~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