

Let's Talk About It: Picturing America
Making Tracks

Poetry Selections

“I Like to See It Lap the Miles” by Emily Dickinson

Part One: Life

XLIII

I like to see it lap the miles,
And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks;
And then, prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains, 5
And, supercilious, peer
In shanties by the sides of roads;
And then a quarry pare

To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while 10
In horrid, hooting stanza;
Then chase itself down hill

And neigh like Boanerges;
Then, punctual as a star,
Stop—docile and omnipotent— 15
At its own stable door.

Emily Dickinson (1830–86). Complete Poems. 1924.