

## **The Last Night that She Lived**

*by Emily Dickinson*

The last Night that She lived  
It was a Common Night  
Except the Dying— this to Us  
Made Nature different

We noticed smallest things—  
Things overlooked before  
By this great light upon our Minds  
Italicized— as 'twere.

As We went out and in  
Between Her final Room  
And Rooms where Those to be alive  
Tomorrow were, a Blame

That Others could exist  
While She must finish quite  
A Jealousy for Her arose  
So nearly infinite—

We waited while She passed—  
It was a narrow time—  
Too jostled were Our Souls to speak  
At length the notice came.

She mentioned, and forgot—  
Then lightly as a Reed  
Bent to the Water, struggled scarce—  
Consented, and was dead—

And We— We placed the Hair—  
And drew the Head erect—  
And then an awful leisure was

Belief to regulate—