

# They shut me up in Prose

By Emily Dickinson

They shut me up in Prose –

As when a little Girl

They put me in the Closet –

Because they liked me “still” –

Still! Could themselves have peeped –

And seen my Brain – go round –

They might as well have lodged a Bird

For Treason – in the Pound –

Himself has but to will

And easy as a Star

Look down upon Captivity –

And laugh – No more have I –