



# Ririro

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## A Day

*Emily Dickinson*

I'll tell you how the sun rose,—  
A ribbon at a time.  
The steeples swam in amethyst,  
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,  
The bobolinks begun.  
Then I said softly to myself,  
"That must have been the sun!"

.....

But how he set, I know not.  
There seemed a purple stile  
Which little yellow boys and girls  
Were climbing all the while

Till when they reached the other side,  
A dominie in gray  
Put gently up the evening bars,  
And led the flock away.



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