

I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed Poem

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I taste a liquor never brewed Share on Facebook Share on Twitter Share on Tumblr View print mode Copy embed code Add this poem to an anthology Emily Dickinson 1830 – 1886 I taste a liquor never brewed – From Tankards scooped in Pearl – Not all the Frankfort Berries Yield such an Alcohol!

Inebriate of air – am I – And Debauchee of Dew – Reeling – thro' endless summer days – From inns of molten Blue –

When "Landlords" turn the drunken Bee Out of the Foxglove's door – When Butterflies – renounce their "drams" – I shall but drink the more!

Till Seraphs swing their snowy Hats – And Saints – to windows run – To see the little Tippler Leaning against the – Sun!

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