

Kisses Are a Better Fate

Since feeling is first
Who pays any attention
To the syntax of things
Will never wholly kiss you

Who pays any attention
With lips closed and open eyes
Will never wholly kiss you
In the quiet, morning light

With lips closed and open eyes
I dreamed we were lovers, gazing
In the quiet, morning light
Your big hands on my little thighs—

I dreamed we were lovers, gazing
At the syntax of things
Your big hands on my little thighs—
Since feeling is first.

“Since feeling is first”
E. E. Cummings
Selected Poems, 1994
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