

O SWEET SPONTANEOUS

it starts to assemble a model
sweet spontaneous
earth how often have
the
doting

fingers of
prurient philosophers pinched
and
poked

thee,
has the naughty thumb
of science prodded
thy

beauty, how
often have religions taken
thee upon their scraggy knees
squeezing and

buffeting thee that thou mightest conceive
gods
(but
true

to the incomparable
couch of death thy
rhythmic
lover

thou answerest

them only with

spring)

— E. E. Cummings (1894-1962)

Born in Cambridge, MA, in 1894, E.E. Cummings is one of the most popular modern American poets. Although unconventional in style and punctuation, his poems are highly readable and traditional. He spent most of his life in Greenwich Village and died in 1962.