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### Stolen Accessories

Just a step behind, you can feel the eyes burning  
Into the back of your neck.  
Hollers into your back  
“You fine girl, you fine” ever they taunt.  
“Look at dat body! Mmm, I could eat you up!”  
As if we’re an accessory hiding behind glass.  
As if we’re waiting to be sold,  
Waiting to be stolen.

Each word is a cut  
And ever are we bleeding  
For reasons we are not to blame,  
But for a fool  
That took what was not his.  
Something meant to be precious.

Now drops of poison leaks into our brains  
Knowledge that it was satisfactory.  
You may taunt us,  
You may degrade us,  
You may even touch us,  
But you will never have us.

## Respect

Dear my sisters  
I can hear your cries  
And I can see the pain in your eyes.

Another girl starting shit at the club  
For her body isn't worn by a man.  
She saw that you were the lucky one tonight  
So she flung magnetic curses  
Such as, "skank", "slut", "whore!"

If she weren't so busy observing the scenery  
Perhaps she can see the pain in her eyes  
Which is this,

She hasn't had sex in over 3 years  
Saving herself despite what was already taken  
Because man, oh man  
Can a man lie with such pure eyes.

I know my fellow sisters have seen this  
Going on for way too long  
So we begin to accept it.  
Ignoring our frontal lobe  
We think that we don't need or deserve respect  
As long as there is good sex.

This is why we are "crazy"  
Because we've been told for way too long  
That pure emotions are bad  
So what do we do with that?  
We try pleasing ourselves while pleasing you  
Living not for our own sake  
But for yours  
And this is what we get in return.

It shouldn't be rare  
To simply be respected.