

Emily Dickinson

Here is a clever list poem about E. D. I found on-line which will review what you discovered in the introductory slide show and help you know a bit more about the reclusive "Belle of Amherst."

Monday Figure out what to wear—white dress?
Put hair in bun
Bake gingerbread for Sue
Peer out window at passerby
Write poem
Hide poem

Tuesday White dress?
Off-white dress?
Feed cats
Chat with Lavinia
Work in garden
Letter to T. W. H.

Wednesday White dress or what?
Evesdrop on visitors from behind door
Write poem
Hide poem

Thursday Try on new white dress
Gardening—watch out for narrow fellows
in grass!
Gingerbread, cakes, treats
Poems: Write and hide them

Friday Embroider sash for white dress
Write poetry
Water flowers on windowsill
Hide everything

Poem 968 by Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)
It's the first of her poems I ever read, and surprisingly I loved it...Why surprisingly?

A narrow Fellow in the Grass
Occasionally rides—
You may have met Him—did you not
His notice sudden is—

The Grass divides as with a Comb—
A spotted shaft is seen—
And then it closes at your feet
And opens further on—

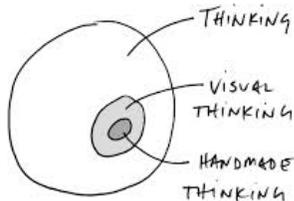
He likes a Boggy Acre
A Floor too cool for Corn—
Yet when a Boy, and Barefoot--
I more than once at Noon

Have passed, I thought, a Whip lash
Unbraiding in the Sun
When stooping to secure it
It wrinkled, and was gone—

Several of Nature's People
I know, and they know me—
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality—

But never met this Fellow
Attended or alone
Without a tighter breathing
And Zero at the Bone—

Activity time



Hope is a subtle glutton;
He feeds upon the fair;
And yet, inspected closely,
What abstinence is there!

His is the halcyon table
That never seats but one,
And whatsoever is consumed
The same amounts remain.

Death is a dialogue between
The spirit and the dust.
"Dissolve," says Death.
The Spirit, "Sir, I have another trust."
Death doubts it, argues from the ground.
The Spirit turns away,
Just laying off, for evidence,
An overcoat of clay.

Think aloud (Q and A) to learn:

Because I could not stop for Death
He kindly stopped for me
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality

We slowly drove,
He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor, and my leisure too
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played
Their lessons scarcely done;
We passed the fields of gazing grain
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling in the ground;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity

Listen to learn:



(1)

Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.
Not one of all the purple hosts
Who took the flag today
Can tell the definition,
So clear, of victory,
As he, defeated, dying
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Break, agonized and clear.

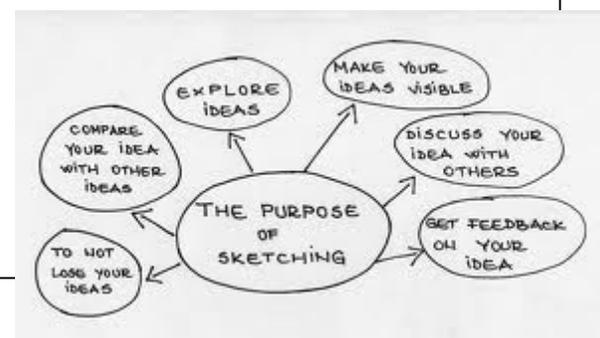
(2)

The brain is wider than the sky,
For put them side by side,
The one the other will include
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, lift them, pound for pound,
And they will differ if they do,
As syllable from sound.

Sketch to learn:



Learn with two-column notes:

(1)
For each ecstatic instant
We must an anguish pay
In keen and quivering ratio
To the ecstasy.

For each beloved hour
Sharp pittance of years,
Bitter contested farthings
And coffers heaped with tears.

(2)
We never know how high we are
Till we are called to rise;
And then, if we are true to plan,
Our statures touch the skies,

The heroism we recite
Would be a daily thing,
Did not ourselves the cubits warp
For fear to be a king.

(3)
They say that "time assuages," —
Time never did assuage;
An actual suffering strengthens,
As sinews do with age.

Time is a test of trouble,
But not a remedy
If such it prove, it prove too
There is no malady.

We learned the whole of love,
The alphabet, the words,
A chapter, then the mighty book—
Then revelation closed.

But in each other's eyes
An ignorance beheld
Diviner than the childhood's
And each to each a child

Attempted to expound
What neither understood
Alas, that wisdom is so large
And truth so manifold.



Heart, we will forget him!
You and I, tonight!
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

Four lines of your thoughts on E.D. at this point

Here are some short, philosophical poems from E. Dickinson.
These are easy to remember
and make great introductions to get some essays going as well.
I hope you will stay acquainted with my favorite poet...always.

(1)
In this short life
That only lasts an hour
How much—how little
Is within our power.

(2)
Had I not seen the Sun
I could have borne the shade
But Light a newer Wilderness
My Wilderness has made.

(3)
Surgeons must be very careful
When they take the knife
Underneath their fine incisions
Stirs the culprit—life.

(4)
Who has not found the heaven below
Will fail of it above
God's residence is next to mine
His furniture is love.

(5)
Opinion is a flitting thing
But truth outlasts the sun
If then you cannot own them both
Possess the oldest one

(6)
It's such a little thing to weep
So short a thing to sigh
And yet by trades the size of these
We men and women die

Much Madness is divinest Sense -
To a discerning Eye -
Much Sense - the starkest Madness -
'Tis the Majority
In this, as All, prevail -
Assent - and you are sane -
Demur - you're straightaway dangerous -
And handled with a Chain -



My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If immortality unveil
A third event to me.

So huge, so hopeless to conceive
As these that twice befell.
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.

Your last thoughts about her life and philosophy...