

The Pioneer

*On the Unveiling of a Statue to Lucretia Mott,
Susan B. Anthony, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton,
Washington, November eighteenth, 1923*

Upon this marble bust that is not I
Lay the round, formal wreath that is not fame;
But in the forum of my silenced cry
Root ye the living tree whose sap is flame.
I, that was proud and valiant, am no more;—
Save as a dream that wanders wide and late,
Save as a wind that rattles the stout door,
Troubling the ashes in the sheltered grate.
The stone will perish; I shall twice be dust.
Only my standard on a taken hill
Can cheat the mildew and the red-brown rust,
And make immortal my adventurous will.
Even now the silk is tugging at the staff:
Take up the song; forget the epitaph.

—EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.