

Introduction.

" If I read a book (and) makes my whole body so cold no fire ever can warm me I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry. These are the only way I know it. Is there any other way ? "

(Cité par T.W. Higginson dans une lettre à sa femme après sa visite à E.D. en août 1870.)

Cycle des cycles.

As if the Sea should part
And show a further Sea –
And that – a further – and the Three
But a presumption be –

Of Periods of Seas –
Unvisited of Shores –
Themselves the Verge of Seas to be –
Eternity – is Those –

#695

This World is not Conclusion.
A Species stands beyond –
Invisible, as Music
But positive, as Sound –

#501 (extrait)

Cycle des Heures I. Matin

"Morning" – means "Milking" – to the Farmer –
Dawn – to the Teneriffe –
Dice – to the Maid –
Morning means just Risk – to the Lover –
Just revelation – to the Beloved –

Epicures – date a Breakfast – by it –
Birdes – an Appocalypse –
Worlds – a Flood –
Faint-going Lives – Their lapse from Sighing –
Faith –The Experiment of Our Lord – #300

Morning, that comes but once,
Considers coming twice –
Two Dawns upon a Single Morn
Make Life a sudden price – #86

Cycle du dédoublement

One need not be a Chamber – to be Haunted –
One need not be a House –
The Brain – has Corridors surpassing
Material Place –

For safer of a Midnight – meeting
External Ghost –
Than an Interior – Confronting –
That cooler – Host.

For safer, through an Abbey – gallop –
The Stones a'chase –
Than Moonless – One's a'self encounter –
In lonesome place –

Ourselves – behind Ourselves – Concealed –
Should startle – most –
Assassin – hid in our Apartment –
Be Horror's least –

The Prudent – borrows a Revolver –
He bolts the Door –
O'erlooking a Superior Spectre –
Or more –

#670

Me from Myself – to banish –
Had I Art –
Invincible my Fortress
Unto All Heart –

But since Myself – assault Me –
How have I peace
Except by subjugating
Consciousness?

And since We're mutual Monarch
How this be
Except by Abdication –
Me – of Me?

#642

Cycle des Heures II. Midi

It's like the light –
A fashionless Delight –
It's like the Bee –
A dateles – Melody –

It's like the Woods –
Private – Like the Breeze –
Phraseless – yet it stirs
The proudest Trees –

It's like the Morning –
Best – when it's done –
And the Everlasting Cloks –
Chime – Noon!

#297

There is a Zone whose even Year
No solstice interrupt –
Whose Sun constructs perpetual Noon
Whose perfect seasons wait
Whose Summer set in summer, till
The Centuries of June
And Centuries of August cease
And Consciousness – is Noon –

#1056

Cycle des Géométries divines

Time feels so vast that were it not
For an Eternity –
I fear me this Circumference
Engross my Finity –

To His exclusion, who prepare
By Processes of Size
For the Stupendous Vision
Of His Diameters – # 802

When Bells stop ringing – Church – begins –
The Positive – of Bells –
When Cogs – stop – that's Circumference –
The Ultimate – of Wheels. #633

Pain – expands the Time –
Ages coil within
The minute Circumference
Of a single Brain –

Pain contracts – the Time –
Occupied with Shot
Gammutss of Eternities
Are as they were not – #967

Presentiment – is that long Shadow – on the Lawn –
Indicative that Suns go down –

The Notice to the startled Grass
That Darkness – is about to pass – #764

Cycle des Heures III. Soir

The Mountains stood in Haze –
The Valleys stopped below
And went or waited as they liked
The River and the Sky.

At leisure was the Sun –
His interests of Fire
A little from remark withdrawn –
The Twilight spoke the Spire,

So soft upon the Scene
The Act of evening fell
We felt how neighborly a Thing
Was the Invisible.

#1278

Soft as the massacre of Suns
By Evening's Sabres slain

#1127

Cycle de la mort.

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 thoses same Boots of Lead, again,
Then Space – began to toll,

As al 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 –

#280