

I like to see it lap the Miles -  
And lick the Valleys up -  
And stop to feed itself at Tanks -  
And then - prodigious step

Around a Pile of Mountains -  
And supercilious peer  
In Shanties - by the sides of Roads -  
And then a Quarry pare

To fit it's sides  
And crawl between  
Complaining all the while  
In horrid - hooting stanza -  
Then chase itself down Hill -

And neigh like Boanerges -  
Then - prompter than a Star  
Stop - docile and omnipotent  
At it's own stable door -

I like to see it lap the miles,  
And lick the valleys up,  
And stop to feed itself at tanks;  
And then, prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains,  
And, supercilious, peer  
In shanties by the sides of roads;  
And then a quarry pare

To fit its sides, and crawl between,  
Complaining all the while  
In horrid, hooting stanza;  
Then chase itself down hill

And neigh like Boanerges;  
Then, punctual as a star,  
Stop--docile and omnipotent--  
At its own stable door.

Regularized Version from Poemhunter.

<http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/i-like-to-see-it-lap-the-miles/>

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 played,  
Their lessons scarcely done;  
We passed the fields of gazing grain,  
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed  
A swelling of the ground;  
The roof was scarcely visible,  
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 't is centuries; but each  
Feels shorter than the day  
I first surmised the horses' heads  
Were toward eternity.

We grow accustomed to the Dark -  
When Light is put away -  
As when the Neighbor holds the Lamp  
To witness her Good bye -

A Moment - We uncertain step  
For newness of the night -  
Then fit our Vision to the Dark -  
And meet the Road - erect -

And so of larger - Darknesses -  
Those Evenings of the Brain -  
When not a Moon disclose a sign -  
Or Star - come out - within -

The Bravest - grope a little -  
And sometimes hit a Tree  
Directly in the Forehead -  
But as they learn to see -

Either the Darkness alters -  
Or something in the sight  
Adjusts itself to Midnight -  
And Life steps almost straight.

He fumbles at your spirit  
As players at the keys  
Before they drop full music on;  
He stuns you by degrees,

Prepares your brittle substance  
For the ethereal blow,  
By fainter hammers, further heard,  
Then nearer, then so slow

Your breath has time to straighten,  
Your brain to bubble cool, —  
Deals one imperial thunderbolt  
That scalps your naked soul.

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This world is not conclusion;  
A sequel stands beyond,  
Invisible, as music,  
But positive, as sound.  
It beckons and it baffles;  
Philosophies don't know,  
And through a riddle, at the last,  
Sagacity must go.  
To guess it puzzles scholars;  
To gain it, men have shown  
Contempt of generations,  
And crucifixion known.

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Faith is a fine invention  
For gentlemen who see;  
But microscopes are prudent  
In an emergency!

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 chillest land,  
And on the strangest sea;  
Yet, never, in extremity,  
It asked a crumb of me.

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I'm nobody! Who are you?  
Are you nobody, too?  
Then there's a pair of us — don't tell!  
They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!  
How public, like a frog  
To tell your name the livelong day  
To an admiring bog!

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The soul selects her own society,  
Then shuts the door;  
On her divine majority  
Obtrude no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing  
At her low gate;  
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling  
Upon her mat.

I've known her from an ample nation  
Choose one;  
Then close the valves of her attention  
Like stone.