

A narrow fellow in the grass



by Emily Dickinson

A narrow fellow in the grass
Occasionally rides;
You may have met him—did you not?
His notice sudden is,
The grass divides as with a comb,
A spotted shaft is seen;
And then it closes at your feet
And opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre,
A floor too cool for corn.
Yet when a boy and barefoot,
I more than once, at noon,
Have passed, I thought, a whiplash
Unbraiding in the sun—
When stooping to secure it,
It wrinkled and was gone.

Several of nature's people
I know and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality.
But never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.