

[Sweet Skepticism of the Heart— \[1413\]](#)

Emily Dickinson

Sweet Skepticism of the Heart—  
That knows—and does not know—  
And tosses like a Fleet of Balm—  
Affronted by the snow—  
Invites and then retards the Truth  
Lest Certainty be sere  
Compared with the delicious throe  
Of transport thrilled with Fear—

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Emily Dickinson

Sweet \_\_\_\_\_ of the \_\_\_\_\_—  
That \_\_\_\_\_—and does not \_\_\_\_\_—  
And tosses like a \_\_\_\_\_ of Balm—  
Affronted by the \_\_\_\_\_—  
Invites and then \_\_\_\_\_ the Truth  
Lest \_\_\_\_\_ be sere  
Compared with the \_\_\_\_\_ throe  
Of transport \_\_\_\_\_ with Fear—

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Emily Dickinson

\_\_\_\_\_ of the \_\_\_\_\_—  
That \_\_\_\_\_—and does not \_\_\_\_\_—  
And \_\_\_\_\_ like a \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_—  
\_\_\_\_\_ by the \_\_\_\_\_—  
\_\_\_\_\_ and then \_\_\_\_\_ the Truth  
Lest \_\_\_\_\_ be sere  
\_\_\_\_\_ with the \_\_\_\_\_ throe  
Of transport \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_—