It sifts from Leaden Sieves – (291)

By Emily Dickinson

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 –
   It 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 Harvests were,
   Recordless, but for them –

   It Ruffles Wrists of Posts
   As Ankles of a Queen –
   Then stills it’s Artisans – like Ghosts –
   Denying they have been –

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.
