

e. e. cummings

Quotes

*Men, Spring, Love, Life, Eye, Stars, Flower, Inspirational, Dream, Heart, Moon,
Beautiful, Sweet, World, Kissing, Rain, People, Art, Artist, Children*

The world is mud-luscious and puddle-wonderful.

~e. e. cummings

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.

~e. e. cummings

Yours is the light by which my spirit's born: - you are my sun, my moon, and all my stars.

~e. e. cummings

Love is the voice under all silences, the hope which has no opposite in fear; the strength so strong mere force is feebleness: the truth more first than sun, more last than star.

~e. e. cummings

It takes courage to grow up and become who you really are.

~e. e. cummings

The hardest challenge is to be yourself in a world where everyone is trying to make you be somebody else.

~e. e. cummings

Trust your heart if the seas catch fire, live by love though the stars walk backward.

~e. e. cummings

For whatever we lose (like a you or a me), It's always our self we find in the sea.

~e. e. cummings

The first step to expanding your reality is to discard the tendency to exclude things from possibility.

~e. e. cummings

I'd rather learn from one bird how to sing than to teach ten thousand stars how not to dance.

~e. e. cummings

Your head is a living forest full of songbirds.

~e. e. cummings

...remember one thing only: that it's you-nobody else-who determines your destiny and decides your fate. Nobody else can be alive for you; nor can you be alive for anybody else.

~e. e. cummings

I thank you God for this most amazing day, for the leaping greenly spirits of trees, and for the blue dream of sky and for everything which is natural, which is infinite, which is yes.

~e. e. cummings

Exists no miracle mightier than this: to feel.

~e. e. cummings

It is with roses and locomotives (not to mention acrobats Spring electricity Coney Island the 4th of July the eyes of mice and Niagara Falls) that my poems are competing.

~e. e. cummings

Once we believe in ourselves, we can risk curiosity, wonder, spontaneous delight, or any experience that reveals the human spirit.

~e. e. cummings

Peering from some high window; at the gold of November sunset (and feeling that if day has to become night this is a beautiful way).

~e. e. cummings

You and I are more than you and I because it's we.

~e. e. cummings

Whenever you think or you believe or you know, you're a lot of other people: but the moment you feel, you're nobody-but-yourself.

~e. e. cummings

Because you aren't afraid to kiss the dirt (and consequently dare to climb the sky)

~e. e. cummings

it's spring when the world is puddle-wonderful

~e. e. cummings

The most wasted of all days is one without laughter.

~e. e. cummings

And this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart I carry your heart [i carry it in my heart]

~e. e. cummings

the voice of your eyes is deeper than all roses

~e. e. cummings

Kisses are a better fate than wisdom.

~e. e. cummings

I'd rather have two good friends, than 500,000 admirers.

~e. e. cummings

And now you are and I am and we're a mystery which will never happen again.

~e. e. cummings

The snow doesn't give a soft white damn whom it touches.

~e. e. cummings

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

~e. e. cummings

The Artist is no other than he who unlearns what he has learned, in
order to know himself.

~e. e. cummings

I imagine that yes is the only living thing.

~e. e. cummings

The symbol of all art is the Prism. The goal is unrealism. The method is
destructive. To break up the white light of objective realism, into the
secret glories which it contains.

~e. e. cummings

You are my sun, my moon, and all my stars.

~e. e. cummings

I will take the sun in my mouth and leap into the ripe air Alive with
closed eyes to dash against darkness

~e. e. cummings

may I be I is the only prayer--not may I be great or good or beautiful or
wise or strong.

~e. e. cummings

may my heart always be open to little birds who are the secrets of living

~e. e. cummings

twice I have lived forever in a smile

~e. e. cummings

To destroy is always the first step in any creation.

~e. e. cummings

Love is the voice under all silences, the hope which has no opposite in fear. . .

~e. e. cummings

great men burn bridges before they come to them

~e. e. cummings

Only by you my heart always moves.

~e. e. cummings

Lovers alone wear sunlight.

~e. e. cummings

If a poet is anybody, he is somebody to whom things made matter very little - somebody who is obsessed by Making.

~e. e. cummings

Tumbling-hair picker of buttercups violets dandelions
And the big bullying daisies through the field wonderful with eyes a little sorry
Another comes also picking flowers

~e. e. cummings

A wind has blown the rain away and blown the sky away and all the leaves away, and the trees stand. I think, I too, have known autumn too long.

~e. e. cummings

Always the beautiful answer who asks a more beautiful question.

~e. e. cummings

The eyes of my eyes are opened.

~e. e. cummings

Unless you love someone, nothing else makes any sense.

~e. e. cummings

Sweet springtime is my time is your time is our time for springtime is
love time and viva sweet love.

~e. e. cummings

I love you much most beautiful darling more than anyone on the earth
and I like you better than everything in the sky.

~e. e. cummings

Do not hate or fear the artist in yourselves... Honor and love him...do
not try to possess him. Trust him as nobly as you trust tomorrow. Only
the artist in yourself is more truthful than the night.

~e. e. cummings

you shall above all things be glad and young For if you're
young,whatever life you wear it will become you;and if you are glad
whatever's living will yourself become.

~e. e. cummings

Love is the whole and more than all.

~e. e. cummings

The three saddest things are the ill wanting to be well, the poor wanting
to be rich, and the constant traveler saying 'anywhere but here'.

~e. e. cummings

most people are perfectly afraid of silence

~e. e. cummings

There is no music unless the drum and the drummer are one.

~e. e. cummings

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in my heart)

~e. e. cummings

It takes three to make a child.

~e. e. cummings

Listen; there's a hell of a good universe next door: let's go.

~e. e. cummings

Unbeing dead isn't being alive.

~e. e. cummings

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

~e. e. cummings

An intelligent person fights for lost causes, realizing that others are merely effects

~e. e. cummings

Humanity I love you because when you're hard up you pawn your intelligence to buy a drink.

~e. e. cummings

and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant and whatever a sun will always sing is you

~e. e. cummings

life's not a paragraph And death i think is no parenthesis

~e. e. cummings

time is a tree (this life one leaf) but love is the sky and i am for you just so long and long enough

~e. e. cummings

somewhere i have never traveled, gladly beyond any experience, your eyes have their silence; in your most frail gesture are things which enclose me, or which i cannot touch because they are too near

~e. e. cummings

The sweet small clumsy feet of april came into the ragged meadow of my soul.

~e. e. cummings

I like my body when it is with your body. It is so quite new a thing. Muscles better and nerves more.

~e. e. cummings

Who knows if the moon's / a balloon, coming out of a keen city / in the sky - filled with pretty people?

~e. e. cummings

nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands

~e. e. cummings

Well, write poetry, for God's sake, it's the only thing that matters.

~e. e. cummings

I'm living so far beyond my income that we may almost be said to be living apart.

~e. e. cummings

Here's to opening and upward... and to yourself and up with you and up with and up with laughing.

~e. e. cummings

Be of love a little more careful than of anything.

~e. e. cummings

A pretty girl who is naked / is worth a million statues

~e. e. cummings

The artist is not a man who describes, but a man who feels.

~e. e. cummings

Laughing is just another way of showing people your wise

~e. e. cummings

All in green went my love riding

~e. e. cummings

What if a dawn of a doom of a dream bites this universe in two, peels forever out of his grave, and sprinkles nowhere with me and you?

~e. e. cummings

love is the every only god

~e. e. cummings

deeds cannot dream what dreams can do

~e. e. cummings

A politician is an arse upon which everyone has sat except a man.

~e. e. cummings

-Before leaving my room i turn, and (stooping through the morning) kiss this pillow, dear where our heads lived and were.

~e. e. cummings

Knowledge is a polite word for dead but not buried imagination.

~e. e. cummings

We can never be born enough.

~e. e. cummings

One's not half two. It's two are halves of one.

~e. e. cummings

To like an individual because he's black is just as insulting as to dislike him because he isn't white.

~e. e. cummings

In just - Spring when the world is mud- luscious the little lame
balloonman whistles far and wee

~e. e. cummings

Nothing recedes like progress.

~e. e. cummings

Always it's Spring)and everyone's in love and flowers pick themselves.

~e. e. cummings

(and from my thighs which shrug and pant a murdering rain leapingly
reaches the upward singular deepest flower which she carries in a
gesture of her hips)

~e. e. cummings

It may take two people to make a really beautiful mistake.

~e. e. cummings

...on forever's very now we stand.

~e. e. cummings

Your slightest look easily will unclothe me, though I have closed myself
as fingers, you open petal by petal myself a Spring opens her first rose.

~e. e. cummings

As small as a world as large as alone.

~e. e. cummings

Take the matter of being born. What does being born mean to most
people?

~e. e. cummings

The theory of the free press is not that the truth will be presented
completely or perfectly in any one instance, but that the truth will
emerge from free discussion

~e. e. cummings

And the reason that i laugh and breathe is oh love

~e. e. cummings

Tomorrow is our permanent address.

~e. e. cummings

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