



Favorite Poems Of Emily Dickinson

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A delightful facsimile of a volume published by two of Dickinson's close friends shortly after her death.

Favorite Poems Of Emily Dickinson Details

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Vin says

My feelings on this are mixed: on one hand, some of her poems are beautiful, insightful, and inspiring, and on the other, many are ho-hum or just plain bizarre ("The Leopard breathes at last" comes to mind.) The plethora of dashes, substituted for just about every punctuation mark with no apparent logic, were a major turn-off for a punctuation-police type like me. My final feelings are that I would return to a few of these poems but would leave most unread a second time.

Amber Hetchler (???????) says

There's a couple of good ones that really stick out.

Leigha says

Aw man, I feel really bad! I want to be honest, I did not really enjoy this as a whole. There were about 3/4 poems I liked a lot, but the rest made me feel a lot more unintelligent than I already feel like I am sometimes. I just didn't get the poetry. I know it is the innermost thoughts and feelings of someone and maybe I'm not supposed to understand or maybe it is the outdated language used.

I do like poetry and I have even wrote my own. I just don't quite understand it, even what I myself write.

ZaRi says

A Bird came down the Walk—
He did not know I saw—
He bit an Angleworm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew
From a convenient Grass—
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
To let a Beetle pass—

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all around—
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought—
He stirred his Velvet Head

Like one in danger, Cautious,

I offered him a Crumb
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home—

Than Oars divide the Ocean,
Too silver for a seam—
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon
Leap, plashless as they swim.

Paula says

I read this book for a 2018 reading challenge. I'm weird and only like most poems randomly here and there instead of an entire book full of them.

My favorite part of this little book was the introduction and learning more about Emily Dickinson herself. I had no idea that she was such a recluse and that most of her poems were published after her death.

Don't get me wrong, the poems are good, just a full book of them isn't my cup of tea. Poem lovers would enjoy it immensely, I believe.

Christi says

I like Emily Dickinson so I knew what I would be reading, but this little sweet book makes you feel like you are reading in her own little library or garden. I think everyone should read some Emily Dickinson so I clearly think it's a five star book. Also, it's very quick. I read it in about an hour.

Jessica says

Such beautiful words.

Kelsey says

Emily Dickinson was a master. She played around with words to show their potential and poetic ring.

" As children bid the guest good-night,
and then reluctant turn,
My flowers raise their pretty lips,
then put their nightgowns on.

As children caper when they wake,
Merry that it is morn,
My flowers from a hundred cribs
Will peep, and prance again. "

Just like this poem, I'm sad to say good bye to this book, but I will always come back to them.

Laura Verret says

Each time I read a collection of Emily Dickinson's poetry, she rises higher in my estimation. When I first read her poetry, I perceived her as a nonsense writer; next as a somewhat skilled poet, then as a master wordsmith, and now – now, as a woman who dripped her soul out in ink. Her works prove that it is not necessary to mingle widely with the world to understand the human condition – it only requires that we probe deeply into our own spirit. For in each of us lies all the passions, hopes, loves, and despondencies of the human race. And in Emily Dickinson these emotions were as acknowledged and catalogued as our fingers or eyes might be.

Her greatest skill was in taking an emotion or experience and stripping it down to its essence, then expressing that essence in deft imagery. Her words reflect universal experiences as discovered in particulars. Her words rivet life – and death.

Dickinson's poems are often morbid or introspective, and so are not likely to be well understood by younger readers. It's often been said that a reader can take no more away from a book than he brought in the first place, and I believe that to be especially true of Dickinson's writings. The more mature and emotionally experienced the reader, the more Dickinson's words will resonate.

Conclusion. To say that a collection of poems is absolute poetry may sound redundant. But I describe it thus in the same way that I might describe the rippling muscles of a lion – there is a perfection that lies in both that cannot be expressed by any other words. They are true poetry.

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Bob Nichols says

I was drawn to this collection by the format: short lines, short stanzas, short poems, and simple titles and rhymes. Her personal history is also impressive. She wrote these for herself, without a thought of publishing them. However, with a few exceptions, I didn't care for the poems – too obscure—the words, or sentences, the poems themselves.

Three poems I did like:

If I can stop one heart from breaking/I shall not live in vain/
If I can ease one life the aching/Or cool one pain/
Or help one fainting robin/Unto his nest again/I shall not live in vain.

The pedigree of honey/Does not concern the bee/A clover, any time, to him/is aristocracy.

The bustle in a house/The morning after death/Is solemnest of industries/Enacted upon earth/The sweeping

up the heart/And putting love away/We shall not want to use again/Until eternity.

Anie says

I have to admit -- Dickinson is not one of my favorite poets (her meter doesn't appeal to me, and I'm very not religious, so some of the subject matter doesn't appeal to me either). Still, there are some real gems in here -- whole poems that are lovely, and also some fantastic lines buried in some poems whose wholes I like less.

Laura says

A lot was packed into a tiny book. Confusing and also intelligent, depressing and also inspirational, relatable and also not. Some poems I re-read several times because I appreciated them so much, some because I had no clue what Emily was saying. Glad I read it though.

Dayla says

I got to know Ms. D from reading a few accolades and short bios. In the "Norton Anthology of Modern Poetry" (NAMP), the editors warned new readers that Ms. D cannot "long forget the terrifying approaches of death, a presence that inspires in her something like sexual excitement." Interesting. Awkward, but interesting.

But I also appreciated the NAMP description of Ms. D's faculty, of transforming "poverty into riches." The editors fancifully concluded that Ms. D is "usually in a state of deprivation, but has a vision of the Kingdom which might...be brought into being"--a lá "I dwell in Possibility."

The editors of the "The Oxford Anthology of American Literature" described Ms. D as one who deliberately seeks "the effect of assonance, half-rhymes, or no rhyme at all." Clifton Fadiman, Editor of "The New Lifetime Reading Plan" said that what "has long fascinated readers of Emily Dickinson is the seeming discrepancy between the uneventfulness of her life and the depth of her insight into the human condition." "The Soul selects her own society--/Then--shuts the door--"

Okay, I'm in. I too, can shut the door on society; rail against the dying light; and envision transforming a poor Kingdom into something beautiful and rich.

After reading Ms. D

Here is a list of her poems that spoke to me:

#1

And then, in Sovereign Barns to dwell--
And dream the Days away,
The Grass so little has to do
I wish I were a Hay--

#2

I wonder how the Rich--may feel--
An Indiaman--An Earl--
I deem that I--with but a Crumb--
Am Sovereign of them all--

#3

Inebriate of Air--am I--
And Debauchee of Dew--
Reeling--thro endless summer days--
From inns of Molten Blue

#4

Rowing in Eden--
Ah, the Sea!
Might I but moor--Tonight--
In Thee!

#5

Because I could not stop for Death
He kindly stopped for me--
The Carriage held but just Ourselves__
And Immortality!

#6 (My favorite)

The sky is low, the clouds are mean,
A travelling flake of snow
Across a barn or through a rut
Debates if it will go

#7

A narrow wind complains all day
How someone treated him;
Nature, like us is sometimes caught
Without her diadem

Thanks to some additional insight into her work by an English Professor, I will reread her poetry, and appreciate the "coyness" Ms. D uses to partially reveal herself and/or her meaning--knowing that it is okay for me to do part of the heavy lifting by bringing my own meaning to the work as well.

Kayleigh says

Emily Dickinson has never been one of my favorite poets--to me, she always came across as dispassionate and aloof--but I enjoyed most of these poems, especially the ones with which I had previously been unfamiliar.

Devin says

I have never too much cared for poetry and had doubts that I would make it through an entire book full of it, but I did enjoy this little book; the shorter poems especially.
