[E. E. Cummings](http://hellopoetry.com/-e-e-cummings/) (1894 - 1962)

If

If freckles were lovely, and day was night,

And measles were nice and a lie warn’t a lie,

Life would be delight,—

But things couldn’t go right

For in such a sad plight I wouldn’t be I.

If earth was heaven and now was hence,

And past was present, and false was true,

There might be some sense

But I’d be in suspense

For on such a pretense

You wouldn’t be you.

If fear was plucky, and globes were square,

And dirt was cleanly and tears were glee

Things would seem fair,—

Yet they’d all despair,

For if here was there

We wouldn’t be we.