

✓ Jan 6/33

METHINKS

I'm going to build with skill and will,
 m(Around my heart)
A shroud so tough and hard and cold,
 (Can't come apart)
So storms within will die unspent
So inmost truth, the things I kennt, *old English for know.*
 Will never start
The grief that's in my soul.

The wiles of those of graceful air
 (What of it all?)
Will hit that shroud and wonder where
 (He won't enthrall)
The air will seem less chill, less bare.
They'll turn away; they cant ensnare
 That icy ball
That people call my heart.

I'm tough! I'm bold!..
My heart is cold.
A maiden caused it so.
And when I'm old;
Lifes' story told;
Haw! Into a hole I'll go.

What matters more--the earth seems warm
I'm wedded to the soil.
The worms that eat my eyes, my arms;
That fight and writhe and coil,
Will say that woman caused that shell
So hard to get behind;
Will up in arms and massacre
All females of their kind.

Disdain
All women vain
They catch a heart and tear.
Sweet
They all entreat
'Tis but a sacchrine ware.

Give man his woman, woman rope
She'll hang her man. Ah! Little hope,

Jan 6

Written in the day of ~~your~~ Lourde 1933
upon the 6th day of January while in
complete solitude.