



Linda Pastan

(1932- )

Emily Dickinson (1971)

We think of her hidden in a white dress  
among the folded linens and sachets  
of well kept cupboards, or just out of sight  
sending jellies and notes with no address  
to all the wondering Amherst neighbors.  
Eccentric as New England weather  
the stiff wind of her mind, stinging or gentle,  
blew two half imagined lovers off.  
Yet legend won't explain the sheer sanity  
of vision, the serious mischief  
of language, the economy of pain.