The Sky is low — the Clouds are mean

POEM TEXT

The Sky is low — the Clouds are mean.
A Travelling Flake of Snow
Across a Barn or through a Rut
Debates if it will go —
A Narrow Wind complains all Day
How some one treated him
Nature, like Us is sometimes caught
Without her Diadem.

SUMMARY

The sky is heavy and grey, and the clouds are petty and stingy. A single wandering snowflake can't seem to decide whether it's going to travel past the barn or through the mud. All day long, the thin wind whines about how somebody hurt his feelings. Nature, just like us humans, sometimes misplaces the elegant crown she wears when she's at her best.

THEMES

NATURE, HUMANITY, AND MOOD

Gazing out at a gloomy winter day, the speaker of "The Sky is low — the Clouds are mean" observes that the weather seems grumpy—just as grumpy as the speaker, in fact. As sullen and sulky as any person, the weather mirrors the speaker's own displeasure at being stuck inside on a dull, cold afternoon. Nature, the speaker wryly reflects, has its off days just as any person does, and people can often see their own feelings reflected in the world around them. Perhaps people can thus take comfort in the fact that the weather, like one's mood, always changes eventually.

Everything the speaker sees on this dreary day seems to be in a rotten mood. The clouds aren't just grey, but "mean," or stingy and withholding: they've only released one indecisive snowflake, which wanders through the muddy yard as if it can't decide what to do with itself. And the "Narrow Wind" is whining like someone who feels they've been mistreated and just won't let it go. In other words, to this speaker, nature appears to have gotten up on the wrong side of the bed today.

All this personification of nature suggests that it's really the *speaker* who's having a bad day, and who sees their mood reflected in the nasty weather. Even the time the speaker spends tracing the path of a single "Flake of Snow" suggests that they're staring gloomily out the window, practically dying of boredom and irritation.

But that, the speaker sighs, is just the way things go. When the speaker remarks, tongue in cheek, that both nature and people sometimes seem to have misplaced their "Diadem" (or crown), there's the sense that nothing in the world can be at its absolute best all the time. But the comical image of the lost crown suggests that, in a certain light, these low moments can be as funny as they are irritating—and that the better moments of life, when they come again, might be fit for a king.

Where this theme appears in the poem:

- Lines 1-8

LINE-BY-LINE ANALYSIS

LINE 1

The Sky is low — the Clouds are mean.

This poem begins with a flat, dull description of a flat, dull day. Take a look at the way the speaker uses parallelism to introduce an uninspiring landscape:

> The Sky is low — the Clouds are mean.

Those mirrored words ("the ___ is ___") suggest that, everywhere the speaker looks, the world seems so gloomy that there's no point in even varying one's sentence structure to describe it. Everything's just one big samey mass of gray.

Not only is the weather lousy, but it also seems actively unhappy. Personifying the sky as "low" and the clouds as "mean," the speaker suggests that nature itself is in a bad mood, both depressed and sour.

And that bad mood will turn out to be exactly the subject of this poem. It's not just that the weather is bad outside: it's that the speaker's *internal* weather is "low" and "mean" as the skies. This will be a poem about how the outer world can seem to reflect the inner world.

This flavor of personification was so common in 19th-century poetry that one important artist and critic, John Ruskin, coined a dismissive term for bad versions of it: the "pathetic fallacy," the attribution of human feelings to nature. ("Pathetic" here doesn't mean "pitiful," but "to do with emotion.") Anyone who's seen a movie in which a storm breaks out just as something sad happens to the hero will be familiar with how the pathetic fallacy works. Ruskin (and many thinkers who followed him) disliked this technique because he felt it was often hokey, false, and trite.

But Ruskin would likely have approved of Dickinson's personification here. In this poem, the speaker is well aware that they're projecting their own feelings onto the landscape, and actively reflecting on the human tendency to do so!

LINES 2-4

A Travelling Flake of Snow
Across a Barn or through a Rut
Debates if it will go —

Under these heavy skies, this speaker has nothing to do but idly watch a single snowflake meander across a muddy barnyard. (Those "mean," stingy clouds can't even work their way up to a proper snowstorm.)

Take a look at the way the speaker uses enjambment (and a peculiar sentence structure) here:

> A Travelling Flake of Snow
> Across a Barn or through a Rut
> Debates if it will go —

Stretching out one sentence over three line breaks, these enjambments suggest the aimless motion of that "Travelling Flake." And the odd shape of that single sentence is meaningful, too. In an ordinary English sentence, the speaker would normally have said something more like: "a traveling flake of snow | debates if it will go | across a barn or through a rut." By swapping the position of those last two clauses, the speaker mimics the snowflake's dithery, back-and-forth drifting.

Neither of the snowflake's two options sounds that inspiring. Its choices of destination are a smelly barn or a "rut," a wheel-mark in the mud. The time and space the speaker gives to watching this snowflake's meaningless "decision" suggests that the speaker really has absolutely nothing to do today. The reader might imagine them slumped in a chilly window, staring fixedly at this wandering flake.

In fact, the reader starts to get the sense that the speaker is personifying the natural world to match their own feelings. A person who sits and watches a snowflake drift back and forth outside for minute after minute seems likely to feel just as aimless as that snowflake.

By now, the poem's meter is clear: common meter, or alternating lines of iambic tetrameter and iambic trimeter. An iamb is a poetic foot with an unstressed-stressed beat pattern; tetrameter means there are four of these feet, four da-DUMs per line, while trimeter means there are three:

> Across | a Barn | or through | a Rut
> Debates | if it | will go —

Dickinson uses this meter in lots of her poetry. Here, it lends the scene a steady, easy rhythm.

LINES 5-6

A Narrow Wind complains all Day
How some one treated him

The speaker's personification of nature gets even more pointed in lines 5-6. Here, the speaker describes the ceaseless whining of the "Narrow Wind," which seems to be griping about "How some one treated him."

The word "narrow" here suggests both the thin, sharp sound of that whining and the personified wind's *personality.* This wind is so "narrow[ly]" focused on the injustices it feels it's suffered that it can't shut up about them.

The speaker's sounds here mimic the wind's incessant complaints. The assonant long /ay/ of "complains all Day" sounds just like a self-pitying whine, and the consonant /w/ of "Narrow Wind" makes those two words meld into each other, as continuous as the wind itself.

These lines paint a vivid picture of a particular kind of thin, persistent, chilly wind. But they also evoke the speaker's own annoyance—and their own impatience with their annoyance. Clearly, it's the speaker who's feeling self-pitying, not the wind. But by projecting a mood onto the wind, the speaker also gets to see that mood from a distance, and to feel a whole new level of annoyance at themselves for *being* in that mood!

In other words, the speaker really can't catch a break today. Not only are they in a deep sulk (mirrored by the sulky weather), they can't even enjoy it: dismissing the wind as a big whiner, they also dismiss *themselves* as a big whiner.

LINES 7-8

Nature, like Us is sometimes caught
Without her Diadem.

After six straight lines of gloom and complaint, the poem's tone changes a little at the end. Here, the speaker finally steps back from this particular grey day to draw some tongue-in-cheek philosophical conclusions.

Note how the poem's meter shifts at this moment. So far, each line has opened with an iamb—again, a foot with a da-DUM rhythm. But line 7 starts with a trochee, which is essentially an iamb's opposite: "Nature," DUM-da. This little blip reflects the poem's shift in tone.

First, the speaker recognizes that "Nature, like Us," can't be having a good day all the time: nature, like people, has its ups and downs. This line also subtly acknowledges the connection between the speaker and the mood they're reading into the weather. If nature is "like Us," perhaps that's not just because the weather goes through moody patches. Perhaps it's because we humans tend to *make* nature "like Us," to read ourselves into nature: that old "pathetic fallacy" again!

But it's the speaker's closing metaphor that really lightens the tone here. Imagining that a personified "Nature" sometimes gets "caught / Without her Diadem," the speaker introduces some wry humor to the mix. There's something a little ironic about imagining good days as a metaphorical "Diadem," or crown: in a setting of barnyard mud and dreary skies, that image feels comically hyperbolic and out of place. In choosing this mildly goofy image, the speaker seems to be getting over themselves a little, releasing some of the self-pity they blamed on the wind.

But this image also gives the poem a real gleam of hope. If good days indeed seem to crown both "Nature" and humanity with a "Diadem," there's something pretty special going on there. Beautiful, sunlit days, in this metaphor, are *valuable*, as much a treasure as any bejeweled crown.

And luckily, such diadems are never lost forever. Even this poem's concluding flicker of lightness makes it clear that the sun will shine again, both inside and outside this moody speaker.

SYMBOLS

WEATHER

The weather in this poem symbolizes the speaker's mood (and moods in general).

Just like people, the speaker observes, the weather goes through high patches and low ones. In this poem, the weather is decidedly "low": it's a miserable gray day, frosty-cold and muddy. All of this bleakness reflects the speaker's own self-pity, gloom, and boredom.

But if the weather works like moods (and vice versa), then the speaker can take comfort in the idea that the sun will inevitably come out again one day—in both the inner and the outer worlds.

Where this symbol appears in the poem:

- Lines 1-6

POETIC DEVICES

PERSONIFICATION

Personification (and, more specifically, pathetic fallacy) sits right at the heart of this poem, establishing a relationship between the dreary weather and the speaker's dreary mood.

Everything the speaker sees as they look around at the winter landscape seems to have a personality—and none of those personalities are pleasant. The skies are "low" and "mean," or gloomy and stingy; they've only released a single snowflake, which doesn't seem to know what to do with itself, dithering about what path to take across a muddy barnyard.

The wind is even worse: all it can do, all day long, is gripe about being mistreated somehow. Its "narrow," whining voice reflects its narrow focus on its own concerns.

And that might give readers a clue about how the speaker is seeing nature, here. It's not just that the skies are low and the clouds are mean and the wind is whiny: it's that the *speaker* feels low, mean, and whiny as they look out at this dismal day.

The speaker makes a connection between mood and weather explicit in the poem's last lines:

> Nature, like Us is sometimes caught
> Without her Diadem.

Nature, this poem's personification suggests, is indeed "like Us" a lot of the time—not just because both nature and people have good "weather" and bad, but because people read the world in the light of their own moods.

Where Personification appears in the poem:

- Lines 1-8

IMAGERY

The poem's imagery plunks readers down next to the speaker in the middle of a gloomy day.

The speaker begins with some simple-but-evocative descriptions of the "low" sky and the "mean" clouds—images that suggest grey clouds pressing unforgivingly down on the landscape. In fact, the very simplicity of these one-word descriptions only enhances the claustrophobic effect here, making those "low," "mean" skies feel so dully, uniformly gray that there's nothing more to say about them.

Under those heavy skies, only one thing is moving:

> A Travelling Flake of Snow
> Across a Barn or through a Rut
> Debates if it will go —

These lines help readers to picture the fitful, indecisive movements of this single personified snowflake as it meanders across a farmyard. They also suggest that the speaker is bored to tears: if the speaker is spending this much time watching one snowflake blowing around, they must *really* have nothing to do.

And the personified "Narrow Wind" is no help: all it can do is "complain." The word "narrow" here works in two ways at once, both suggesting that the wind is thin and sharp, and that it's whinily persistent—not just physically narrow, but narrow-minded.

The poem's imagery thus evokes both the scenery and the speaker's state of mind, helping readers to feel as if they, too, were slumped fretfully beside a chilly window.

Where Imagery appears in the poem:

- Lines 1-4
- Line 5

PARALLELISM

Parallelism helps to evoke the plodding boredom of a gray winter's day.

The poem's first six lines repeat the same sentence structures over and over. Take a look at the first line:

> The Sky is low — the Clouds are mean.

Both of these clauses describe the weather using basically the same phrasing—a choice that reflects how uniformly gloomy it is outside! The parallelism here suggests just how bored and annoyed the speaker feels on this dismal day: the weather looks so dull that there's no reason even to vary the phrasing with which one describes it.

The speaker uses a different flavor of parallelism in their next set of descriptions:

> A Travelling Flake of Snow
> Across a Barn or through a Rut
> Debates if it will go —
> A Narrow Wind complains all Day
> How some one treated him

This new sentence structure has essentially the same emotional effect. Here, the dulling repetition also suggests that even the parts of the landscape that *do* move and change are only doing so crossly, "debat[ing]" and "complain[ing]."

By setting up these patterns of repetition, parallelism helps the poem to pack all the fretful boredom of a long dreary day into a mere eight lines.

Where Parallelism appears in the poem:

- Line 1
- Lines 2-6

ENJAMBMENT

The poem's enjambments help readers to picture the winter scene the speaker describes—and set up its wry closing joke.

As the speaker idly follows the course of a single wandering snowflake, for instance, enjambments mimic that snowflake's motion:

> A Travelling Flake of Snow
> Across a Barn or through a Rut
> Debates if it will go —

These mid-sentence line breaks feel both continuous and abrupt, imitating the way the snowflake drifts here and there in the wind, changing direction but never seeming to decide where it's going. (The sentence structure here helps create that impression, too: the speaker introduces the directions the snowflake might choose *before* saying that the snowflake is "debat[ing]" which one to pick, an unusual phrasing that itself evokes hesitation and confusion.)

There's similar enjambed mimicry in the next lines:

> A Narrow Wind complains all Day
> How some one treated him

Here, the way the sentence continues over the line break without a pause suggests just how ceaselessly this "Narrow Wind complains."

But enjambment does something a little different at the end of the poem:

> Nature, like Us is sometimes caught
> Without her Diadem.

Enjambment breaks this sentence on a surprising word: "caught." That means "caught" dangles out there in space for a moment—itself "caught" in an awkward pause! And the closing idea of nature getting caught out without its "Diadem" gets its own pocket of space, allowing readers to roll this droll image around in their minds.

Where Enjambment appears in the poem:

- **Lines 2-3:** “Snow / Across”
- **Lines 3-4:** “Rut / Debates”
- **Lines 5-6:** “Day / How”
- **Lines 7-8:** “caught / Without”

METAPHOR

When, at the end of the poem, the speaker reflects that nature (like humanity) "is sometimes caught / Without her Diadem," the metaphorical image of life's pleasures as a lost crown gives readers a fuller picture of the speaker's personality.

On the one hand, there's something ironic in the speaker's tone here. To say that, on a nasty day, people and nature seem to have mislaid their "Diadem" paints a comically hyperbolic picture of what a *good* day is like. The image is so grand it can't help but feel a little tongue-in cheek: "Oh dear, must have mislaid my fabulous crown today."

But the image of the pleasures and joys of a good day as a crown might also suggest that this speaker has a genuine ability to relish life (as well as to sulk). If nature and people can seem to be "crowned" on a good day, then good days aren't just fun or pleasant: they're special, valuable, and glorious. On a day *with* its "Diadem," "Nature" might seem as powerful, beautiful, and sacred as an anointed queen.

The poem's single metaphor is thus both a joke and a subtle statement of hope. Even on the dreariest days, one can remember that other kinds of days will return—days that seem crowned with glory.

Where Metaphor appears in the poem:

- **Lines 7-8:** "Nature, like Us is sometimes caught / Without her Diadem."

CONSONANCE

Consonance subtly supports the poem's tone, evoking both the speaker's sulky mood and their dry humor.

Listen to the consonant sounds at the beginning of the poem, for instance:

> The Sky is low — the Clouds are mean.
> A Travelling Flake of Snow

All those drawn-out /l/ sounds slow these lines down and help to suggest the speaker's utter grumpy boredom. The speaker's attention to the path of a single snowflake suggests they've been staring out the window for hours waiting for anything at all to happen, and those /l/ sounds help readers to feel just how long and fruitless a day it's been. The clipped /k/ sounds, meanwhile, might reflect the speaker's frustration (or simply add musicality to the poem's language).

Later, in line 5, the /w/ sound of "Narrow Wind" makes those two words seem to slide right into each other—a continuous sound that *feels* "narrow" and compressed, maybe even a little claustrophobic.

But at the end of the poem, the speaker's consonance changes flavor:

> Nature, like Us is sometimes caught
> Without her Diadem.

Those crisp /t/ sounds feel snappy and light after all the drawn-out sounds of the earlier lines. That new crispness suggests that the speaker is shaking off their bad mood, finally finding a little philosophical humor in their predicament.

Where Consonance appears in the poem:

- **Line 1:** "Sky," "low," "Clouds"
- **Line 2:** "Travelling," "Flake"
- **Line 5:** "Narrow," "Wind"
- **Line 7:** "sometimes," "caught"
- **Line 8:** "Without"

ASSONANCE

Like consonance, assonance helps to evoke the speaker's tone (and the gloomy weather outside).

For instance, listen to the long /ay/ sound in this line:

> A Narrow Wind complains all Day

That /ay/ sound mimics the whine of the petulant wind, adding a bit of sulky rhythm to the line.

The subtle internal rhyme in lines 1-2 is atmospheric, too:

> The Sky is low — the Clouds are mean.
> A Travelling Flake of Snow

The repeated /oh/ sound here helps these lines to feel as thick and dense as that "low" grey sky.

Where Assonance appears in the poem:

- **Line 1:** "low"
- **Line 2:** "Snow"
- **Line 5:** "complains," "Day"

VOCABULARY

Mean (Line 1) - Here, "mean" doesn't mean "unkind," but "stingy, withholding, and sparse."

Rut (Line 3) - The mark a wheel leaves in a muddy road.

Diadem (Line 8) - A crown or tiara.

FORM, METER, & RHYME

FORM

This poem is built from a single eight-line stanza, or octave. But it also breaks down into two four-line stanzas, or quatrains, one of Dickinson's favorite forms. (In fact, some editions print this poem as two quatrains rather than one octave.) The kind of quatrains here are more specifically ballad stanzas, because they follow an ABCB rhyme scheme and alternate between eight and six syllables per line.

However one breaks its shape down, this poem is short, a quick snapshot of a dreary day. That shortness reflects the speaker's gloomy mood; it's as if the speaker can barely raise their head from the windowsill even to say how gross it is outside.

But the poem's brevity also helps its dry humor to shine. After six lines of bad weather, the final two lines, in which the speaker reflects that even "Nature" sometimes loses her shining "Diadem," land like the payoff of a joke.

METER

Like much of Dickinson's poetry, "The Sky is low — the Clouds are mean" uses common meter, also sometimes known as ballad meter. That means that it switches back and forth between lines of iambic tetrameter—lines of four iambs, metrical feet with a da-DUM rhythm—and lines of iambic trimeter, or *three* iambs.

Here's how that sounds in lines 3-4:

> Across | a Barn | or through | a Rut
> Debates | if it | will go —

This is a down-to-earth, folky meter, one that appears everywhere from hymns to nursery rhymes. Here, it unobtrusively harmonizes with the poem's mood: it's an ordinary meter to describe a dull, sulky day.

But the poem also plays with this meter a little. Take a look at what happens in lines 7-8:

> Nature, | like Us | is some- | times caught
> Without | her Di- | adem.

The first foot here isn't an iamb, but its opposite: a trochee, which has a DUM-da rhythm. That strong first stress changes the tone of these concluding lines a little. After all those lines that plod along with the same rhythm describing the grey day, the speaker finally seems to heave a resigned sigh here, as if to say: "Never mind, this is just the way things are sometimes."

RHYME SCHEME

"The Sky is low — the Clouds are mean" uses one of Dickinson's favorite rhyme schemes. It runs like this:

> ABCB

Like the poem's common meter, this rhyme scheme is an old reliable: it shows up in all kinds of down-to-earth folk poetry, like nursery rhymes and ballads. Such unobtrusive rhymes fit right in with this poem's tone, reflecting the speaker's dull mood on a dull day.

But there's some internal rhyme and slant rhyme here to spice things up, too. For instance, the internal rhyme between "low" and "Snow" in lines 1-2 means that a long assonant /oh/ sound drags out all through those first lines, like a heavy sigh.

And the slant rhyme between "him" and "Diadem" in lines 6 and 8 closes the poem on a note of slight mismatch—an out-of-sorts rhyme to match an out-of-sorts day. That slant rhyme also gives the unusual word "Diadem"—which already stands out in a poem that's mostly about mud and grey skies and complaints—a little extra sparkle.

SPEAKER

The reader never learns anything too specific about the speaker of "The Sky is low — the Clouds are mean." All that the reader knows about this speaker is that they're having a pretty gloomy day, staring out at the frosty, muddy yard and feeling as if the whole world is sulking with them.

But this speaker also has a sense of humor. When the speaker ruefully concludes that both "Nature" and humanity sometimes fall short of their absolute best, their image of a lost "Diadem" of pleasure and happiness strikes a comical contrast with the grey picture they've painted.

And even though that "Diadem" is jokey, it also hints that the speaker can see the best in things, as well as the worst. On a good day, that "Diadem" suggests, the speaker can feel as if the whole world, inner and outer, is bejeweled and sparkling.

SETTING

"The Sky is low — the Clouds are mean" is set on a gloomy winter's day in a rural town, where the roads around the "barn[yard]" are muddy and "rut[ted]." There's not even a good solid snowstorm to break up the tedium: the "mean" skies will only release a single bewildered flake.

This setting is both literal and metaphorical: the dull cold day outside the speaker's window perfectly matches the speaker's own feelings. Perhaps the speaker's mood and the weather even reflect back and forth on each other: the weather makes the speaker gloomy, and the speaker's gloom makes the weather look even gloomier!

CONTEXT

LITERARY CONTEXT

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) was an utterly original poetic voice. Her distinctive style and psychological acuity set her apart, not just from other 19th-century poets, but almost from the 19th century itself: many critics see her more as a forerunner of 20th-century Modernism.

But Dickinson's interest in the way that humanity interacts with the natural world also shows all the marks of American Romanticism. Influenced by earlier English Romantic writers like Wordsworth and Coleridge, Dickinson adopted both their ballad meter and their subject matter, often writing about nature's power, danger, wisdom, and beauty. Here, of course, Dickinson takes a look at the other side of the humanity/nature coin, examining the way that nature can show people a sullen face as well as a sublime one.

That sense of humor and humility fits right in with the contemporary American Romantic movement, too: like Walt Whitman, Dickinson could write poetry that ranged from the self-deprecating to the deeply spiritual (sometimes in the same poem).

But Dickinson always took her art form seriously, even when she was using it to poke fun at human foibles. In a letter to her good friend Thomas Wentworth Higginson, she defined poetry like this: "If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can warm me I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry. These are the only way I know it. Is there any other way?"

HISTORICAL CONTEXT

While she's become one of the world's most famous, influential, and beloved poets, Dickinson was unknown during her own lifetime. She lived quietly in Amherst, Massachusetts, and published only a handful of poems, anonymously. She was famously reclusive and shy; in the last years of her short life she rarely left the family home she shared with her parents and her sister Lavinia. It was only after Dickinson's death that Lavinia discovered the vast treasure-trove of poems that Dickinson had squirreled away in her bedroom.

Within the tight confines of her home, Dickinson led a huge life. A lot of her poems—like this one—are set in the ordinary rural world around her, but use that everyday terrain as a leaping-off point for profound insights into humanity and the divine.

In one sense, then, Dickinson was cut off from a wildly eventful period of American history: she lived during the Civil War years and saw huge political change and chaos without ever writing much about it directly. In another sense, though, she had her finger on the world's pulse: her innovative work would one day revolutionize American poetry.

MORE RESOURCES

EXTERNAL RESOURCES

- The Poem in Dickinson's Hand — See the poem in Dickinson's own handwriting at the Emily Dickinson Archive. (https://www.edickinson.org/editions/1/image_sets/12176793)
- Dickinson at the Poetry Foundation — Read a short biography of Dickinson and find links to more of her poems. (https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/emily-dickinson)
- A Photo of Dickinson — See a rare photo of Dickinson and learn more about how she's remembered. (https://www.theguardian.com/books/2012/sep/05/emily-dickinson-new-photograph)
- The Emily Dickinson Museum — Visit the Emily Dickinson Museum's website to learn more about Dickinson's life and works. (https://www.emilydickinsonmuseum.org/)
- The Poem Aloud — Listen to the poem read aloud. (https://youtu.be/YbVoSHDswDA)

LITCHARTS ON OTHER EMILY DICKINSON POEMS

- A Bird, came down the Walk
- After great pain, a formal feeling comes –
- A narrow Fellow in the Grass
- An awful Tempest mashed the air—
- As imperceptibly as grief
- Because I could not stop for Death —
- Hope is the thing with feathers
- I dwell in Possibility –
- I felt a Funeral, in my Brain
- I heard a Fly buzz - when I died -
- I like to see it lap the Miles
- 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
- Much Madness is divinest Sense -
- My Life had stood - a Loaded Gun
- Success is counted sweetest
- Tell all the truth but tell it slant —
- The Brain—is wider than the Sky—
- There is no Frigate like a Book
- There's a certain Slant of light
- The Soul selects her own Society
- They shut me up in Prose –
- This is my letter to the world
- We grow accustomed to the Dark
- Wild nights - Wild nights!

HOW TO CITE

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