Un-chain Me

“I mean explicitly to say that [women] must only bow to the authority of reason, instead of being the modest slaves of opinion.” – Mary Wollstonecraft

Snap these forsaken chains
Unlock the windows
that make me
a child in silence
a prisoner of vanity,
a casualty against men.

Robbed.
Estranged.
Less than whole.

Snap these forsaken c-h-a-i-n-s
or let me do so, myself.

Where is my place in the world of men?
I ask my reflection.
Of course, it doesn’t answer.

How could a child, a prisoner, a casualty?
How could the silent speak?
How could I speak?

You expect China’s daughters
to pour you tea and serve you rice like obedient servants
to be smart, but not courageous; beautiful, but not exposed
and bear you sons
...give away the daughters to strangers.

Let me tell you about the daughters who triumphed this generation:
who SPOKE out aloud to you
WANDERED your world and RAN away from you
FOUGHT like your sacred dragons
with men.

Let me tell you about the mothers who raised them,
the fathers who believed in them.

It is you who should be at mercy
of these daughters and their supporters,
who will hand you a white flag
you will one day accept.

Dear age-old traditions,
Will you embrace us with open arms, and be reborn?
We Identity

“Oppression makes a wise man mad.” – Frederick Douglass

If we were beasts,
   we would stash necessities for survival,
   leave nature at be because reason is alien
   know no passion for which to pursue,
   no long-term plans to look forward to.

If we were cannibals,
   we would tear each other’s hearts out
   crack open curved bones of ribcages
   stuff flesh in our blood-stained mouths
   and not blink an eye.

But we are equal parts passion and reason, we
conscious species, crown jewel of evolution.

So if we were human,
   we should link our chains and cry,
   inequality is unjust, we must fight
   together.

women: speak for equality
minorities: fight for equality
proletariat: protest for equality
un-equals: write for equality

Let them see our united forces
each not for its own sake or its own pace
but passions turned toward, for each other always.