

## **Asleep**

As far from pity as complaint,

As cool to speech as stone,

As numb to revelation

As if my trade were bone.

As far from time as history,

As near yourself to-day

As children to the rainbow's scarf,

Or sunset's yellow play

To eyelids in the sepulchre.

How still the dancer lies,

While color's revelations break,

And blaze the butterflies!

**Emily Dickinson**