

grotesquerie

Because I could not stop for Death—  
He kindly stopped for me—



The Carriage held but just Ourselves—  
And Immortality.

*marshall's studio apartment*



We slowly drove—He knew no haste  
And I had put away

*dr. lehman's office*



My labor and my leisure too,  
For His Civility—

*restaurant*



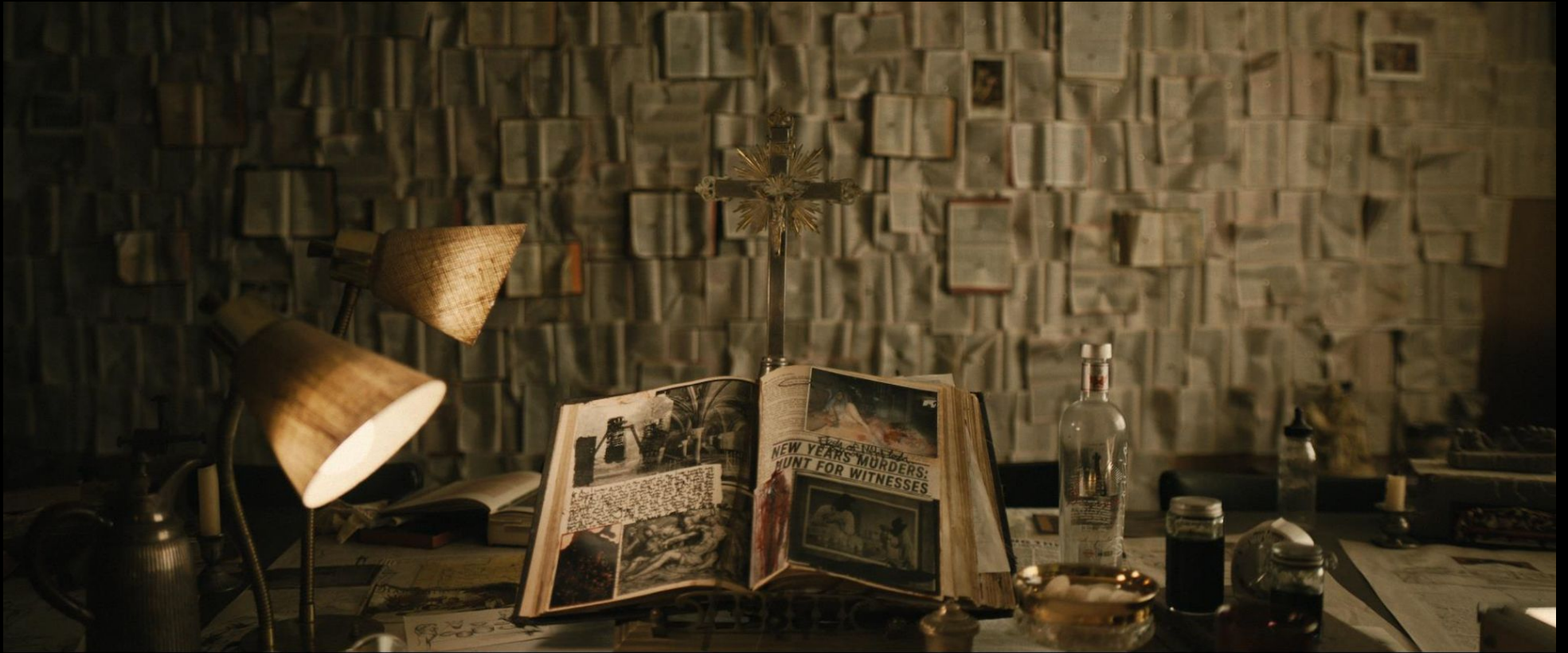
We passed the School, where Children strove  
At Recess—in the Ring—

*police precinct*



We passed the Fields of Gazing  
Grain—  
We passed the Setting Sun—

*the american catholic office*



Or rather—He passed us—  
The Dews drew quivering and chill—

*parsonage 1 of 2*



For only Gossamer, my Gown—  
My Tippet—only Tulle—

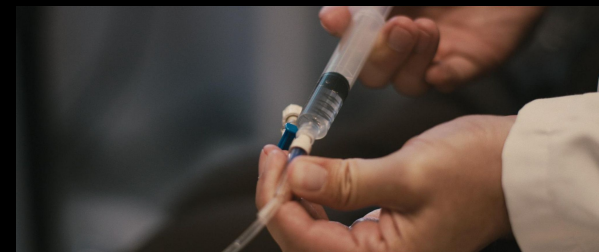
*parsonage 2 of 2*





We paused before a House that seemed  
A Swelling of the Ground—

*lois' house - stunt kitchen*



The Roof was scarcely visible—  
The Cornice—in the Ground—

hospital - lois wakes up



Since then—'tis Centuries—and yet  
Feels shorter than the Day  
I first surmised the Horses' Heads  
Were toward Eternity—