

The Cry of a Woman Against 21st-Century Oppression

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To the women who fought the long hard brutal battles for the rights of women through the opaque fog of privileged male supremacy. Fighting for me so that I could feel like I was important and that I mattered and that I could make a difference fighting for equality. This is my emblem, my battle cry, for the generations of women to come and who stand up against the beast of injustice

For the women who continue to be paid less than men for doing exactly the same job but under more scrutiny for simply being a woman

For the women who are denied the right to education and employment in a purely capitalist society where the only means of survival is through financial stability dependent on the development of cultivated intelligence

For the women who are stripped of medical care the bare necessity of physical wellness, care against assault, violence and rape

For the women who are accused of civil disturbance when they express their creativity, individuality, sexuality. Because acting on female autonomy is an offensive crime deserving of social punishment

For the women who are hurting from emotional abuse and verbal attacks from the oppressive

beast holding them hostage in a cage of maliciously articulated assaults. Who feel trapped and can't see an escape or light through the crack in the wall

For the women who do not love themselves because they have been told over and over and over and over how unworthy how ugly how stupid how insignificant they are

For the women who choose to stand up and fight this battle with their sisters because they need support they need more help

For the millions of women who can't get help. who live impoverished and hopeless lives malnourished and unloved. Who deserve shelter and love and help and hope

For the women who are just trying their best but their best feels like the worst in a world that demands excellence and flawlessness

For the women who weren't assigned female at birth and may not have a biological female anatomy. Who are women because they feel it in their soul, at the very core of their being because "one is not born, but rather becomes, a woman"

For the one out of every six women who are sexually assaulted, forced without consent and attacked by lustful selfish sickening monsters then left behind battered and bruised and violated and empty

For the women who can't see past the imperfections detected by the critical male gaze, being looked up and down analyzing and categorizing what is misinterpreted as a "flaw" what is a flaw? What does this word mean when all bodies are made different and unique and no body is wrong or worth less than another. Who don't see that they are perfectly imperfect with the lumps and bumps and curves and lines and marks and scars and hair and complete beauty

I am fighting for the girl who feels like she has to hide behind expectations and stereotypes out of appeasement for people who's opinions do not matter
The girl who bullies herself because she is different from those models on social media who set unrealistic and unattainable expectations of perfection in a world that already expects superficial perfection from ordinary women
The girl who doesn't realize her worth because magazines and movies and everyone with an internet opinion tells her that she isn't pretty enough or strong enough or cool enough or tough enough but she needs to know that she is. enough.

The girl who dreams of a world where she doesn't have to be afraid to walk home alone because her friend was chased and pinned to the ground while her purse was stolen and her body was defiled

The girl who sits on the street corner begging for scraps from the lives around her; the victim of corporate marginalization and discrimination because she wouldn't have sex with him to get the job

The girl who cries herself to sleep because some shit bag sixteen year old boy doesn't know his head from his ass and it feels like he broke her heart but she doesn't know that she doesn't need a man to make her whole

The girl who left home in search of herself only to be eaten alive by the gargoyles and goblins who lurk in the dark waiting to tear her to shreds for her bravery

The girl who is confused about her femininity because she was taught that girls like pink and boys like blue. Who doesn't know that she can like blue and still be feminine that blue can give her power that she didn't know she had

The girl who was told that she would never achieve, amount or succeed, that she was stupid and unintelligent. She doesn't know that she could rule the world

The girl who is thriving and climbing every ladder standing in her way
because she knows that she isn't going to stop until she reaches the top
The girl that lost her mother when she was only little. Who was robbed of the
privilege of maternal love and has to fight for herself. She doesn't know that
she has an army standing behind her
The girl who doesn't know her brilliance, importance, invaluable skill and
strength. Who can eradicate any mountain that stands in her way

This is for every person. For the people who fight tooth and nail for equality.
For the people allied with women in this battle. We are here, standing together
in combat against the oppressors, those who ridicule and discriminate and
strive to tear us apart. This is a song of the victories we have won, the triumph
and jubilee. This is a battle cry for the fights not yet conquered, the struggles
and defeats that persist
We are resilient
We are women