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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.