

# Wild Nights – Wild Nights

By Emily Dickinson

Wild Nights – Wild Nights!  
Were I with thee  
Wild Nights should be  
Our luxury!

Futile – the Winds –  
To a Heart in port –  
Done with the Compass –  
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden –  
Ah, the Sea!  
Might I but moor – tonight –  
In thee!