

O sweet spontaneous

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earth how often have

the doting

fingers of

prurient philosophies 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

### 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...

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