

The University of Akron

From the Selected Works of Jon Miller

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Emily Dickinson, Fascicle 26 / Packet 84 (mobile version)

Jon Miller

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Available at: https://works.bepress.com/jon_miller/14/

[F589 / J628]

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
Upon 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

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

[F590 / J669]

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'nt true -

⁺ Contract

^{*} Credibility

[†] Romance

[‡] Compass

[F591 / J465]

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

[F592 / J674]

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

[F593 / J629]

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

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

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 upon 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

[F594 / J1181]

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 -

[F595 / J630]

The Lightning playeth - all the while -
But when He singeth - then -
Ourselves are conscious He exist -
And we +approach Him - stern -

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

[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

And yet, one Summer, we were ⁺Queens -
But You - were Crowned in June -

⁺ wed - but Your's - was first - in June -

[F597 / J466]

'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]

[F598 / J632]

The Brain - is wider than the Sky -
For - put them side by side -
The one the other will +contain
With ease - and You - beside -

The Brain is deeper than the sea -
For - hold them - Blue to Blue -
The one the other will absorb -
As Sponges - Buckets - do -

The Brain is just the weight of God -
For - Heft them - Pound for Pound -
And they will differ - if they do -
As Syllable from Sound -

+ include

[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 -

[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 -

⁺ upon

^{*} published

[†] shining - token -

[‡] lavished [referent unclear]

Nought - that We - No Poet's Kinsman -
Suffocate - with easy Wo -
What - and if Ourselves a Bridegroom -
Put Her down - in Italy?

[F601 / J633]

When Bells stop ringing -
Church - begins -
The +Positive - of Bells -
When Cogs - stop - that's
Circumference -
The Ultimate - of Wheels -

+ Transitive

[F602 / J468]

The Manner of it's Death
When Certain it must die -
'Tis deemed a privilege to choose -
'Twas Major Andre's Way -

When Choice of Life - is past -
There yet remains a Love
It's little Fate to stipulate -

How small in those who live -

The Miracle to tease
With Bubble of the styles -
How "they are dying mostly - now" -
And Customs at "St James"!

[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 -

[F604 / J634]

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

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

[F605 / J470]

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"?

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!

[F606 / J1067]

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

[F607 / J635]

I think the longest Hour of all
Is when the Cars have come -
And we are waiting for the Coach -
It seems as though the Time -

+Indignant - that the Joy was come -
Did block the Gilded Hands -
And would not let the Seconds by -
But slowest instant - Ends -

The Pendulum begins to Count -
Like little Scholars - loud -
The steps grow thicker - in the Hall -
The Heart begins to crowd -

+ Affronted

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

[F608 / J329]

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 -

[F609 / J471]

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 upon a shore -
Too imperceptible to note -
Till it be Night - no more -

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