

## of all the blessings which to man... (IV)

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 somethings 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

### About the Author

Edward Estlin Cummings (October 14, 1894 – September 3, 1962) was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, to liberal, indulgent parents who from early on encouraged him to develop his creative gifts. While at Harvard, where his father had taught before becoming a Unitarian...

Source: <http://poems.writers-network.com>