

Emily Dickenson

I heard a fly Buzz

I heard a fly buzz when I died;
 The stillness round my form
Was like the stillness in the air
 Between the heaves of storm.
The eyes beside had wrung them
dry,
 And breaths were gathering
sure
For that last onset, when the king
 Be witnessed in his power.
I willed my keepsakes, signed
away
 What portion of me I
Could make assignable,-and then
 There interposed a fly,
With blue, uncertain, stumbling
buzz,
 Between the light and me;
And then the windows failed, and
then
 I could not see to see.

