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| **anyone lived in a pretty how town** |  |
| by [E. E. Cummings](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/156)  |
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| anyone lived in a pretty how town(with up so floating many bells down)spring summer autumn winterhe sang his didn't he danced his didWomen and men(both little and small)cared for anyone not at allthey sowed their isn't they reaped their samesun moon stars rainchildren guessed(but only a fewand down they forgot as up they grewautumn winter spring summer)that noone loved him more by morewhen by now and tree by leafshe laughed his joy she cried his griefbird by snow and stir by stillanyone's any was all to hersomeones married their everyoneslaughed their cryings and did their dance(sleep wake hope and then)theysaid their nevers they slept their dreamstars rain sun moon(and only the snow can begin to explainhow children are apt to forget to rememberwith up so floating many bells down)one day anyone died i guess(and noone stooped to kiss his face)busy folk buried them side by sidelittle by little and was by wasall by all and deep by deepand more by more they dream their sleepnoone and anyone earth by aprilwish by spirit and if by yes.Women and men(both dong and ding)summer autumn winter springreaped their sowing and went their camesun moon stars rain |  |