

100

*Selected*

POEMS

**e. e. Cummings**

**"E. E. Cummings  
is a concentrate  
of titanic  
significance."**

**—Marianne Moore**

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*100 Selected Poems*  
*by e. e. cummings*

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51. my specialty is living said

52. if i

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55. flotsam and jetsam

56. spoke joe to jack

57. red-rag and pink-flag

58. proud of his scientific attitude

59. a pretty a day.

60. as freedom is a breakfastfood

61. anyone lived in a pretty how town

62. my father moved through dooms of love

63. i say no world

64. these children singing in stone a

65. love is the every only god

66. love is more thicker than forget

67. hate blows a bubble of despair into

68. what freedom's not some under's mere above

*LX I {ONE TIMES ONE} (1944)*

69. of all the blessings which to man

70. a salesman is an it that stinks Excuse

71. a politician is an arse upon

72. plato told

73. pity this busy monster, manunkind,

74. one's not half two. It's two are halves of one:

75. what if a much of a which of a wind

76. no man, if men are gods; but if gods must

77. when god decided to invent

78. rain or hail

79. let it go—the

80. nothing false and possible is love

81. except in your

82. true lovers in each happening of their hearts

83. yes is a pleasant country:

84. all ignorance toboggans into know

85. darling! because my blood can sing

86. "sweet spring is your

87. O by the by.

88. if everything happens that can't be done

*XAIPE (1950).*

89. when serpents bargain for the right to squirm

90. if a cheerfulest Elephantangelchild should sit

91. o to be in finland

92. no time ago

93. to start, to hesitate; to stop

94. if(touched by love's own secret)we,like homing

95. i thank You God for most this amazing

96. the great advantage of being alive

97. when faces called flowers float out of the ground

98. love our so right

99. now all the fingers of this tree(darling)have

100. luminous tendril of celestial wish

*to marion*



*1*

Thy fingers make early flowers of  
all things.

thy hair mostly the hours love:  
a smoothness which  
sings, saying  
(though love be a day)  
do not fear, we will go amaying.

thy whitest feet crisply are straying  
Always  
thy moist eyes are at kisses playing,  
whose strangeness much  
says; singing  
(though love be a day)  
for which girl art thou flowers bringing?

To be thy lips is a sweet thing  
and small.  
Death, Thee i call rich beyond wishing  
if this thou catch,  
else missing.  
(though love be a day  
and life be nothing, it shall not stop kissing).

## 2

All in green went my love riding  
on a great horse of gold  
into the silver dawn.

four lean hounds crouched low and smiling  
the merry deer ran before.

Fleeter be they than dappled dreams  
the swift sweet deer  
the red rare deer.

Four red roebuck at a white water  
the cruel bugle sang before.

Horn at hip went my love riding  
riding the echo down  
into the silver dawn.

four lean hounds crouched low and smiling  
the level meadows ran before.

Softer be they than slippered sleep  
the lean lithe deer  
the fleet flown deer.

Four fleet does at a gold valley  
the famished arrow sang before.

Bow at belt went my love riding  
riding the mountain down  
into the silver dawn.

four lean hounds crouched low and smiling  
the sheer peaks ran before.

Paler be they than daunting death  
the sleek slim deer  
the tall tense deer.

Four tall stags at a green mountain  
the lucky hunter sang before.

All in green went my love riding  
on a great horse of gold  
into the silver dawn.

four lean hounds crouched low and smiling  
my heart fell dead before.

# 3

when god lets my body be

From each brave eye shall sprout a tree  
fruit that dangles therefrom

the purpled world will dance upon  
Between my lips which did sing

a rose shall beget the spring  
that maidens whom passion wastes

will lay between their little breasts  
My strong fingers beneath the snow

Into strenuous birds shall go  
my love walking in the grass

their wings will touch with her face  
and all the while shall my heart be

With the bulge and nuzzle of the sea

# 4

in Just-  
spring when the world is mud-  
luscious the little  
lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddieandbill come  
running from marbles and  
piracies and it's  
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer  
old balloonman whistles  
far and wee  
and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's  
spring  
and  
the

goat-footed

balloonMan whistles

far

and

wee

# 5

O sweet spontaneous  
earth how often have  
the  
doting

fingers of  
prurient philosophers pinched  
and  
poked

thee  
, has the naughty thumb  
of science prodded  
thy

beauty . how  
often have religions taken  
thee upon their scraggy knees  
squeezing and

buffeting thee that thou mightest conceive  
gods  
(but  
true

to the incomparable  
couch of death thy  
rhythmic  
lover

thou answerest

them only with

spring)



# 6

Buffalo Bill's

defunct

who used to

ride a watersmooth-silver

stallion

and break onetwothreefourfive pigeonsjustlikethat

Jesus

he was a handsome man

and what i want to know is

how do you like your blueeyed boy

Mister Death

# 7

the Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls  
are unbeautiful and have comfortable minds  
(also, with the church's protestant blessings  
daughters, unscented shapeless spirited)  
they believe in Christ and Longfellow, both dead,  
are invariably interested in so many things—  
at the present writing one still finds  
delighted fingers knitting for the is it Poles?  
perhaps. While permanent faces coyly bandy  
scandal of Mrs. N and Professor D  
. . . . the Cambridge ladies do not care, above  
Cambridge if sometimes in its box of  
sky lavender and cornerless, the  
moon rattles like a fragment of angry candy

# 8

it may not always be so; and i say  
that if your lips, which i have loved, should touch  
another's, and your dear strong fingers clutch  
his heart, as mine in time not far away;  
if on another's face your sweet hair lay  
in such a silence as i know, or such  
great writhing words as, uttering overmuch,  
stand helplessly before the spirit at bay;

if this should be, i say if this should be—  
you of my heart, send me a little word;  
that i may go unto him, and take his hands,  
saying, Accept all happiness from me.  
Then shall i turn my face, and hear one bird  
sing terribly afar in the lost lands.

# 9

suppose

Life is an old man carrying flowers on his head.

young death sits in a café  
smiling, a piece of money held between  
his thumb and first finger

(i say “will he buy flowers” to you  
and “Death is young  
life wears velour trousers  
life totters, life has a beard” i

say to you who are silent.—“Do you see  
Life? he is there and here,  
or that, or this  
or nothing or an old man 3 thirds  
asleep, on his head  
flowers, always crying  
to nobody something about les  
roses les bluets

yes,

will He buy?

Les belles bottes—oh hear  
, pas chères”)

and my love slowly answered I think so. But  
I think I see someone else

there is a lady, whose name is Afterwards  
she is sitting beside young death, is slender;  
likes flowers.

# 10

raise the shade  
will youse dearie?  
rain  
wouldn't that

get yer goat but  
we don't care do  
we dearie we should  
worry about the rain

huh  
dearie?  
yknow  
i'm

sorry for awl the  
poor girls that  
gets up god  
knows when every

day of their  
lives  
aint you

oo-oo. dearie

not so  
hard dear

you're killing me

# 11

here is little Effie's head  
whose brains are made of gingerbread  
when the judgment day comes  
God will find six crumbs

stooping by the coffinlid  
waiting for something to rise  
as the other somethings did—  
you imagine His surprise

bellowing through the general noise  
Where is Effie who was dead?  
—to God in a tiny voice,  
i am may the first crumb said

whereupon its fellow five  
crumbs chuckled as if they were alive  
and number two took up the song,  
might i'm called and did no wrong

cried the third crumb, i am should  
and this is my little sister could  
with our big brother who is would  
don't punish us for we were good;



and the last crumb with some shame  
whispered unto God, my name  
is must and with the others i've  
been Effie who isn't alive

just imagine it I say  
God amid a monstrous din  
watch your step and follow me  
stooping by Effie's little, in

(want a match or can you see?)  
which the six subjunctive crumbs  
twitch like mutilated thumbs:  
picture His peering biggest whey

coloured face on which a frown  
puzzles, but I know the way—  
(nervously Whose eyes approve  
the blessed while His ears are crammed

with the strenuous music of  
the innumerable capering damned)  
—staring wildly up and down  
the here we are now judgment day

cross the threshold have no dread  
lift the sheet back in this way.  
here is little Effie's head  
whose brains are made of gingerbread

# 12

Spring is like a perhaps hand  
(which comes carefully  
out of Nowhere)arranging  
a window,into which people look(while  
people stare  
arranging and changing placing  
carefully there a strange  
thing and a known thing here)and

changing everything carefully

spring is like a perhaps  
Hand in a window  
(carefully to  
and fro moving New and  
Old things,while  
people stare carefully  
moving a perhaps  
fraction of flower here placing  
an inch of air there)and

without breaking anything.

# 13

who knows if the moon's  
a balloon, coming out of a keen city  
in the sky—filled with pretty people?  
(and if you and i should

get into it, if they  
should take me and take you into their balloon,  
why then  
we'd go up higher with all the pretty people

than houses and steeples and clouds:  
go sailing  
away and away sailing into a keen  
city which nobody's ever visited, where

always

it's

Spring) and everyone's  
in love and flowers pick themselves

# 14

i like my body when it is with your  
body. It is so quite new a thing.  
Muscles better and nerves more.  
i like your body. i like what it does,  
i like its hows. i like to feel the spine  
of your body and its bones, and the trembling  
-firm-smooth ness and which i will  
again and again and again  
kiss, i like kissing this and that of you,  
i like, slowly stroking the, shocking fuzz  
of your electric fur, and what-is-it comes  
over parting flesh . . . . And eyes big love-crumbs,  
  
and possibly i like the thrill  
  
of under me you so quite new

# 15

little tree

little silent Christmas tree

you are so little

you are more like a flower

who found you in the green forest

and were you very sorry to come away?

see i will comfort you

because you smell so sweetly

i will kiss your cool bark

and hug you safe and tight

just as your mother would,

only don't be afraid

look the spangles

that sleep all the year in a dark box

dreaming of being taken out and allowed to shine,

the balls the chains red and gold the fluffy threads,

put up your little arms

and i'll give them all to you to hold

every finger shall have its ring

and there won't be a single place dark or unhappy

then when you're quite dressed  
you'll stand in the window for everyone to see  
and how they'll stare!  
oh but you'll be very proud

and my little sister and i will take hands  
and looking up at our beautiful tree  
we'll dance and sing  
"Noel Noel"

# 16

Humanity i love you  
because you would rather black the boots of  
success than enquire whose soul dangles from his  
watch-chain which would be embarrassing for both

parties and because you  
unflinchingly applaud all  
songs containing the words country home and  
mother when sung at the old howard

Humanity i love you because  
when you're hard up you pawn your  
intelligence to buy a drink and when  
you're flush pride keeps

you from the pawn shop and  
because you are continually committing  
nuisances but more  
especially in your own house

Humanity i love you because you  
are perpetually putting the secret of  
life in your pants and forgetting  
it's there and sitting down

on it  
and because you are  
forever making poems in the lap  
of death Humanity

i hate you



## POEM, OR BEAUTY HURTS MR. VINAL

take it from me kiddo  
 believe me  
 my country, 'tis of

you, land of the Cluett  
 Shirt Boston Garter and Spearmint  
 Girl With The Wrigley Eyes (of you  
 land of the Arrow Ide  
 and Earl &  
 Wilson  
 Collars) of you i  
 sing:land of Abraham Lincoln and Lydia E. Pinkham,  
 land above all of Just Add Hot Water And Serve—  
 from every B. V. D.

let freedom ring

amen. i do however protest, anent the un-  
 -spontaneous and otherwise scented merde which  
 greets one (Everywhere Why) as divine poesy per  
 that and this radically defunct periodical. i would

suggest that certain ideas gestures  
 rhymes, like Gillette Razor Blades

having been used and reused  
to the mystical moment of dullness emphatically are  
Not To Be Resharpended. (Case in point

if we are to believe these gently O sweetly  
melancholy trillers amid the thrillers  
these crepuscular violinists among my and your  
skyscrapers– Helen & Cleopatra were Just Too Lovely,  
The Snail's On The Thorn enter Morn and God's  
In His andsoforth

do you get me?) according  
to such supposedly indigenous  
throstles Art is O World O Life  
a formula: example, Turn Your Shirrtails Into  
Drawers and If It Isn't An Eastman It Isn't A  
Kodak therefore my friends let  
us now sing each and all fortissimo A-  
mer  
i

ca, I  
love,  
You. And there're a  
hun-dred-mil-lion-oth-ers, like  
all of you successfully if  
delicately gelded (or spaded)  
gentlemen (and ladies)– pretty  
littliverpill-

hearted-NujoIneeding-There's-A-Reason  
americans (who tensetendoned and with  
upward vacant eyes, painfully  
perpetually crouched, quivering, upon the  
sternly allotted sandpile  
—how silently  
emit a tiny violetflavoured nuisance: Odor?

ono.

comes out like a ribbon lies flat on the brush

# 18

nobody loses all the time

i had an uncle named

Sol who was a born failure and

nearly everybody said he should have gone

into vaudeville perhaps because my Uncle Sol could

sing McCann He Was A Diver on Xmas Eve like Hell Itself which

may or may not account for the fact that my Uncle

Sol indulged in that possibly most inexcusable

of all to use a highfalootin phrase

luxuries that is or to

wit farming and be

it needlessly

added

my Uncle Sol's farm

failed because the chickens

ate the vegetables so

my Uncle Sol had a

chicken farm till the

skunks ate the chickens when

my Uncle Sol

had a skunk farm but

the skunks caught cold and  
died and so  
my Uncle Sol imitated the  
skunks in a subtle manner

or by drowning himself in the watertank  
but somebody who'd given my Uncle Sol a Victor  
Victrola and records while he lived presented to  
him upon the auspicious occasion of his decease a  
scrumptious not to mention splendiferous funeral with  
tall boys in black gloves and flowers and everything and

i remember we all cried like the Missouri  
when my Uncle Sol's coffin lurched because  
somebody pressed a button  
(and down went  
my Uncle  
Sol

and started a worm farm)

# 19

mr youse needn't be so spry  
concernin questions arty

each has his tastes but as for i  
i likes a certain party

gimme the he-man's solid bliss  
for youse ideas i'll match youse

a pretty girl who naked is  
is worth a million statues

# 20

she being Brand

-new;and you  
know consequently a  
little stiff i was  
careful of her and(having

thoroughly oiled the universal  
joint tested my gas felt of  
her radiator made sure her springs were O.

K.)i went right to it flooded-the-carburetor cranked her

up,slipped the  
clutch(and then somehow got into reverse she  
kicked what  
the hell)next  
minute i was back in neutral tried and

again slo-wly;bare,ly nudg. ing(my

lev-er Right-  
oh and her gears being in  
A 1 shape passed  
from low through

second-in-to-high like  
greased lightning) just as we turned the corner of Divinity

avenue i touched the accelerator and give

her the juice, good

(it  
was the first ride and believe i we was  
happy to see how nice she acted right up to  
the last minute coming back down by the Public  
Gardens i slammed on  
the

internal expanding

&

external contracting

brakes Both at once and

brought all of her tremB

-ling

to a: dead.

stand-

; Still)



# 21

## MEMORABILIA

stop look &

listen Venezia: incline thine

ear you glassworks

of Murano;

pause

elevator nel

mezzo del cammin' that means half-

way up the Campanile, believe

thou me cocodrillo—

mine eyes have seen

the glory of

the coming of

the Americans particularly the

brand of marriageable nymph which is

armed with large legs rancid

voices Baedekers Mothers and kodaks

—by night upon the Riva Schiavoni or in

the felicitous vicinity of the de l'Europe

Grand and Royal

Danielli their numbers

are like unto the stars of Heaven. . . .

i do signore

affirm that all gondola signore

day below me gondola signore gondola

and above me pass loudly and gondola

rapidly denizens of Omaha Altoona or what

not enthusiastic cohorts from Duluth God only,

gondola knows Cincingondolanati i gondola don't

—the substantial dollarbringing virgins

“from the Loggia where

are we angels by O yes

beautiful we now pass through the look

girls in the style of that's the

foliage what is it didn't Ruskin

says about you got the haven't Marjorie

isn't this wellcurb simply darling”

—O Education:O

thos cook & son

(O to be a metope

now that triglyph's here)

## 22

a man who had fallen among thieves  
lay by the roadside on his back  
dressed in fifteenthrate ideas  
wearing a round jeer for a hat

fate per a somewhat more than less  
emancipated evening  
had in return for consciousness  
endowed him with a changeless grin

whereon a dozen staunch and leal  
citizens did graze at pause  
then fired by hypercivic zeal  
sought newer pastures or because

swaddled with a frozen brook  
of pinkest vomit out of eyes  
which noticed nobody he looked  
as if he did not care to rise

one hand did nothing on the vest  
its wideflung friend clenched weakly dirt  
while the mute trouserfly confessed  
a button solemnly inert.

Brushing from whom the stiffened puke  
i put him all into my arms  
and staggered banged with terror through  
a million billion trillion stars

## 23

voices to voices, lip to lip  
i swear (to noone everyone) constitutes  
undying; or whatever this and that petal confutes . . .  
to exist being a peculiar form of sleep

what's beyond logic happens beneath will;  
nor can these moments be translated: i say  
that even after April  
by God there is no excuse for May

—bring forth your flowers and machinery: sculpture and prose  
flowers guess and miss  
machinery is the more accurate, yes  
it delivers the goods, Heaven knows

(yet are we mindful, though not as yet awake,  
of ourselves which shout and cling, being  
for a little while and which easily break  
in spite of the best overseeing)

i mean that the blond absence of any program  
except last and always and first to live  
makes unimportant what i and you believe;  
not for philosophy does this rose give a damn . . .

bring on your fireworks, which are a mixed  
splendor of piston and of pistil; very well  
provided an instant may be fixed  
so that it will not rub, like any other pastel.

(While you and i have lips and voices which  
are for kissing and to sing with  
who cares if some oneeyed son of a bitch  
invents an instrument to measure Spring with?

each dream nascitur, is not made . . . )  
why then to Hell with that: the other; this,  
since the thing perhaps is  
to eat flowers and not to be afraid.

“next to of course god america i  
love you land of the pilgrims’ and so forth oh  
say can you see by the dawn’s early my  
country ’tis of centuries come and go  
and are no more what of it we should worry  
in every language even deafanddumb  
thy sons acclaim your glorious name by gorry  
by jingo by gee by gosh by gum  
why talk of beauty what could be more beaut-  
iful than these heroic happy dead  
who rushed like lions to the roaring slaughter  
they did not stop to think they died instead  
then shall the voice of liberty be mute?”

He spoke. And drank rapidly a glass of water

# 25

my sweet old etcetera  
aunt lucy during the recent

war could and what  
is more did tell you just  
what everybody was fighting

for,  
my sister

isabel created hundreds  
(and  
hundreds)of socks not to  
mention shirts fleaproof earwarmers

etcetera wrists etcetera, my  
mother hoped that

i would die etcetera  
bravely of course my father used  
to become hoarse talking about how it was  
a privilege and if only he  
could meanwhile my

self etcetera lay quietly



in the deep mud et

cetera

(dreaming,

et

cetera, of

Your smile

eyes knees and of your Etcetera)

# 26

here's a little mouse)and  
what does he think about, i  
wonder as over this  
floor(quietly with

bright eyes)drifts(nobody  
can tell because  
Nobody knows, or why  
jerks Here &, here,  
gr(oo)ving the room's Silence)this like  
a littlest  
poem a  
(with wee ears and see?

tail frisks)

(gonE)

“mouse”,

We are not the same you and

i, since here's a little he

or is

it It

? (or was something we saw in the mirror)?

therefore we'll kiss; for maybe

what was Disappeared  
into ourselves  
who (look). ,startled

27

in spite of everything  
which breathes and moves, since Doom  
(with white longest hands  
neatening each crease)  
will smooth entirely our minds

—before leaving my room  
i turn, and(stooping  
through the morning)kiss  
this pillow, dear  
where our heads lived and were.

# 28

since feeling is first  
who pays any attention  
to the syntax of things  
will never wholly kiss you;

wholly to be a fool  
while Spring is in the world

my blood approves,  
and kisses are a better fate  
than wisdom  
lady i swear by all flowers. Don't cry  
—the best gesture of my brain is less than  
your eyelids' flutter which says

we are for each other: then  
laugh, leaning back in my arms  
for life's not a paragraph

And death i think is no parenthesis

## 29

if i have made,my lady,intricate  
imperfect various things chiefly which wrong  
your eyes(frailer than most deep dreams are frail)  
songs less firm than your body's whitest song  
upon my mind—if i have failed to snare  
the glance too shy—if through my singing slips  
the very skillful strangeness of your smile  
the keen primeval silence of your hair

—let the world say “his most wise music stole  
nothing from death”—

you only will create  
(who are so perfectly alive)my shame:  
lady through whose profound and fragile lips  
the sweet small clumsy feet of April came  
into the ragged meadow of my soul.

# 30

i sing of Olaf glad and big  
whose warmest heart recoiled at war:  
a conscientious object-or

his wellbelovéd colonel(trig  
westpointer most succinctly bred)  
took erring Olaf soon in hand;  
but—though an host of overjoyed  
noncoms(first knocking on the head  
him)do through icy waters roll  
that helplessness which others stroke  
with brushes recently employed  
anent this muddy toiletbowl,  
while kindred intellects evoke  
allegiance per blunt instruments—  
Olaf(being to all intents  
a corpse and wanting any rag  
upon what God unto him gave)  
responds,without getting annoyed  
“I will not kiss your f.ing flag”

straightway the silver bird looked grave  
(departing hurriedly to shave)

but—though all kinds of officers  
(a yearning nation's blueeyed pride)  
their passive prey did kick and curse  
until for wear their clarion  
voices and boots were much the worse,  
and egged the firstclassprivates on  
his rectum wickedly to tease  
by means of skilfully applied  
bayonets roasted hot with heat—  
Olaf(upon what were once knees)  
does almost ceaselessly repeat  
“there is some s. I will not eat”

our president,being of which  
assertions duly notified  
threw the yellowsonofabitch  
into a dungeon,where he died

Christ(of His mercy infinite)  
i pray to see;and Olaf,too

preponderatingly because  
unless statistics lie he was  
more brave than me:more blond than you.



# 31

if there are any heavens my mother will(all by herself)have  
one. It will not be a pansy heaven nor  
a fragile heaven of lilies-of-the-valley but  
it will be a heaven of blackred roses

my father will be(deep like a rose  
tall like a rose)

standing near my

(swaying over her  
silent)

with eyes which are really petals and see

nothing with the face of a poet really which  
is a flower and not a face with  
hands

which whisper

This is my beloved my

(suddenly in sunlight

he will bow,

& the whole garden will bow)

a light Out)

& first of all foam

-like hair spatters creasing pillow  
 next everywhere hidinglyseek  
 no o god dear wait sh please o no O  
 3rd Findingest whispers understand  
 sobs bigly climb what(love being something  
 possibly more intricate)i(breath  
 in breath)have nicknamed ecstasy and And

spills smile cheaply thick

—who therefore Thee(once and once only,Queen  
 among centuries universes between  
 Who out of deeplynness rose to undeath)

salute. and having worshipped for my doom  
 pass ignorantly into sleep's bright land

# 33

a clown's smirk in the skull of a baboon  
(where once good lips stalked or eyes firmly stirred)  
my mirror gives me, on this afternoon;  
i am a shape that can but eat and turd  
ere with the dirt death shall him vastly gird,  
a coward waiting clumsily to cease  
whom every perfect thing meanwhile doth miss;  
a hand's impression in an empty glove,  
a soon forgotten tune, a house for lease.  
I have never loved you dear as now i love

behold this fool who, in the month of June,  
having of certain stars and planets heard,  
rose very slowly in a tight balloon  
until the smallening world became absurd;  
him did an archer spy (whose aim had erred  
never) and by that little trick or this  
he shot the aeronaut down, into the abyss  
—and wonderfully i fell through the green groove  
of twilight, striking into many a piece.  
I have never loved you dear as now i love

god's terrible face, brighter than a spoon,  
collects the image of one fatal word;

so that my life(which liked the sun and the moon)  
resembles something that has not occurred:  
i am a birdcage without any bird,  
a collar looking for a dog,a kiss  
without lips;a prayer lacking any knees  
but something beats within my shirt to prove  
he is undead who,living,noone is.  
I have never loved you dear as now i love.

Hell(by most humble me which shall increase)  
open thy fire! for i have had some bliss  
of one small lady upon earth above;  
to whom i cry,remembering her face,  
i have never loved you dear as now i love

# 34

if i love You  
(thickness means  
worlds inhabited by roamingly  
stern bright færies

if you love  
me) distance is mind carefully  
luminous with innumerable gnomes  
Of complete dream

if we love each (shyly)  
other, what clouds do or Silently  
Flowers resembles beauty  
less than our breathing

# 35

somewhere i have never travelled,gladly beyond  
any experience,your eyes have their silence:  
in your most frail gesture are things which enclose me,  
or which i cannot touch because they are too near

your slightest look easily will unclose me  
though i have closed myself as fingers,  
you open always petal by petal myself as Spring opens  
(touching skilfully,mysteriously)her first rose

or if your wish be to close me,i and  
my life will shut very beautifully,suddenly,  
as when the heart of this flower imagines  
the snow carefully everywhere descending;

nothing which we are to perceive in this world equals  
the power of your intense fragility:whose texture  
compels me with the colour of its countries,  
rendering death and forever with each breathing

(i do not know what it is about you that closes  
and opens;only something in me understands  
the voice of your eyes is deeper than all roses)  
nobody,not even the rain,has such small hands

# 36

but if a living dance upon dead minds  
why, it is love; but at the earliest spear  
of sun perfectly should disappear  
moon's utmost magic, or stones speak or one  
name control more incredible splendor than  
our merely universe, love's also there:  
and being here imprisoned, tortured here  
love everywhere exploding maims and blinds  
(but surely does not forget, perish, sleep  
cannot be photographed, measured; disdains  
the trivial labelling of punctual brains. . .  
—Who wields a poem huger than the grave?  
from only Whom shall time no refuge keep  
though all the weird worlds must be opened?

)Love

# 37

sonnet entitled how to run the world)

A always don't there B being no such thing  
for C can't casts no shadow D drink and

E eat of her voice in whose silence the music of spring  
lives F feel opens but shuts understand  
G gladly forget little having less

with every least each most remembering  
H highest fly only the flag that's furred

(sestet entitled grass is flesh or swim  
who can and bathe who must or any dream  
means more than sleep as more than know means guess)

I item i immaculately owe  
dying one life and will my rest to these

children building this rainman out of snow



# 38

may i feel said he  
(i'll squeal said she  
just once said he)  
it's fun said she

(may i touch said he  
how much said she  
a lot said he)  
why not said she

(let's go said he  
not too far said she  
what's too far said he  
where you are said she)

may i stay said he  
(which way said she  
like this said he  
if you kiss said she

may i move said he  
is it love said she)  
if you're willing said he  
(but you're killing said she

but it's life said he  
but your wife said she  
now said he)  
ow said she

(tiptop said he  
don't stop said she  
oh no said he)  
go slow said she

(cccome?said he  
ummm said she)  
you're divine!said he  
(you are Mine said she)

# 39

little joe gould has lost his teeth and doesn't know where  
to find them(and found a secondhand set which click)little  
gould used to amputate his appetite with bad brittle  
candy but just(nude eel)now little joe lives on air

Harvard Brevis Est for Handkerchief read Papernapkin no laundry  
bills likes People preferring Negroes Indians Youse  
n.b. ye twang of little joe(yankee)gould irketh sundry  
who are trying to find their minds(but never had any to lose)

and a myth is as good as a smile but little joe gould's quote oral  
history unquote might(publishers note)be entitled a wraith's  
progress or mainly awash while chiefly submerged or an amoral  
morality sort-of-aliveing by innumerable kind-of-deaths

(Amérique Je T'Aime and it may be fun to be fooled  
but it's more fun to be more to be fun to be little joe gould)

# 40

kumrads die because they're told)  
kumrads die before they're old  
(kumrads aren't afraid to die  
kumrads don't  
and kumrads won't  
believe in life)and death knows whie

(all good kumrads you can tell  
by their altruistic smell  
moscow pipes good kumrads dance)  
kumrads enjoy  
s.freud knows whoy  
the hope that you may mess your pance

every kumrad is a bit  
of quite unmitigated hate  
(travelling in a futile groove  
god knows why)  
and so do i  
(because they are afraid to love

# 41

conceive a man, should he have anything  
would give a little more than it away

(his autumn's winter being summer's spring  
who moved by standing in november's may)  
from whose (if loud most howish time derange

the silent whys of such a deathlessness)  
remembrance might no patient mind unstrange  
learn (nor could all earth's rotting scholars guess  
that life shall not for living find the rule)

and dark beginnings are his luminous ends  
who far less lonely than a fire is cool  
took bedfellows for moons mountains for friends

—open your thighs to fate and (if you can  
withholding nothing) World, conceive a man

# 42

here's to opening and upward, to leaf and to sap  
and to your (in my arms flowering so new)  
self whose eyes smell of the sound of rain

and here's to silent certainly mountains; and to  
a disappearing poet of always, snow  
and to morning; and to morning's beautiful friend  
twilight (and a first dream called ocean) and

let must or if be damned with whomever's afraid  
down with ought with because with every brain  
which thinks it thinks, nor dares to feel (but up  
with joy; and up with laughing and drunkenness)

here's to one undiscoverable guess  
of whose mad skill each world of blood is made  
(whose fatal songs are moving in the moon



# 44

Jehovah buried,Satan dead,  
do fearers worship Much and Quick;  
badness not being felt as bad,  
itself thinks goodness what is meek;  
obey says toc,submit says tic,  
Eternity's a Five Year Plan:  
if Joy with Pain shall hang in hock  
who dares to call himself a man?

go dreamless knaves on Shadows fed,  
your Harry's Tom,your Tom is Dick;  
while Gadgets murder squawk and add,  
the cult of Same is all the chic;  
by instruments,both span and spic,  
are justly measured Spic and Span:  
to kiss the mike if Jew turn kike  
who dares to call himself a man?

loudly for Truth have liars pled,  
their heels for Freedom slaves will click;  
where Boobs are holy,poets mad,  
illustrious punks of Progress shriek;  
when Souls are outlawed,Hearts are sick,  
Hearts being sick,Minds nothing can:  
if Hate's a game and Love's a φυκ



who dares to call himself a man?

King Christ, this world is all a leak;  
and life preservers there are none:  
and waves which only He may walk  
Who dares to call Himself a man.

# 45

this mind made war  
being generous  
this heart could dare)  
unhearts can less

unminds must fear  
because and why  
what filth is here  
unlives do cry

on him they shat  
they shat encore  
he laughed and spat  
(this life could dare

freely to give  
as gives a friend  
not those who slave  
unselves to lend

for hope of hope  
must coo or boo  
may strut or creep  
ungenerous who

ape deftly aims

they dare not share)  
such make their names  
(this poet made war

whose naught and all  
sun are and moon  
come fair come foul  
he goes alone

daring to dare  
for joy of joy)  
what stink is here  
unpoets do cry

unfools unfree  
undeaths who live  
nor shall they be  
and must they have

at him they fart  
they fart full oft  
(with mind with heart  
he spat and laughed

with self with life  
this poet arose  
nor hate nor grief  
can go where goes

this whyless soul

a loneliest road  
who dares to stroll  
almost this god

this surely dream  
perhaps this ghost)  
humbly and whom  
for worst or best

(and proudly things  
only which grow  
and the rain's wings  
the birds of snow

things without name  
beyond because  
things over blame  
things under praise

glad things or free  
truly which live  
always shall be  
may never have)

do i salute  
(by moon by sun  
i deeply greet  
this fool and man

# 46

love's function is to fabricate unknownness

(known being wishless;but love,all of wishing)

though life's lived wrongsideout,sameness chokes oneness

truth is confused with fact,fish boast of fishing

and men are caught by worms(love may not care

if time totters,light droops,all measures bend

nor marvel if a thought should weigh a star

—dreads dying least;and less,that death should end)

how lucky lovers are(whose selves abide

under whatever shall discovered be)

whose ignorant each breathing dares to hide

more than most fabulous wisdom fears to see

(who laugh and cry)who dream,create and kill

while the whole moves;and every part stands still:

# 47

death(having lost)put on his universe  
and yawned:it looks like rain  
(they've played for timelessness  
with chips of when)  
that's yours;i guess  
you'll have to loan me pain  
to take the hearse,  
see you again.

Love(having found)wound up such pretty toys  
as themselves could not know:  
the earth tinily whirls;  
while daisies grow  
(and boys and girls  
have whispered thus and so)  
and girls with boys  
to bed will go,

48

kind)

YM&WC

(of sort of)

A soursweet bedtime

-less un-

(wonderful)

story atrickling a

-rithmetic o-

ver me you & all those & that

“I may say professor”

asleep

wop “shapley

has compared the universe

to a

uh” pause

“Cookie

but” nonvisibly smi-

ling through man

-ufactured harmlessly accurate

gloom “I

think he might now be inclined to describe  
it rather as  
a" pause "uh"  
cough

"Biscuit"  
(& so on & so unto canned  
swoonsong  
came "I wish you good" the mechanical

dawn  
"morning")& that those you  
i St  
ep

into the not  
merely immeasurable into  
the mightily alive the  
dear beautiful eternal night



# 49

(of Ever-Ever Land i speak  
sweet morons gather roun'  
who does not dare to stand or sit  
may take it lying down)

down with the human soul  
and anything else uncanned  
for everyone carries canopeners  
in Ever-Ever Land

(for Ever-Ever Land is a place  
that's as simple as simple can be  
and was built that way on purpose  
by simple people like we)

down with hell and heaven  
and all the religious fuss  
infinity pleased our parents  
one inch looks good to us

(and Ever-Ever Land is a place  
that's measured and safe and known  
where it's lucky to be unlucky  
and the hitler lies down with the cohn)

down above all with love  
and everything perverse  
or which makes some feel more better  
when all ought to feel less worse

(but only sameness is normal  
in Ever-Ever Land  
for a bad cigar is a woman  
but a gland is only a gland)

# 50

this little bride & groom are  
standing)in a kind  
of crown he dressed  
in black candy she

veiled with candy white  
carrying a bouquet of  
pretend flowers this  
candy crown with this candy

little bride & little  
groom in it kind of stands on  
a thin ring which stands on a much  
less thin very much more

big & kinder of ring & which  
kinder of stands on a  
much more than very much  
biggest & thickest & kindest

of ring & all one two three rings  
are cake & everything is protected by  
cellophane against anything(because  
nothing really exists

*51*

my specialty is living said  
a man(who could not earn his bread  
because he would not sell his head)

squads right impatiently replied  
two billion pubic lice inside  
one pair of trousers(which had died)

52

if i

or anybody don't  
know where it her his

my next meal's coming from  
i say to hell with that  
that doesn't matter(and if

he she it or everybody gets a  
bellyful without  
lifting my finger i say to hell  
with that i

say that doesn't matter)but  
if somebody  
or you are beautiful or  
deep or generous what  
i say is

whistle that  
sing that yell that spell  
that out big(bigger than cosmic  
rays war earthquakes famine or the ex

prince of whoses diving into  
a whates to rescue miss nobody's  
probably handbag)because i say that's not

swell(get me)babe not(understand me)lousy  
kid that's something else my sweet(i feel that's

true)

# 53

may my heart always be open to little  
birds who are the secrets of living  
whatever they sing is better than to know  
and if men should not hear them men are old

may my mind stroll about hungry  
and fearless and thirsty and supple  
and even if it's sunday may i be wrong  
for whenever men are right they are not young

and may myself do nothing usefully  
and love yourself so more than truly  
there's never been quite such a fool who could fail  
pulling all the sky over him with one smile

# 54

you shall above all things be glad and young.  
For if you're young, whatever life you wear

it will become you; and if you are glad  
whatever's living will yourself become.  
Girlboys may nothing more than boygirls need:  
i can entirely her only love

whose any mystery makes every man's  
flesh put space on; and his mind take off time

that you should ever think, may god forbid  
and (in his mercy) your true lover spare:  
for that way knowledge lies, the foetal grave  
called progress, and negation's dead undoom.

I'd rather learn from one bird how to sing  
than teach ten thousand stars how not to dance



# 55

flotsam and jetsam  
are gentlemen poeds  
urseappeal netsam  
our spinsters and coeds)

thoroughly british  
they scout the inhuman  
itarian fetish  
that man isn't wuman

vive the millenni  
um three cheers for labor  
give all things to enni  
one bugger thy nabor

(neck and senecktie  
are gentlemen ppoyds  
even whose recktie  
are covered by lloyd's

# 56

spoke joe to jack

leave her alone  
she's not your gal

jack spoke to joe  
's left crashed  
pal dropped

o god alice  
yells but who shot  
up grabbing had  
by my throat me

give it him good  
a bottle she  
quick who stop damned  
fall all we go spill

and chairs tables the ana  
bitch whispers jill  
mopping too bad

dear sh not yet  
jesus what blood

darling 1 said

57

red-rag and pink-flag  
blackshirt and brown  
strut-mince and stink-brag  
have all come to town

some like it shot  
and some like it hung  
and some like it in the twot  
nine months young

58

proud of his scientific attitude

and liked the prince of wales wife wants to die  
but the doctors won't let her comma considers frood  
whom he pronounces young mistaken and  
cradles in rubbery one somewhat hand  
the paper destinies of nations sic  
item a bounceless period unshy  
the empty house is full O Yes of guk  
rooms daughter item son a woopsing queer  
colon hobby photography never has plumbed  
the heights of prowst but respects artists if  
they are sincere proud of his scientif  
ic attitude and liked the king of)hear

ye!the godless are the dull and the dull are the damned

# 59

a pretty a day  
(and every fades)  
is here and away  
(but born are maids  
to flower an hour  
in all,all)

o yes to flower  
until so blithe  
a doer a wooer  
some limber and lithe  
some very fine mower  
a tall;tall

some jerry so very  
(and nellie and fan)  
some handsomest harry  
(and sally and nan  
they tremble and cower  
so pale:pale)

for betty was born  
to never say nay  
but lucy could learn

and lily could pray  
and fewer were shyer  
than doll. doll

# 60

as freedom is a breakfastfood  
or truth can live with right and wrong  
or molehills are from mountains made  
—long enough and just so long  
will being pay the rent of seem  
and genius please the talentgang  
and water most encourage flame

as hatracks into peachtrees grow  
or hopes dance best on bald men's hair  
and every finger is a toe  
and any courage is a fear  
—long enough and just so long  
will the impure think all things pure  
and hornets wail by children stung

or as the seeing are the blind  
and robins never welcome spring  
nor flatfolk prove their world is round  
nor dingsters die at break of dong  
and common's rare and millstones float  
—long enough and just so long  
tomorrow will not be too late



worms are the words but joy's the voice  
down shall go which and up come who  
breasts will be breasts thighs will be thighs  
deeds cannot dream what dreams can do  
—time is a tree(this life one leaf)  
but love is the sky and i am for you  
just so long and long enough

# 61

anyone lived in a pretty how town  
(with up so floating many bells down)  
spring summer autumn winter  
he sang his didn't he danced his did.

Women and men(both little and small)  
cared for anyone not at all  
they sowed their isn't they reaped their same  
sun moon stars rain

children guessed(but only a few  
and down they forgot as up they grew  
autumn winter spring summer)  
that noone loved him more by more

when by now and tree by leaf  
she laughed his joy she cried his grief  
bird by snow and stir by still  
anyone's any was all to her

someones married their everyones  
laughed their cryings and did their dance  
(sleep wake hope and then)they  
said their nevers they slept their dream

stars rain sun moon

(and only the snow can begin to explain  
how children are apt to forget to remember  
with up so floating many bells down)

one day anyone died i guess  
(and noone stooped to kiss his face)  
busy folk buried them side by side  
little by little and was by was

all by all and deep by deep  
and more by more they dream their sleep  
noone and anyone earth by april  
wish by spirit and if by yes.

Women and men(both dong and ding)  
summer autumn winter spring  
reaped their sowing and went their came  
sun moon stars rain

## 62

my father moved through dooms of love  
through sames of am through haves of give,  
singing each morning out of each night  
my father moved through depths of height

this motionless forgetful where  
turned at his glance to shining here;  
that if(so timid air is firm)  
under his eyes would stir and squirm

newly as from unburied which  
floats the first who,his april touch  
drove sleeping selves to swarm their fates  
woke dreamers to their ghostly roots

and should some why completely weep  
my father's fingers brought her sleep:  
vainly no smallest voice might cry  
for he could feel the mountains grow.

Lifting the valleys of the sea  
my father moved through griefs of joy,  
praising a forehead called the moon  
singing desire into begin

joy was his song and joy so pure  
a heart of star by him could steer  
and pure so now and now so yes  
the wrists of twilight would rejoice

keen as midsummer's keen beyond  
conceiving mind of sun will stand,  
so strictly(over utmost him  
so hugely)stood my father's dream

his flesh was flesh his blood was blood:  
no hungry man but wished him food;  
no cripple wouldn't creep one mile  
uphill to only see him smile.

Scorning the pomp of must and shall  
my father moved through dooms of feel;  
his anger was as right as rain  
his pity was as green as grain

septembering arms of year extend  
less humbly wealth to foe and friend  
than he to foolish and to wise  
offered immeasurable is

proudly and(by octobering flame  
beckoned)as earth will downward climb,  
so naked for immortal work  
his shoulders marched against the dark

his sorrow was as true as bread:  
no liar looked him in the head;  
if every friend became his foe  
he'd laugh and build a world with snow.

My father moved through theirs of we,  
singing each new leaf out of each tree  
(and every child was sure that spring  
danced when she heard my father sing)

then let men kill which cannot share,  
let blood and flesh be mud and mire,  
scheming imagine, passion willed,  
freedom a drug that's bought and sold

giving to steal and cruel kind,  
a heart to fear, to doubt a mind,  
to differ a disease of same,  
conform the pinnacle of am

though dull were all we taste as bright,  
bitter all utterly things sweet,  
maggoty minus and dumb death  
all we inherit, all bequeath

and nothing quite so least as truth  
—i say though hate were why men breathe-  
because my father lived his soul  
love is the whole and more than all

# 63

i say no world

can hold a you  
shall see the not  
because

and why but

(who

stood within his steam be-  
ginning and

began to sing all

here is hands machine no

good too quick i know this

suit you pay

a store too

much yes what

too much o much cheap

me i work i know i say i have

not any

never

no vacation here

is hands is work since i am

born is good

but there this cheap this suit too

quick no suit there every  
-thing  
nothing i  
say the  
world not fit  
you)he is

not(i say the world  
yes any world is much  
too not quite big enough to  
hold one tiny this with  
time's  
more than  
most how  
immeasurable  
anguish

pregnant one fearless  
one good yes  
completely kind  
mindheart one true one generous child-  
man  
-god one eager  
souldoll one  
unsellable not buyable alive  
one i say human being)one  
  
goldberger



# 64

these children singing in stone a  
silence of stone these  
little children wound with stone  
flowers opening for

ever these silently lit  
tle children are petals  
their song is a flower of  
always their flowers

of stone are  
silently singing  
a song more silent  
than silence these always

children forever  
singing wreathed with singing  
blossoms children of  
stone with blossoming

eyes  
know if a  
lit tle  
tree listens

forever to always children singing forever  
a song made  
of silent as stone silence of  
song

# 65

love is the every only god

who spoke this earth so glad and big  
even a thing all small and sad  
man, may his mighty briefness dig

for love beginning means return  
seas who could sing so deep and strong

one queerying wave will whitely yearn  
from each last shore and home come young

so truly perfectly the skies  
by merciful love whispered were,  
completes its brightness with your eyes

any illimitable star

# 66

love is more thicker than forget  
more thinner than recall  
more seldom than a wave is wet  
more frequent than to fail

it is most mad and moonly  
and less it shall unbecome  
than all the sea which only  
is deeper than the sea

love is less always than to win  
less never than alive  
less bigger than the least begin  
less littler than forgive

it is most sane and sunly  
and more it cannot die  
than all the sky which only  
is higher than the sky

# 67

hate blows a bubble of despair into  
hugeness world system universe and bang  
—fear buries a tomorrow under woe  
and up comes yesterday most green and young

pleasure and pain are merely surfaces  
(one itself showing, itself hiding one)  
life's only and true value neither is  
love makes the little thickness of the coin

comes here a man would have from madame death  
neverless now and without winter spring?  
she'll spin that spirit her own fingers with  
and give him nothing(if he should not sing)

how much more than enough for both of us  
darling. And if i sing you are my voice,

68

what freedom's not some under's mere above  
but breathing yes which fear will never no?  
measureless our pure living complete love  
whose doom is beauty and its fate to grow

shall hate confound the wise?doubt blind the brave?  
does mask wear face?have singings gone to say?  
here youngest selves yet younger selves conceive  
here's music's music and the day of day

are worlds collapsing?any was a glove  
but i'm and you are actual either hand  
is when for sale?forever is to give  
and on forever's very now we stand

nor a first rose explodes but shall increase  
whole truthful infinite immediate us

# 69

of all the blessings which to man  
kind progress doth impart  
one stands supreme i mean the an  
imal without a heart

Huge this collective pseudobeast  
(sans either pain or joy)  
does nothing except preexist  
its hoi in its polloi

and if sometimes he's prodded forth  
to exercise her vote  
(or made by threats of something worth  
than death to change their coat

—which something as you'll never guess  
in fifty thousand years  
equals the quote and unquote loss  
of liberty my dears—

or even is compelled to fight  
itself from tame to teem)  
still doth our hero contemplate  
in raptures of undream

that strictly (and how) scienti  
fic land of supernod  
where freedom is compulsory  
and only man is god.

Without a heart the animal  
is very very kind  
so kind it wouldn't like a soul  
and couldn't use a mind



# 70

a salesman is an it that stinks Excuse

Me whether it's president of the you were say  
or a jennelman name misder finger isn't  
important whether it's millions of other punks  
or just a handful absolutely doesn't  
matter and whether it's in lonjewray

or shrouds is immaterial it stinks

a salesman is an it that stinks to please

but whether to please itself or someone else  
makes no more difference than if it sells  
hate condoms education snakeoil vac  
uumcleaners terror strawberries democ  
ra(caveat emptor)cy superfluous hair

or Think We've Met subhuman rights Before

*71*

a politician is an arse upon  
which everyone has sat except a man

72

plato told

him:he couldn't  
believe it(jesus

told him;he  
wouldn't believe  
it)lao

tsze  
certainly told  
him,and general  
(yes

mam)  
sherman;  
and even  
(believe it  
or

not)you  
told him:i told  
him;we told him  
(he didn't believe it,no

sir)it took  
a nipponized bit of  
the old sixth

avenue  
el;in the top of his head:to tell

him

# 73

pity this busy monster,manunkind,

not. Progress is a comfortable disease:  
your victim(death and life safely beyond)

plays with the bigness of his littleness  
—electrons deify one razorblade  
into a mountainrange;lenses extend

unwish through curving wherewhen till unwish  
returns on its unself.

A world of made  
is not a world of born—pity poor flesh

and trees,poor stars and stones,but never this  
fine specimen of hypermagical

ultraomnipotence. We doctors know

a hopeless case if—listen:there's a hell  
of a good universe next door;let's go

# 74

one's not half two. It's two are halves of one:  
which halves reintegrating, shall occur  
no death and any quantity; but than  
all numerable mosts the actual more

minds ignorant of stern miraculous  
this every truth—beware of heartless them  
(given the scalpel, they dissect a kiss;  
or, sold the reason, they undream a dream)

one is the song which fiends and angels sing:  
all murdering lies by mortals told make two.  
Let liars wilt, repaying life they're loaned;  
we (by a gift called dying born) must grow

deep in dark least ourselves remembering  
love only rides his year.

All lose, whole find

# 75

what if a much of a which of a wind  
gives the truth to summer's lie;  
bloodies with dizzying leaves the sun  
and yanks immortal stars awry?  
Blow king to beggar and queen to seem  
(blow friend to fiend:blow space to time)  
—when skies are hanged and oceans drowned,  
the single secret will still be man

what if a keen of a lean wind flays  
screaming hills with sleet and snow:  
strangles valleys by ropes of thing  
and stifles forests in white ago?  
Blow hope to terror;blow seeing to blind  
(blow pity to envy and soul to mind)  
—whose hearts are mountains, roots are trees,  
it's they shall cry hello to the spring

what if a dawn of a doom of a dream  
bites this universe in two,  
peels forever out of his grave  
and sprinkles nowhere with me and you?  
Blow soon to never and never to twice  
(blow life to isn't:blow death to was)

—all nothing's only our hugest home;  
the most who die,the more we live



# 76

no man,if men are gods;but if gods must  
be men,the sometimes only man is this  
(most common,for each anguish is his grief;  
and,for his joy is more than joy,most rare)

a fiend,if fiends speak truth;if angels burn

by their own generous completely light,  
an angel;or(as various worlds he'll spurn  
rather than fail immeasurable fate)  
coward,clown,traitor,idiot,dreamer,beast—

such was a poet and shall be and is

—who'll solve the depths of horror to defend  
a sunbeam's architecture with his life:  
and carve immortal jungles of despair  
to hold a mountain's heartbeat in his hand

77

when god decided to invent  
everything he took one  
breath bigger than a circustent  
and everything began

when man determined to destroy  
himself he picked the was  
of shall and finding only why  
smashed it into because

78

rain or hail  
sam done  
the best he kin  
till they digged his hole

:sam was a man

stout as a bridge  
rugged as a bear  
slickern a weazel  
how be you

(sun or snow)

gone into what  
like all them kings  
you read about  
and on him sings

a whippoorwill;

heart was big  
as the world aint square  
with room for the devil  
and his angels too

yes,sir

what may be better  
or what may be worse  
and what may be clover  
clover clover

(nobody'll know)

sam was a man  
grinned his grin  
done his chores  
laid him down.

Sleep well

# 79

let it go—the  
smashed word broken  
open vow or  
the oath cracked length  
wise—let it go it  
was sworn to  
                  go

let them go—the  
truthful liars and  
the false fair friends  
and the boths and  
neithers—you must let them go they  
were born  
                  to go

let all go—the  
big small middling  
tall bigger really  
the biggest and all  
things—let all go  
dear  
                  so comes love

# 80

nothing false and possible is love  
(who's imagined, therefore limitless)  
love's to giving as to keeping's give;  
as yes is to if, love is to yes

must's a schoolroom in the month of may:  
life's the deathboard where all now turns when  
(love's a universe beyond obey  
or command, reality or un-)

proudly depths above why's first because  
(faith's last doubt and humbly heights below)  
kneeling, we—true lovers—pray that us  
will ourselves continue to outgrow

all whose mosts if you have known and i've  
only we our least begin to guess

# 81

except in your  
honour,  
my loveliest,  
nothing  
may move may rest  
—you bring

(out of dark the  
earth)a  
procession of  
wonders  
huger than prove  
our fears

were hopes:the moon  
open  
for you and close  
will shy  
wings of because;  
each why

of star(afloat  
on not  
quite less than all

of time)  
gives you skilful  
his flame

so is your heart  
alert,  
of languages  
there's none  
but well she knows;  
and can

perfectly speak  
(snowflake  
and rainbow mind  
and soul  
november and  
april)

who younger than  
begin  
are,the worlds move  
in your  
(and rest,my love)  
honour



## 82

true lovers in each happening of their hearts  
live longer than all which and every who;  
despite what fear denies, what hope asserts,  
what falsest both disprove by proving true

(all doubts, all certainties, as villains strive  
and heroes through the mere mind's poor pretend  
—grim comics of duration: only love  
immortally occurs beyond the mind)

such a forever is love's any now  
and her each here is such an everywhere,  
even more true would truest lovers grow  
if out of midnight dropped more suns than are

(yes; and if time should ask into his was  
all shall, their eyes would never miss a yes)

# 83

yes is a pleasant country:

if's wintry

(my lovely)

let's open the year

both is the very weather

(not either)

my treasure,

when violets appear

love is a deeper season

than reason;

my sweet one

(and april's where we're)

# 84

all ignorance toboggans into know  
and trudges up to ignorance again:  
but winter's not forever, even snow  
melts; and if spring should spoil the game, what then?

all history's a winter sport or three:  
but were it five, i'd still insist that all  
history is too small for even me;  
for me and you, exceedingly too small.

Swoop (shrill collective myth) into thy grave  
merely to toil the scale to shrillness  
per every madge and mabel dick and dave  
—tomorrow is our permanent address

and there they'll scarcely find us (if they do,  
we'll move away still further: into now

# 85

darling!because my blood can sing  
and dance(and does with each your least  
your any most very amazing now  
or here)let pitiless fear play host  
to every isn't that's under the spring  
—but if a look should april me,  
down isn't's own isn't go ghostly they

doubting can turn men's see to stare  
their faith to how their joy to why  
their stride and breathing to limp and prove  
—but if a look should april me,  
some thousand million hundred more  
bright worlds than merely by doubting have  
darkly themselves unmade makes love

armies(than hate itself and no  
meanness unsmaller)armies can  
immensely meet for centuries  
and(except nothing)nothing's won  
—but if a look should april me  
for half a when,whatever is less  
alive than never begins to yes

but if a look should april me  
(though such as perfect hope can feel  
only despair completely strikes  
forests of mind,mountains of soul)  
quite at the hugest which of his who  
death is killed dead. Hills jump with brooks:  
trees tumble out of twigs and sticks;

# 86

“sweet spring is your  
time is my time is our  
time for springtime is lovetime  
and viva sweet love”

(all the merry little birds are  
flying in the floating in the  
very spirits singing in  
are winging in the blossoming)

lovers go and lovers come  
awandering awondering  
but any two are perfectly  
alone there's nobody else alive

(such a sky and such a sun  
i never knew and neither did you  
and everybody never breathed  
quite so many kinds of yes)

not a tree can count his leaves  
each herself by opening  
but shining who by thousands mean  
only one amazing thing

(secretly adoring shyly  
tiny winging darting floating  
merry in the blossoming  
always joyful selves are singing)

“sweet spring is your  
time is my time is our  
time for springtime is lovetime  
and viva sweet love”

# 87

o by the by  
has anybody seen  
little you-i  
who stood on a green  
hill and threw  
his wish at blue

with a swoop and a dart  
out flew his wish  
(it dived like a fish  
but it climbed like a dream)  
throbbing like a heart  
singing like a flame

blue took it my  
far beyond far  
and high beyond high  
bluer took it your  
but bluest took it our  
away beyond where

what a wonderful thing  
is the end of a string  
(murmurs little you-i



as the hill becomes nil)  
and will somebody tell  
me why people let go

88

if everything happens that can't be done  
(and anything's righter  
than books  
could plan)  
the stupidest teacher will almost guess  
(with a run  
skip  
around we go yes)  
there's nothing as something as one

one hasn't a why or because or although  
(and buds know better  
than books  
don't grow)  
one's anything old being everything new  
(with a what  
which  
around we come who)  
one's everyanything so

so world is a leaf so tree is a bough  
(and birds sing sweeter  
than books

tell how)  
so here is away and so your is a my  
(with a down  
up  
around again fly)  
forever was never till now

now i love you and you love me  
(and books are shuter  
than books  
can be)  
and deep in the high that does nothing but fall  
(with a shout  
each  
around we go all)  
there's somebody calling who's we

we're anything brighter than even the sun  
(we're everything greater  
than books  
might mean)  
we're everyanything more than believe  
(with a spin  
leap  
alive we're alive)  
we're wonderful one times one

when serpents bargain for the right to squirm  
and the sun strikes to gain a living wage—  
when thorns regard their roses with alarm  
and rainbows are insured against old age

when every thrush may sing no new moon in  
if all screech-owls have not okayed his voice  
—and any wave signs on the dotted line  
or else an ocean is compelled to close

when the oak begs permission of the birch  
to make an acorn—valleys accuse their  
mountains of having altitude—and march  
denounces april as a saboteur

then we'll believe in that incredible  
unanimal mankind(and not until)

# 90

if a cheerrulest Elephantangelchild should sit

(holding a red candle over his head

by a finger of trunk, and singing out of a red

book)on a proud round cloud in a white high night

where his heartlike ears have flown adorable him

self tail and all(and his tail's red christmas bow)

—and if,when we meet again,little he(having flown  
even higher)is sunning his penguinsoul in the glow

of a joy which wasn't and isn't and won't be words

while possibly not(at a guess)quite half way down

to the earth are leapandswooping tinily birds

whose magical gaiety makes your beautiful name—

i feel thar(false and true are merely to know)

Love only has ever been,is,and will ever be,So

*91*

o to be in finland  
now that russia's here)

swing low  
sweet ca

rr  
y on

(pass the freedoms pappy or  
uncle shylock not interested

92

no time ago  
or else a life  
walking in the dark  
i met christ

jesus)my heart  
flopped over  
and lay still  
while he passed(as

close as i'm to you  
yes closer  
made of nothing  
except loneliness

# 93

to start,to hesitate;to stop  
(kneeling in doubt:while all  
skies fall)and then to slowly trust  
T upon H,and smile

could anything be pleasanter  
(some big dark little day  
which seems a lifetime at the least)  
except to add an A?

henceforth he feels his pride involved  
(this i who's also you)  
and nothing less than excellent  
E will exactly do

next(our great problem nearly solved)  
we dare adorn the whole  
with a distinct grandiloquent  
deep D;while all skies fall

at last perfection,now and here  
—but look:not sunlight?yes!  
and(plunging rapturously up)  
we spill our masterpiece



# 94

if(touched by love's own secret)we,like homing  
through welcoming sweet miracles of air  
(and joyfully all truths of wing resuming)  
selves,into infinite tomorrow steer

—souls under whom flow(mountain valley forest)  
a million wheres which never may become  
one(wholly strange;familiar wholly)dearest  
more than reality of more than dream—

how should contented fools of fact envision  
the mystery of freedom?yet,among  
their loud exactitudes of imprecision,  
you'll(silently alighting)and i'll sing

while at us very deafly a most stares  
colossal hoax of clocks and calendars

95

i thank You God for most this amazing  
day:for the leaping greenly spirits of trees  
and a blue true dream of sky;and for everything  
which is natural which is infinite which is yes

(i who have died am alive again today,  
and this is the sun's birthday;this is the birth  
day of life and of love and wings:and of the gay  
great happening illimitably earth)

how should tasting touching hearing seeing  
breathing any—lifted from the no  
of all nothing—human merely being  
doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my ears awake and  
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

# 96

the great advantage of being alive  
(instead of undying)is not so much  
that mind no more can disprove than prove  
what heart may feel and soul may touch  
—the great(my darling)happens to be  
that love are in we,that love are in we

and here is a secret they never will share  
for whom create is less than have  
or one times one than when times where—  
that we are in love,that we are in love:  
with us they've nothing times nothing to do  
(for love are in we am in i are in you)

this world(as timorous itsters all  
to call their cowardice quite agree)  
shall never discover our touch and feel  
—for love are in we are in love are in we;  
for you are and i am and we are(above  
and under all possible worlds)in love

a billion brains may coax undeath  
from fancied fact and spaceful time—  
no heart can leap,no soul can breathe

but by the sizeless truth of a dream  
whose sleep is the sky and the earth and the sea.  
For love are in you am in i are in we

when faces called flowers float out of the ground  
 and breathing is wishing and wishing is having—  
 but keeping is downward and doubting and never  
 —it's april(yes, april; my darling) it's spring!  
 yes the pretty birds frolic as spry as can fly  
 yes the little fish gambol as glad as can be  
 (yes the mountains are dancing together)

when every leaf opens without any sound  
 and wishing is having and having is giving—  
 but keeping is doting and nothing and nonsense  
 —alive; we're alive, dear: it's (kiss me now) spring!  
 now the pretty birds hover so she and so he  
 now the little fish quiver so you and so i  
 (now the mountains are dancing, the mountains)

when more than was lost has been found has been found  
 and having is giving and giving is living—  
 but keeping is darkness and winter and cringing  
 —it's spring(all our night becomes day) o, it's spring!  
 all the pretty birds dive to the heart of the sky  
 all the little fish climb through the mind of the sea  
 (all the mountains are dancing; are dancing)

98

love our so right  
is,all(each thing  
most lovely)sweet  
things cannot spring  
but we be they'll

some or if where  
shall breathe a new  
(silverly rare  
goldenly so)  
moon,she is you

nothing may,quite  
your my(my your  
and)self without,  
completely dare  
be beautiful

one if should sing  
(at yes of day)  
younger than young  
bird first for joy,  
he's i he's i

# 99

now all the fingers of this tree(darling)have  
hands,and all the hands have people;and  
more each particular person is(my love)  
alive than every world can understand

and now you are and i am now and we're  
a mystery which will never happen again,  
a miracle which has never happened before—  
and shining this our now must come to then

our then shall be some darkness during which  
fingers are without hands;and i have no  
you:and all trees are(any more than each  
leafless)its silent in forevering snow

—but never fear(my own,my beautiful  
my blossoming)for also then's until

# 100

luminous tendril of celestial wish

(whying diminutive bright deathlessness  
to these my not themselves believing eyes  
adventuring, enormous nowhere from)

querying affirmation; virginal

immediacy of precision: more  
and perfectly more most ethereal  
silence through twilight's mystery made flesh—

dreamslender exquisite white firstful flame

—new moon! as (by the miracle of your  
sweet innocence refuted) clumsy some  
dull cowardice called a world vanishes,

teach disappearing also me the keen  
illimitable secret of begin



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| little joe gould has lost his teeth and doesn't know<br>where | <a href="#"><u>48</u></a>  |
| little tree   | <a href="#"><u>17</u></a>  |
| love is more thicker than forget                              | <a href="#"><u>82</u></a>  |
| love is the every only god                                    | <a href="#"><u>81</u></a>  |
| love our so right   | <a href="#"><u>117</u></a> |
| love's function is to fabricate unknowness                    | <a href="#"><u>57</u></a>  |
| luminous tendril of celestial wish                            | <a href="#"><u>119</u></a> |
| <br>  |                            |
| may i feel said he  | <a href="#"><u>47</u></a>  |
| may my heart always be open to little                         | <a href="#"><u>65</u></a>  |
| mr youse needn't be so spry                                   | <a href="#"><u>23</u></a>  |
| my father moved through dooms of love                         | <a href="#"><u>75</u></a>  |
| my specialty is living said                                   | <a href="#"><u>63</u></a>  |
| my sweet old etcetera   | <a href="#"><u>32</u></a>  |
| <br>  |                            |
| "next to of course god america i                              | <a href="#"><u>31</u></a>  |
| no man. if men are gods, but if gods must                     | <a href="#"><u>92</u></a>  |
| no time ago   | <a href="#"><u>111</u></a> |
| nobody loses all the time                                     | <a href="#"><u>21</u></a>  |
| nothing false and possible is love                            | <a href="#"><u>97</u></a>  |
| now all the fingers of this tree (darling) have               | <a href="#"><u>118</u></a> |
| <br>  |                            |
| o by the by   | <a href="#"><u>105</u></a> |
| O sweet spontaneous   | <a href="#"><u>6</u></a>   |
| o to be in finland  | <a href="#"><u>110</u></a> |

|  |                            |
|--|----------------------------|
| of all the blessings which to man                | <a href="#"><u>85</u></a>  |
| (of Ever-Ever Land i speak                       | <a href="#"><u>61</u></a>  |
| one's not half two. It's two are halves of one:  | <a href="#"><u>90</u></a>  |
| <br>   |                            |
| pity this busy monster, manunkind,               | <a href="#"><u>89</u></a>  |
| plato told                                       | <a href="#"><u>88</u></a>  |
| proud of his scientific attitude                 | <a href="#"><u>70</u></a>  |
| <br>   |                            |
| rain or hail                                     | <a href="#"><u>94</u></a>  |
| raise the shade                                  | <a href="#"><u>11</u></a>  |
| red-rag and pink-flag                            | <a href="#"><u>69</u></a>  |
| <br>   |                            |
| she being Brand                                  | <a href="#"><u>24</u></a>  |
| since feeling is first                           | <a href="#"><u>35</u></a>  |
| somewhere i have never travelled. gladly beyond  | <a href="#"><u>44</u></a>  |
| sonnet entitled how to run the world)            | <a href="#"><u>46</u></a>  |
| spoke joe to jack                                | <a href="#"><u>68</u></a>  |
| Spring is like a perhaps hand                    | <a href="#"><u>14</u></a>  |
| stop look &                                      | <a href="#"><u>26</u></a>  |
| suppose  | <a href="#"><u>10</u></a>  |
| “sweet spring is your                            | <a href="#"><u>104</u></a> |
| <br>   |                            |
| take it from me kiddo                            | <a href="#"><u>19</u></a>  |
| the Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls | <a href="#"><u>8</u></a>   |
| the great advantage of being alive               | <a href="#"><u>115</u></a> |
| these children singing in stone a                | <a href="#"><u>80</u></a>  |

|  |                            |
|--|----------------------------|
| this little bride & groom are                                | <a href="#"><u>62</u></a>  |
| this mind made war   | <a href="#"><u>54</u></a>  |
| Thy fingers make early flowers of                            | <a href="#"><u>1</u></a>   |
| to start, to hesitate; to stop                               | <a href="#"><u>112</u></a> |
| true lovers in each happening of their hearts                | <a href="#"><u>100</u></a> |
| voices to voices, lip to lip                                 | <a href="#"><u>29</u></a>  |
| what a proud dreamhorse pulling (smoothloomingly)<br>through | <a href="#"><u>52</u></a>  |
| what freedom's not some under's mere above                   | <a href="#"><u>84</u></a>  |
| what if a much of a which of a wind                          | <a href="#"><u>91</u></a>  |
| when faces called flowers float out of the ground            | <a href="#"><u>116</u></a> |
| when god decided to invent                                   | <a href="#"><u>93</u></a>  |
| when god lets my body be                                     | <a href="#"><u>4</u></a>   |
| when serpents bargain for the right to squirm                | <a href="#"><u>108</u></a> |
| who knows if the moon's                                      | <a href="#"><u>15</u></a>  |
| yes is a pleasant country:                                   | <a href="#"><u>101</u></a> |
| you shall above all things be glad and young.                | <a href="#"><u>66</u></a>  |