

WHEN GOD LETS MY BODY BE  
FROM EACH BRAVE EYE SHALL SPROUT A TREE  
FRUIT THAT DANGLES THEREFROM  
THE PURPLED WORLD WILL DANCE UPON  
BETWEEN MY LIPS WHICH DID SING  
A ROSE SHALL BEGET THE SPRING  
THAT MAIDENS WITHOM PASSION WASTES  
WILL LAY BETWEEN THEIR LITTLE BREASTS  
MY STRONG FINGERS BENEATH THE SNOW  
INTO STREMLIAS BIRDS SHALL GO  
MY LOVE WALKING IN THE GRASS  
THEIR WINGS WILL TOUCH WITH HER FACE  
AND ALL THE WHILE SHALL MY HEART BE  
WITH THE BULGE AND NUZZLE OF THE SEA

A poem of e e cummings in the hand of Phylis, found unexpectedly while we were looking for some supplies.