Use any of the e.e. cummings lines below as an epigraph or a first line and leap into a poem of your own. All lines are from poems in e.e. cummings’ Collected Poems 1922-1938 and are credited to the poems as numbered in that volume. You might also mess with language and punctuation in your poem the way e.e. cummings does in his. Alternatively, you might speak of things that come and go, or write about how all comings and goings are merely illusion.

one pierced moment whiter than the rest (5)

into the street of the sky light walks scattering poems. (13)

...With the bulge and nuzzle of the sea (16)

The trees/ suddenly wait against the moon’s face. (20)

when the world is puddle-wonderful (30)

i charge laughing./ Into the hair-thin tints/ of yellow dawn, (33)

...A sharp blue day/ fills with peacefully leaping air (40)

who knows if the moon’s/ a balloon (73)

somewhere unspeaking sits my life (84)

the mind is it’s own beautiful prisoner. (88)

let’s live suddenly without thinking/ under honest trees (89)

at the corner of Nothing and Something, we heard
a handorgan in twilight playing like hell (92)

deeds of green thrilling light/ with thinned/ new fragile yellows (93)

nobody loses all the time (124)

Will I ever forget that precarious moment? (155)
I am a beggar always/ who begs in your mind (171)

the moon looked into my window/it touched me with its small hands (178)

after all the white horses are in bed (187)

…will you come with me into/ the extremely little house of/ my mind. (230)

be unto love as rain is unto colour (237)

may my heart always be open… (312)

Another angle on comings and goings:

Thich Nhat Hanh dismissed the idea of death. He said: “The Buddha taught that there is no birth; there is no death; there is no coming; there is no going; there is no same; there is no different; there is no permanent self; there is no annihilation. We only think there is.”

From Thich Nhat Hanh’s obituary
by Seth Mydans
In the New York Times

How long the stars
Have been fading,
Lamplight dimming:
There’s neither coming,
Nor going.

Nansen (786-834)