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100 Selected Poems

100 Selected Poems
by e. e. cummings

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E. E. Cummings

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100 Selected Poems

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).

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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.

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

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

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
 "Noël Noël"

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
greet's 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 Resharpened. (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 Shirttails 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

littléliverpill-
hearted-Nujolneeding-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

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 Victo
 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)

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

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
minutè 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
greasedlightning)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

internalexpanding
&
externalcontracting
brakes Bothatonce and

brought allofher tremB
-ling
to a:dead.

stand-
;Still)

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)

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

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 gorrry
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

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)

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

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.

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

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.

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.

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 some-
 thing 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

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, no one 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

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

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 unclothe 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 countrics,
 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

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

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 furled

(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

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)

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)

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

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

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)

what a proud dreamhorse pulling(smoothloomingly)through
 (stepp)this(ing)crazily seething of this
 raving city screamingly street wonderful

flowers And o the Light thrown by Them opens

sharp holes in dark places paints eyes touches hands with new-
 ness and these startled whats are a(piercing clothes thoughts kiss
 -ing wishes bodies)squirm-of-frightened shy are whichs small
 its hungry for Is for Love Spring thirsty for happens
 only and beautiful

there is a ragged beside the who limps
 man crying silence upward

—to have tasted Beautiful to have known
 Only to have smelled Happens—skip dance kids hop point at
 red blue yellow violet white orange green-
 ness

o what a proud dreamhorse moving(whose feet
 almost walk air). now who stops. Smiles.he
 stamps

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 quack
 who dares to call himself a man?

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

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
 unselfes 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

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:

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,

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

(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 purpos
 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)

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

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)

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 whatses 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)

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

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

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

thoroughly bretish
 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

spoke joe to jack

leave her alone
she's not your gal

jack spoke to joe
's left crashed
pal dropped

o god alic
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 and
bitch whispers jill
mopping too bad

dear sh not yet
jesus what blood

darling i said

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

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

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

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

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

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 theys 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

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

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 forev
 a song made
 of silent as stone silence of
 song

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

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 unbe
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

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
 nevertheless 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,

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

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

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**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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,realty 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

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

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)

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)

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

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;

“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”

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

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 fal
(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)

if a cheerfulest 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 leap and swooping tinily birds
whose magical gaiety makes your beautiful name—

i feel that (false and true are merely to know)
Love only has ever been, is, and will ever be, So

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

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

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

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

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)

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)

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

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

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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