

# Heather Dale, Joan

I am as God made me, I have no desire,  
For a mouth at my breast or a pot on the fire,  
I heed the higher voices; I go where I'm sent,  
To mow down the men who refuse to repent,  
I'm a scythe, in a field full of briars.

And they won't call me Mother, or Sister, or Wife,  
They will know me or not by the strength of my life,  
I will burn with a light of my own.  
They'll know me as Joan.  
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The courage of Catherine, the flames of the forge,  
Sword of Saint Michael, the blood of Saint George,  
I take what I'm given, I follow my truth,  
I gladly abandon the bloom of my youth,  
I'm the lashing, that falls from the scourge.

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I fight where God tells me, I never ask why,  
I've bloodied the Devil, with steel from on high,  
I kill without consequence, heed no Man's law.  
I sift out the righteous like grain from the straw.  
I am Judgment, and Heaven is nigh.

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