eric p. nichols

it may not always be so

for pri



It may not always be so; and I say
That if your lips, which I have loved, should touch
Another's, and your dear strong fingers clutch
His heart, as mine in time not far away;
If on another's face your sweet hair lay
In such a silence as I know, or such
Great writhing words as, uttering overmuch,
Stand helplessly before the spirit at bay;

If this should be, I say if this should be — You of my heart, send me a little word; That I may go unto him, and take his hands, Saying, Accept all happiness from me. [Then shall I turn my face, and hear one bird Sing terribly afar in the lost lands.]*

— E.E. Cummings

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^{*} text in brackets not set to music

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e.e. cummings e.p. nichols















