

DEFINITELY EMILY

(underheard while standing alone in Emily Dickinson's bedroom)

Zohar A Goodman

You who breathe in my address
eyeing my white writing dress—
The beating of your heart is Loud
but I could make your skin
a Shroud
for stepping sole in my bedroom
& gazing out my glass—
I could harden your heart
to Tomb
and I could do it fast.
Lots of folks fall in love with me
now that I'm safely Dead—
What makes you think I would have let you
slip into my bed?
The joy of writing poetry was Ecstasy in Here!
No suitor in some body suit
can possibly compare.
Leave
it to me to feel doubt—
Moments after
you walk
Out.

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