



It sifts from Leaden Sieves —
 It powders all the Wood.
 It fills with Alabaster Wool
 The Wrinkles of the Road —

It makes an Even Face
 Of Mountain, and of Plain —
 Unbroken Forehead from the East
 Unto the East again —

It reaches to the Fence —
 'T wraps it Rail by Rail
 Till it is lost in Fleeces —
 It deals Celestial Vail

To Stump, and Stack — and Stem —
 A Summer's empty Room —
 Acres of Joints, where Hapvests were,
 Recordless, but for them —

It Ruffles Wrists of Posts
 As Ankles of a Queen —
 Then stills its Artisans — like Ghosts —
 Denying they have been —

— EMILY DICKINSON

