

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

**Part Four: Time and Eternity
XLII**

GOING to heaven!

I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how,—
Indeed, I 'm too astonished
To think of answering you!

Going to heaven!—
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you 're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first,
Save just a little place for me
Close to the two I lost!

The smallest "robe" will fit me,
And just a bit of "crown";
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.
I 'm glad I don't believe it,

For it would stop my breath,
And I 'd like to look a little more
At such a curious earth!
I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

To make a prairie (1755)

To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee,
One clover, and a bee.
And revery.
The revery alone will do,
If bees are few.

Part Four: Time and Eternity

CXXIX

ADRIFT! A little boat adrift!

And night is coming down!
Will no one guide a little boat
Unto the nearest town?

So sailors say, on yesterday,
Just as the dusk was brown,
One little boat gave up its strife,
And gurgled down and down.

But angels say, on yesterday,
Just as the dawn was red,
One little boat o'erspent with gales
Retrimmed its masts, redecked its sails
Exultant, onward sped!

"Hope" is the thing with feathers - (314)
BY EMILY DICKINSON

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -
That perches in the soul -
And sings the tune without the words -
And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -
And sore must be the storm -
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm -

I've heard it in the chillest land -
And on the strangest Sea -
Yet - never - in Extremity,
It asked a crumb - of me.

Die „Hoffnung“ ist ein Federding
Das in der Seele hockt
Und Lieder ohne Worte singt
sich niemals unterbricht

The World—feels Dusty
When We stop to Die
We want the Dew—then
Honors—taste dry

Flags—vex a Dying face
But the least Fan
Stirred by a friend's Hand
Cools—like the Rain

Mine be the Ministry
When they Thirst comes

And Hybla Balms
Dews of Thessaly, to fetch

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain, (340)
BY EMILY DICKINSON

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading - treading - till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through -

And when they all were seated,
A Service, like a Drum -
Kept beating - beating - till I thought
My mind was going numb -

And then I heard them lift a Box
And creak across my Soul
With those same Boots of Lead, again,
Then Space - began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
And Being, but an Ear,
And I, and Silence, some strange Race,
Wrecked, solitary, here -

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down, and down -
And hit a World, at every plunge,
And Finished knowing - then -

(Und ich und Stille, fremde Wesen als Strandgut, einsam hier)

Part Three: Love
XLVII

HEART, we will forget him!
You and I, to-night!
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!