The variants, which are unlikely to have been editorial alterations by Martha Bianchi, suggest that the fair copy to Susan preceded the fascicle.


\*

### 146 All overgrown by cunning moss

**Manuscript:** About early 1860, in Fascicle 7 (H 5). The poem may have been written near the fifth anniversary of the death of Charlotte Brontë (d. 31 March 1855).

Ed composed five stanzas and copied them into the fascicle, but appears to have determined that stanzas 2-3 and 4-5 were different enough to warrant separation. Between stanzas 3 and 4, where no extra space had been left, she wrote “Or” to indicate choice in constructing, with stanza 1, a three-stanza poem.

\*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A</th>
<th>All overgrown by cunning moss, F7.2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>All interspersed with weed, The little cage of “Currer Bell” In quiet “Haworth” laid.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This Bird - observing others
When frosts too sharp became Retire to other latitudes - Quietly did the same -

But differed in returning - Since Yorkshire hills are green - Yet not in all the nests I meet - Can Nightingale be seen -

5-12)

Gathered from many wanderings - Gethsemane can tell Thro’ what transporting anguish She reached the Asphodel!

Soft fall the sounds of Eden Opon her puzzled ear -

187 \* 1860 Fascicles
Oh what an afternoon for Heaven,
When "Bronte" entered there!

Division alt 5-12 Asphodel! || alt 5-12 for |

Publication: Poems (1896), 193-94, with all five stanzas, the "Or" omitted. Poems (1955), 106, with all five stanzas, the "Or" indicated; CP (1960), 70, as a three-stanza poem, the alternative stanzas having been adopted. MB (1981), 112-13, in facsimile. (J148)

A Title Charlotte Brontë's Grave P96 after 11] the alternative stanzas P96 CP24 P30 P37 P55 alt 5-12 many] any CP24 P30 P37

147 A science - so the savans say

Manuscript: About spring 1860, in Fascicle 7 (H 5).

A A science - so the Savans say,
"Comparative Anatomy" -
By which a single bone -
Is made a secret to unfold
Of some rare tenant of the mold -
Else perished in the stone -

So to the eye prospective led,
This meekest flower of the mead
Opon a winter's day,
Stands representative in gold
Of Rose and Lily, manifold,
And countless Butterfly!

10 Stands] the S over <C>


A manifold] marigold FP29 P30 P37

148 Will there really be a "morning"?

Manuscript: About early 1860, in Fascicle 7 (H 5).

A Will there really be a "morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?

188 ~ 1860 Fascicles
Sweeter than a vanished frolic
From a vanished green!
Swifter than the hoofs of Horsemen
Round a Ledge of dream!

Modest, let us walk among it
With our faces vailed -
As they say polite Archangels
Do in meeting God!

Not for me - to prate about it!
Not for you - to say
To some fashionable Lady
“Charming April Day”!

Rather - Heaven’s “Peter Parley”!
By which children slow
To sublimer Recitation
Are prepared to go!

Under the pseudonym “Peter Parley,” the Boston publisher Samuel Griswold Goodrich (1793-1860) issued numerous tales for the moral instruction of children.

**Publication:** *SH* (1914), 41-42, from the copy to Susan Dickinson (A). *Poems* (1955), 50-51 (A, B principal); *CP* (1960), 34 (B). *MB* (1981), 125-26 (B), in facsimile. (J65)

*165 I have never seen ‘volcanoes’*

**Manuscript:** About spring 1860, in Fascicle 8 (H 16).

I have never seen ‘Volcanoes’ -
But, when Travellers tell
How those old - phlegmatic mountains
Usually so still -

Bear within - appalling Ordnance,
Fire, and smoke, and gun -
Taking Villages for breakfast,
And appalling Men *

If the stillness is Volcanic
In the human face
When opon a pain Titanic
Features keep their place -

If at length, the smouldering anguish
Will not overcome,
And the palpitating Vineyard
In the dust, be thrown?

If some loving Antiquary,
On Resumption Morn,
Will not cry with joy, "Pompeii"!
To the Hills return!

**Division** 16 thrown? ||


166 **Dust is the only secret**

**Manuscripts:** Two fair copies, variant, about spring 1860. One in pencil, addressed "Sue" and signed "Emily," was sent to Susan Dickinson (H 248).

A Dust is the only secret -
Death - the only one
You cannot find out all about
In his native town -

Nobody knew his Father -
Never was a Boy -
Had'nt any playmates
Nor "Early history" -

Industrious - Laconic -
Punctual - sedate -
Bolder than a Brigand -
Swifter than a Fleet -

202 ~ 1860 Fascicles
180 In ebon box when years have flown

MANUSCRIPT: About summer 1860, in Fascicle 8 (H 14).

A In Ebon Box, when years have flown
To reverently peer -
Wiping away the velvet dust
Summers have sprinkled there!

To hold a letter to the light -
Grown Tawny - now - with time -
To con the faded syllables
That quickened us like Wine!

Perhaps a Flower's shrivelled cheek
Among it's stores to find -
Plucked far away, some morning -
By gallant - mouldering hand!

A curl, perhaps, from foreheads
Our constancy forgot -
Perhaps, an antique trinket -
In vanished fashions set!

And then to lay them quiet back -
And go about it's care -
As if the little Ebon Box
Were none of our affair!

Division 12 hand!

MB (1981), 135-36, in facsimile. (J169)

A 14 forgot] forget UP35 P37

* 181 A wounded deer leaps highest

MANUSCRIPTS: Two (one lost), variant, about summer 1860. The lost
manuscript ([A]) was sent to Susan Dickinson, presumably about summer
1860, and was in her possession in December 1890, when she annotated
her copy of Poems (1890) (Y-BRBL). In line 10 of the published version,
she canceled part of a word:

cautions>
This reading was a misprint for “cautious” that Mabel Todd, on the authority of the fascicle copy, corrected three times in proof without success (Bingham, AB, 90). A correction was made in the fifth printing. In Complete Poems (1924) Martha Bianchi, lacking her mother’s holograph, used her marked copy of Poems (1890) to substitute “caution” as the reading. The fascicle, from which the text derived, was then in her possession, but yet unstudied, with “cautious” as the reading.

The copy in Fascicle 8 (H 13) was recorded about summer 1860.

B

A wounded Deer - leaps highest -
I’ve heard the Hunter tell -
’Tis but the extasy of death -
And then the Brake is still!

The smitten Rock that gushes!
The trampled Steel that springs!
A Cheek is always redder
Just where the Hectic stings!

Mirth is the mail of Anguish -
In which it cautious Arm,
Lest Anybody spy the blood
And “you’re hurt” exclaim!

Publication: Poems (1890), 20, from the fascicle (B). Poems (1955), 120-21 (B; without [A]); CP (1960), 77-78 (B). MB (1981), 129 (B), in facsimile. (J165)

B 10 cautious] cautions P90 (corrected in the fifth printing, 1891); caution CP24 P30 P37

182 The sun kept stooping - stooping - low!

Manuscripts: Two fair copies, variant, about summer 1860. One in pencil, signed “Emily,” was sent to Susan Dickinson (Morgan Library).

A

The sun kept stooping - stooping - low -
The Hills to meet him - rose -
On his part - what Transaction!
On their part - what Repose!

Deeper and deeper grew the stain
Opon the window pane -

215 ◆ 1860 Fascicles
An awe came on the Trinket!
The Figures hunched - with pain -
Then quivered out of Decimals -
Into Degreeless noon -

It will not stir for Doctor's -
This Pendulum of snow -
The 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 -

14 Nods] stares

**Publication:** Poems (1896), 192, as four quatrains, with the alternative not adopted. Poems (1955), 206; CP (1960), 132-33. MB (1981), 207, in facsimile. (J287)

* 260  I'm nobody! Who are you?

**Manuscript:** About late 1861, in Fascicle II (H 35).

A  I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you - Nobody - too?
Then there's a pair of us!
Don't tell! they'd banish us - you know!

How dreary - to be - Somebody!
How public - like a Frog -
To tell your name - the livelong June -
To an admiring Bog!

4 banish us| advertise    7 your| one's

**Publication:** Life, 17 (5 March 1891), 146, and Poems (1891), 21, with the alternatives not adopted and with the first two words of line 4 as the last of line 3. Poems (1955), 206-7, with the first two words of line 4
as the last of line 3; also CP (1960), 133, with the alternatives adopted. MB (1981), 209, in facsimile. (J288).

A Title Nobody Life91 7 June] day Life91 P91 CP24 P30 P37

261 I held a jewel in my fingers

MANUSCRIPT: About late 1861, in Fascicle II (H 35).

A 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 -

Division 3 winds | 5 honest | 6 gone || 7 Amethyst |


A Title The Lost Jewel Ind91 P91

262 Ah, moon and star!

MANUSCRIPTS: Two, variant, about 1861 and 1862, both in fascicles. The earlier is in Fascicle II (H 36), recorded about late 1861.

A Ah, Moon, and Star!
    You are very far -
    But were no one
    Farther than you -
    Do you think I'd stop
    For a Firmament -
    Or a Cubit - or so?
    I could borrow a Bonnet
    Of the Lark -
    And a Chamois' silver Boot -

820 ~ 1861 Fascicles
for the Hills
16 Then] Now (written Then Now in the line, marked as alternatives)

Division 1 Life, | 5 firmest | 7 the | 14 know - || 15 me, |


A  Title Farewell P96 5 in] omitted P30 P37

* 339  I like a look of agony

Manuscript: About summer 1862, in Fascicle 16 (H 53).

A  I like a look of Agony,
Because I know it's true -
Men do not sham Convulsion,
Nor simulate, a Throe -

The eyes glaze once - and that is Death -
Impossible to feign
The Beads apopon the Forehead
By homely Anguish strung.

between 4-5] <Death, comes>

Division 5 and |


A  Title Real P90

340  I felt a funeral in my brain

Manuscript: About summer 1862, in Fascicle 16 (H 53).

A  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 -

365  1862 Fascicles
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 acknowledgement
Of their unthinking Drums -

Division 3 Him | 16 me - || 17 Bees | 19 where | 21 a | 25 he |


A Title In Shadow P91 3 I'm some] And I'm P91 CP24 P30 P37

* 348 I would not paint a picture

Manuscript: About summer 1862, in Fascicle 17 (A 85-1/2).

A I would not paint - a picture -
I'd rather be the One
It's bright impossibility
To dwell - delicious - on -
And wonder how the fingers feel
Whose rare - celestial - stir -
Evokes so sweet a torment -
Such sumptuous - Despair -

I would not talk, like Cornets -
I'd rather be the One
Raised softly to the Ceilings -
And out, and easy on -
Through Villages of Ether -
Myself endued Balloon

373 ~ 1862 Fascicles
By but a lip of Metal -
The pier to my Pontoon -
Nor would I be a Poet -
It's finer - Own the Ear -
Enamored - impotent - content -
The License to revere,
A privilege so awful
What would the Dower be,
Had I the Art to stun myself
With Bolts - of Melody!

3 bright] fair  7 Evokes] provokes  11 the Ceilings]
Horizons  12 out,] by -  14 endued] upborne • upheld •
sustained  21 privilege] luxury

Division  19 content -||  23 stun |


349 He touched me, so I live to know

Manuscript: About summer 1862, in Fascicle 17 (A 85-3/4).

A
He touched me, so I live to know
That such a day, permitted so,
I groped upon his breast -

It was a boundless place to me
And silenced, as the awful Sea
Puts minor streams to rest.

And now, I'm different from before,
As if I breathed superior air -
Or brushed a Royal Gown -
My feet, too, that had wandered so -
My Gypsy face - transfigured now -
To tenderer Renown -

Into this Port, if I might come,
Rebecca, to Jerusalem,
Would not so ravished turn -
But Bliss, is sold just once.
The Patent lost
None buy it any more -
Say, Foot, decide the point!
The Lady cross, or not?
Verdict for Boot!

7 possible,) written) possible, <at> (canceled anticipation of the next line)


A 8 store] fair P96 CP24 P30 P37 12-14] omitted P96 CP24 P30 P37

* 372  
**After great pain a formal feeling comes**

**Manuscript:** About autumn 1862, in Fascicle 18 (H 26).

A  
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 -
A Wooden way
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought -
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 -

5-8] copied in the order 5, 7, 6, 8 and marked for transposition

**Publication:** Atlantic Monthly, 143 (February 1929), 184, and FP (1929), 175, with the transposition, as three stanzas of 4, 5, and 6 lines; in

396  
1862 Fascicles
373  This world is not conclusion

MANUSCRIPT: About summer 1862, in Fascicle 18 (H 26, 26A).

A  This World is not conclusion.
    A Species stands beyond -
    Invisible, as Music -
    But positive, as Sound -
    It beckons, and it baffles -
    Philosophy, dont know -
    And through a Riddle, at the last -
    Sagacity, must go -
    To guess it, puzzles scholars -
    To gain it, Men have borne
    Contempt of Generations
    And Crucifixion, shown -
    Faith slips - and laughs, and rallies -
    Blushes, if any see -
    Plucks at a twig of Evidence -
    And asks a Vane, the way -
    Much Gesture, from the Pulpit -
    Strong Hallelujahs roll -
    Narcotics cannot still the Tooth
    That nibbles at the soul -
    2 Species] a sequel -  9 guess it,] prove it -  18 Strong]
    Sure -  19 Tooth] Mouse -

   Division  16 way - || 17 the | 19 the |

PUBLICATION: Lines 1-12 appeared in Todd, The Outlook, 53 (25 January 1896), 140, and in Poems (1896), 139, with the alternative for line 2 adopted. The final eight lines were published in BM (1945), 290, from a transcript of A (A TR270), with the alternative not adopted. A note explained that the lines might be part of “After great pain a formal feeling comes” or “This world is not conclusion.” Poems (1955), 384-85; CP (1960), 243. MB (1981), 396-97, in facsimile. (J501)
406  **Over and over like a tune**

**MANUSCRIPT:** About autumn 1862, in Fascicle 20 (H 64).

A Over and over, like a Tune -
The Recollection plays -
Drums off the Phantom Battlements
Cornets of Paradise -
Snatches, from Baptized Generations -
Cadences too grand
But for the Justified Processions
At the Lord's Right hand.

**PUBLICATION:** FP (1929), 112, with stanza 2 in five lines (in later collections, as a quatrain). Poems (1955), 293; CP (1960), 174. MB (1981), 446, in facsimile. (J367)

A 3 off] of FP29 P30 P37

* 407  **One need not be a chamber to be haunted**

**MANUSCRIPTS:** Two, variant, about 1862 and 1864. A copy is in Fascicle 20 (H 65), recorded about autumn 1862.

A One need not be a chamber - to be Haunted -
One need not be a House -
The Brain - has Corridors surpassing
Material Place -
Far safer of a Midnight - meeting
External Ghost -
Than an Interior - confronting -
That cooler - Host -
Far safer, through an Abbey - gallop -
The Stones a'chase -
Than moonless - One's A'self encounter - 
In lonesome place -

Ourself - behind Ourself - Concealed -
Should startle - most -
Assassin - hid in Our Apartment -
Be Horror's least -

The Prudent - carries a Revolver -
He bolts the Door -
O'erlooking a Superior Spectre -
More near -

4 Material] Corporeal  8] That Whiter Host.  17 The
Prudent] The Body  17 a] the  19-20]
A Spectre - infinite - accompanying -
He fails to fear -

Maintaining a superior spectre -
None saw -

A fair copy was sent to Susan Dickinson about early 1864, signed
"Emily" (H 304). An alternative reading for line 17 ("The Body") was
adopted.

B
One need not be a Chamber - to be Haunted -
One need not be a House -
The Brain has Corridors - surpassing
Material Place -

Far safer, of a midnight meeting
External Ghost
Than it's interior confronting -
That cooler Host -

Far safer, through an Abbey gallop,
The Stones a'cha -
Than unarmed, one's a'self encounter -
In lonesome Place -

Ourself behind ourself, concealed -
Should startle most -
The soul selects her own society

MANUSCRIPTS: Two (one in part), variant, about 1862 and 1864. A copy of the entire poem is in Fascicle 20 (H 65), about autumn 1862.

A

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
Opon her Mat -

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

11 Valves] lids -

Division 9 ample | 11 of |

About early 1864 ED made a copy of the first stanza, but did not adopt the corresponding alternatives (H B163).

B

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

Division 1 selects | 2 the | 3 divine |

ED set down these lines in ink on a leaf of notepaper as if for a recipient, but perhaps retained them because they are upside down to the notepaper. Later in 1864 she used the other side to make a pencil copy (right side up) of “Love reckons by itself alone” that served as her record of the poem. The manuscript, carrying both poems, passed into Susan Dickinson’s possession after ED’s death when Lavinia Dickinson took manuscripts to her for editing.

PUBLICATION: Poems (1890), 26, from the fascicle copy (A), with the alternatives for lines 3 and 4 adopted. Poems (1955), 225 (A principal, B); CP (1960), 143 (A). MB (1981), 450 (A), in facsimile. (J303)
The Love of Thee - a Prism be -
Excelling Violet -
I see thee better for the Years
That hunch themselves between -
The Miner's Lamp - sufficient be -
To nullify the Mine -
And in the Grave - I see Thee best -
It's little Panels be
A'glow - All ruddy - with the Light
I held so high, for Thee -
What need of Day -
To Those whose Dark - hath so - surpassing Sun -
It deem it be - Continually -
At the Meridian?

6 hunch themselves] pile themselves -

Division 5 the | 11 the | 14 So - | 14 Sun - ||

**Publication**: SH (1914), 85, from the copy to Susan ([B]). Poems (1955), 470 ([B], C principal; without [A]); CP (1960), 301 (C). MB (1981), 461-62 (C), in facsimile. (J611)

[B] 15 deem] seem SH14 CP24 P30

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**443 Could I do more for thee**

**Manuscript**: About late 1862, in Fascicle 21 (H 182).

A Could - I do more - for Thee -
Wert Thou a Bumble Bee -
Since for the Queen, have I -
Nought but Boquet?


---

**444 It would have starved a gnat**

**Manuscript**: About late 1862, in Fascicle 21 (H 182).
It would have starved a Gnat -
To live so small as I -
And yet, I was a living child -
With Food's necessity

Opon me - like a Claw -
I could no more remove
Than I could coax a Leech away -
Or make a Dragon - move -

Nor like the Gnat - had I -
The privilege to fly
And seek a Dinner for myself -
How mighter He - than I!

Nor like Himself - the Art
Opon the Window Pane
To gad my little Being out -
And not begin - again -

2 live] dine 7 coax a Leech away] modify [a Leech
11 seek] gain

Division 7 Leech |

Publications: BM (1945), 100, from a transcript of A (AT362), with
MB (1981), 463, in facsimile. (J612)

445 They shut me up in prose

Manuscript: About late 1862, in Fascicle 21 (H 182).

They shut me up in Prose -
As when a little Girl
They put me in the Closet -
Because they liked me "still" -

Still! Could themself have peeped -
And seen my Brain - go round -
They might as wise have lodged a Bird
For Treason - in the Pound -
Himself has but to will
And easy as a Star*
Look down upon Captivity -
And laugh - No more have I -

Look down upon] Abolish his -

**Publication:** UP (1935), 34, with the alternative not adopted. Poems (1955), 471-72; CP (1960), 302, with the alternative adopted. MB (1981), 464, in facsimile. (J613)

**446 This was a poet**

**Manuscript:** About late 1862, in Fascicle 21 (H 183).

This was a Poet -
It is That
Distills amazing sense
From Ordinary Meanings -
And Attar so immense

From the familiar species
That perished by the Door -
We wonder it was not Ourselves
Arrested it - before -

Of Pictures, the Discloser -
The Poet - it is He -
Entitles Us - by Contrast -
To ceaseless Poverty -

Of Portion - so unconscious -
The Robbing - could not harm -
Himself - to Him - a Fortune -
Exterior - to Time -

**Publication:** FP (1929), 12, with the first nine lines as an eleven-line stanza; in derivative collections, as an eight-line stanza. Poems (1955),

468 1862 Fascicles
346-47, as four quatrains; also CP (1960), 215. MB (1981), 465, in facsimile. (J448)

A 5 Attar] attars FP29 P30 P37

447  In falling timbers buried

MANUSCRIPT: About late 1862, in Fascicle 21 (H 183).

A  In falling Timbers buried -
There breathed a Man -
Outside - the spades - were plying -
The Lungs - within -

Could He - know - they sought Him -
Could They - know - He breathed -
Horrid Sand Partition -
Neither - could be heard -

Never slacked the Diggers -
But when spades had done -
Oh, Reward of Anguish,
It was dying - Then -

Many Things - are fruitless -
'Tis a Baffling Earth -
But there is no Gratitude
Like the Grace - of Death -

\[ falling[ crashing  3 Outside] Without  6 breathed[ lived  11 Oh, Reward of] Recompense of -\]

Division 3 were | 5 sought |


A 11] Oh, recompense of anguish, BM45 12 It] He BM45

469  1862 Fascicles
Her Green People recollect it
When they do not die -

Fainter Leaves - to Further Seasons -
Dumbly testify -
We - who have the Souls -
Die oftener - Not so vitally -

Division 1 sears | 3 recollect | 5 Further | 8 so |

Publication: BM (1945), 245, from a transcript of B (ATr379), with
the first two words of line 8 at the end of line 7. Poems (1955), 237-38 (A,
B principal); CP (1960), 148 (B). MB (1981), 486 (B), in facsimile. (J314)

* 458 She dealt her pretty words like blades

Manuscript: About late 1862, in Fascicle 22 (H104).

A She dealt her pretty words like Blades -
How glittering they shone -
And every One unbare a Nerve
Or wantoned with a Bone -

She never deemed - she hurt -
That - is not Steel's Affair -
A vulgar grime in the Flesh -
How ill the Creatures bear -

To Ache is human - not polite -
The Film opon the eye
Mortality's old Custom -
Just locking up - to Die -

Division 1 pretty | 3 unbared | 6 Steel's | 7 the | 9 not |

Publication: FP (1929), 32, as three stanzas of 6, 6, and 5 lines;
in derivative collections, as three quatrains. Poems (1955), 367-68; CP

A 2 How] As FP29 P30 P37

478 ~ 1862 Fascicles
465  The name of it is “autumn”

MANUSCRIPT: About late 1862, in Fascicle 22 (H 105).

A  The name - of it - is “Autumn” -
   The hue - of it - is Blood -
   An Artery - opon the Hill -
   A Vein - along the Road -
   Great Globules - in the Alleys -
   And Oh, the Shower of Stain -
   When Winds - upset the Basin -
   And spill the Scarlet Rain -
   It sprinkles Bonnets - far below -
   It gathers ruddy Pools -
   Then - eddies like a Rose - away -
   Opon Vermillion Wheels -
   8 spill[ tip -] 10 gathers[ stands in -] 10 gathers ruddy[]
   makes Vermillion - 12] And leaves me with the Hills.

PUBLICATION: Youth’s Companion, 65 (8 September 1892), 448, with the alternative for line 12 adopted; also Bingham, AB (1945), 159n. BM (1945), 38, with the alternatives not adopted, from a transcript of A (A TR214). Poems (1955), 506; CP (1960), 326-27. MB (1981), 494, in facsimile. (J656)

A  Title Autumn YC92 AB45

* 466  I dwell in possibility

MANUSCRIPT: About late 1862, in Fascicle 22 (H 106).

A  I dwell in Possibility -
   A fairer House than Prose -
   More numerous of Windows -
   Superior - for Doors -
   Of Chambers as the Cedars -
   Impregnable of eye -
   And for an everlasting Roof
   The Gambrels of the Sky -
Of Visitors - the fairest -
For Occupation - This -
The spreading wide my narrow Hands
To gather Paradise -

8 Gambrels] Gables -

Division 7 everlasting | 11 my |


A 4 for] of FP29 P30 P37

467 A solemn thing within the soul

MANUSCRIPT: About late 1862, in Fascicle 22 (H 106).

A

A Solemn thing within the Soul
To feel itself get ripe -
And golden hang - while farther up -
The Maker's Ladders stop -
And in the Orchard far below -
You hear a Being - drop -

A wonderful - to feel the sun
Still toiling at the cheek
You thought was finished -
Cool of eye, and critical of Work -
He shifts the stem - a little -
To give your Core - a look -

But solemnest - to know
Your chance in Harvest moves
A little nearer - Every sun
The single - to some lives.

Division 1 the | 3 while | 10 critical of |

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 244, from a transcript of A (A TRIIIS), with the first three words of line 10 as the last of line 9. Poems (1955), 370; CP (1960), 232-33. MB (1981), 496, in facsimile. (J483)
To recollect how Busy Grass
Did meddle - one by one -
Till all the Grief with Summer - waved
And none could see the stone.

And though the Wo you have Today
Be larger - As the Sea
Exceeds it's unremembered Drop -
They're Water - equally -

1 good[ well 3 mighty] monstrous 6 meddle] tamper
7 waved] blew - 11 unremembered] undeveloped 12]
they prove One Chemistry -

Division 1 back | 3 mighty | 7 Summer - | 9 you |


A 4 conceived] conceived by UP35 P37

473 I was the slightest in the house

Manuscript: About late 1862, in Fascicle 22 (H 107).

A I was the slightest in the House -
I took the smallest Room -
At night, my little Lamp, and Book -
And one Geranium -

So stationed I could catch the mint
That never ceased to fall -
And just my Basket -
Let me think - I'm sure
That this was all -

I never spoke - unless addressed -
And then, 'twas brief and low -
I could not bear to live - aloud -
The Racket shamed me so -

And if it had not been so far -
And any one I knew

487 1862 Fascicles
Were going - I had often thought
How noteless - I could die -

Division 5 catch |


474  You love the Lord you cannot see

MANUSCRIPT: About late 1862, in Fascicle 22 (H 107).

A You love the Lord - you cannot see -
You write Him - every day -
A little note - when you awake -
And further in the Day,

An Ample Letter - How you miss -
And would delight to see -
But then His House - is but a step -
And mine's - in Heaven - You see -

Division 1 cannot | 3 you | 5 you | 7 is | 8 Heaven - |


475  Myself was formed a carpenter

MANUSCRIPT: About late 1862, in Fascicle 22 (H 108).

A Myself was formed - a Carpenter -
An unpretending time
My Plane, and I, together wrought
Before a Builder came -

To measure our attainments -
Had we the Art of Boards
Sufficiently developed - He'd hire us
At Halves -

488  1862 Fascicles
That crawled Leagues off - I liked to see -
For thinking - While I'die -
How pleasant to behold a Thing
Where Human faces - be -

The Waves grew sleepy - Breath - did not -
The Winds - like Children - lulled -
Then Sunrise kissed my Chrysalis -
And I stood up - and lived -

3 lifeless Fan] flickering fan 5 threw] tossed 13 The
Waves grew sleepy -] The Ocean - tired - • [The Ocean -]
weariest -

Division 1 parted -| 3 the | 5 threw | 7 my | 9 off -| 11 a |
12 be -|| 13 sleepy -| 14 Children -| 15 my |

publication: FP (1929), 98, as four six-lines stanzas, with the alternatives for lines 3 and 5 adopted; in later collections, in sixteen lines without stanza division. Poems (1955), 459; CP (1960), 294, with the alternative for line 5 adopted. MB (1981), 543-44, in facsimile. (J598)

A 3 strove] stood FP29 P30 P37 15 Then] The FP29 P30 P37

*515* There is a pain so utter

Manuscript: About spring 1863, in Fascicle 24 (H 156).

A There is a pain - so utter -
It swallows substance up -
Then covers the Abyss with Trance -
So Memory can step
Around - across - opon it -
As One within a Swoon -
Goes safely - where an open eye -
Would drop Him - Bone by Bone -

2 substance] Being 7 safely -] steady - 8 drop Him -] spill Him -

Publication: Nation, 128 (13 March 1929), 315, and FP (1929), 177, with the alternatives for lines 2 and 7 adopted. Poems (1955), 460; CP (1960), 294. MB (1981), 544, in facsimile. (J599)

A 7 where] when Nat29 FP29 P30 P37

524 1863 Fascicles
It troubled me as once I was

MANUSCRIPT: About spring 1863, in Fascicle 24 (H 156).

A
It troubled me as once I was -
For I was once a Child -
Concluding how an atom - fell -
And yet the Heavens - held -

The Heavens weighed the most - by far -
Yet Blue - and solid - stood -
Without a Bolt - that I could prove -
Would Giants - understand?

Life set me larger - problems -
Some I shall keep - to solve
Till Algebra is easier -
Or simpler proved - above -

Then - too - be comprehended -
What sorer - puzzled me -
Why Heaven did not break away -
And tumble - Blue - on me -

3 Concluding] Deciding 5 weighed the most - by far -] were
the weightiest - far - 6 solid] easy 8 Would] did -
might 10 keep] save 10 solve] interlined above
<prove> 11 Till] where

Division 5 most - | 7 could |

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 83, from a transcript of A (ATr359, 359a),
with the alternative for line 3 adopted. Poems (1955), 460-61; CP (1960),
295. MB (1981), 545, in facsimile. (J600)

* 517  A still volcano life

MANUSCRIPT: About spring 1863, in Fascicle 24 (H 156).

A
A still - Volcano - Life -
That flickered in the night -
When it was dark enough to do
Without erasing sight -
A quiet - Earthquake style -
Too subtle to suspect -
By natures this side Naples -
The North cannot detect

The solemn - Torrid - Symbol -
The lips that never lie -
Whose hissing Corals part - and shut -
And Cities - ooze away -

I Volcano] the alternative at end of the poem for <Volcanic>
in the line 3 do | show 4 erasing] endangering 6
subtle] smouldering 12 ooze] slip - • slide - • melt -

Division 3 enough | alt 6 smouldering] smoulder - ing

Publication: FP (1929), 36, with the alternatives adopted ("slip" for line 7), and a fourth and final stanza (beginning "Therefore we do life's Labor") which is part of a different poem, "I tie my hat - I crease my shawl." The confusion in the manuscripts of Fascicle 24 that led to this association is discussed in Franklin, Harvard Library Bulletin, 28 (July 1980), 245-57. Poems (1955), 461; CP (1960), 295. MB (1981), 546, in facsimile. (J601)

A after 12] lines 25-28 of "I tie my hat - I crease my shawl" FP29 P30 P37

518 When I was small, a woman died

Manuscript: About spring 1863, in Fascicle 24 (H 70).

A When I was small, a Woman died -
Today - her Only Boy
Went up from the Potomac -
His face all Victory

To look at her - How slowly
The Seasons must have turned
Till Bullets clipt an Angle
And He passed quickly round -

If pride shall be in Paradise -
Ourself cannot decide -
Of their imperial conduct -
No person testified -

526 ✾ 1863 Fascicles
But, proud in Apparition -  
That Woman and her Boy  
Pass back and forth, before my Brain  
As even in the sky -  

I'm confident, that Bravoes -  
Perpetual break abroad  
For Braveries, remote as this  
In Yonder Maryland -  

8 passed] went  18 quickly] softly -  19 break] be - •  
go -  19 this] His  19-20 remote as this / In]  
just sealed / in •  
[just] proved - / [in]  
20 Yonder] Scarlet  

Division  1 a | 15 before | 16 sky - || 19-20 sealed no |

Poems (1955) suggested the poem was prompted by the death of Francis H. Dickinson of Belchertown, killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff, Virginia, 21 October 1861, while serving with the Fifteenth Regiment, Company F, but his death is early for this poem. With few exceptions, poems from 1861 entered the fascicles before 1863. ED's characteristic use of "Ourselves" (line 10), unknown in 1861, first appeared in 1862, and no Civil War battles occurred in Maryland (line 20) before September of that year, when Robert E. Lee invaded the state on the way to Pennsylvania, engaging Union forces at several points, notably at Sharpsburg, where he was turned back across the Potomac to Virginia. The soldier may not have been local, or even historical, as none of the casualties for the Amherst area occurred in Maryland.

Publication: Poems (1890), 145, with the alternatives not adopted. Poems (1955), 457-58; CP (1960), 292-93, with the alternative for line 20 adopted. MB (1981), 547-48, in facsimile. (J596)

519  This is my letter to the world

Manuscript: About spring 1863, in Fascicle 24 (H 70).

This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me -
The simple News that Nature told -
With tender Majesty

Her Message is committed
To Hands I cannot see -
For love of Her - Sweet - countrymen -
Judge tenderly - of Me

Division 7 countrymen] country - | men

PUBLICATION: Higginson, Christian Union, 42 (25 September 1890), 393; Poems (1890), as a prelude on the unnumbered page following xii. Poems (1955), 340; CP (1960), 211. MB (1981), 548, in facsimile. (J441)

520 God made a little gentian

MANUSCRIPT: About spring 1863, in Fascicle 24 (H 70).

A God made a little Gentian -
It tried - to be a Rose -
And failed - and all the Summer laughed -
But just before the Snows

There rose a Purple Creature -
That ravished all the Hill -
And Summer hid her Forehead -
And Mockery - was still -

The Frosts were her condition -
The Tyrian would not come
Until the North - invoke it -
Creator - Shall I - bloom?

Division 3 Summer |

Emendation 7 her] here


A Title Fringed Gentian Ind91 P91 5 rose] came Ind91 P91 CP24 P30
P37 11 invoke] evoked Ind91 P91 CP24 P30 P37

528 ~ 1863 Fascicles
The Sun shone whole at intervals -
Then Half - then utter hid -
As if Himself were optional
And had Estates of Cloud

Sufficient to enfold Him
Eternally from view -
Except it were a whim of His
To let the Orchards grow -

A Bird sat careless on the fence -
One gossipped in the Lane
On silver matters charmed a Snake
Just winding round a stone -

Bright Flowers slit a Calyx
And soared upon a stem
Like Hindered Flags - Sweet hoisted -
With Spices - in the Hem -

'Twas more - I cannot mention -
How mean - to those that see -
Vandyke's Delineation
Of Nature's - Summer Day!

8 fair] near - 12 had] owned 22 And] Or


A 5 Far] The UP35 12 Cloud] clouds UP35 P37

524 It feels a shame to be alive

Manuscript: About spring 1863, in Fascicle 24 (H 158).

F24.20

532 © 1863 Fascicles
The Stone - that tells defending Whom
This Spartan put away
What little of Him we - possessed
In Pawn for Liberty -

The price is great - Sublimely paid -
Do we deserve - a Thing -
That lives - like Dollars - must be piled
Before we may obtain?

Are we that wait - sufficient worth -
That such Enormous Pearl
As life - dissolved be - for Us -
In Battle's - horrid Bowl?

It may be - a Renown to live -
I think the Men who die -
Those unsustained - Saviors -
Present Divinity -

Division 1 be | 3 Distinguished | 5 defending | 7 we - |
9 Sublimely | 11 Dollars - | 12 obtain? || 13 sufficient | 15 for |
17 Renown |

Publication: FP (1929), 94, as five stanzas of 6, 6, 6, 6, and 5 lines; in later collections, as quatrains. Poems (1953), 343-44; CP (1960), 213. MB (1981), 559-60, in facsimile. (J444)

A 15 dissolved be] should be dissolved Fp29 P30 P37

525 My period had come for prayer

Manuscript: About spring 1863, in Fascicle 28 (H 134).

A  My period had come for Prayer -  F28.1
No other Art - would do -
My Tactics missed a rudiment -
Creator - Was it you?

God grows above - so those who pray
Horizons - must ascend -
And so I stepped opon the North
To see this Curious on the Friend -
One anguish in a crowd

MANUSCRIPT: About spring 1863, in Fascicle 28 (H 134).

A

One Anguish - in a Crowd -
A minor thing - it sounds -
And yet, unto the single Doe
Attempted - of the Hounds

'Tis Terror as consummate
As Legions of Alarm
Did leap, full flanked, opon the Host -
'Tis Units - make the Swarm -

A small Leech - on the Vitals -
The sliver, in the Lung -
The Bung out - of an Artery -
Are scarce accounted - Harms -

Yet mighty - by relation
To that Repealless thing -
A Being - impotent to end -
When once it has begun -

II The Bung out - of[ A leakage in 12 accounted]
computed 13 Yet] But 15 end -] stop -

Division 7 opon |
Emendation 5 'Tis] Tis


It is not dying hurts us so
'Tis not that dying hurts us so

MANUSCRIPTS: Two (one lost), variant, about 1863. The poem was incorporated into a letter now lost to Louise and Frances Norcross on the occasion of the death of their father, Loring Norcross, on 17 January 1863. The text survives in Frances's transcript (Y-MSSA MLT69-19, 432).

When you have strength, tell us how it is, and what we may do for you, of comfort or of service. Be sure you crowd all others

535  1863 Fascicles
out, precious little cousins. Good night. Let Emily sing for you because she cannot pray,*

[A] It is not 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 soon as frosts are due -
Adopts a better latitude.
We are the birds that stay
The shiverers round farmers' doors.
For whose reluctant crumb -
We stipulate - till pitying snows
Persuade our feathers Home.

*A copy transcribed about spring 1863 is in Fascicle 28 (H 134), divided into quatrains.

B '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 Shiverers round Farmer's doors -
For whose reluctant Crumb -
We stipulate - till pitying Snows
Persuade our Feathers Home

Four lines differ:

1 It is not] 'Tis not that 6 soon as] ere the 7 Adopts]
Accepts 9 farmers'] Farmer's

Although the variance in line 9 is clear between the Norcross transcript and the fascicle, the apostrophe may be misplaced in one of them.

Publication: Letters (1894), 251, from ([A]); also LL (1924), 253; and Letters (1931), 229. BM (1945), 201, from a transcript of B (A

536 1863 Fascicles
529  A dying tiger moaned for drink

MANUSCRIPTS: Two (one lost), variant, about 1863. The lost manuscript was sent to Louise and Frances Norcross, perhaps about 1863. The first line survives on a list Frances made of poems received (A Tr43).

[A] A dying tiger moaned for drink

The extant holograph is in Fascicle 28 (H 135), recorded about spring 1863, variant in that it has an alternative for line 2.

B A Dying Tiger - moaned for Drink -
I hunted all the Sand -
I caught the Dripping of a Rock
And bore it in my Hand -

His mighty Balls - in death were thick -
But searching - I could see
A Vision on the Retina
Of Water - and of me -

'Twas not my blame - who sped too slow -
'Twas not his blame - who died
While I was reaching him -
But 'twas - the fact that He was dead -

2 hunted] worried -

DIVISION 1 moaned | 3 a | 5 death | 9 who | 10 who | 12 that |

PUBLICATION: BM (1945), 186-87, with the the first two words of line 12 at the end of line 11, from a transcript of B (A Tr51). Poems (1955), 432-33; CP (1960), 275-76. MB (1981), 645, in facsimile. (J566)

530  He gave away his life

MANUSCRIPT: About spring 1863, in Fascicle 28 (H 135).
B

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 -

5 dilute] contract 5 plausibility] credibility 6 Novel]
Romance 7 credit [-] compass -

Division 5 dilute to |

<PUBLICATION: SH (1914), 14, as an eight-line stanza, from the copy to Susan (A). Poems (1955), 516 (A principal, B); CP (1960), 332 (A). MB (1981), 590 (B), in facsimile. (J669)<p>

*591 I heard a fly buzz when I died*

MANUSCRIPT: About summer 1863, in Fascicle 26 (A 84-1/2).

A

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 -

Division 1 when | 5 them |
Just looking round to see how far
It is - Occasionally -

Division 3 even - it | 7 Hearts |

Publication: BM (1945), 94, with the last two words of line 3 as the first of line 4. Poems (1955), 359-60; CP (1960), 224-25. MB (1981), 600, in facsimile. (J467)

Her “last Poems”

Manuscripts: Three, variant, about 1863, a tribute to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose Last Poems was issued in 1862, following her death on 30 June 1861. A fair copy, signed “Emily” and sent to Susan Dickinson, was sold by Martha Bianchi in 1935 and sold again on 22 October 1963 at the Parke-Bernet auction of the Robert P. Esty Library (Bibliotheca Bodmeriana; = Esty).

A

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 free for the adoring,
From the Anglo-Florentine.
Late - the Praise -
'Tis dull - conferring
On a Head too high to crown -
Diadem - or Ducal Showing -
Be it’s Grave - sufficient Sign -
Yet, if We - No Poet’s Kinsman -
Suffocate - with easy wo -
What and if Ourself a Bridegroom -
Put Her down - in Italy?

Division 3 her | 4 bubbled | 5 so | 6 Summer - | 7 the | 8 the |
| 9 Anglo-Florentine. || 12 high | 14 sufficient | 15 Poet’s | 17 Ourself |

Another fair copy, folded and signed but not addressed, may have been sent to Samuel Bowles, as Jay Leyda suggested (Amherst), but no evidence
on the manuscript or among the Todd editorial papers indicates that it
was (A 688). The manuscript probably remained in ED’s possession, as did
others with similar characteristics.

B  
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 free for the Adoring -
From the Anglo-Florentine -
Late - the Praise -
’Tis dull - Conferring
On the Head too High to Crown -
Diadem - or Ducal Showing -
Be it’s Grave - sufficient Sign -
Nought - that We - No Poet’s Kinsman -
Suffocate - with easy wo -
What, and if, Ourself a Bridegroom -
Put Her down - in Italy?

Division 3 her | 4 bubbled | 7 Summer -| 8 the | 9 the | 10
Anglo-Florentine || 13 High | 15 sufficient | 16 No | 18 Ourself |

The text in Fascicle 26 (A 84-7/8), recorded about summer 1863, is
divided into stanzas and carries alternative readings, of which one for line
12 had been adopted as the reading in the earlier fair copies.

C  
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 -

F26.12

597 1863 Fascicles
Diadem - or Ducal symbol -
Be it's Grave - sufficient Sign -

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

8 full] the u made from another letter

(1) 7 uttered] published 12 symbol -] showing - • Token -
(2) 6 unto] opon - 7 uttered] lavished

Division 3 her | 4 bubbled | 10 dull - | 11 to | 13 sufficient |
Sign - || 14 No | 16 a |

Four lines, cited with the numbering of A, are variant, of which one (13) derives from the treatment of alternatives.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Susan</th>
<th>Retained</th>
<th>Fascicle</th>
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<tr>
<td>8 free</td>
<td>free</td>
<td>full</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 a</td>
<td>the</td>
<td>the</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13 Showing</td>
<td>Showing</td>
<td>symbol • showing • Token</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15 Yet, if</td>
<td>Nought - that</td>
<td>Nought - that</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

For lines 6, 7, and 12 there are alternatives in the fascicle copy not represented in the text of either fair copy.


601 When bells stop ringing - church begins

Manuscript: About summer 1863, in Fascicle 26 (A 84-7/8).

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

2 Positive] Transitive

Division 1 ringing - | 3 that's |
I think I was enchanted
When first a sombre Girl -
I read that Foreign Lady -
The Dark - felt beautiful -

And whether it was noon at night -
Or only Heaven - at noon -
For very Lunacy of Light
I had not power to tell -

The Bees - became as Butterflies -
The Butterflies - as Swans -
Approached - and spurned the narrow Grass -
And just the meanest Tunes

That Nature murmured to herself
To keep herself in Cheer -
I took for Giants - practising
Titanic Opera -

The Days - to Mighty Metres stept -
The Homeliest - adorned
As if unto a Jubilee
'Twere suddenly confirmed -

I could not have defined the change -
Conversion of the Mind
Like Sanctifying in the Soul -
Is witnessed - not explained -

'Twas a Divine Insanity -
The Danger to be sane
Should I again experience -
'Tis Antidote to turn -

To Tomes of Solid Witchcraft -
Magicians be asleep -
But Magic - hath an element
Like Deity - to keep -

Division 5 noon | 9 as | 11 spurned | 13 to | 14 Cheer - || 17
Metres 21 the | 28 turn - ||


628  'Tis customary as we part

Manuscript: About the second half of 1863, in Fascicle 29 (H 154).

A 'Tis Customary as we part
   A Trinket - to confer -
   It helps to stimulate the faith
   When Lovers be afar -

'Tis various - as the various taste -
   Clematis - journeying far -
   Presents me with a single Curl
   Of her Electric Hair -

Poems (1955), 340, noting that clematis is also known as "Traveler's Joy," suggested that the poem may have been "composed to accompany a gift of a clematis blossom for a departing friend."


629  The battle fought between the soul

Manuscript: About the second half of 1863, in Fascicle 29 (H 154).

A The Battle fought between the Soul
   And No Man - is the One
   Of all the Battles prevalent -
   By far the Greater One -

619  1863 Fascicles
I started early - took my dog

MANUSCRIPT: About the second half of 1863, in Fascicle 30 (H 382).

A
I started Early - Took my Dog -
And visited the Sea -
The Mermaids in the Basement
Came out to look at me -
And Frigates - in the Upper Floor
Extended Hempen Hands -
Presuming Me to be a Mouse -
Aground - opon the Sands -
But no Man moved Me - till the Tide
Went past my simple Shoe -
And past my Apron - and my Belt
And past my Boddice - too -
And made as He would eat me up -
As wholly as a Dew
Opon a Dandelion's Sleeve -
And then - I started - too -
And He - He followed - close behind -
I felt His Silver Heel
Opon my Ancle - Then My Shoes
Would overflow with Pearl -

Until We met the Solid Town -
No One He seemed to know -
And bowing - with a Mighty look -
At me - The Sea withdrew -

12 Boddice] Bosom • Buckle 22 One] man -

Division 1 my | 5 Upper | 9 Me - | 11 and | 13 eat | 13 up -
|| 17 close | 19 My | 21 Solid | 23 a |


A  Title By the Sea P91

640 ∞ 1863 Fascicles

B 7 a Twilight] the twilight SH14 CP24 P30 P37

* 788 Publication is the auction

**MANUSCRIPT:** About late 1863, in Fascicle 37 (H 59).

A Publication - is the Auction F37.16
Of the Mind of Man -
Poverty - be justifying
For so foul a thing

Possibly - but We - would rather 5
From Our Garret go
White - unto the White Creator -
Than invest - Our Snow -

Thought belong to Him who gave it -
Then - to Him Who bear 10
It's Corporeal illustration - sell
The Royal Air -

In the Parcel - Be the Merchant
Of the Heavenly Grace -
But reduce no Human Spirit 15
To Disgrace of Price -

D**vision** 5 would | 9 who |

**PUBLICATION:** *Letters* (1894), 268, the first two lines; also *Letters* (1931), 245. *FP* (1929), 4, entire, with the final two stanzas as one and the last word of line 11 as the first of line 12. *Poems* (1955), 544-45; *CP* (1960), 348-49. *MB* (1981), 915, in facsimile. (J709)

A 3-16] omitted L94 L31 9 belong] belongs FP29 P30 P37

* 789 All but death can be adjusted

**MANUSCRIPT:** About late 1863, in Fascicle 37 (H 59).

A All but Death, Can be adjusted F37.17
Dynasties repaired -

742 ◊ 1863 Fascicles
But that it would affront us
To dwell in such a place -

**Division** 1 Fact | 1 Earth | 2 Whether Heaven | 2 or | 3 an |
Affidavit || 4 that | 5 must | 6 not | 7 it | 7 affront | us || 8 in |

**Publication:** BM (1945), 216, as two quatrains. *Poems* (1955), 977-78; CP (1960), 602. (J1408)

* 1436  

**To own a Susan of my own**

**Manuscript:** About 1877, sent to Susan Dickinson, signed “Emily” (H B4).

A  
To own a Susan of my own
Is of itself a Bliss -  
Whatever Realm I forfeit, Lord,
Continue me in this!

**Division** 1 a | 1 of | 2 itself | 3 Whatever | 3 I | 3 Lord, || 4 Continue |


A 2 of] in FF32

* 1437  

**Shame is the shawl of pink**

**Manuscript:** About 1877, in pencil on a fragment of stationery (A 342).

A  
Shame is the shawl of Pink
In which we wrap the Soul
To keep it from infesting Eyes -
The elemental Veil
Which helpless Nature drops
When pushed upon a scene
Repugnant to her probity -
Shame is the tint divine -

**Division** 1 shawl | 2 wrap | 3 from | 5 Nature | 6 upon | 7 her | probity || 8 tint |
That time I flew
Both eyes his way
Lest he pursue
Nor ever ceased to run
Till in a distant Town
Towns on from mine
I set me down
This was a dream -

Division  21 there - ||

PUBLICATION: SH (1914), 75-76, from the transcript, with the last two words of line 18 as the first of line 19. Poems (1955), 1137-39, from the transcript; also CP (1960), 682-83. (J1670)

[A] 38 set] sat SH14 CP24 P30 P37

* 1743 On my volcano grows the grass

MANUSCRIPT: Lost, transcribed by Susan Dickinson (H ST26b).

[A] On my volcano grows the Grass
A meditative spot -
An acre for a Bird to choose
Would be the general thought -

How red the Fire rocks below
How insecure the sod
Did I disclose
Would populate with awe my solitude

Susan began another transcript of this manuscript but broke off after two lines.

On my Volcano grows the grass
A meditative spot -

2 meditative] the m made from M

PUBLICATION: SH (1914), 133, from the transcript, with the first two words of line 8 as the last of line 7. Poems (1955), 1141, from the transcript; also CP (1960), 685. (J1677)

[A] 3 acre] area SH14 CP24 P30 P37  5 rocks] reeks SH14 CP24 P30 P37

1503 ∞ Undated
1774  A face devoid of love or grace

MANUSCRIPT: Lost, transcribed by Mabel Todd (A 1896PC, 19).

[A] A face devoid of love or grace,
    A hateful, hard, successful face,
    A face with which a stone
    Would feel as thoroughly at ease
    As were they old acquaintances
First time together thrown.

PUBLICATION: Poems (1896), 31. Poems (1955), 1155, from the Todd transcript; also CP (1960), 695. (J1711)

[A] Title A Portrait P96

1775  Upon the gallows hung a wretch

MANUSCRIPT: Lost, transcribed by Mabel Todd (A 1896PC, 25).

[A] Upon the gallows hung a wretch,
    Too sullied for the hell
    To which the law entitled him.
    As nature’s curtain fell
    The one who bore him tottered in,
    -
    For this was woman’s son.
    “’Twas all I had,” she stricken gasped
    -
    Oh, what a livid boon!

PUBLICATION: Poems (1896), 36. Poems (1955), 1179, from the Todd transcript; also CP (1960), 711. (J1757)

* 1776  The reticent volcano keeps

MANUSCRIPT: Lost, transcribed by Mabel Todd (A 1896PC, 27).

[A] The reticent volcano keeps
    His never slumbering plan;
    Confided are his projects pink
    To no precarious man.

0

1519  Undated
If nature will not tell the tale
Jehovah told to her*
Can human nature not proceed
Without a listener?

Admonished by her buckled lips
Let every prater be
The only secret neighbors keep
Is Immortality.

7 proceed] survive 10 prater] babbler 11 neighbors]
people 11 keep] shun

PUBLICATION: Todd, The Outlook, 54 (15 August 1896), 285, stanzas 1 and 3 in a single eight-line stanza, with alternatives for lines 10 and 11 ("people"), adopted; Poems (1896), 38, entire, with alternatives for lines 7, 10, and 11 ("people") adopted. Poems (1955), 1174-75, from the transcript, with the Todd choice of alternatives adopted; also CP (1960), 708. (J1748)

[A] Title Reticence P96 5-8] omitted Out96 9 her] his Out96

1777 To lose thee sweeter than to gain

MANUSCRIPT: Lost, transcribed by Mabel Todd (A 1896PC, 68).

[A] To lose thee - sweeter than to gain
All other hearts I knew.
'Tis true the drought is destitute,
But then, I had the dew!

The Caspian has it's realms of sand,
It's other realm of sea.
Without the sterile perquisite,
No Caspian could be.

2 hearts] things

Emendation 5 it's] its 6 It's] Its

PUBLICATION: Poems (1896), 81. Poems (1955), 1177-78, from the Todd transcript; also CP (1960), 710. (J1754)