

Emily Dickinson

Because I could not stop for Death—

*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 —*

