

Laywoman

by [Nancy A. Henry](#) in the [September 16, 2015](#) issue

Were you a man and single, the Jesuits  
would have you in a trice.

But you are some man's wife, lovely,  
hair coarse and wild as a Morgan's tail,  
on each hip a fine son and one on your shoulders.

Your bent for theology is more startling  
than your renegade humor, your ease  
on a good horse, fast and wild  
as he can be. You are no cut-out saint.

Bus-stop apologist, training your eye  
for truth at your kitchen table,  
turning worn pages in the weary night  
as your tea grows cold,

The day has come for your kind.  
Venerable Jenn,  
you are better than you know,  
stirring the oatmeal, reading Aquinas,  
shoveling the snow.