

She Has Wings

By Glenn Currier

She has wings
her woman life sings
of mystery and strength
for she went to any length
to work, practice, and learn
to make her mark and to earn
a place of respect and trust.
She has done what she must
to fashion, create and complete
she simply does not retreat.

She has wings
not satisfied with the things
that most in her home town
did to make themselves renown
she'd not embrace what was "normal"
stay in the confines of the formal
she was willing to swim upstream
and refused to give up on her dream.

The Air Force opened doors wide
to a place she could achieve with pride
where she earned her bosses trust.
She succeeded when tested and thrust
where plans and secrets were hidden
telling a Major even he was forbidden.
She spread her wings to cross the sea
where she made her mark in Germany
discovering again that she could fly
conquering fear, piercing the sky.

She became a sort of seamstress
delighted with the seamless
she took the fabric she was given
was determined and vitally driven
to take each irregular piece
smooth each stubborn crease
take threads of discord and dark
get from the dull and lifeless a spark
turn all the pieces in her control
into a rare and graceful whole.

In the seismic world of oil
she learned to pierce the soil
go down deeper, probe and measure
the truth - that rare and precious treasure
almost as *valuable* as common sense
and her integrity without pretense.
They called her Mother Superior
for her standards forbade the inferior
she persevered with her given task.
Quit before done? Don't even ask!

Through many trials and tribulations
she rose above expectations.
From injuries and harm endured
she thrived, survived and matured.
She married and had a little girl
raised and nurtured her like a pearl.
A loyal and faithful friend
good to the young and old kin
through storms and tears and awful things
beyond her eighty years, still - she has wings.