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

Category: **Document**
Person: **Dorothy Smith**
Date: **01/06/1933**

Methinks

I'm going to build with skill and will,

(around my heart)

A shroud so tough and hard and cold,

(can't come apart)

So storms within will die unspent

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

Will never start

The grief that's in my soul.

The wiles of those of graceful air

(What of it all?)

Will hit that shroud and wonder where

(He won't enthrall)

The air will seem less chill, less bare.

They'll turn away; the can't ensnare

That icy ball

That people call my heart.

I'm tough! I'm bold:

My heart is cold.

A maiden caused it so.

And when I'm gold;

Life's' story told;

Haw! Into a hole I'll go.

That matters more—the earth seems warm

I'm wedded to the soil.

The worms that eat my eyes, my ears;

That fight and writhe and coil,

Will say that woman caused that shell

So hard to get behind;

Will up in arms and massacre

All females of their kind.

Disdain

All women vain

They catch a heart and tear,

Sweet

They all entreat

'Tis but a saccharine ware.

Give man his woman, woman rope

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