

# 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

