

Because She's a Girl

Boys will be boys, but not all boys are the same
Just like girls will be girls, but all girls are the same.
Did her body satisfy your needs?
She was a 3% child.
She is now a 97% teen.
Because she's a girl, she was asked what she was wearing.
She was wearing her Edward Scissorhands Halloween costume.
She was wearing her bright yellow hat and a sweatshirt.
She was wearing her full-length homecoming dress.
Because she's a girl, she's asked if she was rude.
She was best friends with a girl, and showed her nothing but kindness.
She was at a football game, and he did not belong in the student section.
She was at a dance with her best friend, and they were singing Nicki Minaj.
Because she's a girl, she won't be believed.
"She wouldn't do that, you just want attention."
"It wasn't on the cameras, we have no proof."
"You were in a group of people, it was probably an accident."
She's tired of having to live in fear of being touched,
The same way soldiers are tired of hearing gun shots.
If she was a boy, she'd be in court pressing charges.
"She came onto me, I said no."
"She touched me, I tried to push her away."
"She wouldn't stop sending me her pictures."
But because she's a girl, there's never enough proof.
The visible marks on her body convince you that she enjoyed it,
The hidden marks on his body prove otherwise.
If this were to take place in the ocean, she'd be a clam,
Sealed shut and protecting her treasures, to prevent your unwelcome pleasure.
But you forced her apart, and cracked her shell forever.
If this were to take place in a restaurant, she'd be a napkin,
Used, torn, and forcefully absorbent.
You've crumpled her up and thrown her away.
Left behind without a second thought, she stays waiting for someone to take her away.
Someone to take her out of the world.
Someone to take her out.
Someone to take her on a nice date, and treat her right.
But because she's a girl, she expects the worst.
She expects to be treated poorly.
She expects to be catcalled while waiting for her ride.
Because she's a girl, she knows this won't be the last time.
She knows she will be touched again.
She knows she can never cover enough skin.

Because she's a girl, she has no control over her body.
The public doesn't believe her side of the story.
The patriarchy is put before her ability to raise a child.
Because she's a girl, she feels inferior.
Unwelcome.
Worthless.
Because she's a girl, she is expected to be top of her classes.
Tutoring the kids who are struggling.
Perfect scores on tests.
Because she's a girl, she doesn't want to be.
She doesn't want to be ashamed.
She doesn't want to be touched.
When she was a girl, she dreamed of a beautiful life.
She would dream of the perfect boyfriend.
She would dream of running her own business.
When she was a girl, she believed.
She believed that all people had some good in themselves.
She believed that she would have six cats and a rabbit.
But she's not even a girl anymore.
Because when you touched her, you made her less human with every touch.
Her thighs.
Burning.
Her neck.
Mangled.
Her hair.
Torn out.
Her hands.
Shredded.
Her chest.
Empty.
You took away her innocence, so she took away her life.
Because she was a girl who finally had enough.