GREAT NORTH AMERICAN

<u>ECLIPSE</u>

It Sounded As If the Streets Were Running

Emily Dickinson, 1891

It sounded as if the streets were running,
And then — the streets stood still —
Eclipse — was all we could see at the Window
And Awe — was all we could feel.

By and by — the boldest stole out of his Covert,

To see if Time was there —

Nature was in an Opal Apron,

Mixing fresher Air.

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