

## **The Sky is Low** *by Emily Dickinson*

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.

A narrow wind complains all day  
How some one treated him;  
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught  
Without her diadem\*.

\*diadem – a jeweled headband used as a royal crown

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## **The Moon** *by Emily Dickinson*

The moon was but a chin of gold  
A night or two ago,  
And now she turns her perfect face  
Upon the world below.

Her forehead is of amplest blonde.  
Her cheek like beryl<sup>+</sup> stone;  
Her eye unto the summer dew,  
The likest I have known.

Her lips of amber never part,  
But what must be the smile  
Upon her friend she could bestow  
Were such her silver will.

And what a privilege to be  
But the remotest star.  
For certainly her way might pass  
Beside your palace door.

Her bonnet is the firmament\*  
The universe, her shoe  
The stars, the trinkets at her belt,  
Her dimities\*\* of blue.

<sup>+</sup> a bluish or greenish mineral

\* sky

\*\*a light strong cotton fabric with woven stripes or squares