

## The Rib

Jeannie C. Riley

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 o  
n  
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 eld  
ers 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