

Emily Dickinson: My life has stood- a loaded gun

My life has stood- a loaded gun-
In corners- till a day
The owners passed- identified-
And carried me away-

And now we roam in Sovereign Woods-
And now We hunt the Doe-
And everytime I speak for him-
The mountains straight reply-

And do I smile, such a cordial light
Upon the Valley glow-
It is as a Vesuvian face
Had let its pleasure through

And when at night a good day done-
I guard my masters Head
'Tis better than the Eider- Duck's
Deep Pillow- to have shared

To foe of His- I'm deadly foe-
None stir the second time-
On when I lay a yellow eye
Or an emphatic thumb-

Though I than He- may longer life

He longer must- than I
For I but the power to kill,
Without- the power to die-

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