow the first print: *vanish with fairy sails.*
XIV. Purple Clover \{P\} \{T\}
Fascicle copy:

*Her sturdy little countenance
Against the wind be seen...*

The first print: *is seen*. My happy shelf: the first print and thematic stanzas.

XV. The Bee / A \{T\}

XVI. Presentiment / A

XVII. As Children Bid the Guest

Good-Night / A

XVIII. Angels in the Early Morning / A \{P\}

XIX. So Bashful, When I Spied Her / A \{P\}

XX. Two Worlds / A \{P\} \{S\}

I capitalize *Judgment*, for a standard reference to religion.

XXI. The Mountain / A \{P\}

XXII. A Day / A \{P\} \{T\}

XXIII. The Butterfly’s Assumption-Gown / A
XXIV. The Wind {P} {T}

I believe the fascicle copy has an insertion of 12 lines. The style does not occur anywhere except suspected inserts. As with the Surrender, the following features are the most diagnostic.

- Personal projection on anthropomorphism: The object of thought becomes shifted from non-human (here, a wind) to invoke body parts.

  Original anthropomorphism:

  *The wind does, working *like a hand*

  *Whose fingers brush the sky*...

  The personal projection in the insert:

  *Inheritance, it is, to us*...

  ...*gotten not of fingers* —

  *And inner than the Bone* —

  The “hand” by the first print wind does not have even one bone, and own self receives a different treatment in the Emancipation. For the Surrender, an insert would project a male onto a dictionary.

- Antinomy or contradiction on material existence.
A meteorological phenomenon as a wind might be inheritance to a human being, tells the fragment, only to place an “origin” for physical motion with human remains:

*And even in the Urn,*

*I cannot vouch the merry *Dust*

*Do not arise and play...*

With the *Surrender*, an insert says a woman would make a gift of dust — as if earthly precipitation of dirt particles was what people might cherish in “some distant heaven”. The third grammatical person replaces the first, for the poetic person.

- Atypical verb phrase, infixed in *The Wind*:

  *Beyond the trait to take away*

  *By Robber...*

We may compare *The Lonely House*, regardful of material existence and verb phrases as well. Just to note, sample F334A is the only to have one word for the top, first line entire, and the word is *overhead*. For atypical predicates, we also have a note with *The Chariot.*
XXV. Death and Life / A {T}

XXVI. ’T Was Later When the Summer Went / A {P}

XXVII. Indian Summer {P}

The first print:

These are the days when skies put on...

Fascicle copy and Johnson: resume.

The phrasal verb to put on makes sense as to dress up, pretend; real June is no fraud on the bee (see the stanza to follow right next). To resume would make a vowel contour to stress the same vowel quality, [u], in four consecutive lines — an idea also verses by Carl Sandburg do not promote.

Johnson concludes with the following lines:

Oh Last Communion in the Haze —
Permit a child to join.
Thy sacred emblems to partake —
Thy consecrated bread to take
And thine immortal wine!

Partake and take are the lexemic repetitiveness as for Life VII, Almost. A poet may “get away with
it” only in humorous pieces, let us compare the Assumption Gown. More, Webster 1828 explains communion as giving and receiving — the first print persuades, not only on the vowel contour.

Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thine immortal wine!

XXVIII. Autumn / A

XXIX. Beclouded {P}
Sample P90-73 suggests an edit, visually parties. I follow the first print.

XXX. The Hemlock / A {P} {T}
Webster 1828 says that satin spar is selenite, fibrous lime stone, and rathoffite was the name for a mineral brought from Sweden. Browsing Webster 1828 for the word shape “spar” can help appreciate the poetry (other examples being truth, true, grave).

XXXI. There’s a Certain Slant of Light / A {P}
TIME AND ETERNITY

I. One Dignity Delays for All / A {P}

II. Too Late {P} {S}
Sample P90-77 has the word shape “joy” in the place of the first print glee. The substitution might imply that a “loving” person could have pleasure in the “loved” one dying, and the poetry does not have such bias or word misuse. The Introduction tells about the phrase glee and glory.

I capitalize Victory, as the Latin word shape for it is “victoria”, the same as the queen’s given name. Fascicle copies F67A and P90-77 (F67B or J58) have the noun capitalized.

III. Astra Castra / A
Sample P90-78 suggests edits, but the form clouds leaning like ushers and the vowel contour as cancelled/disperse would not gain with the changes.

IV. Safe in Their Alabaster Chambers
The Introduction tells about the “mechanical” error in sample F124B.
V. On This Long Storm the
Rainbow Rose / A \{P\}

VI. From the Chrysalis / A \{G\} \{P\}
Sample P90-81 has suggestions for edit the first print does not integrate. The add-on word shape “implies” instead of “concede” would be tipping the balance towards interpreting “Meadows” for a proper noun. We may compare Peter Parley’s description of his visit to London, for the coronation of queen Victoria, it yet does not fit here contextually at all.\(^{18}\) The only first print reference to the queen is in the poem *Too Late*.

For my happy shelf, I adjust the verb agreement, *meadows concede*.

VII. Setting Sail / A \{P\}
VIII. Look Back on Time
with Kindly Eyes / A
IX. A Train Went through a
Burial Gate (No Image) \{T\}
X. I Died for Beauty {P}
Fascicle copy and Johnson’s print:

*And I — for Truth — Themself are One —*

I stay with the first print:

*And I for truth, the two are one...*

XI. Troubled about Many Things / A {P}

XII. Real

There is no fascicle image from Emily Dickinson archive available. Johnson does not differ from the first print, in word content.

XIII. The Funeral / A {P} {T}

XIV. I Went to Thank Her / A {P} {T}

XV. I’ve Seen a Dying Eye

The manuscript copy has one inconsistent suggestion for edit, the word shape “somewhat” for the place of *something*.

XVI. Refuge / A {G}

For my happy shelf, I have the word shape “stuff” alone, rather than a phrase as *a stuff*: there was not, and there still is no such poetic use.
“Stuff” might have been used here the same as the word *something* happens to be today: before we think up a resolve on the shape of our written matter, we may write in “a sth”. The matter would have become a *fait accompli* over time.

XVII. I Never Saw a Moor {S}

The first print:

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
*And what a wave must be.*

Johnson: *And what a Billow be.*

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
*As if the chart were given.*

Johnson: *As if the Checks were given —*

Webster 1828 describes a *billow* as a *great wave or surge of the sea, occasioned usually by violent wind.*

The dictionary compares the word shape “check”
for associations as a game of chess, or growing old, blaming, and rebuking, terms inconsistent with the poetic mood here.

The Webster’s entry for travel does not have reference for travelers checks: American Express issued its papers first in 1891, the British spelling to remain cheques. I follow the first print.

XVIII. Playmates / A

XIX. To Know Just How He Suffered / A

The conscious consciousness brings on gradation or intensity, the noun to build on the adjective. It is not the lexemic repetitiveness as in the inserts, those maybe to misconstrue this device here.

XX. The Last Night that She Lived {P}

The fascicle and Johnson have an insert I believe, with the atypical verb phrase, antinomy, and transfer in grammatical person, as before.

As We went out and in

Between Her final Room

And Rooms where Those to be alive

Tomorrow were, a Blame...
The capitalized *Those* might suggest a pronoun. We can compare Love XVI, the *Apocalypse*:

*I think that Earth seems so*

*To those in Heaven now.*

Guilt is contradicted by jealousy:

*Tomorrow were, a Blame*

... *A Jealousy for Her arose*

*So nearly infinite —*

Regarding Emily Dickinson’s style, rooms, and people, there is the *Suspense*, Love IV.

*Elysium is as far as to*

*The very nearest room,*

*If in that room a friend await*

Felicity or doom.

There also is *I Died for Beauty*, Time and Eternity X:

*And so, as kinsmen met a night,*

*We talked between the rooms...*

A phrase as *between a room*, in the singular, might suggest a curtain or screen and a healthcare context. Webster and Worcester differ in occurren-
ces for the word shapes “compartment” or “bay”. The first print correlates with Webster 1828.

Would Holmes senior have been an envious poet? He was a pioneering physician to recognize puerperal fever as a contagion. Another doctor, Ignaz Semmelweis, became ostracized for the same point. Holmes certainly had enemies, too.

Thomas Niles was the publisher, where and when the poem Success became changed in print. The change introduced contradiction or actually aporia, an idea contended by Aristotle: victory was to be defined in failure as undeniable as losing the flag to the royal purple enemy who wins. An aporia is a statement impassable for a conclusion.

Objectively, we yet can have only linguistic insight. Verb structures are a diagnostic.

... As we went out and in between Her final Room
And Rooms where Those to be alive...

Emily Dickinson used antecedents for elliptic predicates; please compare the note for The Chariot.

XXI. The First Lesson / A {P}
XXII. The Bustle in a House / A {P} {T}
XXIII. I Reason, Earth Is Short / A
XXIV. Afraid? / A
XXV. Dying / A {P}
XXVI. Two Swimmers / A
XXVII. The Chariot {P}
The fascicle copy and Johnson:

We passed the School, where Children *strove*

**At Recess** — *in the Ring* —

We passed the Fields of *Gazing Grain* —

We passed the Setting Sun —

*Striving during leisure* is a contradiction, noted about *The Wind, Surrender*, and *The Last Night that She Lived*, for similar fragments.

A phrase as *we passed the setting sun* belongs well with imagery by a person of interest in astronomy. The pieces right next in the volume are *She Went as Quiet as the Dew*, and *Resurgam*. Johnson yet has a “correction” on the picture, where the first person singular “jumps into” the stanza with elliptic predication of no antecedent:

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Or rather — He passed Us — {3rd person}

The Dews drew quivering and chill — {3rd person}

For only Gossamer, my Gown — {about “me”}

My Tippet — only Tulle — {about “me”}

Emily Dickinson used verb antecedents for elliptic predicates, as in The Bee:

His feet are shod with gauze,

His helmet is of gold; {antecedent}

His breast, a single onyx {the ellipsis “is”}

With chrysoprase, inlaid.

Johnson:

The Dews drew quivering and chill —

For only Gossamer, my Gown — {no verb}

My Tippet — only Tulle — {no verb}

Repetitive phonemics remain characteristic of inserts:

The Dews drew quivering and chill...

Characteristically as well, word stress on vowel quality [e] in three consecutive line closures might incur phonological compensation in the fourth. We may compare The Indian Summer,
where we would have four consecutive lines of word stress on the vowel [ū].

Since then — ’t is Centuries — and yet —

Feels shorter than the Day

I first surmised the Horses’ Heads

Were toward Eternity —

The first print: Since then ’t is centuries; but each...

Finally, Johnson’s print includes a handwritten “mechanical” mistake, odd for an author to make in own text:

We paused before a House that seemed

A Swelling of the Ground —

The Roof was scarcely visible —

The Cornice — in the Ground.

The first print: The cornice but a mound.

XXVIII. She Went As Quiet As the Dew {S}

There is no difference in word content, between the first print and manuscript copy, except the spelling Leverrier, which might have been a cus-
tomary assimilation in the time, supported by editors. Urbain Le Verrier was a French astronomer, renowned for having calculated the position of Neptune.

**XXIX. Resurgam / A {T}**

**XXX. Except to Heaven, She Is Nought / A**

**XXXI. Death Is a Dialogue**
The handwritten copy suggests the verb *to reason* for the verb *to argue*; the latter yet works well in the poetic metaphor for spontaneous behavior, and in text auditory reception.

**XXXII. It Was Too Late for Man**
The fascicle suggests replacing the phrase *our old neighbor* with *our new neighbor*, for God. Religion was not a new phenomenon in the times of Emily Dickinson, and I follow the first print.

**XXXIII. Along the Potomac {P}**
“Throughout the (civil) war, the river functioned largely as it always had — as an avenue for
transport”, we can read in Encyclopedia Virginia online.19

Encyclopedia of Death and Dying says, “These were not normal times for sure, so some families, particularly the more affluent families in the North, would do whatever they could to bring the body of a loved family member’s home, either by making the trip south on their own, or paying someone to locate, retrieve, and ship the body north”.20

The fascicle copy suggests the shape “our-self” for the phrase I never. My preference is the first print.

XXXIV. The Daisy Follows Soft the Sun / A

XXXV. Emancipation {P} {T}

Fascicle copy and Johnson’s print:

Two Bodies — therefore be —

Bind one — The Other fly —

I follow the first print, Bind one, and one

will flee.

XXXVI. Lost / A
XXXVII. If I Shouldn’t Be Alive / A
XXXVIII. Sleep Is Supposed to Be / A {P}
XXXIX. I Shall Know Why / A
XL. I Never Lost As Much but Twice / A

The word *fascicle* comes from the Latin *fasciculus*, a small bundle. *Roman Antiquities*, a book by Alexander Adam from year 1872, page 191, tells about *Fascinus*, an inferior Roman deity to prevent fascination, which might have inspired the forgery fascicle form. Inserts, lacking the poet’s license, would have been to deny her finesse.

Sample J365 alternate letter shapes $s$ and $e$ are visually able to suggest that words as German *zum* or *zum* co-occur with the variant H “white ideal”. It would be naive for a phonological device. Character $z$ serves spelling, to compare a word as basic as *information*, in German.
The poet was not an analphabet, and I truly believe many of the manuscripts are forgeries: maybe to suggest that Emily Dickinson was obsessed with the German-kindred queen, Victoria, which the poetry does not support, or that she had sibylline sympathies. I doubt this very much too.21

It is possible that Emily Dickinson’s interest in Aristotle became known to her contemporaries, with the poet’s self-education to allow her sovereign interpreting the written matter: the philosopher’s extant text remains problematic in its form, and translations disagree also today.

Not only Aristotle was skeptical about oracles and prophets. Thomas Paine’s *Age of Reason* is in the public domain today, and everyone may access. The time he lived, Paine was condemned. In Emily Dickinson’s times as well, the work was widely disparaged. Counsel with Paine yet is not destined. When I first got hold of Aristotle, I had no idea Thomas Paine ever existed; the Greek will be an independent perseverance to my mind.
The world has always appeared to me perpetual (...) ; it is better to believe it without beginning or end. — Thomas Taylor, Collectanea.

Thomas Taylor was a renowned translator of Aristotle’s works in Emily Dickinson’s times. For a more explicit proof of the eternity of time and motion, see the 8th book of Aristotle’s Physics, and the 12th book of his Metaphysics.

Taylor, Thomas. 1806. Collectanea. London: C. Whittingham. Things perpetual — these are not in time, but in eternity.


Greek lexical items for Aristotle’s Physics and Emily Dickinson’s first print converge, beyond coincidence. It is enough to parse the philosopher’s vocabulary, to tell. At teresapelka.com, my Lexica has parsing samples and Aristotle in Simple English; work is in progress.
ENDNOTES

1 Emily Dickinson, From Fascicle to Open Access. Harvard University Press online, 2019: hup.harvard.edu.


3 Emily Dickinson Archive: edickinson.org.


5 Collections and Finding Aids, Emily Dickinson at Amherst College. Amherst College online, 2019: amherst.edu.


7 Dickinson, Emily. 1890. Poems. Internet Archive
online, 2019: archive.org.


10 William Jones, a fellow of The Royal Society of London for Improving Natural Knowledge.

11 Perseus word study tool online: perseus.tufts.edu/hopper.


15 Higginson, Thomas Wentworth. 1891. Mr. Higginson, — Are you too deeply occupied to say if my verse is alive? The Atlantic Archive online: www.theatlantic.com; 306524.


21 Regarding variance in letter shapes (s), Houghton sample F313A has the letter (s) so similar to
(z), that the Archive transcriber typed in “teazing” rather than “teasing”, edickinson.org.

Too vague - the face -
My own - so patient - covets -
Too far - the strength -
My timidness enfolds -
Haunting the Heart -
Like her translated faces -
Teasing the want -
It - only - can suffice!

*About Work* ▶

The sample has three features characteristic of inserts: shift in person reference (her translated faces), elliptic predication of no antecedent (too vague — the face, too far — the strength), and lexemic repetitiveness as guess guessing.
The content “recycles” the poem *Surrender*, with words as *dim, timid,* or the phrase *far sake* for *distant heaven*. The shape “ɔ” and the phrase *translated faces* might suggest queen Victoria, in correlate with Thomas Paine. His *Common Sense* tells about *the strength of one man*: it does not equal his wants. Paine refuted the idea of building strength on unity between England and the USA. The phrase *the home of the brave* was widely known in Emily Dickinson’s times, from the song about Fort McHenry, *The Star Spangled Banner*.

Generally, the inserts for the first print could have been to make ground for presenting entire pieces under Emily Dickinson’s name. Content recycling would have been to give the impression the “bits” had something of the author, familiar to the reader. F313A looks a forgery, entire.

The style lacks appeal: verbless wooing at a man (and probably a soldier: *brave eyes, far away*), would plod into alluding to another woman and “teasing the want”. The “train of thought” is not attractive, even for a casual message.
It will have to remain a speculation, whether the poet might have independently written up a translation of Aristotle. Emily Dickinson’s sister burned her notes, upon her request.

_Her Final Summer Was It_ has similar recycling, even vulgar in mood:

*When duller than our dullness_

_The Busy Darling lay…_

To imagine the text in sound, it would be a “drunk Everyman” rather than the poet in _Troubled about many things_, or _The Last Night that She Lived_.

The method Emily Dickinson herself used to create — morphophonemic inspiration, correlate with Webster and Aristotle’s works — would let one write for a thousand years if not longer, without repeating oneself.

If her skill was taken for supernatural, the world may never have seen her original handwriting, for prevention of a direct effect or influence, I guess.

Mabel Loomis Todd did purport belief in “powers” and “witches”. Her paper, _Witchcraft in_
New England, quotes I Had No Time to Hate in context with suspects, though there was no way to claim they did not hate the injurious persecutions as well as the persecutors.

About the opening of the Christian era we can trace outlines of the more modern witchcraft beliefs. The early observations of nature in the East had seemed to show that two great powers were in command over the world, and continually warring. The two mighty antagonists used men as puppets and played with and upon them.

Even Christianity allowed that perhaps the devil was the head, and that it was possible for persons to join him for the overthrow of the church. In this belief lay the kernel of all subsequent action upon the crime of witchcraft, she wrote.

Altering a manuscript would not have been anything vile to her recognition. For torture and burning, she stated that some victims were witches.

One inquisitor, or so called judge, Regius, condemned and burned over nine hundred (...). He practiced the most awful tortures, remarking that
otherwise be could not get them to confess. Most intelligent persons believed that witches communicated with Satan. Most of the sufferers were innocent, but some were undoubtedly evil, and knew they had been imposing on the world.

In her concluding paragraphs she added, I never see the splendid sunsets burning behind Witch Hill in Salem without a quicker breathing. This is where she brought in I Had No Time to Hate.

Belief in witchcraft hardly ever was real. The real thing was envy or rivalry, for money and other matters. Emily Dickinson does not look a believer of the “witching” nonsense. With her, spells are linguistic spelling and a mild sense of humor:

The murmur of a bee
A witchcraft yieldeth me… (Why?)

As described on the poetic inspiration, the Greek sweepings, κόρημα, is in chunk with οῆμα, independently to mean a word, saying, or that which is said, spoken. A corresponding “brooming” word in Latin, everriculum, shares with deverbera, thrashing or lashing, and verbum, a word. No devil.
Regarding sibylline empathies, the Great Seal has happened to be explained with the use of Virgil’s sibylline stanzas, which do have the words novus, ordo, and seclorum, but Out of one, many, tells the sibyl, and Out of many, one, says the Seal.

One can pronounce (tseptis) for the cœptis, and the letter shape (GetSize) may stand for the sound [ts] in German, but F313A would be the strangest in the world, for a treatment on country insignia.

Importantly, Virgil wrote for Octavian Augustus, who had Cicero proscribed and executed. The Framers might have used the poetry to learn Latin; but would they have followed Virgil for the Seal? Cicero was inspiration to the American republican. Feel welcome to read A New People and The Latin demeanor, at teresapelka.com.

I absolutely do not want to diminish the scope of Emily Dickinson’s works, and my pursuit for her poetry ends here. I prefer to work on Aristotle alone, and the first print is enough for my semantic field exercises with Travel in Grammar, travelinggrammar.com. Welcome.