

EMILY DICKINSON

1830-1886



If your Nerve, deny you – (Fr329, J292)

If your Nerve, deny you –
Go above your Nerve –
He can lean against the Grave,
If he fear to swerve –

- 5 That's a steady posture –
Never any bend
Held of those Brass arms –
Best Giant made –

- 10 If your Soul seesaw –
Lift the Flesh door –
The Poltroon wants Oxygen –
Nothing more –

c. early 1862

We never know how high we are (Fr1197, J1176)

We never know how high we are
Till we are asked to rise
And then if we are true to plan
Our statures touch the skies –

- 5 The Heroism we recite
Would be a normal thing
Did not ourselves the Cubits warp
For fear to be a King -

c. 1871

