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| **I heard a Fly buzz (465)** |  |
| by [Emily Dickinson](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/155) | |
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| I heard a Fly buzz – when I died –  The Stillness in the Room  Was like the Stillness in the Air –  Between the Heaves of Storm –  The Eyes around – had wrung them dry –  And Breaths were gathering firm  For that last Onset – when the King  Be witnessed – in the Room –  I willed my Keepsakes – Signed away  What portions of me be  Assignable – and then it was  There interposed a Fly –  With Blue – uncertain stumbling Buzz –  Between the light – and me –  And then the Windows failed – and then  I could not see to see – |  |