

# I heard a Fly buzz – when I died By Emily Dickinson

I heard a Fly buzz – when I died –  
The Stillness in the Room  
Was like the Stillness in the Air –  
Between the Heaves of Storm –

The Eyes around – had wrung them dry –  
And Breaths were gathering firm  
For that last Onset – when the King  
Be witnessed – in the Room –

I willed my Keepsakes – Signed away  
What portion of me be  
Assignable – and then it was  
There interposed a Fly –

With Blue – uncertain – stumbling Buzz –  
Between the light – and me –  
And then the Windows failed – and then  
I could not see to see –