

## Three Poems by Emily Dickinson for Thursday, April 29, 2021

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### Poem 727.

Life- is what we make of it -  
Death - we do not know -  
Christ's acquaintance with Him  
Justify Him - though -

He - would trust no stranger -  
Other - could betray -  
Just His own endorsement -  
That - sufficeth Me -

All the other Distance  
He hath traversed first -  
No New Mile remaineth -  
Far as Paradise -

His sure foot preceding -  
Tender Pioneer -  
Base must be the Coward  
Dare not venture - now -

### Poem 1538.

The Savior must have been  
A docile Gentleman -  
To come so far so cold a Day  
For little Fellow men -

The Road to Bethlehem  
Since He and I were Boys  
Was leveled, but for that 'twould be  
A rugged billion Miles -

**Poem 804.**

Ample make this Bed -  
Make this Bed with Awe -  
In it wait till Judgment break  
Excellent and Fair.

Be it's Mattrass straight -  
Be it's Pillow round -  
Let no Sunrise' yellow noise  
Interrupt this Ground -

