

I Felt a Funeral in my Brain Poem

Writer: Emily Dickinson | Generated: Jan 26, 2026

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,

By Emily Dickinson I felt a Funeral, in my Brain, And Mourners to and fro Kept treading -
treading - till it seemed That Sense was breaking through -

And when they all were seated, A Service, like a Drum - Kept beating - beating - till I thought
My mind was going numb -

And then I heard them lift a Box And creak across my Soul With those same Boots of Lead,
again, Then Space - began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell, And Being, but an Ear, And I, and Silence, some strange Race,
Wrecked, solitary, here -

And then a Plank in Reason, broke, And I dropped down, and down - And hit a World, at every
plunge, And Finished knowing - then -

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