

### **My Body Does Not Belong to Me**

This day, this age, you say I'm enraged.

Too emotional, too afraid, just relax, you'll be okay.

Have a drink but don't get drunk.

Look pretty but when you do, you were asking for the unwanted attention forced upon you.

I want to relax; I want to be free, but I know-

My body does not belong to me, I have no say.

My freedoms were stripped and torn away.

Men in a court room making decisions on women's bodies they often degrade.

Will justice prevail or will they be more worried about his future at Yale?

You'd be enraged too, emotional, afraid-

Because unwelcome touches are not a crime, depending on what I was wearing that day.

My body does not belong to me and that needs to change.

### **The Witch**

I once saw a witch outside her cottage

So peaceful and carefree.

Sipping tea in her garden

What a simple life that must be.

The neighbors judged and rumors spread

But I envied that witch for the life she led.

She was caring, kind, and

Paid others harsh words no mind.

While the town folk worked hard

And let their troubles weigh.

I saw that witch out in her garden

Bearing a smile almost everyday.

## **I Am Not an Object**

If I was more than an object

That you used and abused

If I was a person

Your mother or sister

Would I not be in the news?

You shortened my life

Without even a care in sight.

Because I was woman

That gave the world

To a broken man

That wanted nothing more

Than to tear me down

And watch my tears pour.

Now I rest under a willow tree

And my family comes to visit me.

My epitaph reads

Here lies a woman scorned

By a man too small

To just walk out the door.

I am not an object

But you treated me that way.

I was a person

And I had a name.

## **Freedom**

When will it end?

This pain I have endured

Since I could first form words.

When will it end?

This aching in my chest

It grows deeper

Denying me of any relief.

When will it end?

Little joys taunt me

But I'm still not free.

When will it end?

Will there ever be a happier version of me

How can no one else see

When will it end?

When will I finally be free?

## **Lost Gypsy**

To have a home

What a great feeling that must be.

To feel a sense of belonging

Something that has sparked yearning in me.

For I have never known a home

Lost like a gypsy I've forever roamed.

Traveling from place to place

Wondering if the next space would be the place I'd call home.