

*If you were coming in the fall*  
*Emily Dickinson*

*If you were coming in the fall,  
I'd brush the summer by  
With half a smile and half a spurn,  
As housewives do a fly.*

*If I could see you in a year,  
I'd wind the months in balls,  
And put them each in separate drawers,  
Until their time befalls.*

*If only centuries delayed,  
I'd count them on my hand,  
Subtracting till my fingers dropped  
Into Van Diemens land.*

*If certain, when this life was out,  
That yours and mine should be,  
I'd toss it yonder like a rind,  
And taste eternity.*

*But now, all ignorant of the length  
Of time's uncertain wing,  
It goads me, like the goblin bee,  
That will not state its sting.*