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# I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed

by Emily Dickinson

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I taste a liquor never brewed -  
From Tankards scooped in Pearl -  
Not all the Frankfort Berries  
Yield such an Alcohol!

Inebriate of air - am I -  
And Debauchee of Dew -  
Reeling - thro' endless summer days -  
From inns of molten Blue -

When "Landlords" turn the drunken Bee  
Out of the Foxglove's door -  
When Butterflies - renounce their "drams" -  
I shall but drink the more!

Till Seraphs swing their snowy Hats -  
And Saints - to windows run -  
To see the little Tippler  
Leaning against the - Sun!