**Because I could not stop for Death**

**By: Emily Dickinson**

Because I could not stop for Death--

He kindly stopped for me--

The Carriage held but just Ourselves--

And Immortality.

We slowly drove--He knew no haste

And I had put away

My labor and my leisure too,

For His Civility--

We passed the School, where Children strove

At Recess--in the Ring--

We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain--

We passed the Setting Sun--

Or rather--He passed us--

The Dews drew quivering and chill--

For only Gossamer, my Gown--

My Tippet--only Tulle--

We paused before a House that seemed

A Swelling of the Ground--

The Roof was scarcely visible--

The Cornice--in the Ground--

Since then--'tis Centuries--and yet

Feels shorter than the Day

I first surmised the Horses' Heads

Were toward Eternity--