

A Bird came down the Walk

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.

— Emily Dickinson



Without hesitation,
they stepped through the portal
into a beautiful garden.

On the garden path, a bird hopped about.
It hopped forward and gobbled up a worm, raw,
biting the poor worm in half. What?

Ewwww.

Burgull looked at Dickinson.
Dickinson looked at Burgull.
Raw worms?

Burgull said, “Brgrrr?”

Dickinson said, “Rrrrrrrrrhmmmm?”



But the worm was gone, poor fellow—
too late to worry about it now—
and the bird hopped over
to sip a drop of dew
from a convenient blade of grass.
He hopped aside to make way
for a little beetle
who was being himself.

Suddenly, “The bird doesn’t know I see him!”
came a whisper from somewhere.

“Who is that?” asked Poodle.
“Who said that?”

“I did,” said the voice.
“I’m Emily Dickinson,
and that word-bird never knew
I saw him eat the worm!” She giggled.

