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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—soliloquy?

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—

Seemed like t'would be a year.

In summer time you came to me,

In letters, dreams, the air.

Your breath I felt in winds that blew

From southern mountains fair.

Your kisses sweet were on the tip

Of flowers in the morn;

Your voice I heard in wind and leaves

That whispered love is born.

Now work was done I hastily

Grabbed shirts, a collar and a tie.

I fed the gas to Ford so fast

The others asked me why.

To get this over, don't you see,

I've things to see and do;

I've a heart thats lonely, awfully,

I've her to love and woo.

When I arrived, you seemed quite glad

At least I hoped it so;

We talked again, we roamed some more,

My love was all aglow.

Near me almost every day,

At school, at home, or here;

We came, sat and listened to

Our thoughts to us so near.

Close upon the autumn came

The winter mild and clear,

It seemed to be but spring turned 'round

Upon this thing, the year.

Then in it came, that hoary chill;

Froze Autumns body fast;

The sun too weak, man's body small

To oust its icy blast.

Then chaos came, I know not why,

Into my life of dreams

It tried to shatter faith I had

In self and all my schemes.

It slithered in, insidiously,

I though I knew its game,

But dear sweetheart, I slipped a bit

Now things don't seem the same.

Oh God, the fervor of this hope,

That some day I'll be sure

To make you see the way I feel—

To have our love endure.

If life is love, and love is life,

Why can't we go on living;

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