

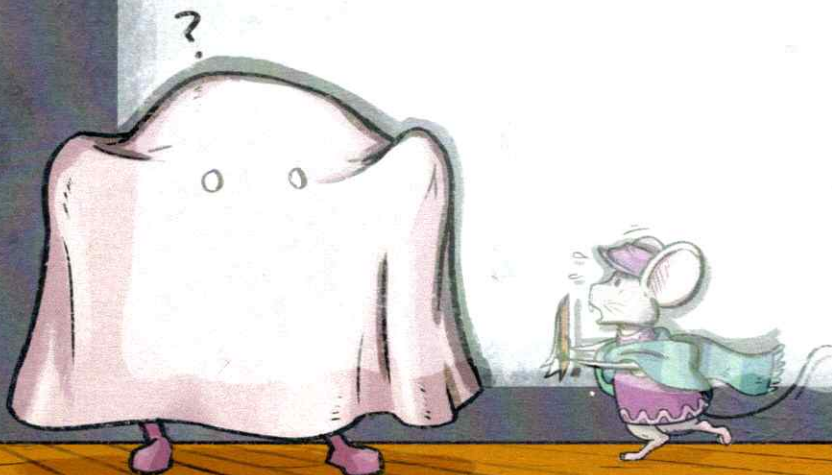
An awful Tempest mashed the air

An awful **T**empest **m**ashed **t**he air —
The **c**louds were **g**aunt, and **f**ew —
A **B**lack — as of a **S**pectre's **C**loak
Hid **H**eaven and **E**arth from **v**iew.

The **c**reatures **c**huckled on the **R**oofs —
And **w**histled in the **a**ir —
And **s**hook **t**heir **f**ists —
And gnashed **t**heir teeth —
And swung their **f**renzied **h**air.

The **m**orning lit — the **B**irds **a**rose —
The **M**onster's faded **e**yes
Turned **s**lowly to his native **c**oast —
And **p**ease — was **P**aradise!

— Emily Dickinson

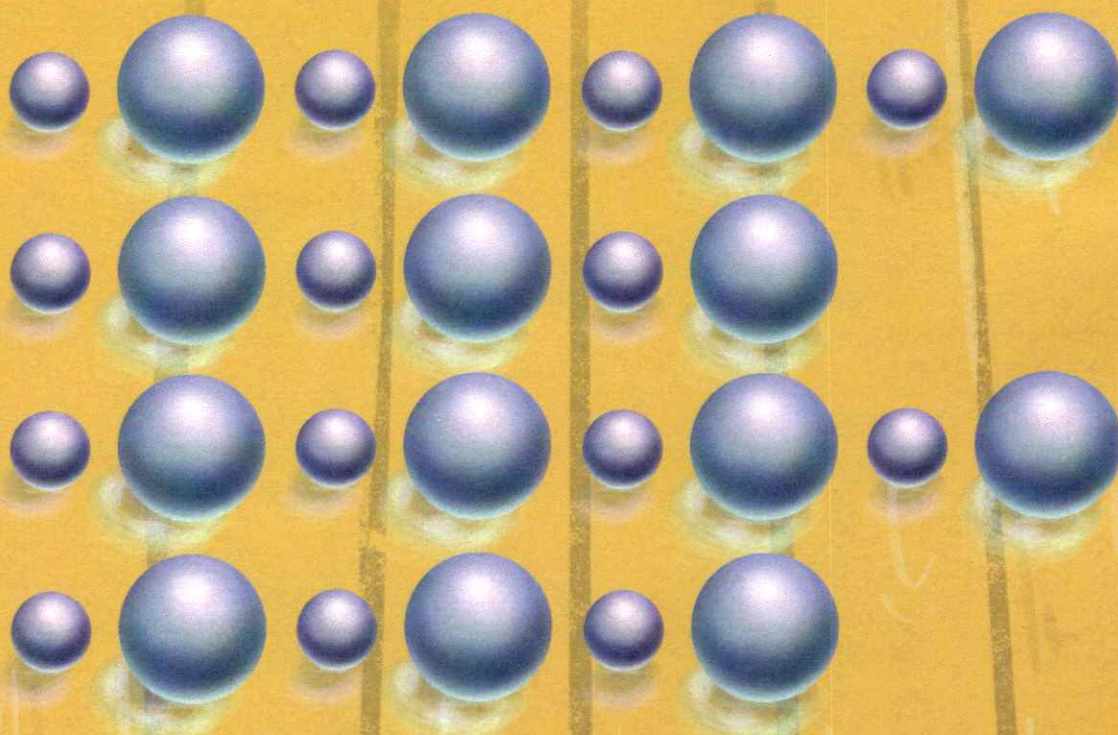




Poodle looked at the first stanza.
It had three of Emily's special dashes.
He was not sure why she used those dashes.
She was Emily. She had her reasons.

An **aw** / ful **Tem** / pest **mashed** / the **air** —
The **clouds** / were **gaunt** / and **few** —
A **Black** — / as **of** / a **Spec** / tre's **Cloak**
Hid **Heaven** / and **Earth** / from **view**.

The first stanza was a typical **ballad**. Four lines.
Lines two and four rhymed: *few-view*,
but lines one and three did not rhyme: *air-Cloak*.



Poodle loved the first sentence of the poem.
It got right to the point. Pure Emily.
It was iambic tetrameter: four iambs.

An aw / ful Tem / pest mashed / the air —

“What an idea,” he thought, “that a storm could
mash the air. Only Emily could write that.”

