

Jeannie C. Riley, Rib

I keep the books at the country courthouse
And answer phones of every kind from coast to coast
Help keep the astronauts in space with complicated formules
And give you echoes of my voice in song
I wash your dishes iron your shirts and give you children
And never mind a bit except when you forget
That I am flash of your flash and bone of your bone
And that Adam called me woman for I am the rib
And not a footbone to be stepped on not a legbone to be walked on
Not a hipbone to be sat on not a backbone to be leaned on
Not a shoulderbone to be cried on not a headbone to be relied on
But a ribbone to be side by side hand in hand not lesser then
Not greater then but just what heaven planned
Yes you see I am the rib

Many fields have I bought and with my own hands have I planted winyards
With the fruits of my labors I have reached out to the prove
Before the light of day I have risen to feed my household
And my husband is known in the gates when he sits among the elders of the land
My pride is far above rubies but for love trust and respect
Will I gladly share my gifts and willingly will I walk for good but not for evil
As long as he remembers that I am the rib
And not a footbone...
For I am the rib