The University of Akron

From the SelectedWorks of Jon Miller

Spring 2018

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

Jon Miller

Available at: https://works.bepress.com/jon_miller/14/
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
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
‡ Romance
‡ Compass
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
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

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 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

[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 -
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
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]
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
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 -
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]
Nought - that We - No Poet’s Kinsman -
Suffocate - with easy Wo -
What - and if Ourself 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
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 teaze
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 -
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
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!
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
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 -
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 -