

## EMILY DICKINSON

I stand like a deserted church  
That would much rather be  
A garden with a hopping bird,  
Or with a humming bee.

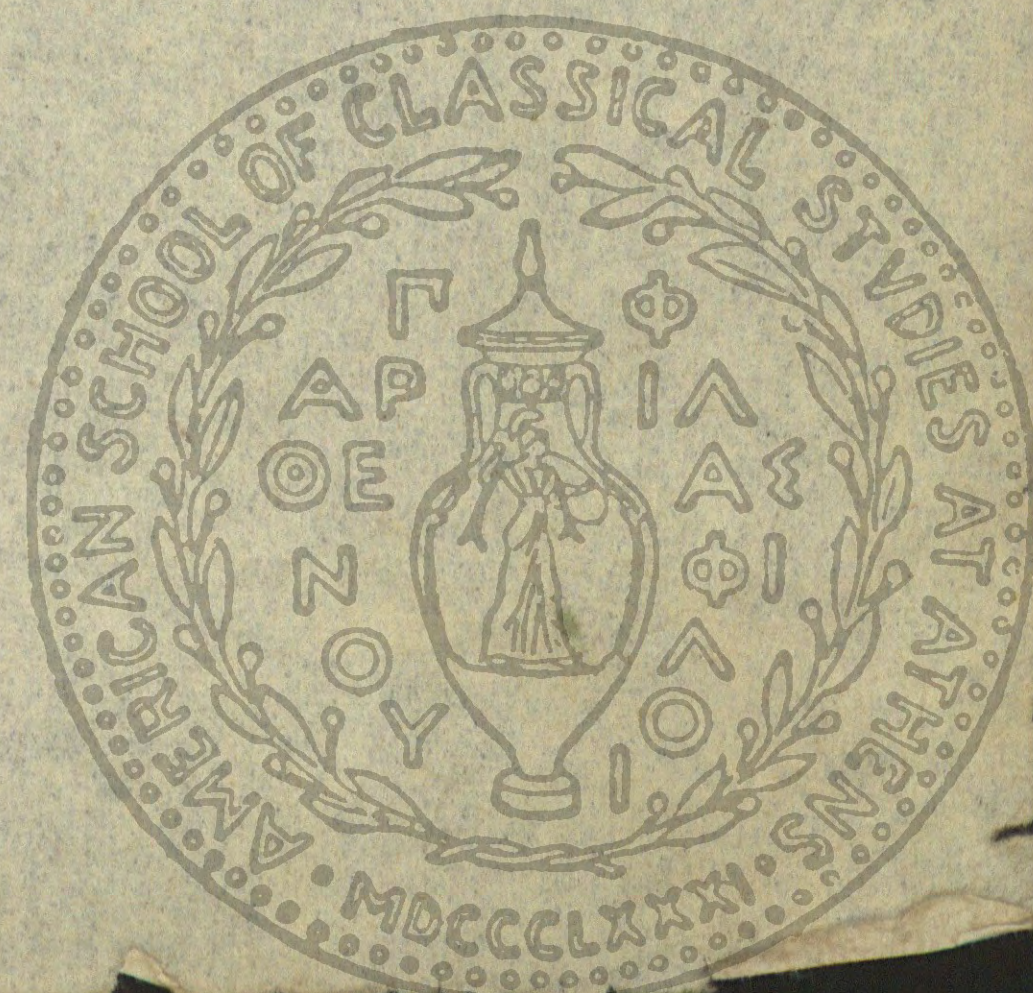
I did not want eternity,  
I only begged for time:  
In the trim head of chastity  
The bells of madness chime.

Their song blows up a monstrous bee  
*With burning burning eyes and beard*  
~~And gives it glance and beard.~~

If bees don't look as big as God,  
They look at least as weird.

My nights are haunted circuses  
Where deadly freaks perform  
The trick of stabbed eternity,  
The triumph of the worm.

While in the fertile fields of love  
Industrious farmers plod,  
My days are broodings on man's doom,  
The meaning of the rod.



But thought is vain. Man cannot find  
What stupid monsters mean.

One night of wrath I closed my door  
On God, and called Him mean.

And so I lost Him for a bee;

He lost me for a freak.

Ah, in the grip of boundlessness  
The joints of reason creak.

I stand as boundless as a church  
That has no door for God,  
While in the fruitful fields of love  
Ignorant farmers plod.

