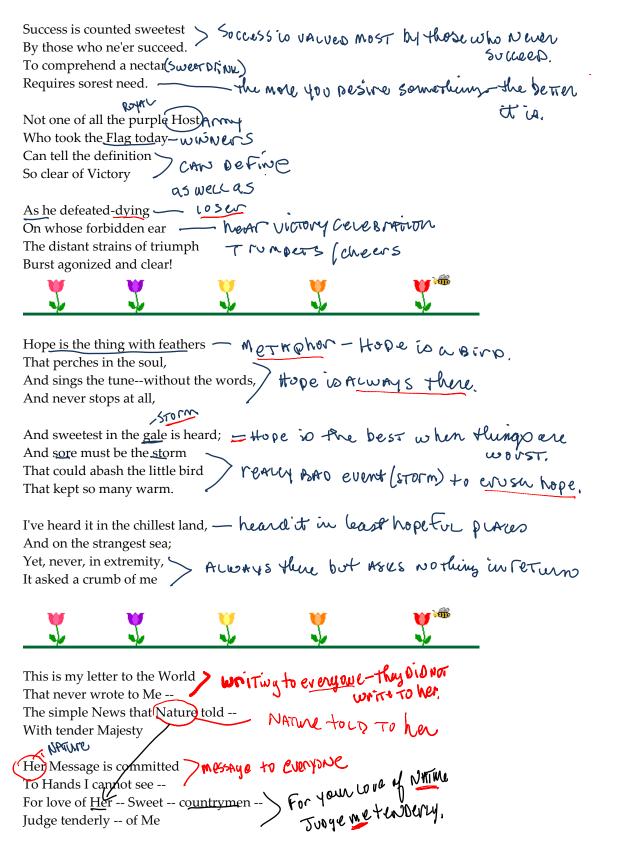
## **Emily Dickinson Poems**



Because I could not stop for Death (712)
by Emily Dickinson
Because I could not stop for Death > Too Busy But Death Come He kindly stopped for me - Awyway. The Carriage held but just Ourselves - Then, Dearch & Immortantly I And Immortality.
We slowly drove - He knew no haste - 5000 - 00 horry And I had put away My labor and my l <u>eisu</u> re too, For His Civility - To be porte
For His Civility – We passed the School, where Children strove At Recess – in the Ring – We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain – We passed the Setting Sun – $\rightarrow$ got Davy
Or rather – He passed us – The Dews drew quivering and chill – For only Gossamer, my Gown – $g_{0WN}$ this – $g_{0T}$ Calo My Tippet – only Tulle –
We paused before a House that seemed A Swelling of the Ground – The Roof was scarcely visible – The Cornice – in the Ground –
Since then - 'tis Centuries - and yet Centuries but it Feels Short Feels shorter than the Day Enjoying herself I first surmised the Horses' Heads Since the 1st remised pearly cume Were toward Eternity -