

Cornell University ILR School

Labor Research Review

Volume 1 | Number 11 Feminizing Unions

Article 7

1988

Hanging In, Solo (So What's It Like To Be the Only Female on the Job?)

Susan Eisenberg

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@ILR. It has been accepted for inclusion in Labor Research Review by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@ILR. For more information, please contact catherwood-dig@cornell.edu. © 1988 by Labor Research Review

Hanging In, Solo (So What's It Like To Be the Only Female on the Job?)

Abstract

A poem.

Keywords

poem, women's rights, gender

Hanging In, Solo (So What's It Like To Be the Only Female on the Job?)

On the sunshine rainbow days womanhood clothes me in a fuchsia velour jumpsuit and crowns me with a diamond hardhat. I flare my peacock feathers and fly through the day's work. Trombones sizzle as my drill glides through cement walls through steel beams. Bundles of pipe rise through the air at the tilt of my thumb.

Everything I do

is perfect.

The female of the species advances 10 spaces and takes an extra turn.

On the mudcold-gray-nosun-in-a-week days womanhood weighs me down in colorless arctic fatigues: hands me an empty survival kit: and binds my head in an iron hardhat three sizes too small. I burrow myself mole-like into my work, but my tampax leaks: my diamond-tip bit burns out after one hole; my offsets are backwards: all of my measurements are wrong. At each mistake, a shrill siren alerts all tradesmen on the job to come laugh at me. Everything I do must be redone.

The female of the species loses her next turn and picks a penalty card.

On most days, those partly sunny days that bridge the rainbow sunshine days and the mudcoldgray days

womanhood outfits me in a flannel shirt and jeans and hands me a hardhat just like everyone else's. I go about my work like a giraffe foraging the high branches: stretching myself comfortably. As I hang lighting fixtures and make splices, I sing to myself

and tell myself stories. Everything I do

is competent enough.

The female of the species advances 1 space and awaits her next turn.

Susan Eisenberg ©1982

 Susan Eisenberg is a member of Local 103 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (IBEW) in Boston. In 1982 she graduated from IBEW 103's apprenticeship program in its first class to include women. A recent book of her poetry, It's a Good Thing I'm Not Macho, is available from Whetstone Press, 94 Green Street, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130. Eisenberg gives poetry readings for labor and women's groups and conferences.