Homage to Lucille, Dr. Lord-Heinstein

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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 waiting room 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.