

Wannabe Women

By Lysa Strata

You feed on chaos
And you feed on fame
So you rip yourself open
Then find someone to blame

Turn yourself over
Flip inside out
Pretend to expect us
To figure you out

And then when we're puzzled
Or quite frankly alarmed
You scream to the masses
That you have been harmed

But here's the thing honey
Us Women, we're real
Not a thing to be worn
Not a thing you can "feel"

As a group you can say
That we are patient and strong
But if you think we'll roll over
Then that's where you're wrong

And hurt feelings, baby
We get that, we do
Feeling unsafe
Yeah, we get that too

Because here is a factoid
You may not have been told
Not one day has existed
We've not been bought and sold

Treated as chattel
Raped, killed, abused
Then used that pretty makeup
To cover up what's been bruised

We make ourselves pretty
And put on "That Smile"
Do up our hair
And try to forget for a while

But don't let that fool you
Don't get it twisted
Oppression for us
Has always existed

We know what it tastes like
And we know how it smells
We know that darkness
Because we've been through hells

That ruckus you're making
The confusion you've rendered
The fits that you're throwing
When you get misgendered

We just don't buy it
And it just makes it worse
That you reduce our sex down
To a dress and a purse

Menstruation's no picnic
And breasts are damn heavy
But you want to buy them
Like parts for a Chevy

Well listen here, cupcake
You may think you can
But all these things that you're doin
Just make you look more like a man

The Realness of Woman
Isn't high heels or tears
It's lived inside us
For millions of years

And it can't be mimicked
Or bought, built, or sold
And the Spirit of Woman
Won't just do as She's told

The Goddess's been patient
While you've acted the child
But don't mistake that for tameness
Her nature is Wild

That thing you can't name
That spark that you covet
Is Her Spirit in each of us
And you know nothing of it

You can tear us apart
And wear all the pieces
But you'll still only end up
As wolves sporting fleeces

I know that upsets you
You may want to hit me
But I've got a feeling
You'll never forget me

This frenzy you're making
Will fizzle out soon enough
And looking so silly
That's got to be tough

So I'll give you one pointer
For you to fit in
You want to "pass" as a Woman?
You're gonna need thicker skin.