



ALL PATHS LEAD WHERE



SELECTED POETRY AND ARTWORK  
OF E. E. CUMMINGS

EDITED BY RAYMOND SOULARD, JR.  
& KASSANDRA SOULARD

*All Paths Lead Where:  
Selected Poetry and Artwork  
of E. E. Cummings*

edited by Raymond Soulard, Jr.  
& Cassandra Soulard



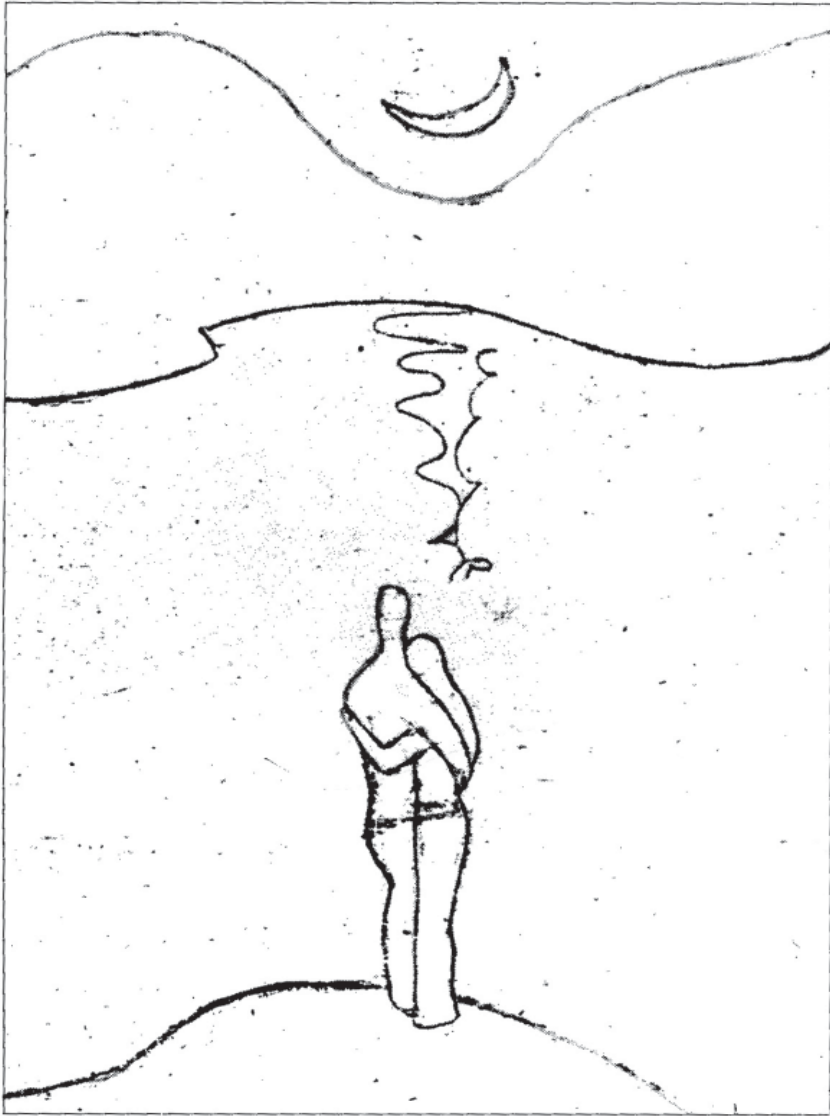
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*For seekers of truth:  
look forward, look back,  
look beyond,  
close your eyes and  
look in . . .*



in time of daffodils(who know  
the goal of living is to grow)  
forgetting why,remember how

in time of lilacs who proclaim  
the aim of waking is to dream,  
remember so(forgetting seem)

in time of roses(who amaze  
our now and here with paradise)  
forgetting if,remember yes

in time of all sweet things beyond  
whatever mind may comprehend,  
remember seek(forgetting find)

and in a mystery to be  
(when time from time shall set us free)  
forgetting me,remember me

may i be gay

like every lark  
who lifts his life

from all the dark

who wings his why

beyond because  
and sings an if

of day to yes

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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  
which 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 of 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)

the wind is a Lady with  
bright slender eyes(who

moves)at sunset  
and who—touches—the  
hills without any reason

(i have spoken with this  
indubitable and green person “Are  
You the wind?” “Yes” “why do you touch flowers  
as if they were unalive,as

if They were ideas?” “because,sir  
things which in my mind blossom will  
stumble beneath a clumsiest disguise,appear  
capable of fragility and indecision

—do not suppose these  
without any reason and otherwise  
roses and mountains  
different from the i am who wanders

imminently across the renewed world”  
to me said the)wind being A lady in a green  
dress,who;touches:the fields  
(at sunset)

if the

green  
opens  
a little a  
little  
was  
much and much  
is

too if

the green robe  
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and two are

wildstrawberries

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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 whom passion wastes

will lay between their little breasts  
 My strong fingers beneath the snow

Into strenuous 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



being to timelessness as it's to time,  
 love did no more begin than love will end;  
 where nothing is to breathe to stroll to swim  
 love is the air the ocean and the land

(do lovers suffer?all divinities  
 proudly descending put on deathful flesh:  
 are lovers glad?only their smallest joy's  
 a universe emerging from a wish)

love is the voice under all silences,  
 the hope which has no opposite in fear;  
 the strength so strong mere force is feebleness:  
 the truth more first than sun more last than star

—do lovers love?why then to heaven with hell.  
 Whatever sages say and fools,all's well



how dark and single,where he ends,the earth  
(whose texture feels of pride and loneliness  
alive like some dream giving more than all  
life's busy little dyings may possess)

how sincere large distinct and natural  
he comes to his disappearance;as a mind  
full without fear might faithfully lie down  
to so much sleep they only understand

enormously which fail—look:with what ease  
that bright how plural tide measures her guest  
(as critics will upon a poet feast)

meanwhile this ghost goes under,his drowned girth  
are mountains;and beyond all hurt of praise  
the unimaginable night not known

out of bigg

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barn  
's  
on tiptoe darkne

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boyandgirl  
come  
into a s  
unwor

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be blessed by  
floating  
are  
shadows of ove

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since feeling is first  
who pays any attention  
to the syntax of things  
will never wholly kiss you;

wholly to be a fool  
while Spring is in the world

my blood approves,  
and kisses are a better fate  
than wisdom  
lady i swear by all flowers. Don't cry  
—the best gesture of my brain is less than  
your eyelids' flutter which says

we are for each other:then  
laugh,leaning back in my arms  
for life's not a paragraph

And death i think is no parenthesis

as freedom is a breakfastfood  
or truth can live with right and wrong  
or molehills are from mountains made  
—long enough and just so long  
will being pay the rent of seem  
and genius please the talentgang  
and water most encourage flame

as hatracks into peachtrees grow  
or hopes dance best on bald men's hair  
and every finger is a toe  
and any courage is a fear  
—long enough and just so long  
will the impure think all things pure  
and hornets wail by children stung

or as the seeing are the blind  
and robins never welcome spring  
nor flatfolk prove their world is round  
nor dingsters die at break of dong  
and common's rare and millstones flat  
—long enough and just so long  
tomorrow will not be too late

worms are the words but joy's the voice  
down shall go which and up come who  
breasts will be breasts thighs will be thighs  
deeds cannot dream what dreams can do  
—time is a tree(this life one leaf)  
but love is the sky and i am for you  
just so long and long enough



when faces called flowers float out of the ground  
and breathing is wishing and wishing is having—  
but keeping is downward and doubting and never  
—it's april(yes,april;my darling)it's spring!  
yes the pretty birds frolic as spry as can fly  
yes the little fish gambol as glad as can be  
(yes the mountains are dancing together)

when every leaf opens without any sound  
and wishing is having and having is giving—  
but keeping is doting and nothing and nonsense  
—alive;we're alive,dear:it's(kiss me now)spring!  
now the pretty birds hover so she and so he  
now the little fish quiver so you and so i  
(now the mountains are dancing,the mountains)

when more than was lost has been found has been found  
and having is giving and giving is living—  
but keeping is darkness and winter and cringing  
—it's spring(all our night becomes day)o,it's spring!  
all the pretty birds dive to the heart of the sky  
all the little fish climb through the mind of the sea  
(all the mountains are dancing;are dancing)

enter no(silence is the blood whose flesh  
is singing)silence:but unsinging. In  
spectral such hugest how hush,one

dead leaf stirring makes a crash

—far away(as far as alive)lies  
april; and i breathe-move-and-seem some  
perpetually roaming whylessness—

autumn has gone:will winter never come?

o come,terrible anonymity;enfold  
phantom me with the murdering minus of cold  
—open this ghost with millionaire knives of wind—  
scatter his nothing all over what angry skies and

gently

(very whiteness:absolute peace,  
never imaginable mystery)

descend

a wind has blown the rain away and blown  
the sky away and all the leaves away,  
and the trees stand. I think i too have known  
autumn too long

(and what have you to say,  
wind wind wind—did you love somebody  
and have you the petal of somewhere in your heart  
pinched from dumb summer?

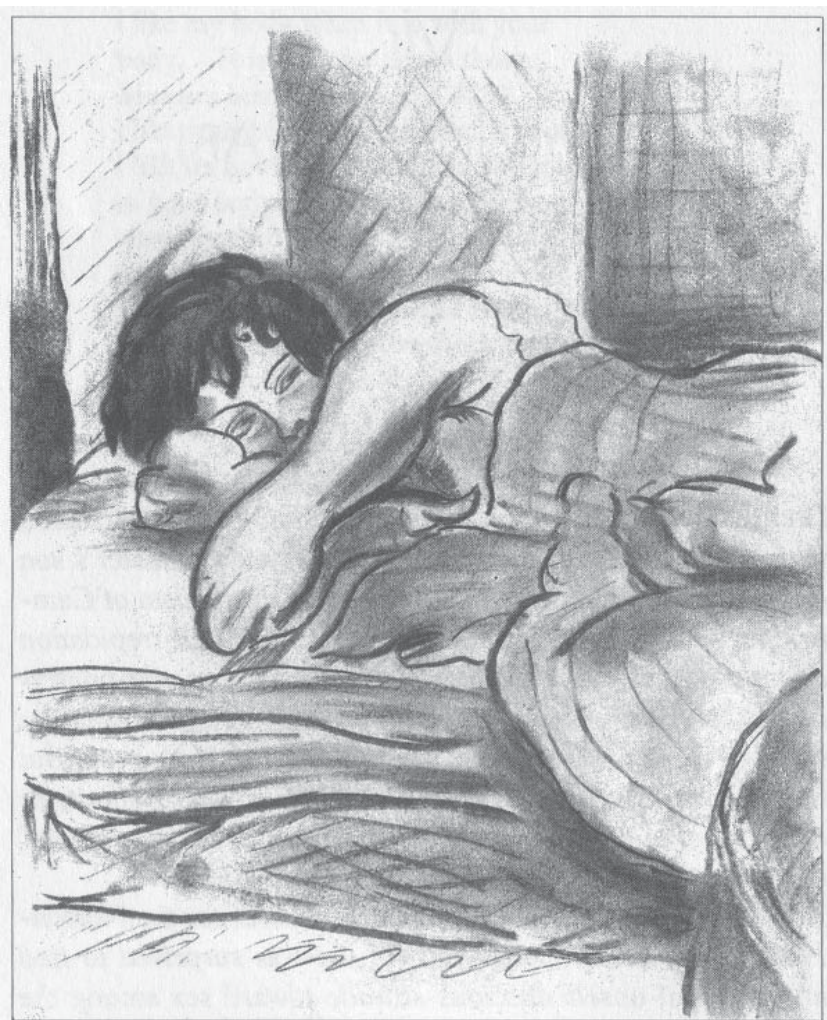
O crazy daddy  
of death dance cruelly for us and start

the last leaf whirling in the final brain  
of air!)Let us as we have seen see  
doom's integration.....a wind has blown the rain

away and the leaves and the sky and the  
trees stand:

the trees stand. The trees,  
suddenly wait against the moon's face.





## SONG

but we've the may  
(for you are in love  
and i am)to sing,  
my darling:while  
old worlds and young  
(big little and all  
worlds)merely have  
the must to say

and the when to do  
is exactly theirs  
(dull worlds or keen;  
big little and all)  
but lose or win  
(come heaven,come hell)  
precisely ours  
is the now to grow

it's love by whom  
(my beautiful friend)  
the gift to live  
is without until:  
but pitiful they've  
(big little and all)  
no power beyond  
the trick to seem



their joys turn woes  
and right goes wrong  
(dim worlds or bright;  
big little and all)  
whereas(my sweet)  
our summer in fall  
and in winter our spring  
is the yes of yes

love was and shall  
be this only truth  
(a dream of a deed,  
born not to die)  
but worlds are made  
of hello and goodbye:  
glad sorry or both  
(big little and all)

the first of all my dreams was of  
a lover and his only love,  
strolling slowly(mind in mind)  
through some green mysterious land

until my second dream begins—  
the sky is wild with leaves;which dance  
and dancing swoop(and swooping whirl  
over a frightened boy and girl)

but that mere fury soon became  
silence:in hunger always whom  
two tiny selves sleep(doll by doll)  
motionless under magical

foreverfully falling snow.  
And then this dreamer wept:and so  
she quickly dreamed a dream of spring  
—how you and i are blossoming

where the surrounded smile  
hangs  
breathless

when, her mouth suddenly rising, wholly  
begins with mine fiercely to fool  
(and from my thighs which shrug and pant  
a murdering rain leapingly reaches the  
upward singular deepest flower which she  
carries in a gesture of her hips)





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“next to of course god america i  
love you land of the pilgrims’ and so forth oh  
say can you see by the dawn’s early my  
country ’tis of centuries come and go  
and are no more what of it we should worry  
in every language even deafanddumb  
thy sons acclaim your glorious name by gorry  
by jingo by gee by gosh by gum  
why talk of beauty what could be more beaut-  
iful than these heroic happy dead  
who rushed like lions to the roaring slaughter  
they did not stop to think they died instead  
then shall the voice of liberty be mute?”

He spoke. And drank rapidly a glass of water

lis  
-ten

you know what i mean when  
the first guy drops you know  
everybody feels sick or  
when they throw in a few gas  
and the oh baby shrapnel  
or my feet getting dim freezing or  
up to your you know what in water or  
with the bugs crawling right all up  
all everywhere over you all me everyone  
that’s been there knows what  
i mean a god damned lot of  
people don’t and never  
never  
will know,  
they don’t want

to  
no

Me up at does  
out of the floor  
quietly Stare  
a poisoned mouse  
  
still who alive  
  
is asking What  
have i done that  
  
You wouldn't have

suppose  
Life is an old man carrying flowers on his head.

young death sits in a café  
smiling,a piece of money held between  
his thumb and first finger

(i say "will he buy flowers" to you  
and "Death is young  
life wears velour trousers  
life totters,life has a beard" i

say to you who are silent.—"Do you see  
Life?he is there and here,  
or that,or this  
or nothing or an old man 3 thirds  
asleep,on his head  
flowers,always crying  
to nobody something about les  
roses les bluets

yes,  
will He buy?  
Les belles bottes—oh hear  
,pas chères")

and my love slowly answered I think so. But  
I think I see someone else

there is a lady,whose name is Afterwards  
she is sitting beside young death,is slender;  
likes flowers.

“right here the other night something  
odd occurred” charlie confessed  
(halting)“a tall strong young  
finelooking fellow,dressed

well but not over,stopped  
me by ‘could you spare three cents please’  
—why guesswho nearly leaped  
out of muchtheworseforwear shoes

‘fair friend’ we enlightened this stranger  
‘some people have all the luck;  
since our hero is quite without change,you’re  
going to get one whole buck’

not a word this stranger replied—  
but as one whole buck became his  
(believe it or don’t)by god  
down this stranger went on both knees”

green turns red(the roar  
of traffic collapses:through  
west ninth slowly cars pour  
into sixth avenue)

“then” my voice marvels “what happened”  
as everywhere red goes green  
—groping blank sky with a blind  
stare,he whispers “i ran”

may i feel said he  
(i’ll squeal said she  
just once said he)  
it’s fun said she

(may i touch said he  
how much said she  
a lot said he)  
why not said she

(let’s go said he  
not too far said she  
what’s too far said he  
where you are said she)

may i stay said he  
(which way said she  
like this said he  
if you kiss said she

may i move said he  
is it love said she)  
if you’re willing said he  
(but you’re killing said she

but it’s life said he  
but your wife said she  
now said he)  
ow said she



(tiptop said he  
 don't stop said she  
 oh no said he)  
 go slow said she

(cccome?said he  
 ummm said she)  
 you're divinelsaid he  
 (you are Mine said she)

wanta  
 spendsix

dollars Kid  
 2 for the room

and  
 four for the girl  
 thewoman wasnot

quite Fourteen  
 till she smiled  
 then

Centuries  
 she  
 soft ly

repeated  
 well  
 whadyas ay

dear  
 wan  
 taspending

six

Dollars



now does our world descend  
the path to nothingness  
(cruel now cancels kind;  
friends turn to enemies)  
therefore lament, my dream  
and don a doer's doom

create is now contrive;  
imagined, merely know  
(freedom: what makes a slave)  
therefore, my life, lie down  
and more by most endure  
all that you never were

hide, poor dishonoured mind  
who thought yourself so wise;  
and much could understand  
concerning no and yes:  
if they've become the same  
it's time you unbecame

where climbing was and bright  
is darkness and to fall  
(now wrong's the only right  
since brave are cowards all)  
therefore despair, my heart  
and die into the dirt

but from this endless end  
of briefer each our bliss—  
where seeing eyes go blind  
(where lips forget to kiss)  
where everything's nothing  
—arise, my soul; and sing

wild(at our first)beasts uttered human words  
—our second coming made stones sing like birds—  
but o the starhushed silence which our third's

you shall above all things be glad and young.  
For if you're young,whatever life you wear

it will become you;and if you are glad  
whatever's living will yourself become.  
Girlboys may nothing more than boygirls need:  
i can entirely her only love

whose any mystery makes every man's  
flesh put space on;and his mind take off time

that you should ever think,may god forbid  
and(in his mercy)your true lover spare:  
for that way knowledge lies,the foetal grave  
called progress,and negation's dead undoom.

I'd rather learn from one bird how to sing  
than teach ten thousand stars how not to dance

love is more thicker than forget  
more thinner than recall  
more seldom than a wave is wet  
more frequent than to fail

it is most mad and moonly  
and less it shall unbe  
than all the sea which only  
is deeper than the sea

love is less always than to win  
less never than alive  
less bigger than the least begin  
less littler than forgive

it is most sane and sunly  
and more it cannot die  
than all the sky which only  
is higher than the sky

may my heart always be open to little  
birds who are the secrets of living  
whatever they sing is better than to know  
and if men should not hear them men are old

may my mind stroll about hungry  
and fearless and thirsty and supple  
and even if it's sunday may i be wrong  
for whenever men are right they are not young

and may myself do nothing usefully  
and love yourself so more than truly  
there's never been quite such a fool who could fail  
pulling all the sky over him with one smile



guilt is the cause of more disaunders  
than history's most obscene marorders

seeker of truth

follow no path  
all paths lead where

truth is here

