

it is at moments after I have dreamed

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of the rare entertainment of your eyes,

when (being fool to fancy) i have deemed

with your peculiar mouth my heart made wise;

at moments when the glassy darkness holds

the genuine apparition of your smile

(it was through tears always) and silence moulds

such strangeness as was mine a little while;

moments when my once more illustrious arms

are filled with fascination, when my breast

wears the intolerant brightness of your charms:

one pierced moment whiter than the rest

-turning from the tremendous lie of sleep

i watch the roses of the day grow deep.

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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