

**“I Gave Myself to Him”** by Emily Dickinson

I gave myself to Him—  
And took Himself, for Pay,  
The solemn contract of a Life  
Was ratified, this way—

The Wealth might disappoint—  
Myself a poorer prove  
Than this great Purchaser suspect,  
The Daily Own—of Love

Depreciate the Vision—  
But till the Merchant buy—  
Still Fable—in the Isles of Spice—  
The subtle Cargoes—lie—

At least—'tis Mutual—Risk—  
Some—found it—Mutual Gain—  
Sweet Debt of Life—Each Night to owe—  
Insolvent—every Noon—