

Dragging Fanny

for Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

Paul Swenson

Her last hymn in the book—and they're dragging it.
Behold, her royal army's old. Band of stragglers,
banners furled, tired voices buckling the pews.

Say what you will about Fanny
with her military metaphors
and her pentecostal zeal.
She rode like a Valkyrie
through the placid
field of male
menopausal
music
we call
The Songs of Zion.
She put her ass on the line.

*Victory, victory, through him
that redeemed us. Victory, victory
through Jesus Christ, our Lord!
Victory, victory, victory . . .*

The song's a deathmarch now.
She didn't know the foe
advancing would stab
her with her own
baton there on
the field
of battle. No knife, no sword could cut like this.

She'd rock 'n roll her grave to save
"A Royal Army" from this drag-ass beat.