**We grow accustomed to the Dark**

We grow accustomed to the Dark -   
When light is put away -   
As when the Neighbor holds the Lamp  
To witness her Goodbye -   
  
A Moment - We uncertain step  
For newness of the night -   
Then - fit our Vision to the Dark -   
And meet the Road - erect -   
  
And so of larger - Darknesses -   
Those Evenings of the Brain -   
When not a Moon disclose a sign -   
Or Star - come out - within -   
  
The Bravest - grope a little -   
And sometimes hit a Tree  
Directly in the Forehead -   
But as they learn to see -   
  
Either the Darkness alters -   
Or something in the sight  
Adjusts itself to Midnight -   
And Life steps almost straight.

[Emily Dickinson](https://www.poemhunter.com/emily-dickinson/poems/)

**Acquainted with the Night**

I have been one acquainted with the night.

I have walked out in rain—and back in rain.

I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.

I have passed by the watchman on his beat

And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet

When far away an interrupted cry

Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-bye;

And further still at an unearthly height,

One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.

I have been one acquainted with the night.

Robert Frost