

~In Which I'll Raise My Children~

I grew up in a world where no means yes
And yes means more than I'm willing to give.

So I've learned to expect the worst and I
Question even the most straight-forward of
Findings, despite the women's fists drumming
GUILTY into tables 'round the country.

Where the violation of all my most
Personal spaces is celebrated
By POTUS as talk for men's locker rooms.

Where I cover my clavicles and shield
My ankles because my sexualized
Body is inherently distracting.

Where I am inherently distracting.

Where I get schooled in the lessons of what
Pine smells like behind the school dumpsters and
What the prized athlete smells like when he fell
And his heavy, booze-filled body filled mine.

A world different than the one in
Which I'll raise my children.

I grew up in a world where we follow
Each other into parking lots, keys wedged
In between our fingers to ensure our
Fellow women make it in their cars whole.

Where men pretend to know me on the train
Because I looked uncomfortable with
Sweat-stained-white-wife-Beater looming nearby.

Where we all knit caps with incredibly
Offensive names and in an offensive
Shade of pink and march to make our statements.

Where women feed their young in public and
Ignore easily offended people.

Where children see me as smart and kind and
Loving and inherently *more* than just sexy or hot.

Where children see me.
Where I'm reminded every day that
This world is not doomed.

A world different than the one in
Which I'll raise my children