

There's a certain Slant of light,  
Winter Afternoons -  
That oppresses, like the Heft  
Of Cathedral Tunes -

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us -  
We can find no scar,  
But internal difference -  
Where the Meanings, are -

None may teach it - Any -  
'Tis the Seal Despair -  
An imperial affliction  
Sent us of the Air -

When it comes, the Landscape listens -  
Shadows - hold their breath -  
When it goes, 'tis like the Distance  
On the look of Death -