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Homage to Lucille, Dr. Lord-Heinstein · *Marge Piercy*

We all wanted to go to you,
even women who had not heard
of you, longed for you, our
cool grey mother who would
gently, carefully and slowly using
no nurse but ministering herself
open our thighs and our vaginas
and show us the os smiling
in the mirror like the moon.

You taught us our health, our sickness
and our regimes, presiding over
the raw ends of life, a priestess eager
to initiate. Never did you tell us
we could not understand what you
understood. You made our bodies
glow transparent. You did not think
you had a license to question us
about our married state or lovers' sex.

Your language was as gentle and caring
as your hands. On the mantle
in the waitingroom the clippings hung,
old battles, victories, marches.
You with your flower face, strong
in your thirties in the thirties,
were carted to prison for the crime
of prescribing birth control
for working class women in Lynn.

The quality of light in those quiet
rooms where we took our shoes off
before entering and the little
dog accompanied you like a familiar,
was respect: respect for life,
respect for women, respect for choice,
a mutual respect I cannot imagine
I shall feel for any other doctor,
bordering on love.