

He ate and drank the precious Words -
His Spirit grew robust -
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was Dust -

He danced along the dingy Days
And this **Bequest of Wings**
Was but a Book - What Liberty
A loosened spirit brings -

-Emily Dickinson, 1587, ca. 1883

There is **no Frigate like a Book**
To take us Lands away
Nor any Coursers like a Page
Of prancing Poetry -
This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of Toll -
How frugal is **the Chariot**
That bears the Human Soul!

-Emily Dickinson, 1263, ca. 1873