



73 Poems

E.E. Cummings , George James Firmage (Afterword)

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Four months after Cummings's death in September 1962, his widow, the photographer Marion Morehouse, collected the typescripts of 29 new poems. These poems, as well as uncollected poems published only in periodicals up to that time, make up *73 Poems*. This is the final volume in Liveright's reissue of Cummings's individual volumes of poetry, with texts and settings based on *E. E. Cummings: The Complete Poems 1904-1962*.

73 Poems Details

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From Reader Review 73 Poems for online ebook

Tripmastermonkey says

i mean, i pick it up, read some, read some more later. i'm pretty sure i've read next to all of them by now. e.e. makes me happy. his wordplay brings a whole new sense of wonder to everyday beauty.

Manolo says

A sabiendas de que no es la forma de leer poesía, me lo he acabado de un tirón a las una de la madrugada y estando cansadísimo. No he podido parar cuando he empezado. Cummings es un creador de imágenes, metafórica y literalmente. Se me ha hecho imposible no seguir con el "sólo uno más" hasta el final, desentrañando y descifrando (modestísimamente) cada poema. Sobre el 61, el que más me ha embelesado, Cummings aseguró que no se podía recitar. Sin embargo, una muchacha cuyo nombre no ha trascendido estaba preparando una interpretación bailada (una idea que parecía entusiasmarle).

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Es evidente (cuando se toma contacto, tras un par de lecturas) que no sólo está diseccionando varias palabras, sino que está jugando con el propio orden: *one this snowflake alighting is upon a gravestone* se podría convertir en *this one snowflake is alighting upon a gravestone* (*este copo de nieve se está posando en una tumba*). Se crea una suerte de haiku, el reflejo de un momento de percepción sensorial afinada: el instante en que un único copo de nieve se posa, o aterriza (a elección del traductor, supongo) sobre una tumba.

Lo que más destaca visualmente es la dimensión de los versos y la palabra *alighting*, que forma un arco. El desorden y la distribución en el plano (me) sugiere que quizá se esté reflejando la trayectoria que ha seguido el copo: subiendo, bajando y trazando bucles en el aire. El conjunto es desordenado, pero está cerca de no serlo, pues intercambiando unas cuantas palabras aportamos orden y se vuelve comprensible. La palabra *alighting* es la más obvia: la trayectoria sinusoidal hacia abajo podría ser el camino seguido por un objeto ligero en caída libre. Y la tumba, *gravestone*, está separada de forma extraña: *gra/vest/one* podría leerse como *gravest one* (*la más seria/grave/solemne*).

En el momento de escribir esto, no sé qué puntuación ponerle. La lectura ha sido un viaje. Pero el mero hecho de que apenas un puñado de palabras puedan sugerir tanto a base de romper la jaula de la estructura ya me parece tremendo. A mí me cuesta mucho huir de fórmulas manidas, y cuando escribo algo tengo que retocarlo invariablemente para no recaer en lo trillado y lo hartizo. No suelo conseguirlo del todo. Admiro muchísimo a quien consigue quitarse la resistencia (*¿el miedo?*) a romper un esquema y producir joyas como ésta.

Angela says

(undering proudly
humbly overing)
all bright all
things swim climb minds

(down
slowly swoop wholly
up
leaping through merciful

sunlight)to
burst
in
a thunder of oneness

dream!
!joy
truth!
!soul

mwpm says

73 Poems, the first of two collections published after E. E. Cummings's death (the second being *Etcetera*), is a continuation of the poet's exploration of love and the triumph of the individual over conformity and complacency...

seeker of truth

follow no path

all paths lead where

truth is here

- 3 (pg. 13)

if in beginning twilight of winter will stand

(over a snowstopped silent world)one
spirit serenely truly himself;and

alone only as greatness is alone -

one(above never moving all nowhere)
goldenly whole,prodigiously alive
most mercifully glorying keen star

whom she-and-he-like ifs of am perceive

(bu believe scarcely may)certainly while
mute each inch of their murdered planet grows
more and enormously more less: until
her-and-his existence vanishes

with also earth's

- "dying the ghost of you
whispers "is very pleasant" my ghost to
- 36 (pg. 50)

how many moments must(amazing each
how many centuries)these more than eyes
restroll and stroll some never deepening beach

locked in foreverish time's tide at poise,

love alone understands:only for whom
i'll keep my tryst until that tide shall turn;
and from all selfsubtracting hugely doom
treasures of reeking innocence are born.

Then,with not credible the anywhere
eclipsing of a spirit's ignorance
by every wisdom knowledge fears to dare,

how the(myself's own self who's)child will dance!

and when he's plucked such mysteries as men
do not conceive-let ocean grow again

- 71 (pg. 88)

My favourite poems, in this or any other collection by E. E. Cummings, are the poems that have been fragmented and must be re-assembled like a puzzle...

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ooms an eggyellow smear of wintry sense
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- 16 (pg. 28)

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- **17** (pg. 29)

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- **42** (pg. 56)

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f moon
- **48** (pg. 62)

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drea(chipmunk)ming
- **72** (pg. 58)

D-re-A-mi-N-gl-Y

leaves
(sEe)
locked

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after-
gLW

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ReMbLiN
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- **66a** (pg. 81)

The band Radiohead may have incorporated a line from one of E. E. Cummings's poems into the lyrics of one of their early songs...

silently if,out of not knowable
night's utmost nothing,wanders a little guess
(only which is this world)more my life does
not leap than with the mystery your smile

sings or if(spiralling as luminous
they climb oblivion)voices who are dreams,
less into heaven certainly earth swims
than each my deeper death becomes your kiss

losing through you what seemed myself,i find
selves unimaginably mine;beyond
sorrow's own joys and hoping's very fears

yours is the light by which my spirit's born:
yours is the darkness of my soul's return
-you are my sun,my moon, and all my stars
- **38** (pg. 52)

You are the sun and moon and stars, are you
And I could never run away from you

You try at working out chaotic things
And why should I believe myself, not you?

It's like the world is going to end so soon
And why should I believe myself?

You, me and everything caught in the fire
I can see me drowning, caught in the fire

Hey the sun and moon and stars are yeah
But I won't share myself with you
You to me
- "You" (from Pablo Honey)

Cade Miller says

Another really strong collection from one of my favorite modernist poets. Cummings's poetry manages to be both fearlessly experimental and emotionally resonant, touching on themes of love as a source of hope, the individual vs. the state, and many others. Nowadays, with so many contemporary poets refusing to go beyond a Bukowski-esque plainspoken free verse mode, Cummings continues to stand out as one of English-language poetry's most unique voices. Pick up any one of his collections and you won't be disappointed.

rebecca says

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Darwin8u says

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AdA
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poe-
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Mike Jensen says

I'll be blunt. The poems I understand are wonderful. Those that Cummings made too obscure to understand annoy me. This review could have just as easily been 3 stars, but the book was understandable at the end.

Kate says

I have read a few e. e. cumming poems before, but never one right after the other. I thought he was a strange, but interesting and beautiful poet. And after having just read 73 of his poems, I now find him to be even more strange and more beautiful. I picked 2 of his that were my favorites:

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

AND

everybody happy?
WE-WE-WE
& to hell with the chappy
who doesn't agree

(if you can't dentham
comma bentham;

or 1 law for the lions &
oxen is science)

Q:how numb can an unworld get?

A:number

I think these poems are fantastic and have endings that are extremely poignant. I also like e. e. cummings use of "i" and "you" which are sometimes interchangeable, sometimes the same thing... I find it all very fascinating. Totally worth it to read!

Dan says

Such an amazing poet. Not all of his poems are understood but those that are, well they are beautiful.

One of my favorite poems

33

christ but they're few
all(beyond win or lose) good true
beautiful things

god how he sings

the robin(who'll be silent in a moon or two)

and then this one

52

who are you, little i

(five or six years old)
peering from some high

window;at the gold

of november sunset

(and feeling:that if day
has to become night

this is a beautiful way)

Konstantin says

[rating = C+]

This poetry collection is less experimental compared to some of his others. He uses enjambment and fragmentation and spatiality, but many of the poems are in traditional form, almost sonnet-like in their execution, though he never dares to rhyme. He still achieves some significant phrasing and questions about humanity and love and spirituality, yet he is a bit more conservative in his approach.

Rachel says

I was actually a little disappointed by this. I didn't really understand a lot of the poems, and I definitely acknowledge that it is in due to my lack of study or time spent with the poems. I've learned by experience that something that appears to be over my head or of little worth is completely flipped if I spend time with it or someone teaches me where and how to read a work of art (be that a book, poem, movie, painting, etc). His poems are interesting and I did like the ones that had fun sounds--they were fun to listen to if I read them aloud. Here are two that caught my attention most profoundly though:

34:

"nothing" the unjust man complained
"is just" ("or un-" the just rejoined

42:

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I liked the first one because it's so true--when we feel one way it is very hard to see it any other way. The just see it only as just, the unjust only as unjust. How can I combat that within myself?

The second one is fun--stillness as a mystery. That alone is intriguing, but the way the poem is set up with capitalization errors and the deconstruction of words makes the whole poem a mystery--and not a still one at

that.

Iphios says

While I have read e.e. Cummings poetry before this was the first time I read a collection of his work. He is an experience, as his poetry isn't necessarily read out loud but read as its construction is part of the poem. While some were too strange to me, majority was beautiful and surprising.

Jen says

These are a bit of a challenge to read based on the unique style. I don't really know how to describe it. Some of the poems are hard to follow, but this is my first experience with this author, so I am by no means familiar with the style.

Manny says

it' s
not
really
about
the layout

is it?
