

my father moved through dooms of love  
through sames of am through haves of give,  
singing each morning out of each night  
my father moved through depths of height

this motionless forgetful where  
turned at his glance to shining here;  
that if(so timid air is firm)  
under his eyes would stir and squirm

newly as from unburied which  
floats the first who,his april touch  
drove sleeping selves to swarm their fates  
woke dreamers to their ghostly roots

and should some why completely weep  
my father's fingers brought her sleep:  
vainly no smallest voice might cry  
for he could feel the mountains grow.

Lifting the valleys of the sea  
my father moved through griefs of joy;  
praising a forehead called the moon  
singing desire into begin

joy was his song and joy so pure  
a heart of star by him could steer  
and pure so now and now so yes  
the wrists of twilight would rejoice

keen as midsummer's keen beyond  
conceiving mind of sun will stand,  
so strictly(over utmost him  
so hugely)stood my father's dream

his flesh was flesh his blood was blood:  
no hungry man but wished him food;  
no cripple wouldn't creep one mile  
uphill to only see him smile.

Scorning the pomp of must and shall  
my father moved through dooms of feel;  
his anger was as right as rain  
his pity was as green as grain

septembering arms of year extend  
less humbly wealth to foe and friend  
than he to foolish and to wise  
offered immeasurable is

proudly and(by octobering flame  
beckoned)as earth will downward climb,  
so naked for immortal work  
his shoulders marched against the dark

his sorrow was as true as bread:  
no liar looked him in the head;  
if every friend became his foe  
he'd laugh and build a world with snow.

My father moved through theys of we,  
singing each new leaf out of each tree  
(and every child was sure that spring  
danced when she heard my father sing)

then let men kill which cannot share,  
let blood and flesh be mud and mire,  
scheming imagine, passion willed,  
freedom a drug that's bought and sold

giving to steal and cruel kind,  
a heart to fear, to doubt a mind,  
to differ a disease of same,  
conform the pinnacle of am

though dull were all we taste as bright,  
bitter all utterly things sweet,  
maggoty minus and dumb death  
all we inherit, all bequeath

and nothing quite so least as truth  
—i say though hate were why men breathe—  
because my father lived his soul  
love is the whole and more than all

e.e. cummings