

**O Thou to whom the musical white spring  
by ee cummings**

O Thou to whom the musical white spring

offers her lily inextinguishable,  
taught by thy tremulous grace bravely to fling

Implacable death's mysteriously sable  
rob from her redolent shoulders,  
Thou from whose  
feet reincarnate song suddenly leaping  
flameflung, mounts, inimitably to lose  
herself where the wet stars softly are keeping

their exquisite dreams - O Love! upon thy dim  
shrine of intangible commemoration,  
(from whose faint close as some grave languorous hymn

pledge to illimitable dissipation  
unhurried clouds of incense fleetly roll)

i spill my bright incalculable soul.

-e. e. cummings