

You'll find -- it when you try to die --

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The Easier to let go --

For recollecting such as went --

You could not spare -- you know.

And though their places somewhat filled --

As did their Marble names

With Moss -- they never grew so full --

You chose the newer names --

And when this World -- sets further back --

As Dying -- say it does --

The former love -- distincter grows --

And supersedes the fresh --

And Thought of them -- so fair invites --

It looks too tawdry Grace

To stay behind -- with just the Toys

We bought -- to ease their place --

About the Author

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) was an American poet. Born at the Homestead in Amherst, Massachusetts on December 10, 1830 into a prominent, but not opulent family. she lived a mostly introverted and reclusive life. After being schooled at the Amherst Academy for seven years in her youth, she spent a short time at Mount Holyoke Female Seminary before retiring to her family's house, the Homestead...

Source: <http://poems.writers-network.com>