

Two Worlds

Somehow,
I do not feel
Like painting fairy colors
On canvases today -
But need the firm
And earthy touch
That ~~homely~~ ^{honest} tasks can give.
And so, with true housewifely zeal,
I'll vacuum, sew and dust,
And ~~sweep~~ ^{sow} the kitchen
As I must.

by
Dorothy S. Clark.
June 30, 1944

P.S. 1978

Another world
I've come to know
The joy of public service

(add to
B of R)

Sometimes it's quite
The other way
And I must find
Escape from daily rounds
That bring monotony.

'Tis then
~~My brush~~ ^{With paintbrush and} in hand,
My spirit sails
Exultant in the clouds
And I am ^{free from all} far above
The petty worries
Of ~~a~~ ^{the the} temporal world.

Two patterns →
Make my life complete
The joy of serving willingly
From dawn to dusk
To raise a family
Worthily ~~of~~
A sacred trust.
And then,
Occasional retreat
Within the walls

Of make-believe,
To give my spirit
Fresh release
(And fit me for
Life's changing needs.)

Poem
Two Worlds
written &
Sent to 'Era' June 30, 1944

Jul: 85
add PS (June type?)

Send Gladys