FOR HER

In the beginning there was a her
Equal with him,
Together, a partnership
Interwoven with strands of love and trust.
Next came her, in dresses and skirts
The caregiver,
The lover
Not there for opinion, but there for the children
Nothing more.
Then came the thought.
Followed by strength,
Breaking from bonds formed centuries ago
Defying laws from lifetimes before,
Rising and bursting forth
From the seed of why.
After this came the movement.
From flowing skirts to classy pants
From silent voice and suppressed thought
To ear shattering questions
Equality.
Jobs for her
Votes for her
Voice for her
Justice for her.
Life for her.
Finally came the smile.
The flowers opening to see the sun.
The straight jacket and CEO position.
Me too, and I believe you-
Spoken without fear.
Shoulders back, head up, lipstick on
Though some happy without.
She knows the struggle
Her mother knew it too
As did her, a century before.
But it is worth it,
To be equal once again.
Happy National Women’s Month.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR BULLYING

Thank you.
Seriously, thanks a lot.
Thank you for making me feel like a fool.
Truly, my day would not have been complete without that comment.
Thanks for making my cheeks turn red
and for making my neck hurt cause as I tried to duck away from your comments too fast.
Thank you for hammering my self-esteem into the floor.
I found the basement.
It's nice and cold and sad down here, with cracked walls,
Just like my heart every time you poke fun at it.
I have so many holes from your poking,
many tissues from your 'fun,'
many stairs to the basement,
Where sometimes I'd like to hide from you all day
And think of all the comebacks I'd say to you - if only I had the courage.
If only I knew the elevator from the basement was faster,
and the tissues more absorbent,
maybe I could become more powerful.
Instead, I suck in your comments like wet cement and have them harden inside me.
Sometimes it gets heavy.
Thank you for that awful comment you said to me today,
The one that made people gasp and laugh,
The one that made a few brave individuals raise their voice and tell you off.
The comment that led people to look through a curtain of hair and tear-stained eyelids at me
and coax me from my basement dwelling,
Not to joke, or to poke,
Or to plummet my pride to the ground 2 level,
But to pull me up from the cracked walls and frayed carpet.
Thanks for being a great big bully.
Truly, my time with your comments was completely healthy - only a few months of despair.
And thanks for making me feel like trash, forgotten in the basement.
If it wasn't for you, I never would have found my friends, who stood up for me today,
And made your head duck and your lips stutter.
Have fun in my basement,
Though I would never wish upon you a long visit.
But I have claimed those stairs to better people, and enjoyable experiences.
So, quite honestly,
like, seriously,
Thank you.
COORDINATION

*Why DO you like writing?*
Someone might ask.
*You can barely read, and you’re a horrible speller.*
Maybe.
I’d answer.
But I have too much to say.
to many thoughts I’d like to pluck from the clouds.
To many sarcastic comments to stuff down people’s throats.
*But you’re such a slow reader*
Someone might exclaim.
Only out loud.
I’d answer.
And haven’t you heard of audio books?
*You should get glasses*
One sighs in pity.
But I don’t need glasses to express my thoughts on paper.
I’m completely capable of thinking up stories, rants, poems, and pieces
Without perfect eye brain coordination.
Writing is not rocket science.
*But you’re such a slow writer- why don’t you just draw?*
They’d say gently.
Writing is never inconvenient,
I’d say with an eye role.
I write to express myself.

   I write to educate others.
   I write to entertain everyone.
   I write because I have too much to say,
   and too many people I want to say it too.

Why repeat yourself when they can read it again and again.
A series of thoughts frozen in ink and paper
*why don’t you just tell people what you’re thinking?*
They’d question.
As if what I’m saying will get through to your brain the first time around.