

THE CLAY

*I took a piece of plastic clay
and idly fashioned it one day.*

*And as my fingers pressed it still
it moved and yielded to my will.*

*I came again when days were passed;
the bit of clay was hard at last.*

*The form I gave it still it bore,
and I could change that form no more.*

*I took a piece of living clay
and gently formed it day by day*

*And molded with my power and art -
a young child's warm and yielding heart.*

*I came again when years were done;
it was a man I looked upon.*

*He still that early impress bore,
and I could change that form no more.*

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