

## An Open Letter from Emily Dickinson to Billy Collins, Re: A Missing Bonnet

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## An Open Letter from Emily Dickinson to Billy Collins, Re: A Missing Bonnet<sup>\*</sup>

Nicole Nguyen

Dear Mr. Collins,

It has come to my attention that you may be in possession of a certain bonnet of mine white cotton—white lace white ribbon, tied in a bow which you undid, *with a light forward pull* while I stood—still *on my wide-board, hardwood floor, facing an open window* watching the lone carriage on the street below

A certain slant of light *came across my dress,* plain and simple and *all white puddled 'round my feet* you sighed—*in dashes*—not I, with every hook unhooked, every pearl button undone Your hands trembled ever so slightly, as you handled my whalebone corset loosing the ties as I stood, afraid that my movement would disturb your concentration My skin tingled from your touch softly stroking, light as air, the pale expanse of my arms down—to desire's perfect goal, your Paradise, your ecstasy but no nearer to your reach I tensed—you hesitated—then, I sensed the ocean at my feet, my head immersed in the stars, and it became easy to yield to the bliss of new experience

All was silent when it was over save the Fly buzzing on the windowpane You groped your way to the door, in the dark—the lamp put away my bonnet clasped in tight fingers, feet quickly treading, plank by plank creaking across my Soul

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<sup>\*</sup> Please note that phrases in *italics* are versions of lines in Billy Collins's "Taking Off Emily Dickinson's Clothes," *Taking Off Emily Dickinson's Clothes* (London: Picador, 2000).