

Sculpture

*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 past:
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 gently pressed it day by day,
And molded with my power and art,
A young child's soft and yielding heart.*

*I came again when years had gone:
It was a man I looked upon
He still that early impress bore,
And I could fashion it no more!*

Author Unknown