I felt a Funeral, in my Brain, (340)

By Emily Dickinson

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
   And Mourners to and fro
    Kept treading – treading – till it seemed
     That Sense was breaking through –

And when they all were seated,
   A Service, like a Drum –
    Kept beating – beating – till I thought
     My mind was going numb –

And then I heard them lift a Box
   And creak across my Soul
    With those same Boots of Lead, again,
     Then Space – began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
   And Being, but an Ear,
    And I, and Silence, some strange Race,
     Wrecked, solitary, here –

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
   And I dropped down, and down –
    And hit a World, at every plunge,
     And Finished knowing – then –

Notes:
Note to POL students: The inclusion or omission of the numeral in the title of the poem should not affect the accuracy score. It is optional during recitation.
