

A Piece of Clay

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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,
But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay,
And deftly formed it day by day,
And molded, with my power and art,
A young child's soft and yielding heart.
I came again, when years were gone;
It was a man I looked upon.
He still that early impress bore,
But I could change it never more.

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