

into the strenuous briefness

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Life:

handorgans and April

darkness, friends

i charge laughing.

Into the hair-thin tints

of yellow dawn,

into the women-coloured twilight

i smilingly glide. I

into the big vermilion departure

swim, sayingly;

(Do you think?) the

i do, world

is probably made

of roses & hello:

(of solongs and, ashes)

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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