

A Woman in Charge by Carole Lydon

Carly's duties await
At the rusty old gate
Where a granny in defiant repose
Sits shaking her fist
At a cataract mist
That prevents her from
Using the stove

Carrots, spuds and peas
She prepares with ease
As granny tells back in the day
How food was so scarce
She had to confess
She escaped a blackmarket fray

You see granny was canny
And known by many
As the farmer's wife proud to say
That she'd kept a little something
From the Ration Department
To sell on a quiet Sunday

While granny collected
It truly affected
The ego of a young inspector
So he laid in wait
At that shiny new gate
To nab his cheeky defector



Next stop, By Lisa Conolly

At 7 hours and 10
He sent in his men
To catch the young lady red-handed
But she'd sold all of it
Dropped returns in a pit
And sat back as the men demanded
An explanation in vain
To please madam explain
The folk wandering off
contrabanded

With a gracious grin
Granny's heels dug in
As she wove her delicate story
With tremendous clarity
Of innocent charity
For the inspector, there would
be no glory

So Carly, my dutiful rose
A woman whose money flows
And is willing to be at large
Is a woman who glows
In the knowledge of those
That she will always, always be
In charge

