"After a hundred years".

By Dickinson, Emily .

After a hundred years

Nobody knows the place, -

Agony, that enacted there,

Motionless as peace.

Weeds triumphant ranged,

Strangers strolled and spelled

At the lone orthography

Of the elder dead.

Winds of summer fields

Recollect the way, -

Instinct picking up the key

Dropped by memory.