Emily Dickinson

**Success is Counted Sweetest**

Success is counted sweetest  
By those who ne'er succeed.  
To comprehend a nectar  
Requires sorest need.  
  
Not one of all the purple Host  
Who took the Flag today  
Can tell the definition  
So clear of Victory  
  
As he defeated--dying--  
On whose forbidden ear  
The distant strains of triumph  
Burst agonized and clear!

# Much Madness is divinest Sense

Much Madness is divinest Sense -

To a discerning Eye -

Much Sense - the starkest Madness -

’Tis the Majority

In this, as all, prevail -

Assent - and you are sane -

Demur - you’re straightway dangerous -

And handled with a Chain -

## The Soul Selects Her Own Society

The Soul selects her own Society --  
Then -- shuts the Door --  
To her divine Majority --  
Present no more --  
  
Unmoved -- she notes the Chariots -- pausing --  
At her low Gate --  
Unmoved -- an Emperor be kneeling  
Upon her Mat --  
  
I've known her -- from an ample nation --  
Choose One --  
Then -- close the Valves of her attention --  
Like Stone --