

# A Single Continent

Poetry by Emily Dickenson

## I. The Brain

The brain is wider than the sky,  
For, put them side by side,  
The one the other will include  
With ease, and you beside.

The brain is deeper than the sea,  
For, hold them, blue to blue,  
The one the other will absorb,,  
As sponges, buckets do.

The brain is just the weight of God,  
For, lift them pound for pound,  
And they will differ, if they do,  
As syllable from sound.

## II. The Farthest Thunder

The farthest thunder that I heard  
Was nearer than the sky,  
And rumbles still, though torrid noons  
Have lain their missiles by.  
The lightening that preceded it  
Struck no one but myself,  
But I would not exchange the bolt  
For all the rest of life.  
Indebtedness to oxygen  
The chemist may repay,  
But not the obligation  
To electricity.  
It founds the homes and decks the days,  
And every clamor bright  
Is but the gleam concomitant  
Of that waylaying light.  
The thought is quiet as a flake,—  
A crash without a sound;  
How life's reverberation  
Its explanation found!

### III. The Heart

The Heart is the capitol of the Mind—  
The Mind is a single State—  
The Heart and the Mind together make  
A single Continent—

One—is the population—  
Numerous enough—  
This ecstatic Nation  
Seek—it is Yourself.