

She Does Not Brave the War

My Brightest Diamond

She does not know, the fruit of her labour.

She does not rest till late, each evening.

She does not know, her beauty grows with age.

She does not brave the war, but she saves the day. She does not hear words to flatter.

She does not take much ease or pleasure.

She does not wait to love.

She does not bend or break, or run away.

She does not brave the war, but she saves the day. She does not build the fortresses or touch the farthest moon,

She does not climb the ladder or hold the silver spoon.

She does not make the history lists, nor the monuments portray.

She does not brave the war, but she saves the day.

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