

Love is the every only God

By E. E. Cummings

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who spoke this earth so glad and big

even a thing all small and sad

man, may his mighty briefness dig

for love beginning means return

seas who could sing so deep and strong

one querying wave will whitely yearn

from each last shore and home come young

so truly perfectly the skies

by merciful love whispered were,

completes its brightness with your eyes

any illimitable star