Like a Girl

I’m not like many girls my age. I don’t care if my clothes match the latest trends, I don’t care if the beauty in my face is painted on every day, and I don’t care if my hair is perfect

However, I do care when my femininity is taken away from me, held against me like a sin. My shoulders are likened to a fly, preoccupying if merely visible to the eye. My thigh, like a giant crescent moon in the sky, visibly distracting, especially for the guys. And of course, my breasts should be ashamed they even exist despite the fact that you needed them to survive and without them you would simply die. Why are we punished for things we cannot control? I did not stop on my way down from heaven to decide my proportions and my size and which body parts I wanted sexualized by the guys.

We wonder why females now more than ever feel like they have no power. Some even feel like a piece of gum on a shoe, there to simply annoy you. We constantly apologize for the things that cannot hide and frankly for just living our lives. We walk down the street in something that makes us feel unique. It shows our blossoming flower of glee, yet some walk past it, plucking petals three by three.

Yet when we try and stand up for ourselves, we are shot down. Yet again we are shoved against the wall. Our arms shoot up in defeat and we just stare into the eyes of the beast that is constantly at our throats demanding that we be perfect in Every. Single. Way. When we try to achieve this impossible feat, we are pulled deeper and deeper into the abyss of self-loathing and self-doubt until we can no longer stand it and give up our will to stand out.

Conformity is a dangerous thing. Along with it comes the acceptance of words and phrases like “you’re just a girl”, you won’t understand”. But why won’t I understand. I understand there are differences between boys and girls, but what I CAN’T understand, what I CAN’T comprehend is all the spite and hate that slips past our lips to form a common state. “you run like a girl.” “you fight like a girl.” “you throw like a girl”. These phrases are never used in a positive light. They are used by the jocks who look to the weak one on their right as they rip into his ego. Shred his masculinity. Just by comparing him to the opposite gender.

God forbid we try and get on their level and succeed. What is so often flaunted by all the guys pushes us back into our societal box, where all we can do is watch with teary eyes. “Your strong like a guy.” “Your too muscular for a girl.” We are again cast into a negative light; we have to try and chase the ideal sight of a girl.

I want a change, in fact, I know that if we stand up against these negative thoughts, feelings, words and actions, we as women will come out the best we have ever been. But to do this, we cannot let these phrases like “you run like a girl” and “that’s not very ladylike” drag us down into the bottomless pit of despair and anger where our only saving grace is to conform. We must use the remembrance of the powerful women who came before us. Their legacy will guide us through times where all hope seems lost. For we are strong, we are brave, and we need to let our voices be heard and let others know that we have to take a stand.

We were all created by God with his “sugar and spice” and it’s our “something nice” that make us who we are. We women can do amazing things, we HAVE done amazing things and we cannot let the image of women being powerful be tainted. So yes, I throw like a girl, yes, I run like a girl. Let’s take back the preconceived notion that girls are weak, I am not a maiden in a tower, just waiting for my prince charming to come along to rescue me and validate my self worth.

We need to talk, if not we throw away the key to a mystical box that holds the solution to the problems we’ve been given. Being an empowered woman is worth living in a world with hate towards women, if that means I can stand up and chant, and give the women of tomorrow a better chance. Because I am here to change the world and the sooner the better because when I hold the hands of my future daughter, I want to look into her eyes and see the fruits of labor from the ones that had to die just to get the power we deserved from the beginning. I no longer want to see my struggles play out in her little mind. All I want to see is her true, accepted self on the outside.