

By Emily Dickinson

A narrow Fellow in the Grass  
Occasionally rides -  
You may have met him? Did you not  
His notice instant is -

The Grass divides as with a Comb,  
A spotted Shaft is seen,  
And then it closes at your Feet  
And opens further on -

He likes a Boggy Acre -  
A Floor too cool for Corn -  
But when a Boy and Barefoot  
I more than once at Noon

Have passed I thought a Whip Lash  
Unbraiding in the Sun  
When stooping to secure it  
It wrinkled And was gone -

Several of Nature's People  
I know, and they know me  
I feel for them a transport  
Of Cordiality

But never met this Fellow  
Attended or alone  
Without a tighter Breathing  
And Zero at the Bone.