

e. e. cummings

**If I have made, my lady, intricate**

If I have made, my lady, intricate  
imperfect various things chiefly which wrong  
your eyes (frailer than most deep dreams are frail)  
songs less firm than your body's whitest song  
upon my mind - if I have failed to snare  
the glance too shy - if through my singing slips  
the very skilful strangeness of your smile  
the keen primeval silence of your hair  
  
- let the world say "his most wise music stole  
nothing from death" -  
you will only create  
(who are so perfectly alive) my shame:  
lady whose profound and fragile lips  
the sweet small clumsy feet of April came  
  
into the ragged meadow of my soul.

cummings, e. e. "If I have made, my lady, intricate" *Complete Poems: 1913-1962*.  
New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1963. Print.

**i carry your heart with me(i carry it in**

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 world(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 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)

cummings, e. e. "i carry your heart with me(i carry it in" *Complete Poems: 1913-1962*.  
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