

## The Art of Being a woman

The art of being a woman

It's like crawling out of a cocoon and flourishing into a moth

Even as a caterpillar, we learn the beauty that lies within us

People tell us "Oh don't worry, you'll become a beautiful butterfly that soars through the sky effortlessly"

But as years go by and our bodies start to contort, our limbs stretch, and our hips expand like bubblegum

We start to notice the way birds glare at us with their hungry eyes

The way their eyes follow our bare skin

The art of being a woman is crawling out of your temple because you don't feel seen

Filled with precious gold, silver, and life

And instead of appreciating the glimmer that lies within us, we mistake it for vanity

The art of being a woman is feeling like you're an overused object

The birds and bees welcome you into their flowery home

"We are your friends, you can trust us," they say

The bees offer their sweet nectar

You take it

A second later the bird is consuming you whole

The art of being a woman is tearing your wings apart because you don't look like the other butterflies

Each caterpillar has its peculiarities

Colorful spots, enchanting patterns, a silky texture

Yet you want to be like the rest

All bones and no color

Lifeless, dull eyes

A hypnotizing body

The art of being a woman is no art at all

It is simply a tragedy

## The unseen

I notice what is not known

The way sun rays light up honey-glazed eyes

A paint brush stroking gently on paper

Trees dancing with the wind

Birds flying in one direction and then the other

Now I lay here staring into the abyss of nothingness

The music stops  
The beauty within art diminishes  
I don't see an infinity of possibilities between the stanzas  
All I see is a barren land with dull people  
Colorless eyes follow me from behind  
Hysterical laughs fill my ears  
Once you perceive the world in this way, you cannot stop  
The truth is inevitable  
Yet the world is filled with oblivious people  
The 1% that can see the truth live in a comedic paradox  
We cannot be fooled by the lies society offers us  
Absorbed by the misery of others and our own  
How do we get out of it?  
Some turn to obsessive compulsions  
Others like myself, write away the pain  
Write what cannot be said out loud  
I notice what is not known  
And now I'm stuck with this curse for eternity

### Broken love

When I think about love, nothing comes to mind  
I grew up in a household where love was blind  
Two souls intertwined  
You leave everything behind  
You stare into each other's eyes and bind  
Hearts touch and become refined  
Two minds become one and are aligned  
How can my heart unwind?  
My body is confined  
My love is always outshined  
The little girl whined and whined  
"When will another soul be kind?"

### Her

She comes into this world with too much to say, yet she is shut down by people who don't know her

Her beauty is of a goddess  
Her melanin shines in the sunlight  
She is bold  
She is free  
She is outspoken  
But she is not seen  
When she rose up from the ashes, she was told, "Hush, you cannot speak because your words are too loud."  
"Hide your scars because no one wants to know your battles."  
She does not listen to the them and instead she embraces her flaws  
Her body is created from stories of her ancestors  
Her mind is filled with generational wisdom  
Her soul comes from mother nature  
She is not just one girl, She is every girl that has been told to be quiet  
But our silence is not obedience  
We are not inferior  
We are resilient  
We come from Persophones womb  
The creation of serenity and darkness  
The barrier between inequality and injustice is broken  
We are capable of moving mountains with our bare hands  
We are capable of being seen  
She will not be told to be quiet  
She will not be told to hide  
Because our strength derives from the moon  
Our beauty comes from Aphrodite  
We're supernova stars ready to implode onto this world  
Our words strike like war  
Our voices will be heard and not declined