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Title: 1933: Joyous Days by Ellsworth Clark

Provenance:

Category: **Document**Person: **Dorothy Smith**Date: **01/22/1933**

Joyous Days

Joyous days: Companionship,

A dance, a walk, a show.

Evenings spent in argument

About—what's where and how.

On Sunday-Morn when time to start

The Sunday School with song,

I'd look about and wonder if

She'd be here before long.

And then a bundle, fresh as dawn

Would sometimes float with quiet

Behind me on a vacant seat;

E'en sometimes by me quite.

The wonder of the dawning spring,

Of pale-green leaves, the bloom above,

Of leaves and birds, soft zephyrs, clouds,

Of friendship turned to love.

Upon the bloom of friendship fair

A thorn of agony,

Was thrust into the inner pity-

What then—soliloguy?

She did not mean to hurt me so,

I knew it afterwards;

So set away, 'twas soon forgot,

Sweet then the interludes.

Lovely was the stolen day

Vagabonding, sleeping, burning

Under sun, the winds, the sky;

Lovely spring absorbing.

Then with friends, new pathways hidden,

Yielded to the Sprite, the Rover

Whose tramping, singing, running, going,

Pressed the tender blooming clover.

Sundry things we did in passing,

Worked on clay, a silly outline

Of a face of one who cluttered

More than just your porch—your time.

Too soon came parting, dear

Could I hold back that tear,

Could I away with you so near— We came, sat and listened to Seemed like t'would be a year. Our thoughts to us so near. In summer time you came to me, Close upon the autumn came In letters, dreams, the air. The winter mild and clear, Your breath I felt in winds that blew It seemed to be but spring turned 'round From southern mountains fair. Upon this thing, the year. Your kisses sweet were on the tip Then in it came, that hoary chill; Of flowers in the morn; Froze Autumns body fast; Your voice I heard in wind and leaves The sun too weak, man's body small That whispered love is born. To oust its icy blast. Now work was done I hastily Then chaos came, I know not why, Grabbed shirts, a collar and a tie. Into my life of dreams It tried to shatter faith I had I fed the gas to Ford so fast The others asked me why. In self and all my schemes. To get this over, don't you see, It slithered in, insidiously, I've things to see and do; I though I knew its game, I've a heart thats lonely, awfully, But dear sweetheart, I slipped a bit I've her to love and woo. Now things don't seem the same. When I arrived, you seemed quite glad Oh God, the fervor of this hope, At least I hoped it so; That some day I'll be sure We talked again, we roamed some more, To make you see the way I feel— To have our love endure. My love was all aglow. Near me almost every day, If life is love, and love is life,

Why can't we go on living;

At school, at home, or here;

Surely present circumstance Will fade with early spring. Do you seek a greener pasture, Are you just a butterfly; Am I a drag, have I grown stale? These questions I do ply. Not long ago, 'twas really Quite a short time past, you see, You cut down to the very quick, Did you know that, Dorothy? Did you know that what you said, Turned out not to be so; And I still hope that it was wrong, So I can say hello. And now I still have January, The night's so lonely now. I have not you to whisper to— Only—soliloquy. Ellsworth Clark 22 January 1933