

**The Moon**

The moon was but a chin of gold  
A night or two ago,  
And now she turns her perfect face  
Upon the world below.

Her forehead is of amplest blond;  
Her cheek like beryl stone;  
Her eye unto the summer dew,  
The likes I've never known.

Her lips of amber never part;  
But what must be the smile  
Upon her friend she could bestow  
Were such her silver will!

And what a privilege to be  
But the remotest star!  
For certainly her way might pass  
Beside your twinkling door.

Her bonnet is the firmament,  
The universe her shoe,  
The stars the trinkets at her belt,  
Her dimities of blue.

Emily Dickinson