



Dickinson: Poems

Emily Dickinson

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Considered by many to be the spiritual mother of American poetry, Emily Dickinson (1830–1886) was one of the most prolific and innovative poets of her era. Well-known for her reclusive personal life in Amherst, Massachusetts, her distinctively short lines, and eccentric approach to punctuation and capitalization, she completed over seventeen hundred poems in her short life. Though fewer than a dozen of her poems were actually published during her lifetime, she is still one of the most widely read poets in the English language. Over one hundred of her best poems are collected here.

Dickinson: Poems Details

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Ahmad Sharabiani says

Emily Dickinson: Poems, Emily Dickinson

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Cheryl says

Sweet skepticism of the Heart-

That knows - and does not know-

Sometimes there is only one place to go: within, where the mind and body communicate poetically. Those poets of her time, they stayed securely snuggled into their worlds, while she traversed the unbeaten paths around them, creating abstract spaces made tangible through musicality. They stayed within their conformed art and hers elevated both the physical and mental, while she wrote from a house they deemed her prison, but one that would become this artist's fortress.

Shall I take thee, the Poet said

To the propounded word?

"She was aware of external standards but did not strive to adhere to them." They wrote with one accord, while she created her own rules: dashes to replace punctuation, incorrect spelling, melancholia refined through unique language and made beautiful on the page.

Shame is the shawl of Pink

In which we wrap the Soul

To keep it from infesting Eyes-

The elemental Veil

She didn't marry, didn't do many of the things expected of a woman living in her century. In fact it took a while for her art to be seriously recognized. Still, she wrote. She wrote to figure out the pain she lived with. She wrote to conquer her fears. She wrote to bring us introspection through the word. And when she had no friends, when she was betrayed by lovers, she wrote about the solace she found in Nature, the peace she found in the still of the universe.

My best Acquaintances are those

With Whom I spoke no Word -

Over the years, I've read a few of her poems here and there, but this edition, this collection, is my favorite. It is one to have on the shelf and revisit. I stayed with this for some time, savored Dickinson's words, viewed the world through her poet's eyes, as I followed the chronological organization of her poems. The poems are arranged according to years, 1850 and onwards, towards the 1880s, around the time of her death (*although*

the numbering is different which is a bit annoying because Dickinson's poems rely on numbers as titles).
1877 I think is my favorite year, when some of her longer poems occur, at times both scathingly introspective and inclusive of the natural world, confident, opinionated.

Teresa Proença says

Como todas as minhas palavras de amor para Dickinson serão ridículas (obrigada Álvaro de Campos), transcrevo as de Bloom — e as Dela.

"A força da sua poesia é indubitável, como a da Bíblia, de Shakespeare, de Blake e de Whitman. Apenas se irá tornar um desafio cada vez maior à medida que passem os séculos. Como Whitman, ela há-de deter-se algures, à nossa espera."

Harold Bloom

"Mostrei-lhe Cumes que ela nunca vira —
«Sobes?», disse eu
Ela disse — «Não» —
«Comigo» — disse eu — *Comigo?*
Mostrei-lhe Segredos — o Ninho da Manhã —
A Corda que as Noites estenderam —
E *agora* — «Convidas-me a ficar?»
Ela não soube bem se dizer Sim —
E então, eu afrouxei a minha vida — E
Para ela, ali brilhou solene, a Luz,
Tão mais quanto mais longe a sua face —
Como podia ela, ainda, dizer «Não»?"

"A Dor — tem um Elemento de Branco —
Não consegue lembrar
O seu início — ou se existiu
Um tempo em que não foi —

Não tem Futuro — só em si —
O Sem Fim contém
O seu Passado — pronto a discernir
Novos Períodos — de Dor."

"Dizem que o «Tempo acalma» —
Nunca o tempo acalmou —
A dor real é que se faz mais tensa
Como os Tendões, com a idade —

O Tempo é uma Prova de Tormento —
Mas não o seu Remédio —
E se tal coisa prova, também prova
Que não houve Doença —"

Cem poemas a ler...

"Para sempre — é composto de Agoras —
Não é um tempo diferente —
Excepto pela Infinitude —
E Latitude de Lar —

Disto — Aqui experimentado —
Tirem-se a Estes — as Datas —
Que os Meses se dissolvam noutros Meses —
E os Anos — se dissipem noutros Anos —

Sem Debate — nem Pausa —
Nem Feriado a Cumprir —
Não seriam diferentes os Nossos Anos
Do *Anno Domini* —"

...para sempre —

James says

Elysium is as far as to
The very nearest room,
If in that room a friend await
Felicity or doom.

What fortitude the soul contains,
That it can so endure
The accent of a coming foot,
The opening of a door!

Dr. Carl Ludwig Dorsch says

[Received April 26, 1862:]

MR. HIGGINSON,--Your kindness claimed earlier gratitude, but I was ill, and write to-day from my pillow.

Thank you for the surgery; it was not so painful as I supposed. I bring you others, as you ask, though they might not differ. While my thought is undressed, I can make the distinction; but when I put them in the gown, they look alike and numb.

You asked how old I was? I made no verse, but one or two, until this winter, sir.

I had a terror since September, I could tell to none; and so I sing, as the boy does by the burying ground, because I am afraid.

You inquire my books. For poets, I have Keats, and Mr. and Mrs. Browning. For prose, Mr. Ruskin, Sir Thomas Browne, and the Revelations. I went to school, but in your manner of the phrase had no education. When a little girl, I had a friend who taught me Immortality; but venturing too near, himself, he never returned. Soon after my tutor died, and for several years my lexicon was my only companion. Then I found one more, but he was not contented I be his scholar, so he left the land.

You ask of my companions. Hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog large as myself, that my father bought me. They are better than beings because they know, but do not tell; and the noise in the pool at noon excels my piano.

I have a brother and sister; my mother does not care for thought, and father, too busy with his briefs to notice what we do. He buys me many books, but begs me not to read them, because he fears they joggle the mind. They are religious, except me, and address an eclipse, every morning, whom they call their "Father."

But I fear my story fatigues you. I would like to learn. Could you tell me how to grow, or is it unconveyed, like melody or witchcraft?

You speak of Mr. Whitman. I never read his book, but was told that it was disgraceful.

I read Miss Prescott's Circumstance, but it followed me in the dark, so I avoided her.

Two editors of journals came to my father's house this winter, and asked me for my mind, and when I asked them "why" they said I was penurious, and they would use it for the world.

I could not weigh myself, myself. My size felt small to me. I read your chapters in the Atlantic, and experienced honor for you. I was sure you would not reject a confiding question.

Is this, sir, what you asked me to tell you? Your friend,

E. DICKINSON.

Damiana says

4-/5

Lou KR says

Admirada por la poesía de esta mujer.

Leola says

*"I found the words to every thought
I ever had - but One -
And that - defies Me -
As a Hand did try to chalk the Sun*

*To Races - nurtured in the Dark -
How would your Own - begin?
Can Blaze be shown in Cochineal -
Or Noon - in Mazarin?"*

Evi * says

Era un sabato mattino che succedeva ad una notte quasi insonne e affollata di problemi in forma di mostri invincibili, il mattino, già di per sé, con la sua *alba dalle dita rosate*, rischiara il nero della notte, ma può molto anche la lettura in punta di giorno di poesia in genere, la poesia ha questo potere benefico e terapeutico. nella fattispecie sono stati i versi di Emily Dickinson, tonico, balsamo che lenisce i dolori, amplifica l'essere, rinfranca il sentirsi vicini a un'anima bella e profonda come quella della poetessa americana.

Questa raccolta di poesie di Emily Dickinson, omaggiata anni or sono dal Corriere della Sera, forse non contiene il meglio della sua produzione, non mi è chiaro il criterio con cui le poesie vi sono riunite, non c'è alcun apparato critico (non che sia necessario perché le liriche sono di immediato impatto), né mi permetto di disquisire sulla bontà della traduzione.

Lo considero comunque un assaggio della sua sterminata produzione, lei che versificò più di 1700 poesie quasi 80 all'anno, tutte senza titolo, mai pubblicate in vita per una ritrosia che sempre la contraddistinse. Emily è una creatura selvatica, solitaria, ribelle nella sua decisione di non mettere più piede fuori casa e di trascorrere tutta una vita chiusa in una stanza, ribelle nella sua passione di poetessa che non lasciò posto ad alcuna altra attività, insubordinata anche nell'abbigliamento sempre e soltanto di bianco vestita, non viaggiò mai, limitando il suo orizzonte visivo al giardino della residenza di famiglia.

Tutto questo non le impedì di far librare la sua fantasia innalzando versi bellissimi oltre lo spicchio di cielo che vedeva al di là delle finestre della sua camera, rincorrendo e cogliendo l'anelito di infinito che provò a di racchiudere dentro la gabbia di brevi poesie, tentò di penetrare l'enigma della morte, cercò di scacciare il cuore di tenebra della disperazione, ma pure, in un multiformismo sorprendente, abbassò i suoi temi cantando l'economia della vita quotidiana e domestica: un ragno che tesse il suo gomito d'argento, la vita di un filo d'erba che segue il suo ciclo fino a diventare fieno, il volo dell'ape, le stagioni, la natura.

Leggere, leggere poesia, costa meno di un antidepressivo, di un ricostituente chimico, meno di un pacchetto di sigarette, molto, molto meno di un'ora da uno psicoanalista, e soprattutto non ha mai, mai controindicazioni né effetti collaterali, forse l'unico quello di provare a farci toccare con un dito l'eternità per poi farci ripiombare con un tonfo sul nudo e duro pavimento della realtà.

*Se più non fossi viva
Quando verranno i pettirossi,
Date a quello con la cravatta rossa
Per ricordo una briciola.*

*Se non potessi ringraziarvi
Perché immersa nel bel sonno,
Sappiate che mi sforzo
Con le mie labbra di granito*

.....

*Ciò che temevo venne,
Ma meno spaventoso,
Perché il lungo timore
L'aveva quasi abbellito.*

*Ci si abitua all'angoscia,
Alla disperazione.
Peggio saper che viene
Che saperla presente.*

*Chi indossa la sua pena
Il mattino che è nuova
Soffre più che a portarla
Un'intera esistenza.*

.....

*L'incertezza è più ostile della morte.
la morte, anche se vasta,
è soltanto la morte e non può crescere.
all'incertezza invece non v'è limite,
perisce per risorgere
e morire di nuovo,
è l'unione del Nulla
con l'Immortalità*

Matt says

I've read a fair bit of her poetry and all I can say is that it astounds me, seduces me, challenges me, enlightens me.

I can't lay claim to being any kind of expert but I love her vision, her way of seeing, her developing a highly idiosyncratic personal language that is informed by previous poetic tradition but that resolutely bends the note and pushes it forward. "Making it new" before it was cool, before they even had a name for it. I'm actually kind of hesitant to read more of her because I think I'm not ready yet...her power is exhausting and exhaustive...

Jamieanna says

This was my second time reading this edition of the poems all the way through. This time I could see trends in the poems more clearly, as well as stark differences in quality and mood across Dickinson's lifetime. Different poems jumped out at me than before, and I'm sure there are still others hidden for me to discover in the future.

Fabián Tapia says

Increíble.

Nadie había podido retratar mejor el sentimiento de muerte y angustia que Dickinson.

Coos Burton says

Este poemario me vino perfecto para atravesar unos meses difíciles donde realmente necesitaba volcarme en algo que no fuera prosa. La poesía siempre me acompaña cuando las cosas se ponen turbias, y los poemas de Dickinson siempre me dieron refugio. Seguramente relea mil veces más este bello poemario, que por cierto, destaco de esta edición puntual la acertada traducción de Silvina Ocampo.

Erika B. (SOS BOOKS) says

I was lucky enough to study dear Emily for an entire semester of school. She is often remembered as a recluse but I like to think of her as secretly passionate and brilliant! If you like to solve riddles than the poems of Emily Dickinson are for you! In this edition you can read the poems in their original format. I mean would someone who is completely shut off from the world write-

Wild nights - Wild nights!
Were I with thee
Wild nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile - the winds -
To a Heart in port -
Done with the Compass -
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden -
Ah - the Sea!
Might I but moor - tonight -
In thee!

Love her!

J Marie says

It is a truth universally acknowledged that I hate poetry. I really, truly hate it. Or I did, until I came across one of Emily Dickinson's poems, and subsequently devoured an entire collection of them. Emily Dickinson writes with magic- her poems are lyrical and emotional without the melodrama I'd come to associate with most poetry. They're absolutely beautiful in their simplicity.

Rita says

#31

*They shut me up in Prose-
As when a little Girl
They put me in the Closet
Because they liked me "still"-*

*Still! Could themselves have peeped-
And seen my Brain-go round-
They might as wise have lodged a Bird
For Treason-in the Pound-*

*Himself has but to will
And easy as a Star
Abolish his Captivity-
And laugh-No more have I-*

I tried very hard to appreciate Emily Dickinson, in fact I read this collection of her poetry twice, but most of her poetry left me cold. The vast majority of her poetry was not published until after her death in 1886. Her poems are mainly about flowers and death. She numbered her poems rather than name them. If this review seems clinical it's because I don't sense any real emotion in her poetry.

Emily was a recluse but she did have friends that she corresponded with regularly. Some say that she suffered from agoraphobia. She lived a very limited life, in my opinion.

I'm afraid that all I could give her was 2.5 stars. I have no desire to read anymore of her poetry. I guess my preference runs towards the more modern.

Posted January 27, 2018

Alex (PaperbackPiano) says

I'm choosing not to rate this one as I don't feel able to accurately sum up my feelings. There were some real gems in this collection and Dickinson definitely has a raw talent. However, a lot of these poems went right over my head. I wish I could have studied these in school, as I feel like I would appreciate them much more. I'm definitely glad I attempted them and will return to them in the future in the hopes of increasing my appreciation for this tortured soul.

Courtney Stoker says

This is such a good edition of Emily Dickinson. I would recommend it over any others I've read.

Emily Dickinson is addictive. Her poems seem so simple until you really dig into them, and that duel simplicity and complexity is what really draws me into them.

And for someone who spent most of her life in her home, Dickinson has some interesting insights into social life; in "I started Early - Took my Dog -", her depiction of male sexual pursuit is literally one of the most realistic things and intriguing things I've ever read.

In short, Dickinson is delicious.

Irene Carmina says

Emily, quanta ardente passione, di quanto amore eri capace. Hai dato voce alle mie emozioni, rendendole parola senza sbiadire la voce dell'anima. La tua poesia è rugiada; purissima, candida, ingenua. Dolce Emily, mi hai commosso.

Baylee says

Puoi trovare questa recensione anche sul mio blog ---> [La siepe di more](#)

Ma secondo voi è normale che io, nonostante sia consapevole che Emily Dickinson sia una delle maggiori poetesse statunitensi, continui a immaginarla nella campagna inglese? Ogni volta che leggevo una delle sue poesie "naturaliste", la mia mente partoriva pensieri come "che bella descrizione della campagna inglese". Questo tanto per darvi un'idea dello stato brado della mia mente e del perché vi chiami "prodi seguaci"...

Comunque, parliamo di Emily Dickinson, poetessa *americana*. Inizierei col dire che la Dickinson era una donna ribelle: cominciò con il rifiutarsi di professarsi pubblicamente cristiana e finì per isolarsi volontariamente nella sua stanza, in modo che i suoi pensieri e le sue poesie fluissero copiose e libere dalla sua mente.

Nonostante il suo isolamento, infatti, la Dickinson avvertiva chiaramente le tensioni del suo tempo: l'abisso che si faceva spazio tra la tradizione e il nuovo individualismo, tra il puritanesimo e il capitalismo. In pochi colsero la portata innovativa delle sue poesie: Thomas Wentworth Higginson, critico dell'*Atlantic Monthly* con il quale Emily Dickinson instaurò una lunga corrispondenza, definì i suoi versi "spasmodici". Va anche detto, però, che il poveretto è passato alla storia per non aver capito un tubo della poetessa.

Lei stessa ne era consapevole (e probabilmente l'ha pure, elegantemente e poeticamente, sfottuto un po' per questo), ma si rifiutò di "sistemare" le sue poesie affinché Higginson – e coloro che la pensavano come lui – le trovassero di loro gradimento. A favore del poveruomo va detto, però, che grazie a lui ci sono giunte molte informazioni sulla Dickinson e queste ci hanno aiutato ad avere un'idea più chiara di lei.

Personalmente, sono rimasta folgorata dalla potenza della gioia di vivere e parimenti dall'abisso di dolore che sprigionano i componimenti della Dickinson. Se la sua vita sembrava insostenibilmente monotona, la sua interiorità era fervida e ricca, tanto che la vita della Dickinson si racconta più in termini di riflessioni che in termini di fatti strettamente biografici.

Il mio consiglio è di leggere le sue poesie, almeno una volta nella vita. Nella brevità dei suoi versi è racchiusa una potenza che, secondo me, va provata.
