Like Rain it sounded till it curved

POEM TEXT

Like Rain it sounded till it curved
And then I knew 'twas Wind—
It walked as wet as any Wave
But swept as dry as sand—
When it had pushed itself away
To some remotest Plain
A coming as of Hosts was heard
That was indeed the rain—
It filled the Wells, it pleased the Pools
It warbled in the Road—
It pulled the spigot from the Hills
And let the Floods abroad—
It loosened acres, lifted seas
The sites of Centres stirred
Then like Elijah rode away
Upon a Wheel of Cloud.

SUMMARY

It sounded like rain, until it changed direction—and then I knew it must be the wind. As it moved, it sounded watery as the sea, but also made a dry sandy sweeping noise. When it had blown off to some faraway plain, one could hear a sound like an advancing army—and *that* was the rain. The rain filled up the wells, delighted the pools, and gurgled cheerfully in the street; it uncorked the hills as if they were barrels and released floodwaters. It dislodged the earth, raised the ocean, picked things up and moved them elsewhere; then, like the prophet Elijah, it flew up into the skies and disappeared in a chariot of clouds.

THEMES

THE TRANSFORMATIVE POWER OF NATURE

The speaker of "Like Rain it sounded till it curved" looks on in awe at a heavy rainstorm. The coming of this storm, the speaker observes, alters the whole world: rain fills up wells, raises the sea level, and—more mysteriously—"stir[s]" the "sites of Centres," moving things from where they were centered before, unsettling the world. Nature, the poem suggests, has an astonishing power to change and remake itself, and even something so ordinary as a rainstorm can bring total transformation.

The speaker feels the arrival of the rainstorm as the approach of "Hosts" (or armies): this is powerful weather, and at first it sounds dangerous. But the storm doesn't use its power for destruction. Rather, it seems to take a strange pleasure in merely *changing* the world beneath it. "Warbl[ing] in the Road," singing a cheery song, it gradually and gleefully alters everything it touches: it sends floods rushing down from the hills as if the earth were a barrel whose "spigot" has been pulled out, it "loosen[s] acres" of land into wet mud, it "lift[s] seas" with all that extra water.

In short, the rainstorm unsettles the "sites of Centres": after this rain passes, in other words, everything is off-kilter, nothing is where it was before. Its job done, the storm sails away on a "Wheel of Cloud" like the biblical prophet Elijah—an image suggesting that, prophet-like, the storm *came* to unsettle the landscape, to shake foundations and rattle certainties. Nature has the awe-inspiring, surprising power to transform the world.

Readers might also read this poem's vision of unsettling change symbolically. An *inner* storm, a storm of thought or feeling, might also shift the "sites of Centres," unexpectedly upheaving a person's understanding of the world and leaving them in a transformed emotional landscape.

Where this theme appears in the poem:

- Lines 1-16

LINE-BY-LINE ANALYSIS

LINES 1-4

Like Rain it sounded till it curved
And then I knew 'twas Wind—
It walked as wet as any Wave
But swept as dry as sand—

The poem begins with a disorienting noise. The poem's speaker—listening, readers might imagine, from inside a house—hears what at first sounds "like Rain." But then the sound "curve[s]," changing direction or tapering off, and the speaker knows that it's not rain, but wind.

Readers who have heard wind blowing across a field will know just what this speaker is talking about. A wind over grass can sound "wet as any Wave," eerily like a rainstorm, and yet "swe[ep] as dry as sand," bringing no rainfall with it. The precision of those two similes suggests why. The sounds of rain,

waves, and sand are all made up of myriad little sounds happening at once: a whole shoreline of waves breaking, showers of rain dropping, countless grains of sand shifting. So too is the sound of wind on grass or leaves.

Alliteration brings the sound of the wind into the poem's language: the /w/ sounds of "Wind" and "walked as wet as any Wave" evokes a great *whoosh*.

The hushed, eerie, deceptive sound of this wind will turn out to be a premonition of what's to come: a great rainstorm which the speaker will evoke in sharp-eared detail. At just the same time, it will hint at a broader symbolic reading. The arrival of this rainstorm will work a lot like the arrival of an *inner* storm, an outburst of intense feeling or thought that leaves a person's mental landscape changed.

Already, the poem's world feels strangely conscious, alive, and purposeful. The wind, for instance, "walk[s] as wet as any Wave": personified, it strides across the landscape on its own mysterious business.

Dickinson will tell the story of the storm in one of her favorite forms. Though the poem is presented as one 16-line stanza, its ABCB rhyme scheme and its rhythms mean it sounds a lot like four ballad stanzas—Dickinson's go-to:

- Ballad stanzas are quatrains (or four-line stanzas) written in common meter.
- In common meter, each stanza alternates between lines of iambic tetrameter (lines of four iambs, metrical feet with a da-DUM rhythm, as in "Like Rain | it sound- | ed till | it curved") and iambic trimeter (three iambs, as in "And then | I knew | 'twas wind").

Dickinson often turned to this controlled, deceptively simple form, using it to embody strange, grand ideas.

LINES 5-8

When it had pushed itself away
To some remotest Plain
A coming as of Hosts was heard
That was indeed the rain—

The ominous wind now "pushe[s] itself away" into the distance—to "some remotest Plain," the speaker imagines, the farthest of far-away places. As it turns out, its rainy sound was only the warning of something more, something that sounds like "a coming as of Hosts": that is, the arrival of a mighty army. That, the speaker says, "was indeed the rain," the sound they thought they'd heard before.

The rich simile of the coming hosts again gets at that feeling of "one big sound made of countless tiny sounds": the raindrops, as they hit, sound like the multitudinous footfalls of a charging army. Where the wind was tricksy and mysterious, then, the rain is an attack; suddenly, the weather feels like a threat.

The speaker, readers might notice, seems to be experiencing this rainstorm only through their ears. So far, they've seen nothing, figuring out what's happening through meticulous listening. But they also take a sweeping imaginative view of the situation. They can imagine, for instance, the wind making its long journey to the "remotest plain." And they note that "a coming as of Hosts was heard," suggesting that they're not just reporting on their own experience, but imagining what it was like for everyone in earshot of the storm. Something about this rainstorm brings the speaker visions on a grand scale.

LINES 9-12

It filled the Wells, it pleased the Pools
It warbled in the Road—
It pulled the spigot from the Hills
And let the Floods abroad—

For a force that sounded like a charging "Host[]," the rain doesn't seem terribly aggressive. In fact, its first actions are downright playful. Listen to the cheery parallelism in these lines:

It filled the Wells, it pleased the Pools
It warbled in the Road—

The jaunty swing of these repetitions suits this friendly rain. The storm thoughtfully tops up the wells and "please[s] the Pools" by offering them even more water. (There, the plink-plonk /p/ alliteration of "pleased the Pools" lets readers hear raindrops hitting the ponds.) And out of what seems like the sheer joy of being rain, it "warble[s] in the Road," singing like a bird or a happy child splashing in a puddle. This "Host[]," then, brings a party with it.

But it quickly gets more mischievous. Not content with making already wet things wetter, it turns and "pull[s] the spigot from the Hills"—that is, it pulls the cork out of the hills as if they were full barrels and "let[s] the Floods abroad," unleashing a torrent of water.

That metaphor suggests that the rain doesn't simply overflow the landscape, but uncorks floodwaters that were already there: restrained, bottled up, just waiting to pour forth. In a literal sense, the rain has overflowed the rivers coming down from the hills; in a symbolic sense, the rain has brought a surprising, gleeful, and perhaps dangerous *release*.

All along, there's a mood of gleeful chaos. The army-like rainstorm is powerful, certainly, but it's also a cheerful prankster, a force that comes both to "please[]" and to shake things up.

LINES 13-16

It loosened acres, lifted seas
The sites of Centres stirred
Then like Elijah rode away

Upon a Wheel of Cloud.

With the hills uncorked and the floodwaters running, the rainstorm begins to alter the world on a bigger scale. It "loosen[s] acres," unsettling the earth. It "lift[s] seas" as easily as it "filled the Wells" and "pleased the Pools." Finally, and most mysteriously, it "stir[s]" the "sites of Centres."

This curious phrase suggests total destabilization. Wherever something was centered, this line suggests, it's not centered there now: the storm has lifted *everything* and put it down in a new place. The hushed sibilance of "the sites of Centres stirred" makes this transformation feel mysterious and awe-inspiring, something to be spoken of in a whisper.

The very structure of these lines evokes upheaval. The storm's first actions are framed with neat parallelism:

> It loosened acres, lifted seas

But then comes that final strange action:

> The sites of Centres stirred

By moving the verb to the end of the line, Dickinson does precisely what the poem describes, unbalancing a pattern readers have been primed to expect.

The storm, then, has brought total change, all in a rush. No wonder that it departs "like Elijah," the biblical prophet who ended his days by ascending to heaven in a fiery chariot, carried on a whirlwind. As the speaker puts it, the storm rides away "upon a Wheel of Cloud," a metaphor that both alludes to the Elijah story and paints yet another surprising, exact picture of a whorled raincloud swirling up and away.

The whole poem has evoked just what it feels like when a massive storm blows through. But these last lines in particular might encourage readers to see this as a picture of what it feels like when a massive *inner* storm blows through—a realization, a shock, an epiphany. With its power to stir the site of every center, with its prophet-like character, with its mixture of joy and fear and chaos, this storm might be read as a life-changing revelation. A prophet's job, after all, is to upheave the world, to change how people see and what they value.

And the speaker's response to the storm itself has the quality of a prophetic vision. The speaker *hears* the wind and the rain, and through them *sees* all. Perhaps the site of their own center has been stirred by the storm: through much of this poem, they don't sit in one place and listen, but range imaginatively over the whole landscape, from the hills to the seas.

SYMBOLS

THE STORM

The poem's transformative rainstorm might be read as a symbol of an *inner* storm—a sudden, intense fit of thought or feeling (or perhaps even a religious experience) that leaves a person profoundly changed.

The poem's images of a landscape transformed by storm, in which the "sites of Centres" have been uprooted from where they always sat, suggest that symbolic inner storms might leave a person with a totally new way of seeing the world or making meaning from it. The comparison of the storm to the prophet Elijah in the closing lines underscores that reading: a prophet's job is to unsettle their listeners and change the way they see the world, and that's precisely what a dramatic, transformative inner storm might do.

Where this symbol appears in the poem:

- Lines 1-16

POETIC DEVICES

SIMILE

The speaker's similes capture the storm's strange power, its deceptions, and its contradictions.

The first harbinger of the storm is a wind that sounds "like Rain"—at least, until it "curve[s]." This evocative simile will feel just right to anyone who's heard a wind moving across a field, then falling off or changing direction.

Such a wind at first *sounds* like raindrops; as the speaker puts it, it "walk[s] as wet as any Wave," an odd little moment of personification that suggests waves and rains alike plant wet footprints as they go. But in fact the wind "swe[eps] as dry as sand." Besides presenting a surprising contrast with the wind's watery sounds, this simile captures the sense that the wind sounds like millions of little movements happening at once—whether it's the fall of raindrops or the whisk of sand grains.

This tricksy wind moves away, and a new sound intervenes: "a coming as of Hosts." The arrival of the actual rain, in other words, sounds less like rain and more like an advancing army. At first, this martial rainstorm seems oddly friendly: that vast army just tops up wells and "warble[s] in the road" like a playful child. At last, though, it fulfills its dangerous promise and "let[s] the Floods abroad," washing out the whole landscape.

When the rainstorm departs, it goes "like Elijah"—that is, like the biblical prophet said to have ascended to heaven in a fiery chariot carried on a whirlwind. That closing simile suggests that

this rainstorm, like a prophet, came to shake things up, to leave the world changed in its wake.

Where Simile appears in the poem:

- **Line 1:** "Like Rain it sounded till it curved"
- **Lines 3-4:** "It walked as wet as any Wave / But swept as dry as sand—"
- **Line 7:** "A coming as of Hosts was heard"
- **Lines 15-16:** "Then like Elijah rode away / Upon a Wheel of Cloud."

METAPHOR

The speaker's metaphors present the storm as a purposeful character going about its mysterious business.

Though it sounds like an army, the storm at first seems not so much violent as playful. Personified, it "warble[s] in the road" like a songbird or a cheerful little kid, delighting in its work. It brings pleasure to the land it rains on, too: it "please[s] the pools," because a pool likes nothing more than becoming even more pool-like, getting filled up to the brim.

The storm's playfulness begins to take on a more chaotic edge, however, when it "pull[s] the spigot from the Hills," uncorking the hills as if they were full barrels. This peculiar metaphor suggests that the flood this storm unleashes had been bottled up and waiting to spill out: the storm doesn't just dump water on the world, it releases pent-up watery energies that were already there.

When the storm at last departs, it has taken on a new grandeur. Like the prophet Elijah, the speaker observes, it "r[ides] away / Upon a Wheel of Cloud"—an image that both alludes to the prophet's famous chariot of fire and paints a vivid, precise picture of a whorled, swirling stormcloud sailing off toward the horizon.

Where Metaphor appears in the poem:

- **Lines 9-10:** "it pleased the Pools / It warbled in the Road—"
- **Line 11:** "It pulled the spigot from the Hills"
- **Lines 15-16:** "rode away / Upon a Wheel of Cloud."

ALLITERATION

Alliteration makes the poem's sounds feel as intense and driving as the storm. A lot of the alliteration here evokes the sounds of the storm—for instance, the moment when the ominous wind rises:

> And then I knew 'twas Wind—
> It walked as wet as any Wave

That /w/ sound mimics the rain-like *whoosh* of the wind as it passes by.

Something similar happens when the rain starts falling:

> It filled the Wells, it pleased the Pools

The /p/ sound there captures the plunk and plop of water hitting water. (Notice all the fittingly liquid /l/ consonance in that line, too: "filled," "Wells," "pleased," "pools.")

As well as mimicking the sounds of the scene, alliteration helps to create a mood—as in this curious passage:

> It loosened acres, lifted seas
> The sites of Centres stirred

The sibilant /s/ sound there captures another rainy sound, certainly: a hiss. (That hiss turns up in "loosened," "seas," "sites," and "Centres," too.) It also gives these lines a whispery, secretive tone, suggesting that there might be something rather mysterious about what happens when the "sites of Centres stir[]" from where they once were. In moving the landscape around, picking things up and recentering them somewhere else, the storm might have opened up new mysteries to explore.

Where Alliteration appears in the poem:

- **Line 2:** "Wind"
- **Line 3:** "walked," "wet," "Wave"
- **Line 5:** "pushed"
- **Line 6:** "Plain"
- **Line 7:** "Hosts," "heard"
- **Line 9:** "pleased," "Pools"
- **Line 13:** "loosened," "lifted," "seas"
- **Line 14:** "sites," "Centres," "stirred"

ALLUSION

In its closing lines, the poem alludes to the biblical prophet Elijah. Elijah was said—after a long prophetic career of railing against false gods and conversing with the real one—to have ascended into the heavens in a flaming chariot carried on a whirlwind. In this speaker's fanciful vision, the rainstorm does something similar: its own clouds bear it up and away and out of sight.

The allusion suggests that this poem is about more than just a literal storm. By presenting the storm as a fiery prophet, the speaker encourages readers to think about what prophets *do* and how prophetic preaching might be storm-like, or storms might be prophet-like. This storm, for instance, seems to take delight in altering the world, and especially in *unsettling* it. As the speaker puts it, the rain "stir[s]" the "sites of Centres": it picks things up from where they were centered and puts them down somewhere else, somewhere totally new and

disorienting.

The image of a *center*—the most stable and essential part of something—being moved from one place to another suggests that, symbolically speaking, this storm might be read as a total revolution in a person's thoughts and feelings: the very kind of transformation that a prophet might hope to bring about in their listeners.

Where Allusion appears in the poem:

- **Lines 15-16:** "Then like Elijah rode away / Upon a Wheel of Cloud."

PARALLELISM

Parallelism frames the speaker's tale of the storm's antics, giving them a gleeful, dangerous momentum.

In lines 9-11, for instance, anaphora traces a movement from playfulness to mischief:

> It filled the Wells, it pleased the Pools
> It warbled in the Road—
> It pulled the spigot from the Hills
> And let the Floods abroad—

At first, those repetitions give the lines a jaunty swing that suits the storm's actions as it thoughtfully tops off the wells and pools and sings a chipper little song. All at once, though, that friendly energy transforms into something more perilous: when "it pulled the spigot from the Hills" comes along, it's clear that the storm is more interested in its own idea of a rainy good time than in the wellbeing of any *people* in the landscape.

Similar parallelism shows what happens after the "Floods" are freed:

> It loosened acres, lifted seas

The shape of these lines draws attention to those powerful verbs—and prepares the way for one of the poem's most meaningful and mysterious lines. In the next line, the verb moves to an odd place:

> The sites of Centres stirred

In setting up the expectation that the verb comes first, then pushing it to the end of the line, the poem *does* exactly what it *describes*, unbalancing the line just as the storm unbalances the "sites of Centres."

Where Parallelism appears in the poem:

- **Line 9:** "It filled," "it pleased"
- **Line 10:** "It warbled"
- **Line 11:** "It pulled"
- **Line 13:** "loosened," "lifted"

VOCABULARY

'Twas (Line 2) - A contraction of "it was."

Remotest (Line 6) - Furthest-away, most distant.

Hosts (Line 7) - Armies.

Warbled (Line 10) - Sang with bird-like, varied notes.

Spigot (Line 11) - A plug or cork used to close a barrel.

Abroad (Line 12) - Here, "abroad" doesn't mean "in a foreign country," but "loose" or "free."

Acres (Line 13) - An "acre" is a unit used to measure land (especially farmland). The "loosened" acres here seem to have been tumbled and upheaved by the flood of rainwater.

Elijah (Line 15) - A biblical prophet who was said to have ascended to heaven in a fiery chariot carried on a whirlwind.

FORM, METER, & RHYME

FORM

"Like Rain it sounded till it curved" is written as one long stanza of 16 lines. However, the poem's use of common meter and its ABCB rhyme scheme means that it *sounds* rather like four quatrains (or four-line stanzas).

However one breaks it down, this was one of the forms that Dickinson liked best: a simple, flexible shape borrowed from ballads and hymns that she could use to contain wild, grand thoughts. Here as in many of her poems, she paints a sharply observed picture of a natural phenomenon, fitting a great deluge into a compact space.

METER

Like much of Dickinson's verse, "Like Rain it sounded till it curved" is written in common meter. That means that its lines alternate between iambic tetrameter (four iambs in a row, as in "Like rain | it sound- | ed till | it curved") and iambic trimeter (three iambs, as in "And then | I knew | 'twas Wind—").

True to its name, common meter is pretty common: it's often found in folk songs and hymns. Its earthy rhythms clearly appealed to Dickinson's ear, for she turned to this meter time and again, using its simple but rigorous shape to explore everything from passion to joy to the mystery of death.

RHYME SCHEME

The poem's rhyme scheme runs like this:

ABCB

As is often the case in Dickinson, though, a number of the rhymes in that regular pattern are slant: *Wind / sand*, *Road / abroad*, *stirred / Cloud*. The poem's only perfect rhyme, in fact, is *Plain / rain* in lines 6 and 8.

All that slant rhyme gives the poem a spacious, diffuse feeling. Unhampered by tight, neat perfect rhymes, the poem sounds as wide-open as the storm-sodden landscape it describes.

SPEAKER

The poem's speaker is an awestruck observer, characterized only through what they see and how they see it. To this person, an intense rainstorm is a force with a personality, a creature as threatening as a great army, as cheery as a songbird, as unrepentantly chaotic as a guy who uncorks all the barrels in the brewery, and as fiery as the prophet Elijah. The speaker, then, sees a world full of intent, meaning, and symbolic power: the storm, through their eyes, might be as much an image of inner change as a natural phenomenon.

These lively, imaginative visions work in tandem with an eye for detail. The speaker's acute description of the sounds of the approaching storm suggests they have not just the spirit of a poet, but the precision of a naturalist.

Perhaps they even have the self-forgetfulness of a prophet. When the poem begins, the speaker seems to be shut up inside, only *hearing* the rain; as the poem goes on, the speaker becomes able to see the whole landscape beneath the deluge. The storm releases their imaginative vision, allowing them to travel far away from the "site[]" of their own "Center," their one small self.

SETTING

While the poem's rainstorm feels vivid and real, the setting remains pretty vague: this poem could take place anywhere there are "seas," "Hills," and a "Road." That generality makes the speaker's vision feel almost mythic. It's as if they're describing the archetypal essence of storminess at the exact same time as they observe the precise movements of *this* storm, from its changing sounds to its army-like charge.

This is only one of many Dickinson poems that takes a similar tack. In other poems, she watches the movements of a storm and the progress of a wind with an intent, full-body alertness. Dickinson felt the power of the natural world deeply, seeing in her surroundings as much danger and awe as beauty.

CONTEXT

LITERARY CONTEXT

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) published almost nothing during her lifetime, and after 1865 she rarely even left her family home in Amherst, Massachusetts. But from within her circumscribed world, she explored the heights and depths of human experience through her groundbreaking poetry.

No one else sounds quite like Dickinson. Her poems use simple, folky forms—ballad stanzas, for instance—to explore profound philosophical questions, passionate loves, and the mysteries of nature. This poem was one of many that she hid from the world her whole life; it didn't appear in print until well after her death in the 1945 collection *Bolts of Melody*.

While Dickinson didn't get too involved in the literary world of her time, she was still part of a swell of 19th-century American innovation. Her contemporary Walt Whitman (who became as famous as Dickinson was obscure) was also developing an unprecedented and unique poetic voice, and the Transcendentalists (like Emerson and Thoreau) shared her deep belief in the spiritual power of nature. Dickinson herself was inspired by English writers like William Wordsworth and Charlotte Brontë, whose works similarly found paths through the everyday world into the sublime, terrifying, and astonishing.

After Dickinson died, her sister Lavinia discovered a trunk of nearly 1,800 secret poems squirreled away in a bedroom. Published at last, Dickinson's poetry became internationally famous and beloved. Dickinson's work and her life story still influence all kinds of artists.

HISTORICAL CONTEXT

Dickinson wrote most of her poetry during the American Civil war, which ran from 1861 to 1865. She was firmly on the Union side of that bloody conflict; in one of her letters, she writes with delight about the ignominious defeat of Confederate president Jefferson Davis, who was reportedly trying to make his escape disguised in a woman's skirt when he was finally captured.

However, Dickinson rarely addressed the political world around her directly in her poetry, preferring either to write about her immediate surroundings or to take a much wider philosophical perspective. This poem might do both: its meticulous attention to a natural phenomenon might also symbolically speak of what it feels like to undergo an inner transformation.

MORE RESOURCES

EXTERNAL RESOURCES

- The Poem in Manuscript — See an image of the poem in Dickinson's own handwriting.

(https://www.edickinson.org/editions/2/image_sets/12171953)

- The Poem Set to Music — Listen to a musical interpretation of the poem. (https://youtu.be/35ZDHEIj8wA)
- The Emily Dickinson Museum — Visit the website of the Emily Dickinson Museum to find a wealth of knowledge on Dickinson's life and work. (https://www.emilydickinsonmuseum.org/)
- A Portrait of Dickinson — See the only confirmed portrait of Dickinson: a daguerrotype taken when she was a teenager. (https://acdc.amherst.edu/view/EmilyDickinson/ED-Dag#page/1)
- A Brief Biography — Learn more about Dickinson via the Poetry Foundation's short biography. (https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/emily-dickinson)

LITCHARTS ON OTHER EMILY DICKINSON POEMS

- A Bird, came down the Walk
- After great pain, a formal feeling comes –
- A Light exists in Spring
- A Murmur in the Trees—to note—
- A narrow Fellow in the Grass
- An awful Tempest mashed the air—
- As imperceptibly as grief
- A still—Volcano—Life—
- Because I could not stop for Death —
- Before I got my eye put out
- Fame is a fickle food
- Hope is the thing with feathers
- I cannot live with You –
- I cautious, scanned my little life
- I could bring You Jewels—had I a mind to—
- I did not reach Thee
- I died for Beauty—but was scarce
- I dreaded that first Robin, so
- I dwell in Possibility –
- I felt a Funeral, in my Brain
- If I can stop one heart from breaking
- I had been hungry, all the Years
- I have a Bird in spring
- I heard a Fly buzz - when I died -
- I like a look of Agony
- I like to see it lap the Miles
- I measure every Grief I meet
- I'm Nobody! Who are you?
- I started Early — Took my Dog —
- I taste a liquor never brewed
- It was not Death, for I stood up
- I—Years—had been—from Home—
- Much Madness is divinest Sense -
- My Life had stood - a Loaded Gun
- Nature is what we see
- One need not be a Chamber — to be Haunted
- Publication — is the Auction
- Safe in their Alabaster Chambers
- Success is counted sweetest
- Tell all the truth but tell it slant —
- The Brain—is wider than the Sky—
- The Bustle in a House
- The Mushroom is the Elf of Plants
- There came a Wind like a Bugle
- There is no Frigate like a Book
- There's a certain Slant of light
- There's been a Death, in the Opposite House
- The saddest noise, the sweetest noise
- The Sky is low — the Clouds are mean
- The Soul has bandaged moments
- The Soul selects her own Society
- The Wind – tapped like a tired Man –
- They shut me up in Prose –
- This is my letter to the world
- This World is not Conclusion
- 'Twas the old—road—through pain—
- We grow accustomed to the Dark
- What mystery pervades a well!
- Whose cheek is this?
- Wild nights - Wild nights!

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