"How the Old Mountains Drip With Sunset"
Emily Dickinson

How the old Mountains drip with Sunset
How the Hemlocks burn
How the Dun Brake is draped in Cinder
By the Wizard Sun

How the old Steeples hand the Scarlet
Till the Ball is full
Have I the lip of the Flamingo
That I dare to tell?

Then, how the Fire ebbs like Billows
Touching all the Grass
With a departing Sapphire feature
As a Duchess passed

How a small Dusk crawls on the Village
Till the Houses blot
And the odd Flambeau, no men carry
Glimmer on the Street

How it is Night in Nest and Kennel
And where was the Wood
Just a Dome of Abyss is Bowing
Into Solitude

These are the Visions flitted Guido
Titian never told
Domenichino dropped his pencil
Paralyzed, with Gold