

*Because I Could Not  
Stop for Death*

**Emily Dickinson**

Because I could not stop for Death—  
He kindly stopped for me—  
The Carriage held but just Ourselves—  
And Immortality.

We slowly drove—He knew no haste  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure, too,  
For His Civility—

We passed the School, where Children strove  
At Recess—in the Ring—  
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain—  
We passed the Setting Sun—

Or rather—He passed Us—  
The Dews drew quivering and chill—  
For only Gossamer, my Gown—  
My Tippet—only Tulle—

We paused before a House that seemed  
A Swelling of the Ground—  
The Roof was scarcely visible—  
The Cornice—in the Ground

Since then—'tis Centuries—and yet  
Feels shorter than the Day  
I first surmised the Horses' Heads  
Were toward Eternity—