

APPENDICES

I felt a Funeral in my Brain,
And Mourners, to and fro,
Kept treading-treading- till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through-

And when they all were seated,
A service like a Drum-
Kept beating-beating-till I thought
My Mind was going numb-

And then I heard them lift a Box,
And creak across my Soul
With those same Boots of Lead, again
Then Space began to toll

As all the Heavens were a Bell
And Being but an Ear
And I and Silence some strange Race
Wrecked, solitary, here-

And then a Plank in Reason, broke
And I dropped down, and down-
And hit a World, at every Plunge,
And Finished knowing –then-

It was not Death, for I stood up
And all the Dead lie down-
It was not Night, for all the Bells
Put out their Tongue, for Noon

It was no Frost, for on y Flesh
I felt Siroccos –crawl, -
Nor Fire,-for just my Marble feet
Could keep a Chancel cool.-

And yet it tasted like them all
The Figures I have seen
Set orderly, for Burial
Reminded me of mine,-

As if my life were shaven
And fitted to a frame
And could not breathe without a key
And ‘t was like Midnight, some-

When everything that ticked –has stopped-
And Space stares, all around-
Or Grisly frosts – first Autumn morns
Repeal the Beating Ground-

But most like chaos,--Stopless,-cool-
Without a Chance or Spar
Or even a Report of Land
To justify –Despair.

I died for Beauty, -but was scarce
Adjusted in the Tomb,
When One who died for truth was lain
In an adjoining Room

He questioned softly Why I failed
“For Beauty, I replied.-
“And I for Truth, -themselves are one-
We Brethren are, “He said.-

And so, as Kinsmen met a Night,-
We talked between the Rooms,-
Until the Moss had reached our lips,-
And covered up –our names-

There's been death in the opposite house
As lately as today
I know it by the numb look
Such houses have always

The neighbors rustle in and out,
The doctor drives away
A window opens like a pod
Abrupt, mechanically

Somebody flings a mattress out,-
The children hurry by
They wonder if it died on that,-
I used to when a boy

The minister goes stiffly in
As if the house were his
And he owned all the mourners now,
And little boys besides,

And then the milliner, and the man
Of the appalling trade ,
To take the measure of the house
There'll be dark parade

Off tassels and of coaches soon
It's easy as a sign,-
The intuition of the news
In just a country town

BIOGRAPHY

Emily Dickinson is an American lyrical poet, and an obsessively private writer. She was born on 1830 in Amherst, Massachusetts. She spent most of her life in the family home that was built by her grand father, Samuel Fowler Dickinson, the founder of Amherst College where she was educated. Emily has a brother named Austin Dickinson and a sister named Lavinia.

After graduating from Amherst College she completed one year of study at female seminary school but her father said it was enough and she never received any further formal education. Emily also refused to become a member of congregational church in which her family was active because she had freethinking and did not allow herself to be dependent on her beliefs of her father and even though she was not religious she did believe in God's existence and sometimes she turned to Bible for references.

Emily wrote about 1700 poems but only 7 were published during her lifetime. Her poems were not consistent and mostly dependent on her feeling at that time while nobody knows her true inspiration Most of her poems were published after her death and it was her sister Lavinia who found them in her room.

In May 1886, in her house where she was born, Dickinson died of Bright Disease

and in 1955 Dickinson's poems were at last published together in one book in the original form through Thomas Johnson publication.