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THE MOLDER
by
Lynetta Jones

I took a piece of plastic clay,
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers pressed it still,
It molded--yielding to my will.

I came again when days were past,
The bit of clay was firm at last,
The form I gave it, still it wore,
And I could change that form no more.

A far more precious thing than clay,
I gently shaped from day to day,
And molded with my fumbling art,
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone,
And it was a man I looked upon,
Who such godlike nature bore
That men could change it--NEVERMORE.

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