

# A Bird came down the Walk

By Emily Dickinson

A Bird, came down the Walk -  
He did not know I saw -  
He bit an Angle Worm in halves  
And ate the fellow, raw,

And then, he drank a Dew  
From a convenient Grass -  
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall  
To let a Beetle pass -

He glanced with rapid eyes,  
That hurried all abroad -  
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought,  
He stirred his Velvet Head. -

Like one in danger, Cautious,  
I offered him a Crumb,  
And he unrolled his feathers,  
And rowed him softer Home -

Than Oars divide the Ocean,  
Too silver for a seam,  
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon,  
Leap, plashless as they swim.