A Poem to Lady Liberty

By Georgie Ann Weatherby, Ph.D. Professor of Sociology & Criminology

Lady Liberty

To my shores, I beckon you, for Liberty's my name.

Protest not without fair hope, I teach to walk, those lame.

Some silenced by a mighty blow, as tyrants run amuck,

Eyes once blinded by their sight, in safety, I do tuck.

Freedom speaks from rooftops high, suppression rings down low.

Lofty efforts mesmerize, the truth, make sure we stow.

For in the end, the battle fought brings evil to its knees.

I gaze beyond these shores of home; peace often sails rough seas.

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In Honor of the Women of America, Symbolized by the Majestic Resolve of the Statue of Liberty, Liberty Island, New York

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