

A HARVEST/HBJ BOOK

e.e.cummings

 poems

**73** poems  
by e. e. cummings

A Harvest/HBJ Book

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F G H I

The following poems appeared originally in  
THE NEW YORKER: "the first of all my dreams was of,  
"Me up at does," "a great,  
"if in beginning twilight of winter will stand,  
"white guardians of the universe of sleep,  
"faithfully tinying at twilight voice,  
"who are you, little i," "i," "now does our world descend,  
and "wild (at out first) beasts uttered human words.

Others appeared originally in

AUDIENCE, CASTALIA, CHICAGO CHOICE,  
CITY LIGHTS JOURNAL, COMPASS REVIEW, THE DUBLINER,  
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also by e. e. cummings

THE ENORMOUS ROOM (1922)

TULIPS AND CHIMNEYS (1923)

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COMPLETE POEMS 1913-1962 (1972)

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32 all which isn't singing is mere talking  
33 christ but they're few  
34 "nothing" the unjust man complained  
35 the trick of finding what you didn't lose  
36 if in beginning twilight of winter will stand  
37 now that,more nearest even than your fate  
38 silently if,out of not knowable  
39 white guardians of the universe of sleep  
40 your homecoming will be my homecoming—  
41 a round face near the top of the stairs  
42 n  
43 may i be gay  
44 Now i lay(with everywhere around)  
45 what time is it?it is by every star  
46 out of midsummer's blazing most not night  
47 without the mercy of  
48 t,h;r:u;s,h;e:s  
49 faithfully tinying at twilight voice  
50 while a once world slips from  
51 but  
52 who are you,little i  
53 of all things under our  
54 timeless  
55 i  
56 "could that" i marvelled "be  
57 mi(dreamlike)st  
58 & sun &  
59 who is this  
60 2 little whos  
61 one  
62 now does our world descend

## contents

- 63 (listen)
- 64 "o purple finch
- 65 "though your sorrows not
- 66 D-re-A-mi-N-gl-Y
- 67 enter no(silence is the blood whose flesh
- 68 what is
- 69 !hope
- 70 pity his how illimitable plight
- 71 how many moments must(amazing each
- 72 wild(at our first)beasts uttered human words
- 73 all worlds have halfsight,seeing either with

# I

O the sun comes up-up-up in the opening

sky(the all the  
any merry every pretty each

bird sings birds sing  
gay-be-gay because today's today)the  
romp cries i and the me purrs

you and the gentle  
who-horns says-does moo-woo  
(the prance with the  
three white its stimpstamps)

the grintgrunt wugglewiggle  
champychumpchomps yes  
the speckled strut begins to scretch and  
scratch-scrutch

and scritch(while  
the no-she-yes-he fluffies tittle  
tattle did-he-does-she)& the

ree ray rye roh  
rowster shouts

rawrOO



for any ruffian of the sky  
your kingbird doesn't give a damn—  
his royal warcry is I AM  
and he's the soul of chivalry

in terror of whose furious beak  
(as sweetly singing creatures know)  
cringes the hugest heartless hawk  
and veers the vast most crafty crow

your kingbird doesn't give a damn  
for murderers of high estate  
whose mongrel creed is Might Makes Right  
—his royal warcry is I AM

true to his mate his chicks his friends  
he loves because he cannot fear  
(you see it in the way he stands  
and looks and leaps upon the air)

3

seeker of truth

follow no path  
all paths lead where

truth is here

## SONG

but we've the may  
(for you are in love  
and i am) to sing,  
my darling: while  
old worlds and young  
(big little and all  
worlds) merely have  
the must to say

and the when to do  
is exactly theirs  
(dull worlds or keen;  
big little and all)  
but lose or win  
(come heaven, come hell)  
precisely ours  
is the now to grow

it's love by whom  
(my beautiful friend)  
the gift to live  
is without until:  
but pitiful they've  
(big little and all)  
no power beyond  
the trick to seem

the first of all my dreams was of  
a lover and his only love,  
strolling slowly (mind in mind)  
through some green mysterious land

until my second dream begins—  
the sky is wild with leaves; which dance  
and dancing swoop (and swooping whirl  
over a frightened boy and girl)

but that mere fury soon became  
silence: in hunger always whom  
two tiny selves sleep (doll by doll)  
motionless under magical

foreverfully falling snow.  
And then this dreamer wept: and so  
she quickly dreamed a dream of spring  
—how you and i are blossoming

fair ladies tall lovers  
 riding are through the  
 (with wonder into colours  
 all into singing) may

wonder a with deep  
 (A so wonder pure)  
 even than the green  
 the new the earth more

moving(all gay  
 fair brave tall young  
 come they)through the may  
 in fragrance and song

wonderingly come  
 (brighter than prayers)  
 riding through a Dream  
 like fire called flowers

over green the new  
 earth a day of may  
 under more a blue  
 than blue can be sky

always(through fragrance  
 and singing)come lovers  
 with slender their ladies  
 (Each youngest)in sunlight

it's

so damn sweet when Anybody—  
yes;no

matter who,some

total(preferably  
blonde  
of course)

or on the other

well  
your oldest  
pal  
for instance(or

;why

even  
i  
suppose  
one  
's wife)

—does doesn't unsays says looks smiles

or simply Is  
what makes  
you feel you  
aren't

6 or 6

plant Magic dust

expect hope doubt  
    (wonder mistrust)  
    despair  
            and right  
    where soulless our  
    (with all their minds)  
eyes blindly stare

life herSelf stands

now is a ship

which captain am  
sails out of sleep

steering for dream



because it's

Spring  
things

dare to do people

(& not  
the other way

round)because it

's A  
pril

Lives lead their own

persons(in  
stead

of everybodyelse's)but

what's wholly  
marvellous my

Darling

is that you &  
i are more than you

& i(be

ca  
us

e It's we)