POEM CHOICE

Poems reprinted by permission of the publishers and the Trustees of Amherst College from THE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON: VARIORUM EDITION, edited by Ralph W. Franklin, Cambridge, Mass.: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, Copyright © 1998 by the President and Fellows of Harvard College. Copyright © 1951, 1955, 1979, 1983 by the President and Fellows of Harvard College.

Emily Dickinson
Her life and
Her work

Emily Dickinson's Life

Answer these questions about Emily Dickinson after watching the photostory about her life.

1. Emily Dickinson was born in what year?

_____

2. How many brothers and sisters did she have?

Brothers _____ Sisters _____

3. List <u>at least</u> 3 things that occupied Emily as a child.

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

4. How long was Emily away from home at school?

_____

5. What was Emily's passion?

_____

Poetry

"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 chillest land -
And on the strangest Sea -
Yet – never - in Extremity,
It asked a crumb - of me.

FR 314

Poetry

The morns are meeker than they were—

The nuts are getting brown—

The berry's cheek is plumper—

The Rose is out of town.

The Maple wears a gayer scarf—

The field a scarlet gown—

Lest I should be old fashioned

I'll put a trinket on.

FR 32

6. What kept her busy as an adult?

_____

_____

7. What did Austin's children call her?

_____

8. What did she make for the children?

_____

9. Why did the townspeople think Emily was odd?

_____

10. How did Emily keep in touch with her friends?

_____

11. How did Emily feel about her poetry?

_____

12. What do you predict that Emily wrote about in her poetry?

_____

_____

◆

The name - of it - is "Autumn" -
The hue - of it - is Blood -
An Artery - opon the Hill -
A Vein - along the Road -
Great Globules - in the Alleys -
And Oh, the Shower of Stain -
When Winds - upset the Basin -
And spill the Scarlet Rain -
It sprinkles Bonnets - far below -
It gathers ruddy Pools -
Then - eddies like a Rose - away –
Opon Vermilion Wheels – FR 656

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 thrift,
And still the scene prevails,
Till Dusk obstructs the Diligence -
Or Contemplation fails. FR318

The Wind begun to rock the Grass
With threatening Tunes and low --
He threw a Menace at the Earth --
Another at the Sky.

The Leaves unhooked themselves from Trees --
And started all abroad
The Dust did scoop itself like Hands
And threw away the Road.

The Wagons quickened on the Streets
The Thunder hurried slow --
The Lightning showed a yellow Beak
And then a livid Claw.

The Birds put up the Bars to Nests --
The Cattle fled to Barns --
Then came one Drop of Giant Rain
And then as if the Hands

That held the Dams had parted hold
The Waters Wrecked the Sky,
But overlooked my Father's House --
Just quartering a Tree –

FR 796

I'll tell you how the Sun rose –
A Ribbon at a time –
The Steeples swam in Amethyst –
The news, like Squirrels, ran –
The Hill untied their Bonnets –
The Bobolinks – begun –
Then I said softly to myself –
"That must have been the Sun"!
But how he set – I know not –
There seemed a purple stile
That little Yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while –
Till when they reached the other side –
a Dominie in Gray –
Put gently up the evening Bars –
And led the flock away.

FR 204

The wind - tapped like a tired Man -
And like a Host - "Come in,"
I boldly answered - entered then
My Residence within

A Rapid- footless Guest -
To offer whom a Chair
Were as impossible as hand
A Sofa to the Air -

No Bone had He to bind Him -
His Speech was like the Push
Of numerous Humming Birds at once
From a superior Bush -

His Countenance - a Billow -
His Fingers, as He passed,
Let go a music - as of tunes
Blown tremulous in Glass.

He visited - still flitting -
Then, like a timid Man
Again, He tapped - 'twas flurriedly -
And I became alone –

FR 621

Blazing in Gold and quenching in Purple
Leaping like Leopards to the Sky
Then at the feet of the old Horizon
Laying her spotted Face to die
Stooping as low as the Otter's Window
Touching the Roof and tinting the Barn
Kissing her Bonnet to the Meadow
And the Juggler of Day is gone

FR 321

The Bee is not afraid of me.
I know the Butterfly -
The pretty people in the Woods
Receive me cordially -

The Brooks laugh louder
when I come --
The Breezes madder play;
Wherefore mine eye thy silver mists,
Wherefore, Oh Summer's Day?

FR 113

The Grass so little has to do --
A Sphere of simple Green --
With only Butterflies to brood
And Bees to entertain --

And stir all day to pretty Tunes
The Breezes fetch along --
And hold the Sunshine in its lap
And bow to everything --

And thread the Dews, all night, like Pearls --
And make itself so fine
A Duchess were too common
For such a noticing --

And even when it dies -- to pass
In Odors so divine --
Like Lowly spices, lain to sleep --
Or Spikenards, perishing --

And then, in Sovereign Barns to dwell --
And dream the Days away,
The Grass so little has to do
I wish I were a Hay --

FR 379

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you – Nobody - too?
Then there's a pair of us!

Don't tell! They'd advertise - you know !

How dreary- to be - Somebody!
How public -like a Frog -
To tell one's name – the livelong June -
To an admiring Bog!

FR 260

A Bird came down the Walk -
He did not know I saw -
He bit an Angle Worm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew
From a convenient Grass -
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
To let a Beetle pass -

He glanced with rapid eyes,
That hurried all abroad -
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought;
He stirred his Velvet Head. -

Like one in danger, Cautious,
I offered him a Crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer Home -

Than Oars divide the Ocean,
Too silver for a seam,
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon,
Leap, plashless, as they swim.

FR 359

The Moon was but a Chin of Gold
A Night or two ago --
And now she turns Her perfect Face
Upon the World below --

Her Forehead is of Amplest Blonde --
Her Cheek -- a Beryl hewn --
Her Eye unto the Summer Dew
The likest I have known --

Her Lips of Amber never part --
But what must be the smile
Upon Her Friend she could confer
Were such Her Silver Will --

And what a privilege to be
But the remotest Star --
For Certainty She take Her Way
Beside Your Palace Door --

Her Bonnet is the Firmament --
The Universe -- Her Shoe --
The Stars -- the Trinkets at Her Belt –
Her Dimities -- of Blue -- FR 737

Bee! I'm expecting you!
Was saying Yesterday
To Somebody you know
That you were due—

The Frogs got Home last Week—
Are settled, and at work—
Birds, mostly back—
The Clover warm and thick—

You'll get my Letter by
The seventeenth; Reply
Or better, be with me—
Yours, Fly.

FR 983

Poetry

A narrow Fellow in the Grass
Occasionally rides--
You may have met Him--
did you not
His notice sudden is--

The Grass divides as with a Comb--
A spotted shaft is seen--
And then it closes at your feet
And opens further on--

He likes a Boggy Acre
A Floor too cool for Corn--
Yet when a Boy, and Barefoot--
I more than once at Noon

Have passed, I thought, a Whip lash
Unbraiding in the Sun
When stooping to secure it
It wrinkled, and was gone--

Several of Nature's People
I know, and they know me--
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality--

But never met this Fellow
Attended, or alone
Without a tighter breathing
And Zero at the Bone—

FR 1096

Poetry

Dear March — Come in –
How glad I am –
I hoped for you before –

Put down your Hat –
You must have walked –
How out of Breath you are –
Dear March, Come right up the stairs with me –
I have so much to tell –

I got your Letter, and the Birds –
The Maples never knew that you were coming —
till I called
I declare — how Red their Faces grew –
But March, forgive me — and
All those Hills you left for me to Hue –
There was no Purple suitable –
You took it all with you –

Who knocks? That April.
Lock the Door –
I will not be pursued –
He stayed away a Year to call
When I am occupied –
But trifles look so trivial
As soon as you have come

That Blame is just as dear as Praise
And Praise as mere as Blame –

FR 1320

Will there really be a "Morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

FR 101

A Drop fell on the Apple Tree -
Another - on the Roof -
A Half a Dozen kissed the Eaves -
And made the Gables laugh -

A few went out to help the Brook
That went to help the Sea -
Myself conjectured were they Pearls -
What Necklaces could be -

The dust replaced, in Hoisted Roads -
The Birds jocoser sung -
The Sunshine threw his Hat away -
The Bushes - spangles flung -

The Breezes brought dejected Lutes -
And bathed them in the Glee -
The Orient showed a single Flag,
And signed the Fete away –

FR 846