

Fair And Tender Ladies

Caroline Herring

You write about a place so dear
In all it's good and evil
A loving cup, an aching scar
You need no thread and needle
To sew your name into your clothes
Or hem a ragged line
All muscular and luminous
Oh heroine of mine

Ladies Oh ladies
My ladies
My fair and tender ladies

You raised yourself from mud and spit
And opened up your eyes
Stretching out your graceful limbs
From heart and soul on fire
From sidewalks and handlebars
Summer sun and evening stars
And unincorporated streets
Oh heroine I long to meet

Ladies Oh ladies
My ladies
My fair and tender ladies

Ladies

You set aside your trays and flowers
Like a ball and chain
You understood a time and place
Upon which you proclaimed
Your skirt was not to hide behind
Your womanhood no alibi
You would not live so man could die
Oh white-gloved heroine of mine

Ladies Oh ladies
My ladies
My fair and tender ladies