

# Poems by Emily Dickinson

## **“Hope” is the thing with feathers**

By [Emily Dickinson](#)

“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 chilliest land -  
And on the strangest Sea -  
Yet - never - in Extremity,  
It asked a crumb - of me.

## **I'm nobody! Who are you? (1861)**

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!

## **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–