

Edward Estlin Cummings,
I carry your heart with me

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 the 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.

Verkinto de tiu ĉi Angla poemo estas EDWARD ESTLIN CUMMINGS (*1894-10.14 – †1962-09-03).

Arg-927-1857 (2013-09-16 16:36:09)