

TEXTS

the rain is a handsome animal

Poems by E.E. Cummings

“Serenity” text by John Greenleaf Whittier

open his head

open his head,baby
& you'll find a heart in it
(cracked)

open that heart, mable
& you'll find a bed in it
(fact)

open this bed,sibyl
& you'll find a tart in it
(wed)

open the tart,lady
& you'll find his mind in it
(dead)

a cloud on a leaf

(Title by Ben Goldberg)

speaking of love(of
which Who knows the
meaning;or how dreaming

becomes

if your heart's mind)i
guess a grassblade
Thinks beyond or
around(as poems are

made)Our picking it. this
caress that laugh
both quickly signify
life's only half(through

deep weather thenor none let's feel
all)mind in mind flesh
In flesh succeeding disappear

unchanging

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snowflake

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is upon a gra

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one

little i

who are you, little i

(five or six years old)
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)

sweet spring

“sweet spring is your
time is my time is our
time for springtime is lovetime
and viva sweet love”

(all the merry little birds are
flying in the floating in the
very spirits singing in

are winging in the blossoming)

lovers go and lovers come
awandering awondering
but any two are perfectly
alone there's nobody else alive

(such a sky and such a sun
i never knew and neither did you
and everybody never breathed
quite so many kinds of yes)

not a tree can count his leaves
each herself by opening
by shining who by thousands mean
only one amazing thing

(secretly adoring shyly
tiny winging darting floating merry in the blossoming
always joyful selves are singing)

“sweet spring is your
time is my time is our
time for springtime is lovetime
and viv sweet love”

buffalo bill

Buffalo Bill's

defunct

who used to
ride a watersmooth-silver

stallion

and break onetwothreefourfive pigeonsjustlikethat

Jesus

he was a handsome man

and what i want to know is

how do you like your blueeyed boy

Mister Death

diminutive

dim

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Serenity

Text by John Greenleaf Whittier, from "The Brewing of Soma"

O, Sabbath rest of Galilee!
O, calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee,
the silence of eternity
Interpreted by love.
Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
and let our ordered lives confess,
the beauty of thy peace.

2 little whos

2 little whos
(he and she)
under are this
wonderful tree

smiling stand
(all realms of where
and when beyond)
now and here

(far from a grown
-up i&you-
ful world of known)
who and who

(2 little ams
and over them this
aflame with dreams
incredible is)