

I AM

It's my duty now to tell you this,
my climactic moment of thrilling bliss,
to speak what circles through my head
and pierce through this violent dread.
From joy to sorrow I will journey now.
Get ready for the enigmatic final bow.

Don't call me weak because I'm feminine.
Just because you're male doesn't make you better than.
I can be just as tough, take a beating from three people,
but it doesn't make me better, because we are all equal.

Fighting without cause doesn't make you tougher.
The macho facade I see is just a buffer.
Never letting your guard down doesn't make you weak,
but what does make you weak is holding in your truth and refusing to
speak.

But that's the happy side, so now into the sorrow I will dive.
Tears—suck them up.
Don't let emotions show.
But inside I'll be hurting more than you ever know.
Put on my mask to keep everyone out,
because the pain I store, I don't want them to figure out.
Push my feelings down to my core
until I can't feel the stabs and stings anymore.

This is what you want me to do:
act like you.
But I refuse to be the clone you mused.
In this war of whims, myself I won't lose,
but I won't lie and say sometimes I don't want to,
to keep everything in and let the battle inside bubble and stew.

I can't.
I won't.

I dare not once
to let you dominate me like an alpha to a runt.
No matter what, I won't morph into a person like you.
You can yell and thrash all you want;
I won't follow your cue.
I'll love you and forgive you still,
because that's who I am.
My love you can't kill.

With streams of tears running down my face, loathing what happens to
me,
I'll still love myself, because God loves me.
Me who speaks to wake.
Me who is female.
Me who gives you love and the risk I take.
I am.
I am.
I am the one you can't break.