

E. E. Cummings

My Mind Is

my mind is

a big hunk of irrevocable nothing which touch and
taste and smell and hearing and sight keep hitting and
chipping with sharp fatal tools

in an agony of sensual chisels i perform squirms of
chrome and execute strides of cobalt
nevertheless i

feel that i cleverly am being altered that i slightly am
becoming something a little different, in fact
myself

Hereupon helpless i utter lilac shrieks and scarlet
bellowings.