

<p>E.E. Cummings</p> <p>there are so many tictoc clocks everywhere telling people what toctic time it is for tictic instance five toc minutes toc past six tic</p> <p>Spring is not regulated and does not get out of order nor do its hands a little jerking move over numbers slowly</p> <p>we do not wind it up it has no weights springs wheels inside of its slender self no indeed dear nothing of the kind.</p> <p>(So,when kiss Spring comes we'll kiss each kiss other on kiss the kiss lips because tic clocks toc don't make a toctic difference to kisskiss you and to kiss me)</p>	<p>Catullus 5</p> <p>Vivamus mea Lesbia, atque amemus, rumoresque senum severiorum omnes unius aestimemus assis! soles occidere et redire possunt: nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux, 5 nox est perpetua una dormienda. da mi basia mille, deinde centum, dein mille altera, dein secunda centum, deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum. dein, cum milia multa fecerimus, 10 conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus, aut ne quis malus invidere possit, cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.</p>
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<p>E.E. Cummings</p> <p>since feeling is first  who pays any attention  to the syntax of things  will never wholly kiss you;  wholly to be a fool  while Spring is in the world</p> <p>my blood approves,  and kisses are a better fate  than wisdom  lady i swear by all flowers. Don't cry  – the best gesture of my brain is less than  your eyelids' flutter which says</p> <p>we are for each other: then  laugh, leaning back in my arms  for life's not a paragraph</p> <p>and death i think is no parenthesis</p>	<p>Catullus 8</p> <p>Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire,  et quod vides perisse perditum ducas.  fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles,  cum ventitabas quo puella ducebat  amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla.     5  ibi illa multa cum iocosa fiebant,  quae tu volebas nec puella nolebat,  fulsere vere candidi tibi soles.  nunc iam illa non vult: tu quoque impotens noli,  nec quae fugit sectare, nec miser vive,     10  sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura.  vale puella, iam Catullus obdurat,  nec te requiret nec rogabit invitam.  at tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nulla.  scelesta, vae te, quae tibi manet vita?     15  quis nunc te adibit? cui videberis bella?  quem nunc amabis? cuius esse diceris?  quem basiabis? cui labella mordebis?  at tu, Catulle, destinatus obdura.</p>
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Abstract: [Love Beyond Measure in Cummings and Catullus](#)