It sifts from Leaden Sieves

Emily Dickinson

It sifts from Leaden Sieves -
It powders all the Wood.
It fills with Alabaster Wool
The Wrinkles of the Road -

It makes an even Face
Of Mountain, and of Plain -
Unbroken Forehead from the East
Unto the East again -

It reaches to the Fence -
It wraps it Rail by Rail
Till it is lost in Fleeces -
It deals Celestial Vail

To Stump, and Stack - and Stem -
A Summer’s empty Room -
Acres of Joints, where Harvests were,
Recordless, but for them -

It Ruffles Wrists of Posts
As Ankles of a Queen -
Then stills it’s Artisans - like Ghosts -
Denying they have been -
Complete the following activity. Use a separate piece of paper if necessary.

1. Select two unfamiliar words from the poem and write down their definitions.

   Word:
   Definition:
   
   Word:
   Definition:

2. Pick three lines from the poem and explain what you think they mean, or what they remind you of. Did they help you figure out the subject?

   Line:
   Meaning:
   
   Line:
   Meaning:
   
   Word:
   Definition:

3. What is the subject of It sifts from Leaden Sieves?