

## Women

They were women then  
My mama's generation  
Husky of voice – stout of  
Step  
With fists as well  
Hands  
How they battered down  
Doors  
And ironed  
Starched white  
Shirts  
How they led  
Armies  
Headragged generals  
Across mined  
Fields  
Booby-trapped  
Ditches  
To discover books  
Desks  
A place for us  
How they knew what we  
Must know  
Without knowing a page  
Of it  
Themselves



Alice Walker