

[i carry your heart with me(i carry it in)]

By E. E. Cummings

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)

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E(dward) E(stlin) Cummings claimed to have composed a poem a day for 14 years. Cummings developed a unique style of writing, full of experimentation with form, spelling, syntax, and punctuation. Also a painter, he called himself "an author of pictures, a draughtsman of words." Cummings's novel *The Enormous Room* describes his time spent in a World War I prison camp.