

Southern Belles

Here within this blessed land of
sipping juleps on verandas,
magnolia blossoms ride the breeze
that wafts beneath the arbored trees.
Come join in our sweet vanities
and southern hospitality.
Unbind yourself as you require
and just admire the tapestry.

Though endowed with a certain flair,
but not one to put on airs,
I am what some may brand,
a sentimental gentle man.
Known to all as the Colonel,
I will regale a tale eternal
to broaden your horizons of
the bonnie loves of Dixieland.

My simple words cannot imbue
the grandeur they are rightly due.
I will with humble pride, however,
do my best with this endeavor.
Standing b'fore you, hat in hand,
as southern etiquette demands,
in deferential tones I'll tout
the ladies of the south forever.

The belles to which I do refer
do not toll or dive or curve.
Although, I might digress,
curves do apply I guess.
And yes, my less than pithy rambles
do protract this long preamble;
a worthy saga, nonetheless,
should possess a slight finesse.

Southern Belles, I do declare
exudes a certain savoir-faire.
Enthralling ladies most unique,
steeped in custom and mystique.
People speak of famous charms
and folks chitchat how they disarm
but talk does cease and hearts will leap
when in a room they do sweep.

There's more to belles than meets the eye;
inherent wisdom they apply
with gentle virtues far beyond
our mortal grasp to correspond.
Their razor wit could circumvent
that Count Machiavelli gent;
with wiles so winsome they'd convince
a prince to knight a vagabond.

As Southern Beaux we're taught from birth
that belles are born to rule this earth.
They need us for the heavy liftin'.
It's their world that we exist in.
We smile and say it isn't so;
that we indulge their quaint egos,
but sometimes ponder, if by chance,
our dominance was long unpinned.

For all their guiding social laws
it's a mystery why in malls
or in their cars and grocery stores
there are many countless scores
of belles who seem so unaware
they still have curlers in the hair,
as if that scarf tied 'round so chic
renders rollers Vogue's couture.

With all their quirks why shouldn't we
trade them all for China's tea
and woo some handsome Yankee gal
who finds our accents lyrical.
Or fancy us a western miss,
a not-so-distant cousin kissed.
Some of you may drift astray
but I daresay, it just ain't natural.

Southern Belles they reign supreme
with passion, wisdom, and esteem;
be they young at ninety-nine
or only three with charms divined.
They're the stars in southern skies
we set our guiding courses by.
Forever will I love my belles
and thus concludes this tale of mine.

So, should you spy a Southern Belle
across the grassy public square,
with cannons old that line the lawn
and men on horseback cast in bronze,
tip your Stetson like a gent
but don't expect acknowledgement.
Be gratified you've happened by
a Dixieland phenomenon.