

Emily Dickinson

(1830-1886)

I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed

I taste a liquor never brewed –
From Tankards scooped in Pearl –
Not all the Frankfort Berries
Yield such an Alcohol!

Inebriate of air – am I –
And Debauchee of Dew –
Reeling – thro' endless summer days –
From inns of molten Blue –

When "Landlords" turn the drunken Bee
Out of the Foxglove's door –
When Butterflies – renounce their "drams" –
I shall but drink the more!

Till Seraphs swing their snowy Hats –
And Saints – to windows run –
To see the Tippler
Leaning against the – Sun!

As Imperceptibly As Grief

As imperceptibly as Grief
The Summer lapsed away--
Too imperceptible, at last,
To seem like Perfidy--
A Quietness distilled,
As Twilight long begun,
Or Nature, spending with herself
Sequestered Afternoon--
The Dusk drew earlier in--
The Morning foreign shone--
A courteous, yet harrowing Grace,
As Guest who would be gone--
And thus, without a Wing,
Or service of a Keel,
Our Summer made her light escape
Into the Beautiful.

There's a Certain Slant of Light

There's a certain Slant of light,
Winter Afternoons –
That oppresses, like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes –

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us –
We can find no scar,
But internal difference,
Where the Meanings, are –

None may teach it – Any –
'Tis the Seal Despair –
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the air –

When it comes, the Landscape listens –
Shadows – hold their breath –
When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
On the look of Death –