

SUFFRAGIST SLAM

Four Score and one score more ago
Our Fore-sisters made a go of it
In order to make a more perfect union
Between men and women.

The vote was granted to half the population
Who had been taken for granted

Men had ranted since time was born
Women were weak and left forlorn
We became his property; must act properly
Propriety dictated the union
To take his name; to take the blame; to bear the shame
To share his bed; to be well-bred but not well-read
Instead be docile and obey
Lay aside the hystronics; Don't be hysterical

Yet looking back, women proved not to be hysterical
But rather proved to be historical.
Moved to be courageous,
Tore out of the pages of his story
To write her story- the right story - the story of rights

Abigail Adams in 1776 wrote a letter to her husband, John. "I desire you would remember the ladies and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors.

Gentlemen, remember the ladies.

1848- pre-Civil war; Seneca Falls was the start of the plot
Elizabeth Stanton and Lucretia Mott declared their sentiments
That both genders are endowed
With inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.
They pursued the protest against a form of government, existing without
the consent of the governed.

Gentlemen, Remember the Ladies:

Carrie Chapman Catt, Lucy Burns, Inez Millholland, Alice Paul
Got the call and with fellow sisters all kept the ball rolling
Toiling for equal rights

But fighting for liberty took its toll

Peaceful protests at Lafayette Square
Led to imprisonment; It wasn't fair
Instead of being liberated, they were berated
And hated and subjugated
To force feedings and unjust feelings.

The hunger strike was deemed suicidal and a show of denial of sanity
But consider this:
When Nathan Hale said, "Give me Liberty or Give me death,"
He was immortalized.
When Alice Paul refused to eat,
She was infanticized.
Intubated with pabulum until sated. Innundated with scorn;
They rendered her helpless, wielding tools of the strong
But we know helplessness is wrong

These women knew rights were worth all the pain
They knew their fight would not be in vain.
They used their bodies, hearts, and their minds,
To explain

That all men and women are created
And fated
To be leaders, and readers
And writers, inciters
Law makers, cake bakers
All men and women are created
To be their best selves

And how can that happen when half the population has been set on
shelves
To await commands

Be Damned!

-Mr. President, How long must women wait for liberty?

It took 72 years from Seneca Falls to the great halls of Congress in 1920.
Harry Burn, the youngest representative in the Tennessee legislature, had
previously voted against ratification, and it was presumed he would
continue to be an anti-suffragist.

But his mother had another idea.
Had a better idea that she sent in a letter
To her son:

“Hurrah, and vote for suffrage!” Phoebe told her son.
In the end she said, “be a good boy and help Mrs. Catt put the ‘rat’ in
ratification.”

Voices rose up and coldly complained
Twenty-four year old Harry boldly explained his vote:

“I know that a mother’s advice is always safest for her boy to follow,” he
claimed, “and my mother wanted me to vote for ratification.”

And take note of the mothers’ satisfaction
The vote passed
At last
We declare our rights
We share or fights
Women’s voices mattered
Men’s dominance shattered
To pieces
But peace is yet to come
Four score and one more score later

How can Me Too Be True
When three quarters of our Congress are men
When free borders are controlled by men

When there are still too many tired and poor
masses yearning to be free.

When we criticize it becomes politicized
Diversions keep us anesthetized.

But Gentlemen, Remember the ladies
And keep your eyes on the prize.

Raise your glass
To a class of women
Who gave their all
And let's recall the fight they fought
The passion wrought
The power brought
It's not for naught

If we VOTE!