

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 day
 To an admiring bog!

Emily Dickinson

855

To own the Art within the Soul
 The Soul to entertain
 With Silence as a Company
 And Festival maintain

Is an unfurnished Circumstance
 Possession is to One
 As an Estate perpetual
 Or a reduceless Mine.

Emily Dickinson

1333

*A little Madness in the Spring
 Is wholesome even for the King,
 But God be with the Clown—
 Who ponders this tremendous scene—
 This whole Experiment of Green—
 As if it were his own!*

Emily Dickinson

254

*Hope is the thing with feathers
 That perches in the soul,
 And sings the tune without the words,
 And never stops at all,*

*And sweetest in the gale is heard;
 And sore must be the storm
 That could abash the little bird
 That kept so many warm.*

*I've heard it in the chilliest land
 And on the strangest sea;
 Yet, never, in extremity,
 It asked a crumb of me.*

Emily Dickinson

1465

*A Route of Evanescence
 With a revolving Wheel—
 A Resonance of Emerald—
 A Rush of Cochineal—
 And every Blossom on the Bush
 Adjusts its tumbled Head—
 The mail from Tunis, probably,
 An easy Morning's Ride—*

Emily Dickinson

919

*If I can stop one Heart from breaking
 I shall not live in vain
 If I can ease one Life the Aching
 Or cool one Pain
 Or help one fainting Robin
 Unto his Nest again
 I shall not live in Vain.*

Emily Dickinson

1263

*There is no frigate like a book
 To take us lands away,
 Nor any coursers like a page
 Of prancing poetry—
 This traverse may the poorest take
 Without oppress of toll—
 How frugal is the chariot
 That bears a human soul!*

Emily Dickinson

219

*She sweeps with many-colored Brooms—
 And leaves the Shreds behind—
 Oh Housewife in the Evening West—
 Come back, and dust the Pond!
 You dropped a Purple Ravelling in—
 You dropped an Amber thread—
 And now you've littered all the east
 With Duds of Emerald!
 And still she plies her spotted Brooms,
 And still the Aprons fly,
 Till Brooms fade softly into stars—
 And then I come away—*

Emily Dickinson

1755

*To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee,
 One clover, and a bee.
 And revery.
 The revery alone will do,
 If bees are few.*

Emily Dickinson