

The Sleeping Flowers

Emily Dickinson

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"WHOSE are the little beds," I asked,
"Which in the valleys lie?"
Some shook their heads, and others smiled,
And no one made reply.

Perhaps they did not hear, I said,
I will inquire again.
"Whose are the beds — the tiny beds
So thick upon the plain?"

"'T is daisy in the shortest;
A little further on, —
Nearest the door, to wake the first, —
Little leontodon.

"'T is iris, sir, and aster,
Anemone and bell;
Batschia in the blanket red,
And chubby daffodil."

Meanwhile, at many cradles,
She rocked and gently smiled,
Humming the quaintest lullaby
That ever soothed a child.

"Hush! Epigea wakens!
The crocus stirs her hood, —
Rhodora's cheek is crimson,
She's dreaming of the wood."

Then turning from them, reverent,
"Their bedtime 't is," she said;
"The bumblebees will wake them
When April woods are red."