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Title: **1933: Methinks by Ellsworth Clark**

Provenance:

Category: **Document**

Person: **Dorothy Smith**

Date: **01/06/1933**

Methinks

A maiden caused it so.

I'm going to build with skill and will,

And when I'm gold;

(around my heart)

Life's' story told;

A shroud so tough and hard and cold,

Haw! Into a hole I'll go.

(can't come apart)

That matters more—the earth seems warm

So storms within will die unspent

I'm wedded to the soil.

So inmost truth, the things I kennt, old English for
know.

The worms that eat my eyes, my ears;

That fight and writhe and coil,

Will never start

Will say that woman caused that shell

The grief that's in my soul.

So hard to get behind;

The wiles of those of graceful air

Will up in arms and massacre

(What of it all?)

All females of their kind.

Will hit that shroud and wonder where

Disdain

(He won't enthrall)

All women vain

The air will seem less chill, less bare.

They catch a heart and tear,

They'll turn away; the can't ensnare

Sweet

That icy ball

They all entreat

That people call my heart.

'Tis but a saccharine ware.

I'm tough! I'm bold:

Give man his woman, woman rope

My heart is cold.

She'll hang her man. Ah! Little hope.

Written in the day of your Lourde Jan 6 1933 upon
the 6th day of January while in complete health
and in sanity of mind.

Ellsworth Clark

1 Jan 6/33