



## ViVa

*E.E. Cummings , George James Firmage (Editor)*

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**ViVa** E.E. Cummings , George James Firmage (Editor)

First published in 1931, *ViVa* contains four of E. E. Cummings' most experimental poems as well as some of his most memorable. The volume includes such no-famous celebrations as "i sing of Olaf glad and big" and "if there are any heavens my mother will (all be herself) have," along with such favorites as "Space being (don't forget to remember) Curved," "a clown's smirk in the skull of a baboon," and "somewhere I have never traveled, gladly beyond."

## ViVa Details

Date : Published October 17th 1997 by Liveright (first published 1931)

ISBN : 9780871401694

Author : E.E. Cummings , George James Firmage (Editor)

Format : Paperback 88 pages

Genre : Poetry, Fiction

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## From Reader Review ViVa for online ebook

### Annick says

Sometimes impenetrable, always intriguing. Moving. "i sing of Olaf" on its own would earn the 5/5 rating.

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### Christina Marie says

Difficult to read, but once you hit the mid-point the syntax breaks and words flow freely and with more clarity than ever before. a good primer for cummings.

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### Rubarabadom says

I am currently reading all of e. e. Cummings. I actually own this volume and have read it many times. It was quite satisfying to read our in its chronological order and in context with his earlier works.

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### Emma Stockdale says

if there are any heavens my mother will(all by herself)have  
one. It will not be a pansy heaven nor  
a fragile heaven of lilies-of-the-valley but  
it will be a heaven of blackred roses

my father will be(deep like a rose  
tall like a rose)

standing near my

(swaying over her  
silent)  
with eyes which are really petals and see

nothing with the face of a poet really which  
is a flower and not a face with  
hands  
which whisper  
This is my beloved my

suddenly in sunlight

he will bow,

& the whole garden will bow)

## Mike Jensen says

As cummings poems become more obscure, I enjoy them less.

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## Darwin8u says

*& the whole garden will bow)*  
- E.E. Cummings, W(ViVa)

## W(ViVa)

Some aging poems tripstrip &  
other S often same staystuck  
to elevate in experience Cumming's  
grand playful experiments.

heart, wraps (earshandsmouth  
eyes)round poems of love&loneliness  
art carved in life&death, w/mother's  
meter built on gardenwalls of stars.

distance falls back, graceless &hard  
rheumatic memories grasp earthen cups  
of poetry's hotwords & fingering counts  
icefinal calories of EE's last entropy.

---

## mwpm says

,mean-  
hum  
a)now

(nit  
y unb  
uria

ble fore(hurry  
into  
heads are  
legs think wrists

argue)short(eyes do

ban hands angle  
scoot bulbs marry a become)  
ened  
(to is

see!so  
long door  
golf slam bridge train shriek  
chewing whistles hugest  
to  
morrow from smiles sin

k  
ingly ele  
vator glide pinn  
)pu(  
acle to

rubber)tres(plants how grin  
ho)cen(tel  
und  
ead the

not stroll  
living spawn imitate)ce(re  
peat

credo fais do  
do neighbours re babies

while;

- I

\* \* \*

oil tel duh woil doi sez  
dooyuh unnurs tanmih eesez pullih nizmus tash,oi  
dough un giv uh shid oi sez. Tom  
oidoughwuntuh doot,butoiguttuh  
braikyooz,datswut eesez tuhkih. (Nowoi askyuh  
woodundat maik yurarstoin  
green? Oilsaisough.)--Hool  
spairruh luckih? Thangzkeed. Mairsee.  
Muh jax awl gawn. Fur Croi saik  
ainnoughbudih gutnutntuhplai?

HAI

yoozwidduhpoimnuntwaiv un duhyookuhsumpnruddur  
givusuhtoonunduhphugnting

- II

\* \* \*

poor But TerFLY

went(flesh is grass)  
from Troy,

n.y.  
the way of(all  
flesh is grass)with one "Paul"

a harvard boy  
alas!  
(who simply wor  
shipped her)who

after not coming once in seven years expl0  
ded like a toy eloping to Ire(land must be  
heav

en  
FoR

my

moth)with a grass wid  
OW

er who smelt rath  
er like her fath  
er who smelt rath

er(Er  
camef  
romth  
AIR

- XII

\* \* \*

FULL SPEED ASTERN)

m

usil(age)ini  
sticks  
tuh de mans

l

(hutch)hutchinson says sweet guinea  
pigs do it buy uh cupl un  
wait

k

(relijinisde)o(peemuvdepipl)  
marx okays jippymugun  
roomur

j

e(wut)  
hova  
in big cumbine wid

i

(chek  
undublchek)  
babbitt

(GOD SAVE THE UNCOMMONWEALTH OF HUMANUSETTS

- XVII

\* \* \*

don't cries to please my  
mustn't broke)like Is  
like that please stroke

for now stroke answers(but  
now don't you're hurting o  
Me please you're killing)death

is like now That please  
squirtnowing for  
o squirting we're replies(at

which now O fear turned o Now  
handspring trans  
forming it

self int  
o eighteen)Don't  
(for)Please(tnights,on whose for

eheads shone  
eternal pleasedon't;  
rising:from the Shall.

- XXXIV

\* \* \*

An(fragrance)Of

(Begins)  
millions

Of Tints(and)  
&  
(grows)Slowly(slowly)voyaging

tones intimate tumult  
(Into)bangs  
minds into  
dream(An)quickly

Not

un deux trois  
der  
die

Stood(apparition.)  
WITH(THE ROUND AIR IS FILLED)OPENING

- XXXIX

\* \* \*

twi-  
is -Light bird  
ful  
-ly dar  
kness eats

a distance a  
c(h)luck  
(l)ing of just bells (touch)ing  
?mind

(moon begins The  
)  
now,est hills er dream;new  
.oh if

when:  
&  
a  
nd O impercept i bl

- XLI

\* \* \*

if I love You  
(thickness means  
worlds inhabited by roamingly  
stern bright faeries

if you love  
me)distance is mind carefully  
luminous with innumerable gnomes  
Of complete dream

if we love each (shyly)  
other,what clouds do or Silently  
Flowers resembles beauty  
less than our breathing

- LIV

\* \* \*

if there a flower(whom  
i meet anywhere)  
able to be and seem  
so quiet softly as your hair

what bird has perfect fear  
(of sudden me)like these  
first deepest rare  
quiet who are your eyes

(shall any dream  
comes a more millionth mile  
shyly to its doom  
than you will smile)

- LVIII

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## Laura says

Poetry is often overrated or extremely beautiful. If you're seeking beautiful poetry, I would recommend this book. Sprinkled in through these pages are fantastic collections of words. When I find words like these, I can't explain the pleasurable feeling I get inside. Though some poems here are difficult to read, the beauty of others makes up for it immediately.

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## Sanfranannie says

Some of his best writing including many of his love poems. Woody Allen fans will remember the line 'not even the rain has such small hands' from Hannah & Her Sisters. A lot of very experimental poems but each poem is such a cohesive concept that I find new delightful interpretations every time I read (or I understand a bit more of what he meant each time). Whimsical, romantic & alternately exuberant, witty, defiant, and melancholy. "For only nobody knows where truth grows why birds fly and especially who the moon is."

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## Steve Booze says

It took me a while to get into the cadence of the writing style, but once there it was a beautiful ride

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## K8 says

Favorites:

if there are any heavens my mother will(all by herself)have

i'd think "wonder

you in win ter who sit

come a little further- why be afraid-

lady will you come with me into

somewhere i have never traveled,gladly beyond

my darling since you and i are thoroughly haunted by

if you and i awakening discover that(somehow

nothing is more exactly terrible than

put off your faces,Death;for day is over

here is the ocean,this is moonlight:say

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