

Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park

This is my letter

This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me –
The simple News that Nature Told –
With tender Majesty
Her Message is committed
To Hands I cannot see –
For Love of Her – Sweet – countrymen –
Judge tenderly – of Me

Wild Nights

Wild Nights – Wild Nights!
Were I with thee
Wild Nights should be
Our luxury!
Futile – the Winds –
To a Heart in port –
Done with the Compass
Done with the Chart!
Rowing in Eden
Ah, the Sea!
Might I but moor – Tonight –
In Thee!

- Emily Dickenson (1800-1886)

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