**I felt a Funeral, in my Brain by Emily Dickinson**

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BY [EMILY DICKINSON](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/emily-dickinson)

I felt a funeral, in my brain,

And mourners to and fro

Kept treading - treading - till it seemed

That sense was breaking through.

And when they all were seated,

A service, like a drum -

Kept beating, beating. till I thought

My mind was going numb.

And then I heard them lift a box

And creak across my soul

With those same boots of lead, again.

Then space began to toll.

As all the heavens were a bell,

And Being, but an ear,

And I and silence, some strange race,

Wrecked, solitary, here.