

2003

# Emily Dickinson in Columbus, Ohio

Caitlin McHugh

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.augustana.edu/intersections>

---

### Augustana Digital Commons Citation

McHugh, Caitlin (2003) "Emily Dickinson in Columbus, Ohio," *Intersections*: Vol. 2003: No. 17, Article 8.

Available at: <http://digitalcommons.augustana.edu/intersections/vol2003/iss17/8>

This Other is brought to you for free and open access by Augustana Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Intersections by an authorized administrator of Augustana Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@augustana.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@augustana.edu).

## EMILY DICKINSON IN COLUMBUS, OHIO

Caitlin McHugh

When Emily Dickinson woke up on  
the COTA, she thought that the world  
had ended, and her violets were gone

forever. In a seat, by papers with curled  
edges, she strained to see outside  
grime and take in the contemporary world.

An old black woman who never showered sat beside  
her, and the stench crowded her nostrils. She  
tried to move, but the woman refused to provide

ample room. Unladylike, Emily broke free  
by trampling over soiled seats and leaping  
over grocery bags. People became disagreeable

with her once again, so she irritably pushed aside the sweeping  
crowd in a search for Beauty and got off on High  
Street. She tried a place with flashing lights and, keeping

an open mind, tasted actual brewed liquor. She said goodbye  
to her shell and decided to live it up a little.  
She was in charge now — she would tell them all; she could defy

all of society, wait for the world to whittle  
away into nothing. She was going to read what she wanted  
and say what she wanted — a noncommittal

life to everyone but herself. Undaunted,  
she embraced life and ran around town,  
quitted the act of reclusive-drama queen-ghost, and haunted

boldly all those who crossed her path. Around  
certain streets, she was a legend — her eyes inciting  
fear for many, and most keenly avoided her newfound

wrath. She was queen until a woman, exciting  
feelings in her once forgotten, offered her a crude  
bouquet of violets. Emily recalled the inviting

search for Beauty and smashed the plentitude for rudely  
continuing its existence. Beauty had not stopped  
for her death, but crawled bravely

onward. Her imaginary bubble was popped,  
the safety of her cruel alabaster chambers collapsed,  
and, as mankind moved onward, her power was cropped.

---

*Caitlin McHugh is an English literature major at Capital University.*