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Title: 1933: Methinks b	y Ellsworth Clark
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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.

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.

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