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To You About Me

I walked along the road of life;

'Twas strewn with souls both good and rife.

My path had been both straight and sure.

By good example, made more sure.

Now came a turning in that road,

It grew more rough and widened more.

I left my home—no guiding hand

No voice to tell me where to stand.

I traveled North in search of Strength.

I sallied South more truths to learn.

I meandered toward the setting sun,

To get the gold to help me on.

Now I'm working, wishing, hoping

Thinking I may get some good

From the school which was my choice,

And thereupon my life make sure.

In this quest I wonder often,

If my foot may slip unnoted

Into untruth or disaster

Or be content with nothing noted.

My quest was started with a full vim.

I studied hard, then I grew thin.

I thought I loved a girl—then near.

But later learned—she was no dear.

My second year I started grim,

To fight off every little whim.

My work was good, but lacked the vim

Which sets it off is right good trim.

In the third year I settled down

And made my schoolwork fairly hum.

But life seemed empty—What! No goal?

I was traveling fast—but where?

A party, a dance, a friendly word.

She came like morning fresh and sweet.

Strangers?—Sure—but thoughts alike,

We found companionship discreet.

The days passed on. I saw her often.

First a tango, then poor excuses,

To get to see her I used ruses.

She hurt me once, 'twas soon forgotten.

And I found her sweet; enthralling.

Now I've found a goal in life.

Instilled by thoughts she says so freely.

And if I heed their gentle warning

I hope to find my child of "Morning".

Ellsworth Clark

13 June 1932

This is my very first attempt at poetry. I know it does not rhyme, and the meter is wrong in places, but well, don't show it to anybody. It just happened to be the way I felt a little while ago. It seems good to get back to my typewriter.

—Ellsworth