



Edward Estlin Cummings (October 14, 1894 – September 3, 1962), born in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Interesting tidbit: His poem “if there are any heavens” was read at his mother’s funeral. In it, he paints a picture to the reader of his father waiting in heaven for his mother. It is said that Cummins loved his parents and had a sense of closure knowing that with his mother’s death, the two were finally together.

Here are a some of my favorite e.e. cummings poems:

I Carry Your Heart With Me  
by e.e. cummings

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in  
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere  
i go you go,my dear; and whatever is done  
by only me is your doing,my darling)

i fear  
no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want  
no wolrd(for beautiful you are my world, my true)  
and it’s you are whatever a moon has always meant  
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows  
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud  
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows  
higher than the soul can hope or mind can hide)  
and this is the wonder that’s keeping the stars apart

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

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i am a little church(no great cathedral)

by e.e. cummings

i am a little church(no great cathedral)  
far from the splendor and squalor of hurrying cities  
-i do not worry if briefer days grow briefest,  
i am not sorry when sun and rain make april

my life is the life of the reaper and the sower;  
my prayers are prayers of earth's own clumsily striving  
(finding and losing and laughing and crying)children  
whose any sadness or joy is my grief or my gladness

around me surges a miracle of unceasing  
birth and glory and death and resurrection:  
over my sleeping self float flaming symbols  
of hope,and i wake to a perfect patience of mountains

i am a little church(far from the frantic  
world with its rapture and anguish)at peace with nature  
-i do not worry if longer nights grow longest;  
i am not sorry when silence becomes singing

winter by spring,i lift my diminutive spire to  
merciful Him Whose only now is forever:  
standing erect in the deathless truth of His presence  
(welcoming humbly His light and proudly His darkness)

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i thank you God for most this amazing  
by e.e. cummings

i thank You God for most this amazing  
day:for the leaping greenly spirits of trees  
and a blue true dream of sky;and for everything  
wich is natural which is infinite which is yes  
(i who have died am alive again today,  
and this is the sun's birthday;this is the birth  
day of life and love and wings:and of the gay  
great happening illimitably earth)

how should tasting touching hearing seeing  
breathing any-lifted from the no  
of all nothing-human merely being  
doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my ears awake and  
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

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if there are any heavens my mother will  
by e.e. cummings  
if there are any heavens my mother will(all by herself)have one.  
It will not be a pansy heaven nor  
a fragile heaven of lilies-of-the-valley but  
it will be a heaven of blackred roses

my father will be(deep like a rose

tall like a rose)  
standing near my  
(swaying over her  
silent)  
with eyes which are really petals and see  
nothing with the face of a poet really which  
is a flower and not a face with  
hands  
which whisper  
This is my beloved my  
(suddenly in sunlight  
he will bow,  
& the whole garden will bow)

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