

Becoming Emily

First lines of poems

This is my letter to the World
I was the slightest in the House
To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee
I'll tell you how the Sun rose
We play at Paste
Wild nights - wild nights
Heart! We will forget him
Safe in their Alabaster Chambers
I have no life but this
Again his voice is at the door
What shall I do - it whimpers so
He was weak, and I was strong - then
If you were coming in the Fall
As if I asked a common Alms
What is "Paradise"
I never felt at Home - Below
This World is not Conclusion
Come slowly - Eden!
Did the Harebell loose her girdle
I stepped from Plank to Plank
I tie my Hat - I crease my Shawl
The Way I read a Letter's - this
I'm Nobody! - Who are you
Fame is a fickle food
There's a certain Slant of light
The Spider holds a Silver Ball
Tell all the Truth but tell it slant
I reckon - when I count at all
One need not be a Chamber - to be Haunted
I hide myself within my flower
The name - of it - is "Autumn"
A Letter is a joy of Earth
The Brain - is wider than the Sky
Out of sight? What of that
Forbidden Fruit a flavor has
Of God we ask one favor
After great pain, a formal feeling comes
My Wars are laid away in Books
God gave a Loaf to every Bird
Long Years apart - can make no
My life closed twice before its close
Apparently with no surprise
They say that "Time assuages"
The Dying need but little, Dear
Because I could not stop for Death

