

## **Rising with the Fog**

*-From the last words of Emily Dickinson*

She knew the end had come  
when fog began to seep in  
under her door  
over the floor  
like an ethereal sheet.

Her first guest in many years  
silent and gentle, caressing every surface  
with what she imagined  
was a lover's touch.

It cocooned her, not warm  
nor cold, but a comfortable pressure.

She floated deep within the sheet,  
eyes closed, but still seeing  
in this great, familiar darkness.

Then it rose,  
and so did she  
without fear, without grief  
towards a pasture outside these walls  
where her precious Gilbert ran  
with immortality.

She let go of Lavinia's hand,  
"I must go in; the fog is rising"