Instructions for making a Dickinson facsimile fascicle with this file.

1. Print this file double-sided.

2. Set aside the page with the cover on one side and these instructions on the other.

3. Cut the poem pages in half: cut between the top row of poems and the bottom row of poems.

4. Fold the half-pages in half. Fold them so the lowest page number faces out.

5. Pile the pages on top on each other so the page numbers are consecutive.

6. For extra authenticity, bind your pile of poems with needle and thread. Or use an office stapler, as in the pictures above. Put two staples along the side with the folded edges.

To mass produce these facsimile fascicles for classroom use, print or copy them double-sided. If you wish to make twenty booklets, make twenty copies of each double-sided page. Cut them in half. Go to class with six piles of double-sided half-pages. Distribute them one at a time. Direct students to fold them as they receive them. Direct students to stack the folded pages so the page numbers are consecutive. Pass around a stapler.

Note about the editorial marks

The editorial marks are Dickinson's. It appears that she was testing alternate words and phrases. Find the original in the Amherst College Digital Collection to see this for yourself.

Jon Miller
Akron, Ohio
April 2019
They called me to the Window, for
“’Twas Sunset” - Some one said -
I only saw ‘a Sapphire Farm -
And just a Single Herd -

Of Opal Cattle - feeding far
Opon so vain a Hill -
As even while I looked - dissolved -
Nor Cattle were - nor Soil -

But in their’Room - a Sea - displayed -
And Ships - of such a size
As Crew of Mountains - could afford -
And Decks - to seat the Skies -

‘ an Amber
‘ stead

The Soul that hath a Guest,
Doth seldom go abroad -
Diviner Crowd - ’at Home -
Obliterate the need -

And Courtesy forbids
The Host’s departure - when
Opon Himself - be visiting
‘The Mightiest of Men -

‘ within
‘ the Emperor of Men

I watched the Moon around the House
Until opon a Pane -
She stopped - a Traveller’s
privilege - for Rest -
And there opon

With Insulators - and a Glove -
Whose short - sepulchral Bass
Alarms us - tho’ His Yellow feet
May pass - and Counterpass -

Opon the Ropes - above our Head -
Continual - with the News -
Nor We so much as check our speech -
Nor stop to cross Ourselves -

‘ accost

I ‘gazed - as at a Stranger,
The Lady in the Town
Doth think no incivility
To lift her Glass - opon -

But never Stranger justified
The Curiosity
Like Mine - for not a Foot - nor Hand -
Nor Formula - had she -

But like a Head - a Guillotine
Slid carelessly away -

‘ turned
This - too - the Showman rubbed away -
And when I looked again -
Nor Farm - nor Opal Herd - was there -
Nor Mediterranean -

No Romance sold unto
Could so enthrall a Man -
As the perusal of
His individual One -

'Tis Fiction's - to 'dilute to 'plausibility
Our - 'novel. When 'tis small eno'
To *credit - 'Tis'n't true -

* Contract
† Credibility
‡ Romance
§ Compass

Did independent, Amber -
Sustain her in the sky -

Or like a Stemless Flower -
Upheld in rolling Air
By finer Gravitations -
Than bind Philosopher -

No Hunger - had she - nor an Inn -
Her Toilette - to suffice -
Nor Avocation - nor Concern
For little Mysteries

As harass us - like Life - and Death -
And Afterward - or Nay -
But seemed engrossed to Absolute -
With Shining - and the Sky -

The privilege to scrutinize
Was scarce opon my Eyes
When, with a Silver practise -
She vaulted out of Gaze -

And next - I met her on a Cloud -
Myself too far below
To follow her Superior 'Road -
Or its' Advantage - Blue -

' pace

When I hoped - I feared -
Since - I hoped - I dared
Every where - alone
As a Church - remain -
Ghost - may not alarm -
Serpent - may not charm -
He is King of Harm -
Who hath suffered Him -
[F599 / J467]

We do not play on Graves -
Because there is’nt Room -
Besides - it is’nt even - it slants
And People come -

And put a Flower on it -
And hang their faces so -
We’re fearing that their Hearts will drop -
And crush our pretty play -

And so we move as far
As Enemies - away -
Just looking round to see how far
It is - Occasionally -

[F596 / J631]

Ourselves were we one summer - dear -
Your vision - was in June -
And when Your little Lifetime failed,
I wearied - too - of mine -

And overtaken in the Dark -
Where You had put me down -
By Some one Carrying a Light -
I - too - received the Sign -

'Tis true - Our Futures different lay -
Your Cottage - faced the Sun -
While Oceans - and the North ‘must be -
On every side of mine

'Tis true, Your Garden led the Bloom,
For mine - in Frosts - was sown -

* did play

[F603 / J469]

The Red - Blaze - is the Morning -
The Violet - is Noon -
The Yellow - Day - is falling -
And after that - is None -

But Miles of Sparks - at Evening -
Reveal the Width that burned -
The Territory Argent - that
never yet - consumed -

[F600 / J312]

[in another hand: “Mrs Browning”]

Her - last Poems -
Poets ended -
Silver - perished - with her Tongue -
Not on Record - bubbled Other -
Flute - or Woman - so divine -

Not ‘unto it’s Summer Morning -
Robin - ‘uttered half the Tune
Gushed too full for the adoring
From the Anglo-Florentine -

Late - the Praise - ‘Tis dull - Conferring
On the Head too High - to Crown -
Diadem - or ‘Ducal symbol -
Be it’s ‘Grave - sufficient Sign -

* opon
' published
† shining - token -
‡ lavished [referent unclear]
And yet, one Summer, we were 'Queens -
But You - were Crowned in June -
' wed - but Your's - was first - in June -

'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 Dome -
Continual opon me -

' [no alternate word recorded]
I am alive - because
I do not own a House -
Entitled to myself - precise -
And fitting no one else -

And marked my Girlhood's name -
So Visitors may know
Which Door is mine - and not mistake -
And try another Key -

How good - to be alive!
How infinite - to be
Alive - two-fold - The Birth I had -
And this - besides, in Thee!

You'll know Her - by Her Foot -
The 'smallest Gamboge Hand
With Fingers - where the Toes
should be -
Would more affront the sand -

Than this Quaint Creature's Boot -
Adjusted by a stem -
Without a Button - I c'd vouch -
Unto a Velvet Limb -

You'll know Her - by Her Vest -
Tight fitting - Orange - Brown -
Inside a Jacket duller -
She wore when she was born -

Her Cap is small - and snug -
Constructed for the Winds -
She'd pass for Barehead - short way off -
† finest

A Night - there lay the Days between -
The Day that was Before -
And Day that was Behind - were One -
And now - 'twas Night - was here -

Slow - Night - that must be
watched away -
As Grains opon a shore -
Too imperceptible to note -
Till it be Night - no more -

Except the Smaller Size -
No Lives - are Round -
These - hurry to a Sphere
And Show - and End -

The Larger - slower grow
And later - hang -
The Summers 'of Hesperides
Are long -

'Hugest of Core
Present the Awkward Rind -
Yield Groups of Ones -
No Cluster - 'ye should find -

But far after Frost
And Indian Summer ‡ Noon -
Ships - offer this -
As West Indian -

* in 'The Huge ‡ you ‡ Sun
But as she closer stands -
So finer 'tis than Wool -
You cannot feel the Seam -
Nor is it clasped unto of Band -
Nor 'held opon - of Brim -
You'll know Her - by Her Voice -
At first - a doubtful Tone -
A sweet endeavor - but as March -
To April - hurries on -
She squanders on your 'Head
Such 'Threnodies of Pearl -
†You beg the Robin in your Brain
‡To keep the other - still -
* has it any
† Ear
‡ Extacies - Revenues - Arguments
§ Deny she is a Robin - now -
‡ And you're an Infidel

I am alive - I guess -
The Branches on my Hand
Are full of Morning Glory -
And at my finger's end -
The Carmine - tingles warm -
And if I hold a Glass
Across my mouth - it blurs it -
Physician's - proof of Breath -
I am alive - because
I am not in a Room -
The Parlor - Commonly - it is -
So Visitors may Come -
And lean - and view it sidewise -
And add “How Cold - it grew” -
And “Was it Conscious - when it stepped
In Immortality”?  

Then I - my timid service done -
Tho' service 'twas, of Love -
Take up my little Violin
And further North - remove -

So glad we are - a stranger'd deem
'Twas sorry - that we were -
For where the Holiday - should be -
There 'publishes - a Tear -

Nor how Ourselves be justified -
Since Grief and Joy are done
So similar - An Optizan
Could not 'discern between -
* bustles out
* conclude - decide -