

# 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