

**College Guild**

P.O. Box 6448, Brunswick, ME 04011

**POETRY CLUB III**

**Unit 6 of 7**

Poems by e e cummings

Edward Estlin "e. e." cummings, often stylized as e e cummings, was an American poet, painter, essayist, author, and playwright. His body of work encompassed approximately 2,900 poems, two autobiographical novels, four plays, and several essays, as well as numerous drawings and paintings. He is remembered as an eminent voice of 20th-century English literature.

somewhere i have never traveled

somewhere I have never travelled, gladly beyond  
any experience, our 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 uncloset me  
though I have closed myself as fingers,  
you open always petal by petal myself as Spring opens  
(toughing skillfully, 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 it 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

You are tired,  
 (I think)  
 Of the always puzzle of living and doing;  
 And so am I.

Come with me, then,  
 And we will leave it far and far away –  
 (Only you and I, understand!)

You have played,  
 (I think)  
 And broke the toys you were fondest of,  
 And are a little tired now;  
 Tired of things that break, and –  
 Just tired.

But I come with a dream in my eyes tonight,  
 And I knock with a rose at the hopeless gate of your heart –  
 Open to me!  
 For I will show you the places Nobody knows,  
 And, if you like,  
 The perfect places of Sleep.

To be nobody but yourself  
 in a world which is doing  
 its best, night and day,  
 to make you everybody else,  
 means to fight the  
 hardest battle which  
 any human being can fight;  
 and never stop fighting.

i carry your heart with me

I carry your heart with me(I carry it in  
my heart)I am never without it(anywhere  
i go you go, my dear and whatever is done  
by only me is your doing, my darling)  
i fear  
no fate(for you are my fate, my sweet)I want  
no world(for beautiful you are my world, my true)  
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant  
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows  
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud  
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which grows  
higher than the soul can hope or mind can hide)  
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(I carry it in my heart)

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*Remember: First names only & please let us know if your address changes*