

Some keep the Sabbath going to Church (236)

By: Emily Dickinson

Adapted by Fishtank Staff

- 1 Some keep the Sabbath going to Church —
 I keep it, staying at Home —
 With a Bobolink for a Chorister —
 And an Orchard, for a Dome —
- 5 Some keep the Sabbath in Surplice —
 I, just wear my Wings —
 And instead of tolling the Bell, for Church,
 Our little Sexton — sings.
- God preaches, a noted Clergyman —
- 10 And the sermon is never long,
 So instead of getting to Heaven, at last —
 I'm going, all along.

The Soul Selects her own Society (303)

By: Emily Dickinson

Adapted by Fishtank Staff

- 1 The Soul selects her own Society —
Then — shuts the Door —
To her divine Majority —
Present no more —
- 5 Unmoved — she notes the Chariots — pausing —
At her low Gate —
Unmoved — an Emperor be kneeling
Upon her Mat —
- I've known her — from an ample nation —
- 10 Choose One —
Then — close the Valves of her attention —
Like Stone —

I'll tell you how the Sun Rose (204)

By: Emily Dickinson

Adapted by Fishtank Staff

- 1 I'll tell you how the Sun rose —
A Ribbon at a time —
The steeples swam in Amethyst
The news, like Squirrels, ran —
- 5 The Hills untied their Bonnets —
The Bobolinks — begun —
Then I said softly to myself —
"That must have been the Sun!"
But how he set — I know not —
- 10 There seemed a purple stile
That little Yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while —
Till when they reached the other side —
A Dominie in Gray —
- 15 Put gently up the evening Bars —
And led the flock away —

The Soul's Superior instants (306)

By: Emily Dickinson

Adapted by Fishtank Staff

- 1 The Soul's Superior instants
 Occur to Her — alone —
 When friend — and Earth's occasion
 Have infinite withdrawn —
- 5 Or She — Herself — ascended
 To too remote a Height
 For lower Recognition
 Than Her Omnipotent —
- This Mortal Abolition
- 10 Is seldom — but as fair
 As Apparition — subject
 To Autocratic Air —
- Eternity's disclosure
 To favorites — a few —
- 15 Of the Colossal substance
 Of Immortality

I'm ceded — I've stopped being Theirs (508)

By: Emily Dickinson

Adapted by Fishtank Staff

- 1 I'm ceded — I've stopped being Theirs —
The name They dropped upon my face
With water, in the country church
Is finished using, now,
- 5 And They can put it with my Dolls,
My childhood, and the string of spools,
I've finished threading — too —
- Baptized, before, without the choice,
But this time, consciously, Of Grace —
- 10 Unto supremest name —
Called to my Full — The Crescent dropped —
Existence's whole Arc, filled up,
With one — small Diadem.
- My second Rank — too small the first —
- 15 Crowned — Crowing — on my Father's breast —
A half unconscious Queen —
But this time — Adequate — Erect,
With Will to choose, or to reject,
And I choose, just a Crown —