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| **Because I could not stop for Death** |  |
| by [Emily Dickinson](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/155) | |
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| Because I could not stop for Death –  He kindly stopped for me –  The Carriage held but just Ourselves –  And Immortality.  We slowly drove – He knew no haste  And I had put away  My labor and my leisure too,  For His Civility –  We passed the School, where Children strove  At Recess – in the Ring –  We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –  We passed the Setting Sun –  Or rather – He passed us –  The Dews drew quivering and chill –  For only Gossamer, my Gown –  My Tippet – only Tulle –  We paused before a House that seemed  A Swelling of the Ground –  The Roof was scarcely visible –  The Cornice – in the Ground –  Since then – 'tis Centuries – and yet  Feels shorter than the Day  I first surmised the Horses' Heads  Were toward Eternity – |  |