

# **I heard a fly buzz when I died**

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

I heard a fly buzz when I died;  
    The stillness round my form  
Was like the stillness in the air  
    Between the heavens of storm.

The eyes beside had wrung them dry,  
    And breaths were gathering sure  
For that last onset, when the king  
    Be witnessed in his power.

I willed my keepsakes, signed away  
    What portion of me I  
Could make assignable,-and then  
    There interposed a fly,

With blue, uncertain, stumbling buzz,  
    Between the light and me;  
And then the windows failed, and then  
    I could not see to see.