The Emphatic Imagery: A Study in Dickinson's Narrative of Time, Life and Death

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ABSTRACT

Emily Dickinson is of those woman poets who in their time said something for few or no listeners till it was too late to rediscover what she actually meant. The early transcendentalists of 19th century America eclipsed her significance for a while. In this, she has to accept the lot of a woman trying to be an artist in the midst of a masculine-oriented mainstream culture. However, Dickinson is so prolific a writer that a reader cannot help stopping at her shelves to explore the meanings she had left in between the lines of her poems.

Like other poets and thinkers of her time, Dickinson tried her best to draw a philosophical narrative of her own. That was a universal narrative rather than a mere personal complain or discomfort. In addition to her particular understanding of the questions of time, life and death, she also excelled in revealing a linguistic skill that only Wallace Stevens later perfected in a

much critical way. As she grew older and abler in her artistic experience, her poetry grew much more mystic, religious and philosophical too. Behind the simplicity of the utterance and the clarity of the image, she wrapped her words with unfathomable meaning that frequently requires a critical taste to arrive at its significance; a depth of meaning and a wide array of symbolism.

The present paper analyses the way Emily Dickinson understands the three pillars of our existence; Time, Life and Death. She takes them as one lump of conflict and then analyses them individually to create a rapport among them and another rapport for our own psychological acceptance of them.

The paper is divided into four parts and a conclusion: Part I is an intellectual and ideological introduction. Part II sheds life on the question of Time in a group of poems by Dickinson. Part III studies another group of poems that deals with the meaning of Life. Part IV discusses some poems that pinpoint Dickinson's argument of Death as a possibility for another life; a much satisfactory one.

Part I: **Introduction**

Whenever theological, universal, metaphysical and individual traits of poet-thinkers like R.W. Emerson(1803-82), H.D. Thoreau(1817-62) and W. Whitman(1819-92) are debated,

Emily Dickinson's are to the fore domestic and native in her poetry. Perhaps more distinctly, they come mystic and death-obsessed in Dickinson.[1] Subjects of love, death, despair, self-questioning and solitude are almost repeated throughout her poetry to build an intellectual narrative that is characteristic of Dickinson's way of looking at things around. Her subjects are accessible to almost all kinds of readers too. Yet she works at a heightened level of poetic consciousness to the extent that passion comes so unadulterated to mean anything other than the mere personal.

Dickinson is a prolific poet. She works at similar subjects with the same obsessions throughout her 1755 poems in which "she burned out her energies in silence".[2] As she considers love, death always jumps up as a companion to add a colour here and there. Hence, she is looked at a quintessential poet of death. As for God, she speaks with Him on personal terms, blending thus the finite with the infinite to introduce a formula of universal paradigm of communion. Presenting herself as both subject and object in almost every poem of hers, Dickinson succeeds in transforming her personal powers into a momentum for sensibility. That is really the craft of major poets of whose community Dickinson proves to be a sedately salient member.

Dickinson keeps her position among major 19th century American poets due to a skillful use of poetic language and imagery. She uses language in a way similar to that a prayer is used in religious communion and contemplation.[3] she picks up idioms and phrases that sound spontaneous and thrusts them to produce what R.A. Blackmur describes as " accidental inductableness".[4] This Linguistic skill brings her closer to Wallace Stevens and his fame for " unexpected connotations" of language possibilities.[5] Mastery of sensuous and abstract words is another trait of Dickinson's. Her poems are written, as it seems, to give life to this juxtaposition of these modes of language enriched with vivid imagery. Dickinson's poetry grows more and more mystic and obscure though still fresh in her attempts to marry a personal poetic mood with new vocabulary rarely known in American poetry written over the late 19th century.

Dickinson's life and art are shaped by a New England air of utmost honesty and self-denial. This fact may have stood behind her indomitable interest in the works of the metaphysical poets, in particular John Donne, as well as in America's early transcendentalists Such as Emerson's. Of Donne, Dickinson admires his love and divine poems whereas she finds in Emerson's treatises of the over-soul and poetic prophecies a rich meal for a young poet like her to feed on. Dickinson adopts

most of the suppositions of the early transcendentalists as she starts thinking of the subjects of her first poems. Those poems serve as a document for a burgeoning self which she immediately identified with a cosmic whole.

This early mystic experience is also the pillar on which Emerson establishes his transcendental narrative or philosophy In " Each and All", we read:

Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I say, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;--
Beauty through my sense stole;
I yield myself to the perfect whole. (" Each and All" Ll.45-50)

His short poem " Nature" is called " incredible beauty" [6] where Emerson arrives at a cosmic unison between man and the wider universe: Nature's heart throbs with ours and vice versa. This unity of being proves invaluable for Dickinson. When the soul is directly connected with the infinite, the solitary group of transcendentalists wins a greater solace and a persuasive uniqueness.

Whether in Emerson's poems and essays or in Dickinson's poems, Nature forms the major body of the imagery of philosophical, theological and spiritual speculations. The quality of imagination, according to Emerson , is to flow and never to freeze. The poet cannot cease at the colour or the form of an object, but he should pursue the depth of the meaning so as to " make the same objects exponents of his new thought" [7] ; hence the act of creation itself. The same is true about Thoreau who finds in Walden a spiritual sphere of communion and development to his philosophical tool. Of life styles , he chooses the simplest so as to account for the capacity man can exhibit to lead a spiritually better life even though depleted of contemporary economic and social resources and privileges.

There, alone at Walden, Thoreau evinces in a mood of steadiness, self-trust and unwavering religious gratitude for cosmic purity. He carries further the philosophy of self-reliance and puts it into practice. Dickinson, like Thoreau, celebrates her aims in life and man's necessary correspondence with the outer whole—Nature. She identifies the lofty transcendentalist philosophy to incapacitate her own philosophical powers to see the divine and to transcend the human soul. In her early poems, she reveals her capacity for using imagery to divulge the wiles and deception of contemporary life. This brings comfort and serenity to her away from the turmoil of life around.

The present paper aims at dichotamising the image and the symbol in Dickinson who " set[s] herself free to invest her imaginative exuberance … as a poet more original than even Whitman".[8] Presumably, the blending of image and symbol is blurring. However, the researchers try their best to distinguish between a metaphor, which necessarily keeps its identity bound in an image, and an image which refuses to operate in any way other than as a symbol at a very subtle critical point.

Part II: **Time Imagery**

Literature relies mainly on images and symbols as a way to convey moral and spiritual messages to its audience. We render what we read into images and put in concrete forms things that are necessarily invisible. The mind performs such cognitive activities drawing on a process of data-base that is being built almost every moment. The mind, thus, asserts itself heavily in the poet's life, let alone the layman. Dickinson's poem " The Brain is Wider than the Sky" is a good example here.

The brain, as a special facet, " can accommodate the vast expenses of Nature and the largest [part] of human concepts", to use Allan Burns' words.[9] It is precisely " the weight of God" differing " as syllable from sound—". Dickinson explains what the brain actually represents for her:

The Brain—is wider than the sky—

… … … … … … … … … … … … …

The Brain is deeper than the sea—

… … … … … … … … … … … … …

The Brain is just the weight of God—

Dickinson's understanding of the "brain" comes closer to Coleridge's definition of secondary imagination as perfected by the brain or mind to echo the creative mind of God Himself. The brain in Dickinson's above quoted lines is not the physical lump of nerves located in the skull, but the infinite power of human creativity and transcendence.

We begin with the poem " The Brain—is wider than the sky" just because the mind is the core of poetic distinctiveness and uniqueness. This space of cognition and rendering is itself what directs poets' attention to such existential questions as those related to time and the brevity of human life. Dickinson's most melancholic poems are formed by her close connection with this theme of time passing and time to pass. Dickinson anticipates the effects of hours, days, seasons and even whole historical periods. Dickinson's best evocation of the past is in her poem entitled " Wild Nights! Wild Nights!".

The poem opens with an equally accented couple of words " wild nights" to, perhaps, stress the hot passion the poet speaks about throughout the poem. The wild nights become a symbol therefore for the wild passions the poet once had. Following the thoughts that have long resided in her memory, Dickinson evokes a short-cut, epigrammatic, elliptical style to simultaneously attract and ward off our curiosity as voyeurs spying on an (erotic) moment in her personal life:

Wild Nights—Wild Nights
Were I with thee
… … … … … … … … …
Futile—the winds—
To a heart in Port
… … … … … … … … …
Might I but moor—Tonight

Dickinson emphasises through time-imagery her passionate love towards a lover as well as her feeling of satisfaction and confidence that cannot be affected by any external powers " the winds". These winds, symbolising life vicissitudes are quite futile to have any negative affect on a heart that has already found its safe haven or " port" . The same

meaning is also confirmed elsewhere in the poem by " Each was to each The Sealed Church". The image of the compass does also support the idea of the lovers' unison in a similar way the two hands of a compass are supposed to achieve. Like the compass hands, the lovers go around one centre or a theme; love. Hence the image of the "compass", in addition to the images of "nights", "winds", "chart", "rowing" and "sea" serve as images of space in time—an amalgam which makes up Dickinson's poetic consciousness.

Dickinson's reference to the act of "rowing" in Eden suggests innocent love which simultaneously refers to its pastness(time) as well as its no-longer-extant location(space). Eden is nowhere, so is presumably innocent love. The eroticism of the poem may not be sheer sexual treatment of a subject as much as it underlines intimacy, yearning and regret for a dear past memory.

The image of the clock—similar to the compass—forms an image of time. In " A Clock Stopped", Dickinson tackles death at the swift moment. Human life is like a clock where death lurks to inflict a sudden breakdown upon it. The comparison between the human life and the machine is interesting as referring to man's physical weakness. The whole human existence and moments of pride and breakdown are bound in time and decided by its omnipotent power. Dickinson

compares this frailty and vanity of human life to that eternal timeless life of God Himself:

Nods from the glided pointers,
Nods form the seconds slim,
Decades of arrogance between
The Dial Life
And Him.

The golden hands of the clock and the slim seconds stand for time in motion, mocking and denouncing the brevity of human life, " Dial Life". However, there is a positive side in the sudden stoppage the clock—the only possibility whereby our souls joins God's eternity!

" As Imperceptibly As Grief " is a poem about the passage of summer. It capitalizes on the growing sensation that summer comes to an end so soon. " Quietness " emerges from " A Twilight " as the days become shorter foreboding thus a dying season which has brought serenity and beauty to the poet. However, it goes away very quickly:

… … … … … … … … …
The summer lapsed away

… … … … … … … … … …
To seem like perfidy—
To quietness distilled
A twilight long begun.

Dickinson has successfully raised a tinge of pathos in the above lines. Summer flies away (*tempus fugit*) leaving the poet with choking sorrow. It becomes a symbol for the fullness of life which is simultaneously governed by a law of brevity that mocks us all.

The poet complains about the passing of summer, a form of displacement for a greater and deeper regret for the shortness of life itself. Words like " perfidy" and " distilled" are impregnated with meanings that serve the theme of cheat Time plays on us while we are unaware: it even distills the best moments of our life without warning. The theme of time-cheat is confirmed in the image of Nature as having company "with herself" in the midst of our sorrow. Dickinson aggravates this mood of the poem as she elaborates the idea of the loss of time, " As a guest, that would be gone". However, the poet cannot deny that there is "grace" rather than grudge or cruelty in the very departure of that guest, summer.

As a span of time, Summer is also treated with a sense of space in terms of the guest who has a mass that can occupy

physical space in our houses; a similar but an abstract space in our hearts is for summer too! The most noticeable idea of the poem is the deceptive appearance of time and the reversal picture of it. Here is the most fraudulent mock practised on man. "Birds" and " seeds" besides man himself all are caught unwittingly in this trap of deception and fraud.

The closing lines of the poem carry us away from the gloomy sense of loss of time to a much high-spirited treatment of that theme. Images of the " last communion", "sacred emblems", " sacrament", " consecrated bread" and " immortal wine" plunges the readers into a religious atmosphere where time is neutralized and is turned at its best into an unthreatening vacuum. Dickinson becomes here a major participant in a Last Supper that has the capacity of granting immortal life with no limited spaces of time or place. [10]

Part III: **Life Imagery**

Early in her poetic career, Dickinson has created a kind of life-imagery that is at the same time dazzling and blurred. The direct syntax, the simple sentence formation and clear-cut wording may have misled readers into an alleged oversimplification. Dickinson's imagery in fact looks much more blurred once it happens to hover on the verge of theological

pessimism and skepticism. Dickinson's look of life is inwrought with distrust, questioning and futility. The vanity of human dreams is almost everywhere in her poetry. Having led a life of total seclusion and hermitage, Dickinson grows much skeptic than a mere romantic poet with a wide smile for Nature.

It is true that she has imbibed her earlier tastes form such romantically vigorous poets as Emerson and Whitman. However, she forms her own individual views of how life looks for her. Take as an example her poem entitled " This is my Letter to the World" in which the word " letter" necessarily stands for her poetry. Dickinson confirms beyond any doubt that her poetry "letter" is the most precious thing she can present as a gift to the world. This very idea is what W.B. Yeats supported later in his poem " The Clothes of Heaven" where the poetry is presented as a gift to presumable a human beloved. What both poets arrive at is the helplessness of the poet in a world of material expectations and dreams:

This is my letter to the world
That never wrote to me—
The simple news that Nature told—
With tender majesty.

Dickinson, here, " Distills amazing sense/ From ordinary meaning" which is the job of good poets as she defines in her " That was a Poet—It is That". She wrote to the world around her since the latter represents life. The reward of the world to that gift was mere ungratefulness and neglect. As a poet living in agony, Dickinson's poetry forms a riddle for critics. Her shyness and seclusion seems to have developed into a fear, doubt and withdrawal from the world [11]. This may have stood behind her view that the world has not recognized her through her gift of poetry. Just like Yeats who asks his beloved in his above-mentioned poem to " tread softly" on his dreams presented in his poetry, Dickinson asks the world to " judge [her] tenderly".

Another poem which defines her relation to life as well as her views of it is " The Poets Light but Lamps". The poet's main achievement is to light the path for laymen. Even when the poet dies, his achievement " the wicks" stay glowing for the whole humanity:

The poets Light but Lamps—
Themselves—go out—
The wicks they stimulate—
If vital Light

In here as do the suns.

For Dickinson, life as embedded in the image of the world is " her trope for the sublime" to use Harold Bloom's description.[12]

Dickinson's struggle to condone life's ungratefulness and to get recognition for her poetry instead, is clearly drawn in her poem " Success is counted sweetest". The poem is built on the idea of "defeat" and " success" ; the loser and the winner so to speak. She tells us of those

… who ne'er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

She even conveys this struggle in terms of real battlefield with images of "flag", "victory", "defeat" and "triumph":

Not of all the purple Host
Who took the *Flag* today
Can tell the definition
So clear of *Victory*. (italics mine)

And the other broken side :

As he defeated—dying—
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph.

Dickinson's reception of life is marred with bitterness and the agony of personal privation. She was deprived of real love, of impregnable faith, of recognition as a rising poet. She grows much petulant and self-righteous. Faith is a personal matter for her with the Bible as mere " antique volume". The Bible for her has already outlived its utility—a book "written by faded men". What she understand of faith is not a blind belief in holy texts, but " a bridge[which] bears the soul ' With Arms of Steel at either Side' " .[13] Her major quest is bound in immortality which she envisions to be latent in death rather than in life on earth, a subject which we are going to explore in the next section.

Part IV: **Death Imagery**

Dickinson wrote of death perhaps even much more than she did of life. Death sometimes plays the role of life itself for the poet. Due to such a predilection on the part of the poet, we

are actually challenged by her ways of using a " remarkable blend of wit, pathos, and love".[14] The image of death frequently interferes with the wider concept of religious faith in Dickinson's poetry. She gives a fully dispiriting confrontation between man and his everlasting conqueror, death. Because of this unfathomable source of defeat, Dickinson's religious faith appears wavering and marred with a shade of doubt. Her poem " I Know He Exists" introduces a direct dialogue between a will to believe and another to doubt and question. She dares underline God's long silence as she assumes:

He has hid rare life
From our gross eyes

Whether God exists or not does not necessarily stand for Dickinson's formula of existential argument. It is the idea of death as chosen by God for an end to the human breath and grace that matters most for the poet. Here, faith declines to be of any significance when " Only in death can we leave life of inference, conjecture and supposition".[15] Thus, Dickinson's outreaches go beyond all Puritan restraints and exemptions. God, as a result, appears for Dickinson as a " burglar" who sneaks into human lives to rob them and a sole " banker " to keep the conflict of life and death alive throughout history.

That is her understanding of the dilemma of faith which she believes to be tarnished by the idea of death as a conqueror of human wishes and dreams. She feels angry and at odd with institutionalized religion as the latter does not present full explanations for her questions. Hence, in her " Some Keep the Sabbath going to the Church" Dickinson celebrates her staying at home over attending the church. Like Coleridge who in " Ode to Nature" builds his "alter" in the open air with the wild flowers as its "incense", Dickinson prefers songbird over a chorister and an orchard over a dome. She reveals a rebellious spirit rare in her time and place. She mocks worshipers' belief to attend heaven after death just by doing their standard prayers; " so instead of getting to Heaven, at last--/ I'm going, all along" into her personally formed religious faith which sings for a much transcendental immortality.

She clearly shows us how cold death and its scenes are; the scenes that she abhors as an end for human exuberance, activity, independence and enthusiasm. In " There's been a Death in the Opposite House", Dickinson deliberately takes us into this important subject. She tries her best to neutralize the fear of death through going into a detailed description of the changes in the household routine. she concentrates on the death in the *opposite* house rather than *her* house. Dickinson looks from a distance at the scene and finds

The neighbours rustle in and out—
The doctor—drives away—
The window opens like a pod—
Abrupt—mechanically—

Other details are related to "somebody[who] flings a Mattress out" and the "Minister" who goes in as if it were his own house. The " milliner" is followed by the undertaker as a "man of appalling trade" . The closing stanza, the poet speaks about a " parade" which tells of a death whose news rapidly finds its way to every ear in the country. Sometimes death appears as an intensifier of the senses." [16] Other times, death is personified as it is the case in her " Because I could not Stop for Death". Though the speaker is in a hurry, yet he " kindly" stops for her and offers a ride. The poet's journey with the " gentleman caller" or death ends up in the grave .

Dickinson approaches this journey through flashes of allusions to her childhood represented by the children racing her and there and through a set of direct symbols: the " field of grain" symbolizes life and the " setting sun" refers to death and its gloom. Images of " dews" and " quivering" are common in a poem about death with all the chilliness such a subject may harbour. The poet accepts this journey for one single reason;

i.e., the quest for a *Death-Be-Not-Proud* narrative. This narrative or philosophy is verified in M.M. George's statement that Dickinson's personal dilemma is to conceive " eternity in a palpable fashion" of imagery. [17]

" Behind me dips Eternity" demonstrates profound imagery to embrace immortality as limitless, timeless and a non-space confined meta-reality. Death in Dickinson's conception is but a drift of " gray cloud dissolving into dawn of immortality". The ruling images sustained in the poem are those of immortality and eternity checked against the diminutive image of life.[18] Phrases like "Before Me" and "After Me" denote the spatial mood shaped in the poet's mind for eternity and immortality. When death chooses Dickinson's friends for His target, it is the greatest torment for the poet who moves from the philosophical narrative to a more personal conflict. This conflict between her " skepticism and her imaginative intuitions" is the main source of her originality as a highly "religious poet".[19]

Again Dickinson personifies Death in " Dust Is the Only Secret". Death has no one " native town", that is the whole universe is his town. Nobody knows Death's "early history" as it covers the history of humanity. Yet it is " punctual", " brief and sudden". Death does kill people but it metaphorically "smuggles" them to their eternal rest. However, this predatory

can put things upside down once it breaks into a place. This bitter aftermath is clarified in Dickinson's " The Bustle in a House" where what death leaves " Is the solemnest industries/ Enacted on Earth". Death persecutes man's dearest emotions towards his like. It has the chilling power to " put[…] love away"

A more gruesome picture of death is related in " I heard a Fly When I Died". The poet identifies death before it occurs. The last moments of the dying speaker's life are occupied by a mere fly. However trivial, small and ugly the fly is in reality, yet it plays in the poem the role of a gauge measuring the speaker's consciousness. Consequently, it becomes the pivot of the poem. As the scene around the dying speaker is gradually blurred, the fly with its small size fills the augmenting vacuum around. Its "buzz" and " size" overpower the senses of the speaker. The fly conquers and loosens the authority of death at this very moment.

In spite of the gloom and persecution death leaves on a human life and memory, death may simultaneously provide a highly transcendental link with higher spheres of God. This philosophical meliorist tenet is displayed in Dickinson's " Given in Marriage Unto Thee":

Oh thou Celestial Host—

Bride of the Father and the Son

Bride of the Holy Ghost.

Having celebrated her marriage with " Celestial Host", the poet opts to be united with Jesus Christ to "Conquer Mortality" imposed by its agents of time and space : these will dissolve with her death—the physical death.

CONCLUSION

Emily Dickinson is one of the most vital and significant American poets who succeeded to generate existential, philosophical and theological speculations. She more than once proves to be an iconoclast as she dares to question traditional Puritan doctrines and rituals of her time. Her thematic rebelliousness and tongue-in-cheek irony are quite apparent in her poetic spirit.

The sharp and intense images of her poetry are her best tools to exhibit her awareness of sensory experience as well as psychological realism . She is skillful in her attempts to turn the unfamiliar into a familiar reality in the way to create her own symbols within an imaginative range which she manipulates and keeps active to be always at her disposal. She fully displays an agonized self underlining other agonized selves in

her time. The personae of her poems are broken-hearted and totally destroyed before a bigger and more *imminent will* that seems to govern all. Thus, the only solace Dickinson could find is a form of communion and an ultimate journey towards the divine.

For Dickinson, life is capricious and is a form of a constant flux of destinies. Immortality and eternity are the only ways out of this impasse of unpredictability. This comparison forms the ruling part of her paradigm of time, life and death. It is, however, a paradigm of fear and uncertainty. The hereafter represents a form of a 'hyper' reality for Dickinson; a glimpse of a settled perception of Time. The undefeatable pressure of Time is always discernable in her poetry; a dilemma which she presumes to neutralize by contemplating eternity and immortality even if they come through physical death. This ,for Dickinson, is the only way to account for a meaning for our existence. In other words, Dickinson was not born to die but to live forever through a form of spiritual transcreation *where*(if it is ever a place) Time and Death are defeated with a poet's smile.

Notes

[1]All quotations and references to Emily Dickinson's poems covered in this paper are taken from John Malcolm Brinnin, *Emily Dickinson's Poems*; (New York, Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 1965), Maynard Mack et al (ed.,) *The Norton Anthology of World Masterpieces*;(New York; W.W. Norton and Company, Inc., 1979), Sculley Bradley et al, *The American Tradition in Literature*;(New York; W.W Norton and Company, Inc., 1957).

[2]Robert E. Spiller, *The Cycle of American Literature: An Essay in Historical Criticism*;(New York; The Macmillan Company, 1955), p.165.

[3]Elizabeth Jennings, " Idea and Expression in Emily Dickinson, Marianne Moore and Ezra Pound" in *American Poetry*, (ed.,) John Russel Brown and Bernard Harris,(London; Edward Arnold, 1973), p.100.

[4]qtd in Stephen Burt and Jennifer Lewin, " Poetry and the New Criticism" in A Companion to Twentieth Century Poetry, (ed.,) Neil Robert, (Oxford; Blackwell Publishing, 2003),P.162.

[5]Robert E. Spiller, *Literary History of the United States*, (New York; The Macmillan Company, 1948), P. 1354.

[6]Edward C. Lindeman (ed.,), *Basic Selection From Emerson: Essays, Poems and apothegms*,(U.S.A; Mentor Book, 1954), P. 12.

[7]R.W. Emerson, " The Poet" in Literary Criticism in America,((ed.,) Albert D. Van Nostrand (New York; The Liberal Arts Press, 1957), P.68.

[8]Harold Bloom, *Poets and Poems: Bloom's Literary Criticism: 20th Anniversary Collection* (New York; Infobase Publishing 2008), P. 206.

[9]Allan Burns, *Thematic Guide to American Poetry* (Westport, Connecticut; Greenwood Press, 2002), P.189.

[10]See the treatment of Nature and natural elements of the poem in terms of religious rites in Jaon Kirkby. *Emily Dickinson* (London; Macmillan, 1991),Pp.122-24.

[11]Arthur Hobson Quinn(ed.,) *The Literature of the American People*(New York; Appleton-Century. Crafts,1951), P.734.

[12]Harold Bloom. *Poets and Poems*, P.208.

[13]Joan Kirkby, *Emily Dickinson*, Pp. 46-7.

[14]Dean Curry(ed.,) *Highlights of American Literature* (Washington; Office of English Programs, 2005), P. 58.

[15]Joan Kirkby, *Emily Dickinson*, P. 47.

[16]M.M. George ," The Theme of Death in Emily Dickinson's Poetry" in *Handbook of American Literature*, ed., C.D. Narasimhaiah (New Delhi; Kalyan Publishing, 1979), P.173.

[17]Ibid.,

[18]Hans Meyerhoff, *Time in Literature* (Berkley and Los Angeles; Univ. of California Press, 1960), P.54.

[19]Douglas Duncan, *Emily Dickinson* (London; Oliver and Boyd, 1965),P.15. see also Martha Neill Smith and Marry Loeffelholz (ed.,) *A Companion to Emily Dickinson*, (M.A: Blackwell Publishing Ltd., 2008) Pp 89-90.

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