

The Only Ghost I Ever Saw. . .

By Emily Dickinson

The only Ghost I ever saw
Was dressed in Mechlin—so—
He wore no sandal on his foot—
And stepped like flakes of snow—

His Gait—was soundless, like the Bird—
But rapid—like the Roe—
His fashions, quaint, Mosaic—
Or haply, Mistletoe—

His conversation—seldom—
His laughter, like the Breeze—
That dies away in Dimples
Among the pensive Trees—

Our interview—was transient—
Of me, himself was shy—
And God forbid I look behind—
Since that appalling Day!