86. From ‘Aurora Leigh’ by Elizabeth Barrett Browning (an excerpt)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| ‘There’s nothing great |  |
| Nor small’, has said a poet of our day, | *50* |
|  |  |
| Whose voice will ring beyond the curfew of eve |  |
| And not be thrown out by the matin’s bell: |  |
| And truly, I reiterate, nothing’s small! |  |
| No lily-muffled hum of a summer-bee, |  |
| But finds some coupling with the spinning stars; | *55* |
| No pebble at your foot, but proves a sphere; |  |
| No chaffinch, but implies the cherubim; |  |
| And (glancing on my own thin, veinèd wrist), |  |
| In such a little tremor of the blood |  |
| The whole strong clamour of a vehement soul | *60* |
| Doth utter itself distinct. Earth’s crammed with heaven, |  |
| And every common bush afire with God; |  |
| But only he who sees, takes off his shoes, |  |
| The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries, |  |
| And daub their natural faces unaware | *65* |
| More and more from the first similitude. |  |