

Emily Dickinson Poems

Success is counted sweetest
 By those who ne'er succeed. \rightarrow Success is valued most by those who never succeed.
 To comprehend a nectar (Sweet drink)
 Requires sorest need. \rightarrow the more you desire something the better it is.

Not one of all the purple ^{royal} Host Army
 Who took the Flag today - winners
 Can tell the definition \rightarrow can define
 So clear of Victory as well as

As he defeated - dying \rightarrow loser
 On whose forbidden ear \rightarrow hear victory celebration
 The distant strains of triumph
 Burst agonized and clear! \rightarrow trumpets / cheers



Hope is the thing with feathers \rightarrow Metaphor - Hope is a bird.
 That perches in the soul,
 And sings the tune--without the words, \rightarrow hope is always there.
 And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the ^{storm} gale is heard; \rightarrow hope is the best when things are worst.
 And sore must be the storm
 That could abash the little bird \rightarrow really bad event (storm) to crush hope.
 That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chilliest land, \rightarrow heard it in least hopeful places
 And on the strangest sea;
 Yet, never, in extremity, \rightarrow Always there but asks nothing in return
 It asked a crumb of me



This is my letter to the World \rightarrow writing to everyone - they did not write to her.
 That never wrote to Me --
 The simple News that Nature told -- \rightarrow Nature told to her
 With tender Majesty
 Her Message is committed ^{Nature} \rightarrow message to everyone
 To Hands I cannot see --
 For love of Her -- Sweet -- countrymen -- \rightarrow For your love of Nature
 Judge me tenderly, \rightarrow Judge me tenderly.

Because I could not stop for Death (712)

by Emily Dickinson

Because I could not stop for Death → Too busy BUT DEATH came anyway.
He kindly stopped for me -
The Carriage held but just Ourselves - → her, Death & IMMORTALITY
And Immortality.

We slowly drove - He knew no haste - slow - no hurry
And I had put away → put away her work & play
My labor and my leisure too, To be polite
For His Civility -

We passed the School, where Children strove → Like Flashes before her
At Recess - in the Ring - → school, recess, fields
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain -
We passed the Setting Sun - → got dark

Or rather - He passed us - (she is dead - body gets cold.)
The Dews drew quivering and chill -
For only Gossamer, my Gown - → gown thin - got cold
My Tippet - only Tulle -

We paused before a House that seemed → grave ↓
A Swelling of the Ground -
The Roof was scarcely visible - → cemetery - paused
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 she 1st realized people come for her.
Were toward Eternity -