

45

I held a Jewel in my fingers—  
And went to sleep—  
The day was warm, and winds were prosy—  
I said "'Twill keep"—

I woke—and chid my honest fingers,  
The Gem was gone—  
And now, an Amethyst remembrance  
Is all I own—

216

Safe in their Alabaster Chambers—  
Untouched my Morning  
And untouched by Noon—  
Sleep the meek members of the Resurrection—  
Rafters of satin,  
And Roof of stone.

Light laughs the breeze  
In her Castle above them—  
Babbles the Bee in a stolid Ear,  
Pipe the Sweet Birds in ignorant cadence—  
Ah, what sagacity perished here!

*version of 1859*

Safe in their Alabaster Chambers—  
Untouched by Morning—  
And untouched by Noon—  
Lie the meek members of the Resurrection—  
Rafters of Satin—and Roof of Stone!

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 Disc of Snow—

*version of 1861*

130

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 resume  
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 thro' 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—  
They consecrated bread to take  
And thine immortal wine!

167

To learn the Transport by the Pain  
As Blind Men learn the sun!  
To die of thirst—suspecting  
That Brooks in Meadows run!

To stay the homesick—homesick feet  
Upon a foreign shore—  
Haunted by native lands, the while—  
And blue—beloved air!

This is the Sovereign Anguish!  
This—the signal woe!  
These are the patient "Laureates"  
Whose voices—trained—below—

Ascend in ceaseless Carol—  
Inaudible, indeed,  
To us—the duller scholars  
Of the Mysterious Bard!

193

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!

199

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 feels so  
To folks in Heaven—now—

This being comfort—then  
That other kind—was pain—  
But why compare?  
I'm "Wife"! Stop there!

211

Come slowly—Eden!  
Lips unused to Thee—  
Bashful—sip thy Jessamines—  
As the fainting Bee—

Reaching late his flower,  
Round her chamber hums—  
Counts his nectars—  
Enters—and is lost in Balms.

214

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—thro 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—

230

We—Bee and I—live by the quaffing—  
'Tisn't *all* Hock—with us—  
Life has its *Ale*—  
But it's many a lay of the Dim Burgundy—  
We chant—for cheer—when the Wines—fail—

Do we "get drunk"?  
Ask the jolly Clovers!  
Do we "beat" our "Wife"?  
I—never wed—  
Bee—pledges *his*—in minute flagons—  
Dainty—as the trees—on our deft Head—

While runs the Rhine—  
He and I—revel—  
First—at the vat—and latest at the Vine—  
Noon—our last Cup—  
"Found dead"—"of Nectar"—  
By a humming Coroner—  
In a By-Thyme!

249

Wild Nights—Wild Nights!  
Were I with thee  
Wild Nights should be  
Our luxury!

Futile—the Winds—  
To a Heart in port—  
Done with the Compass—  
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden—  
Ah, the Sea!  
Might I but moor—Tonight—  
In Thee!

254

"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.

257

Delight is as the flight—  
Or in the Ratio of it,  
As the Schools would say—  
The Rainbow's way—  
A Skein  
Flung colored, after Rain,  
Would suit as bright,  
Except that flight  
Were Aliment—

"If it would last"  
I asked the East,  
When that Bent Stripe  
Struck up my childish  
Firmament—  
And I, for glee,  
Took Rainbows, as the common way,  
And empty Skies  
The Eccentricity—

And so with Lives—  
And so with Butterflies—  
Seen magic—through the fright  
That they will cheat the sight—  
And Dower latitudes far on—  
Some sudden morn—  
Our portion—in the fashion—  
Done—

258

There's a certain Slant of light,  
Winter Afternoons—  
That oppresses, like the Heft  
Of Cathedral Tunes—

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us—  
We can find no scar,  
But internal difference,  
Where the Meanings, are—

None may teach it—Any—  
'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, 'tis like the Distance  
On the look of Death—

269

Bound—a trouble—  
And lives can bear it!  
Limit—how deep a bleeding go!  
So—many—drops—of vital scarlet—  
Deal with the soul  
As with Algebra!

Tell it the Ages—to a cypher—  
And it will ache—contented—on—  
Sing—at its pain—as any Workman—  
Notching the fall of the Even Sun!

280

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—

286

That after Horror—that 'twas us—  
That passed the mouldering Pier—  
Just as the Granite Crumb let go—  
Our Savior, by a Hair—

A second more, had dropped too deep  
For Fisherman to plumb—  
The very profile of the Thought  
Puts Recollection numb—

The possibility—to pass  
Without a Moment's Bell—  
Into Conjecture's presence—  
Is like a Face of Steel—  
That suddenly looks into ours  
With a metallic grin—  
The Cordiality of Death—  
Who drills his Welcome in—

287

A Clock stopped—  
Not the Mantel's—  
Geneva's farthest skill  
Can't put the puppet bowing—  
That just now dangled still—

An awe came on the Trinket!  
The Figures hunched, with pain—  
Then quivered out of Decimals—  
Into Degreeless Noon—

It will not stir for Doctors—  
This Pendulum of snow—  
This Shopman importunes it—  
While cool—concernless No—

Nods from the Gilded pointers—  
Nods from the Seconds slim—  
Decades of Arrogance between  
The Dial life—  
And Him—

288

I'm Nobody! Who are you?  
Are you—Nobody—Too?  
Then there's a pair of us!  
Don't tell! they'd advertise—you know!

How dreary—to be—Somebody!  
How public—like a Frog—  
To tell one's name—the livelong June—  
To an admiring Bog!

293

I got so I could take his name—  
Without—Tremendous gain—  
That Stop-sensation—on my Soul—  
And Thunder—in the Room—

I got so I could walk across  
That Angle in the floor,  
Where he turned so, and I turned—how—  
And all our Sinew tore—

I got so I could stir the Box—  
In which his letters grew  
Without that forcing, in my breath—  
As Staples—driven through—

Could dimly recollect a Grace—  
I think, they call it "God"—  
Renowned to ease Extremity—  
When Formula, had failed—

And shape my Hands—  
Petition's way,  
Tho' ignorant of a word  
That Ordination—utters—

My Business, with the Cloud,  
If any Power behind it, be,  
Not subject to Despair—  
It care, in some remoter way,  
For so minute affair  
As Misery—  
Itself, too vast, for interrupting—more—

299

Your Riches—taught me—Poverty.

Myself—a Millionaire  
In little Wealths, as Girls could boast  
Till broad as Buenos Ayre—

You drifted your Dominions—  
A Different Peru—  
And I esteemed All Poverty  
For Life's Estate with you—

Of Mines, I little know—myself—  
But just the names, of Gems—  
The Colors of the Commonest—  
And scarce of Diadems—

So much, that did I meet the Queen—  
Her Glory I should know—  
But this, must be a different Wealth—  
To miss it—beggars so—

I'm sure 'tis India—all Day—  
To those who look on You—  
Without a stint—without a blame,  
Might I—but be the Jew—

I'm sure it is Golconda—  
Beyond my power to deem—  
To have a smile for Mine—each Day,  
How better, than a Gem!

At least, it solaces to know  
That there exists—a Gold—  
Altho' I prove it, just in time  
Its distance—to behold—

Its far—far Treasure to surmise—  
And estimate the Pearl—  
That slipped my simple fingers through—  
While just a Girl at School.

301

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?

303

The Soul selects her own Society—  
Then—shuts the Door—  
To her divine Majority—  
Present no more—

Unmoved—she notes the Chariots—pausing—  
At her low Gate—  
Unmoved—an Emperor be kneeling  
Upon her Mat—

I've known her—from an ample nation—  
Choose One—  
Then—close the Valves of her attention—  
Like Stone—

305

The difference between Despair  
And Fear—is like the One  
Between the instant of a Wreck  
And when the Wreck has been—

The Mind is smooth—no Motion—  
Contented as the Eye  
Upon the Forehead of a Bust—  
That knows—it cannot see—

306

The Soul's Superior instants  
Occur to Her—alone—  
When friend—and Earth's occasion  
Have infinite withdrawn—

Or She—Herself—ascended  
To too remote a Height  
For lower Recognition  
Than Her Omnipotent—

This Mortal Abolition  
Is seldom—but as fair  
As Apparition—subject

To Autocratic Air—

Eternity's disclosure  
To favorites—a few—  
Of the Colossal substance  
Of Immortality

307

The One who could repeat the Summer day—  
Were greater than itself—though He  
Minutest of Mankind should be—

And He—could reproduce the Sun—  
At period of going down—  
The Lingering—and the Stain—I mean—

When Orient have been outgrown  
And Occident—become Unknown—  
His Name—remain—

311

It sifts from Leaden Sieves—  
It powders all the Wood.  
It fills with Alabaster Wool  
The Wrinkles of the Road—

It makes an Even Face  
Of Mountain, and of Plain—  
Unbroken Forehead from the East  
Unto the East again—

It reaches to the Fence—  
It wraps it Rail by Rail  
Till it is lost in Fleeces—  
It deals Celestial Vail

To Stump, and Stack—and Stem—  
A Summer's empty Room—  
Acres of Joints, where Harvests were,  
Recordless, but for them--

It Ruffles Wrists of Posts  
As Ankles of a Queen—  
Then stills its Artisans—like Ghosts—  
Denying they have been—

313

I should have been too glad, I see—

Too lifted—for the scant degree  
Of Life's penurious Round—  
My little Circuit would have shamed  
This new Circumference—have blamed—  
The homelier time behind.

I should have been too saved—I see—  
Too rescued—Fear too dim to me  
That I could spell the Prayer  
I knew so perfect—yesterday—  
That Scalding One—Sabachthani—  
Recited fluent—here—

Earth would have been too much—I see—  
And Heaven—not enough for me—  
I should have had the Joy  
Without the Fear—to justify—  
The Palm—without the Calvary—  
So Savior—Crucify—  
Defeat—whets Victory—they say—  
The Reefs—in old Gethsemane—  
Endear the Coast—beyond!  
'Tis Beggars—Banquets—can define—  
'Tis Parching—vitalizes Wine—  
"Faith" bleats—to understand!

315

He fumbles at your Soul  
As Players at the Keys  
Before they drop full Music on—  
He stuns you by degrees—  
Prepares your brittle Nature  
For the Ethereal Blow  
By fainter Hammers—further heard—  
Then nearer—Then so slow  
Your Breath has time to straighten—  
Your Brain—to bubble Cool—  
Deals—One—imperial—Thunderbolt—  
That scalps your naked Soul—

When Winds take Forests in the Paws—  
The Universe—is still—

322

There came a Day at Summer's full,  
Entirely for me—  
I thought that such were for the Saints,  
Where Resurrections—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 leaked,  
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—

325

Of Tribulation, these are They,  
Denoted by the White—  
The Spangled Gowns, a lesser Rank  
Of Victors—designate—

All these—did conquer—  
But the ones who overcame most times—  
Wear nothing commoner than Snow—  
No Ornament, but Palms—

Surrender—is a sort unknown—  
On this superior soil—  
Defeat—an outgrown Anguish—  
Remembered, as the Mile

Our panting Ankle barely passed—  
When Night devoured the Road—  
But we—stood whispering in the House—  
And all we said—was "Saved"!

327

Before I got my eye put out  
I liked as well to see—  
As other Creatures, that have Eyes  
And know no other way—

But were it told to me—Today—  
That I might have the sky  
For mine—I tell you that my Heart  
Would split, for size of me—

The Meadows—mine—  
The Mountains—mine—  
All Forests—Stintless Stars—  
As much of Noon as I could take  
Between my finite eyes—

The Motions of the Dipping Birds—  
The Morning's Amber Road—  
For mine—to look at when I liked—  
The News would strike me dead—

So safer—guess—with just my soul  
Upon the Window pane—  
Where other Creatures put their eyes—  
Incautious—of the Sun—

328

A Bird came down the Walk—  
He did not know I saw—  
He bit an angle-worm in halves  
And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew  
From a convenient Grass,  
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall  
To let a Beetle pass—

He glanced with rapid eyes  
That hurried all abroad—  
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought—  
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger, Cautious,  
I offered him a Crumb,  
And he unrolled his feathers  
And rowed him softer home—

Than Oars divide the Ocean,  
Too silver for a seam—  
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon,  
Leap, plashless as they swim.

335

'Tis not that Dying hurts us so—  
'Tis Living—hurts us more—  
But Dying—is a different way—  
A Kind behind the Door—

The Southern Custom—of the Bird—  
That ere the Frosts are due—  
Accepts a better Latitude—  
We—are the Birds—that stay.

The Shrivens round Farmers' doors—  
For whose reluctant Crumb—  
We stipulate—till pitying Snows  
Persuade our Feathers Home.

341

After great pain, a formal feeling comes—  
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs—  
The stiff Heart questions was it He, that bore,  
And Yesterday, or Centuries before?

The Feet, mechanical, go round—  
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought—  
A Wooden way  
Regardless grown,  
A Quartz contentment, like a stone—

This is the Hour of Lead—  
Remembered, if outlived,  
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow—  
First—Chill—then Stupor—then the letting go—

346

Not probable—The barest Chance—  
A smile too few—a word too much  
And far from Heaven as the Rest—  
The Soul so close on Paradise—

What if the Bird from journey far—  
Confused by Sweets—as Mortals—are—  
Forget the secret of His wing

And perish—but a Bough between—  
Oh, Groping feet—  
Oh Phantom Queen!

348

I dreaded that first Robin, so,  
But He is mastered, now,  
I'm accustomed to Him grown,  
He hurts a little, though—

I thought If I could only live  
Till that first Shout got by—  
Not all Pianos in the Woods  
Had power to mangle me—

I dared not meet the Daffodils—  
For fear their Yellow Gown  
Would pierce me with a fashion  
So foreign to my own—

I wished the Grass would hurry—  
So—when 'twas time to see—  
He'd be too tall, the tallest one  
Could stretch—to look at me—

I could not bear the Bees should come,  
I wished they'd stay away  
In those dim countries where they go,  
What word had they, for me?

They're here, though; not a creature failed—  
No Blossom stayed away  
In gentle deference to me—  
The Queen of Calvary—

Each one salutes me, as he goes,  
And I, my childish Plumes,  
Lift, in bereaved acknowledgment  
Of their unthinking Drums—

368

How sick—to wait—in any place—but thine—  
I knew last night—when someone tried to twine—  
Thinking—perhaps—that I looked tired—or alone—  
Or breaking—almost—with unspoken pain—

And I turned—ducal—  
*That* right—was thine—  
*One port*—suffices—for a Brig—like *mine*—

Ours be the tossing—wild though the sea—  
Rather than a Mooring—unshared by thee.  
Ours be the Cargo—*unladed*—here—  
Rather than the "*spicy isles*—"  
And thou—not there—

375

The Angle of a Landscape—  
That every time I wake—  
Between my Curtain and the Wall  
Upon an ample Crack—

Like a Venetian—waiting—  
Accosts my open eye—  
Is just a Bough of Apples—  
Held slanting, in the Sky—

The Pattern of a Chimney—  
The Forehead of a Hill—  
Sometimes—a Vane's Forefinger—  
But that's—Occasional—

The Seasons—shift—my Picture—  
Upon my Emerald Bough,  
I wake—to find no—Emeralds—  
Then—Diamonds—which the Snow

From Polar Caskets—fetched me—  
The Chimney—and the Hill—  
And just the Steeple's finger—  
These—never stir at all—

376

Of Course—I prayed—  
And did God Care?  
He cared as much as on the Air  
A Bird—had stamped her foot—  
And cried "Give Me"—  
My Reason—Life—  
I had not had—but for Yourself—  
'Twere better Charity  
To leave me in the Atom's Tomb—  
Merry, and Nought, and gay, and numb—  
Than this smart Misery.

389

There's been a Death, in the Opposite House,

As lately as Today—  
I know it, by the numb look  
Such Houses have—alway—

The Neighbors rustle in and out—  
The Doctor—drives away—  
A Window opens like a Pod—  
Abrupt—mechanically—

Somebody flings a Mattress out—  
The Children hurry by—  
They wonder if it died—on that—  
I used to—when a Boy—

The Minister—goes stiffly in—  
As if the House were His—  
And He owned all the Mourners—now—  
And little Boys—besides—

And then the Milliner—and the Man  
Of the Appalling Trade—  
To take the measure of the House—

There'll be that Dark Parade—

Of Tassels—and of Coaches—soon—  
It's easy as a Sign—  
The Intuition of the News—  
In just a Country Town—

414

'Twas like a Maelstrom, with a notch,  
That nearer, every Day,  
Kept narrowing its boiling Wheel  
Until the Agony

Toyed coolly with the final inch  
Of your delirious Hem—  
And you dropt, lost,  
When something broke—  
And let you from a Dream—

As if a Goblin with a Gauge—  
Kept measuring the Hours—  
Until you felt your Second  
Weigh, helpless, in his Paws—

And not a Sinew—stirred—could help,  
And sense was setting numb—  
When God—remembered—and the Fiend

Let go, then, Overcome—

As if your Sentence stood—pronounced—  
And you were frozen led  
From Dungeon's luxury of Doubt  
To Gibbets, and the Dead—

And when the Film had stitched your eyes  
A Creature gasped "Reprieve!"  
Which Anguish was the utterest—then—  
To perish, or to live?

443

I tie my Hat—I crease my Shawl—  
Life's little duties do—precisely—  
As the very least  
Were infinite—to me—

I put new Blossoms in the Glass—  
And throw the old—away—  
I push a petal from my gown  
That anchored there—I weigh  
The time 'twill be till six o'clock  
I have so much to do—  
And yet—Existence—some way back—  
Stopped—struck—my tickling—through—  
We cannot put Ourselves away  
As a completed Man  
Or Woman—When the Errand's done  
We came to Flesh—upon—  
There may be—Miles on Miles of Nought—  
Of Action—sicker far—  
To simulate—is stinging work—  
To cover what we are  
From Science—and from Surgery—  
Too Telescopic Eyes  
To bear on us unshaded—  
For their—sake—not for Ours—  
'Twould start them—  
We—could tremble—  
But since we got a Bomb—  
And held it in our Bosom—  
Nay—Hold it—it is calm—

Therefore—we do life's labor—  
Though life's Reward—be done—  
With scrupulous exactness—  
To hold our Senses—on—

461

A Wife—at daybreak I shall be—  
Sunrise—Hast thou a Flag for me?  
At Midnight, I am but a Maid,  
How short it takes to make a Bride—  
Then—Midnight, I have passed from thee  
Unto the East, and Victory—

Midnight—Good Night! I hear them call,  
The Angels bustle in the Hall—  
Softly my Future climbs the Stair,  
I fumble at my Childhood's prayer  
So soon to be a Child no more—  
Eternity, I'm coming—Sire,  
Savior—I've seen the face—before!

465

I heard a Fly buzz—when I died—  
The Stillness in the Room  
Was like the Stillness in the Air—  
Between the Heaves of Storm—

The Eyes around—had wrung them dry—  
And Breaths were gathering firm  
For that last Onset—when the King  
Be witnessed—in the Room—

I willed my Keepsakes—Signed away  
What portion of me be  
Assignable—and then it was  
There interposed a Fly—

With Blue—uncertain stumbling Buzz—  
Between the light—and me—  
And then the Windows failed—and then  
I could not see to see—

466

'Tis little I—could care for Pearls—  
Who own the ample sea—  
Or Brooches—when the Emperor—  
With Rubies—pelteth me—

Or Gold—who am the Prince of Mines—  
Or Diamonds—when have I  
A Diadem to fit a Dom—  
Continual upon me—

480

"Why do I love" You, Sir?  
Because—  
The Wind does not require the Grass  
To answer—Wherefore when He pass  
She cannot keep Her place.

Because He knows—and  
Do not You—  
And We know not—  
Enough for Us  
The Wisdom it be so—

The Lightning—never asked an Eye  
Wherefore it shut—when He was by—  
Because He knows it cannot speak—  
And reasons not contained—  
—Of Talk—  
There be—preferred by Daintier Folk—

The Sunrise—Sire—compelleth Me—  
Because He's Sunrise—and I see—  
Therefore—Then—  
I love Thee—

510

It was not Death, for I stood up,  
And all the Dead, lie down—  
It was not Night, for all the Bells  
Put out their Tongues, for Noon.

It was not Frost, for on my Flesh  
I felt Siroccos—crawl—  
Nor Fire—for just my Marble feet  
Could keep a Chancel, cool—

And yet, it tasted, like them all,  
The Figures I have seen  
Set orderly, for Burial,  
Reminded me, of mine—

As if my life were shaven,  
And fitted to a frame,  
And could not breathe without a key,  
And 'twas like Midnight, some -

When everything that ticked—has stopped—  
And Space stares all around—  
Or Grisly frosts—first Autumn morns,  
Repeal the Beating Ground—

But, most, like Chaos—Stopless—cool—  
Without a Change, or Spar—  
Or even a Report of Land—  
To justify—Despair.

546

To fill a Gap  
Insert the Thing that caused it—  
Block it up  
With Other—and 'twill yawn the more—  
You cannot solder an Abyss  
With Air.

579

I had been hungry, all the Years—  
My Noon had Come—to dine—  
I trembling drew the Table near—  
And touched the Curious Wine—

'Twas this on Tables I had seen—  
When turning, hungry, Home  
I looked in Windows, for the Wealth  
I could not hope—for Mine—

I did not know the ample Bread—  
'Twas so unlike the Crumb  
The Birds and I, had often shared  
In Nature's—Dining Room—

The Plenty hurt me—'twas so new—  
Myself felt ill—and odd—  
As Berry—of a Mountain Bush—  
Transplanted—to a Road—

Nor was I hungry—so I found  
That Hunger—was a way  
Of Persons outside Windows—  
The Entering—takes away—

615

Our journey had advanced—  
Our feet were almost come  
To that odd Fork in Being's Road—  
Eternity—by Term—

Our pace took sudden awe—  
Our feet—reluctant—led—

Before—were Cities—but Between—  
The Forest of the Dead—

Retreat—was out of Hope—  
Behind—a Sealed Route—  
Eternity's White Flag—Before—  
And God—at every Gate—