

Because I Could Not Stop For Death

By: Emily Dickinson

Because I could not stop for death
He kindly stopped for me
The carriage held but just ourselves
And immortality.

We slowly drove - he knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
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

Or rather - he passed us
The dews drew quivering and chill
For only gossamer, my Gown
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
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity