

# Emily Dickinson

## Clutch

The farmhouse was overtaken  
By vine and the snake  
Hooked on phantom power  
The acres seemed to ache  
Pursued by floating rebels  
They'd take us, if they could  
I thought a spell of country living  
Would do my spirits goodEmily Dickinson  
Won't you lay your hair down low?  
Staring out the windowpane  
There's so much more to know  
Emily Dickinson  
All buttoned down in Victoria-black  
Let's watch the white clouds run  
With the cool grass on our backs  
The door mouse was mistaken  
There was no quarter there  
The attic and the cellar  
Were but jaws of a bear  
The hunter was the quarry  
All tangled in the wood  
I thought a spell of country living  
Would do my spirits goodEmily Dickinson  
Won't you lay your hair down low?  
Staring out the windowpane  
There's so much more to know  
Emily Dickinson  
All buttoned down in Victoria-black  
Let's watch the white clouds run  
With the cool grass on our backs  
Disembodied gentry  
Gathered by my door  
Your electrical habits  
Aren't welcome here anymoreThat day I left  
With a locket and glove  
Keepsakes lest I forget  
A woman by the name ofEmily Dickinson  
Won't you lay your hair down low?  
Staring out the windowpane

There's so much more to knowEmily Dickinson  
All buttoned down in Victoria-black  
Let's watch the white clouds run  
With the cool grass on our backsEmily Dickinson  
Trade your lily for a rose  
Run to the valley  
Where the wild daisy growsEmily Dickinson  
Won't you lay your hair down low?  
Staring out the windowpane  
There's so much more to know

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