

(e. e. cummings - poem LIX from W [Viva] (1931))

my darling since
you and
i are thoroughly haunted by
what neither is any
echo of dream nor
any flowering of any

echo (but the echo
of the flower of

Dreaming) somewhere behind us
always trying (or sometimes trying under
us) to is it
find somehow (but O gracefully) a
we, entirely whose least

breathing may surprise
ourselves

—let's then
despise what is not courage my

darling (for only Nobody knows
where truth grows why
birds fly and
especially who the moon is.