



Hart Crane

(1899-1932)

To Emily Dickinson (1926)

You who desired so much--in vain to ask--
You fed your hunger like an endless task,
Dared dignify the labor, bless the quest--
Achieved that stillness ultimately best,

Being, of all, least sought for: Emily, hear!
O sweet, dead Silencer, most suddenly clear
When singing that Eternity possessed
And plundered momentarily in every breast;

--Truly no flower yet withers in your hand.
The harvest you descried and understand
Needs more than wit to gather, love to bind.
Some reconciliation of remotest mind--

Leaves Ormus rubyless, Ophir chill.
Else tears heap all within one clay-cold hill.