

Emily Elizabeth Dickinson (December 10, 1830 – May 15, 1886), born in Amherst, Massachusetts.

Interesting tidbit: Dickinson wrote to a friend once: "I never enjoyed such perfect peace and happiness as the short time in which I felt I had found my savior." She went on to say it was her "greastest pleasure to commune alone with the great God & to feel that he would listen to my prayers."

Here are some of my favorite poems by Emily Dickinson:

"Going to Heaven"

Going to Heaven!
I don't know when —
Pray do not ask me how!
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to Heaven!
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the Shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little space for me
Close to the two I lost —
The smallest "Robe" will fit me
And just a bit of "Crown" —
For you know we do not mind our dress

When we are going home —

I’m glad I don’t believe it
For it would stop my breath —
And I’d like to look a little more
At such a curious Earth!
I’m glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the might Autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

-Emily Dickinson

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“Hope is the Thing With Feathers”

“Hope” is the Thing With Feathers
That perches in the soul —
And sings the tune without the words —
And never stops — at all —

And sweetest — in the Gale — is heard —
And sore must be the storm —
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm —

I’ve heard it in the chillest land —
And on the strangest Sea —
Yet, never, in Extremity,
It asked a crumb — of Me.

– Emily Dickinson –

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“I’m Nobody! Who are You?”

I’m Nobody! Who are you?
Are you — Nobody — Too?
Then there’s a pair of us!
Don’t tell! they’d advertise — you know!

How dreary — to be — Somebody!
How public — like a Frog —
To tell one’s name — the livelong June —
To an admiring Bog!

-Emily Dickinson

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“I Shall Not Live in Vain”

If I can stop one Heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain
If I can ease one Life the Aching
Or cool one Pain
Or help one fainting Robin
Unto his Nest again
I shall not live in Vain

-Emily Dickinson

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