

## **O sweet spontaneous**

by: e.e. cummings (1894-1962)

sweet spontaneous  
earth how often have  
the  
doting

fingers of  
prurient philosophers pinched  
and  
poked

thee  
, has the naughty thumb  
of science prodded  
thy

beauty, how  
often have religions taken  
thee upon their scraggy knees  
squeezing and

buffeting thee that thou mightest conceive  
gods  
(but  
true

to the incomparable  
couch of death thy  
rhythmic  
lover

thou answerest

them only with

spring)

**Try reading the poem out loud.**

### **QUESTIONS ABOUT THIS POEM – ASK YOUR OWN TOO!**

1. What do you think the poet wants to say? How does he 'tell it slant'?
2. How important is the way this poem looks on the page?
3. What makes this vivid? What are the images that jump out?
4. Can you see thoughts about resurrection and gender in there? What does he feel about enlightenment?