**I Heard a Fly Buzz when I died**

I Heard a Fly Buzz- When I died

The Stillness of 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 portion 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-