

Poems on Pain by Emily Dickinson (1830–1886)

#515, written in spring 1863

There is a pain - so utter -
It swallows substance up -
Then covers the Abyss with Trance -
So Memory can step
Around - across - upon it -
As One within a Swoon -
Goes safely - where an open eye -
Would drop Him - Bone by Bone

#340 (I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,),
written in summer 1862

Here is the last stanza:

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down, and down -
And hit a World, at every plunge,
And Finished knowing - then -

Also see **#372** (After great pain, a formal
feeling comes -)

#760, written in late 1863

How **#760** was published in 1924:

PAIN has an element of blank;
It cannot recollect
When it began, or if there were
A day when it was not.

It has no future but itself,
Its infinite realms contain
Its past, enlightened to perceive
New periods of pain.

#760, written in late 1863

#760 in its modern form

Pain - has an Element of Blank -
It cannot recollect
When it begun - Or if there were
A day when it was not –

It has no Future - but itself -
Its Infinite contain
Its Past - enlightened to perceive
New Periods - Of Pain.