

# This world is not Conclusion

*by Emily Dickinson*

This World is not Conclusion.  
A Species stands beyond —  
Invisible, as Music —  
But positive, as Sound —  
It beckons, and it baffles —  
Philosophy — don't know —  
And through a Riddle, at the last —  
Sagacity, must go —  
To guess it, puzzles scholars —  
To gain it, Men have borne  
Contempt of Generations  
And Crucifixion, shown —  
Faith slips — and laughs, and rallies —  
Blushes, if any see —  
Plucks at a twig of Evidence —  
And asks a Vane, the way —  
Much Gesture, from the Pulpit —  
Strong Hallelujahs roll —  
Narcotics cannot still the Tooth  
That nibbles at the soul —

