



**REMEMBERING**  
**Richardson Diane**

December 15, 1923 - February 15, 2020



Because I could not stop for Death -  
He kindly stopped for me -  
The Carriage held but just Ourselves -  
And Immortality.  
We slowly drove - He knew no haste  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure too,  
For His Civility -  
We passed the School, where Children strove  
At Recess - in the Ring -  
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain -  
We passed the Setting Sun -  
Or rather - He passed Us -  
The Dews drew quivering and Chill -  
For only Gossamer, my Gown -  
My Tippet - only Tulle -  
We paused before a House that seemed  
A Swelling of the Ground -

The Roof was scarcely visible -  
The Cornice - in the Ground -  
Since then - 'tis Centuries - and yet  
Feels shorter than the Day  
I first surmised the Horses' Heads  
Were toward Eternity -  
- Because I Could Not Stop for Death (by Emily Dickinson)

