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| **Somewhere I have Never Travelled, Gladly Beyond**  |  |
| **by** [**E. E. Cummings**](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/156) |
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| **somewhere i have never travelled, gladly beyond****any experience, your eyes have their silence:****in your most frail gesture are things which enclose me,****or which i cannot touch because they are too near****your slightest look easily will unclose me****though i have closed myself as fingers,****you open always petal by petal myself as Spring opens****(touching skillfully, mysteriously)her first rose****or if your wish be to close me, i and****my life will shut very beautifully ,suddenly,****as when the heart of this flower imagines****the snow carefully everywhere descending;****nothing which we are to perceive in this world equals****the power of your intense fragility: whose texture****compels me with the color of its countries,****rendering death and forever with each breathing****(i do not know what it is about you that closes****and opens; only something in me understands****the voice of your eyes is deeper than all roses)****nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands**Questions to respond to:1. **E.E. Cummings wrote this poem during the era known as the Great Depression. Compare and contrast some of the ideas in the poem with those found in *The Glass Menagerie.***

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1. **In your own opinion, why do you think there is no punctuation in the poem?**

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1. **What is the poem about? Can it be compared to *the Glass Menagerie* ?**

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1. **What does the text suggest to you about an individual’s struggle to balance devotion and recognition in one’s life? *(Use any form of prose but do not write another poem)***

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