

THE REAL REASON I SAY I HATE MEN

Alexia Lee



One in every four women experience physical violence from a partner.

One in every six women is a victim of stalking.

One in every five college women is sexually assaulted.



Looking in his eyes, you fear for your safety
For your future, and for your family.
He grips your hair, slamming your head into the driver's
window,
Yelling into your ear that you can never leave.

Tears well, threatening to spill, but
You refuse to be that weak,
To let him see inside your soul
That you are not strong enough to flee.

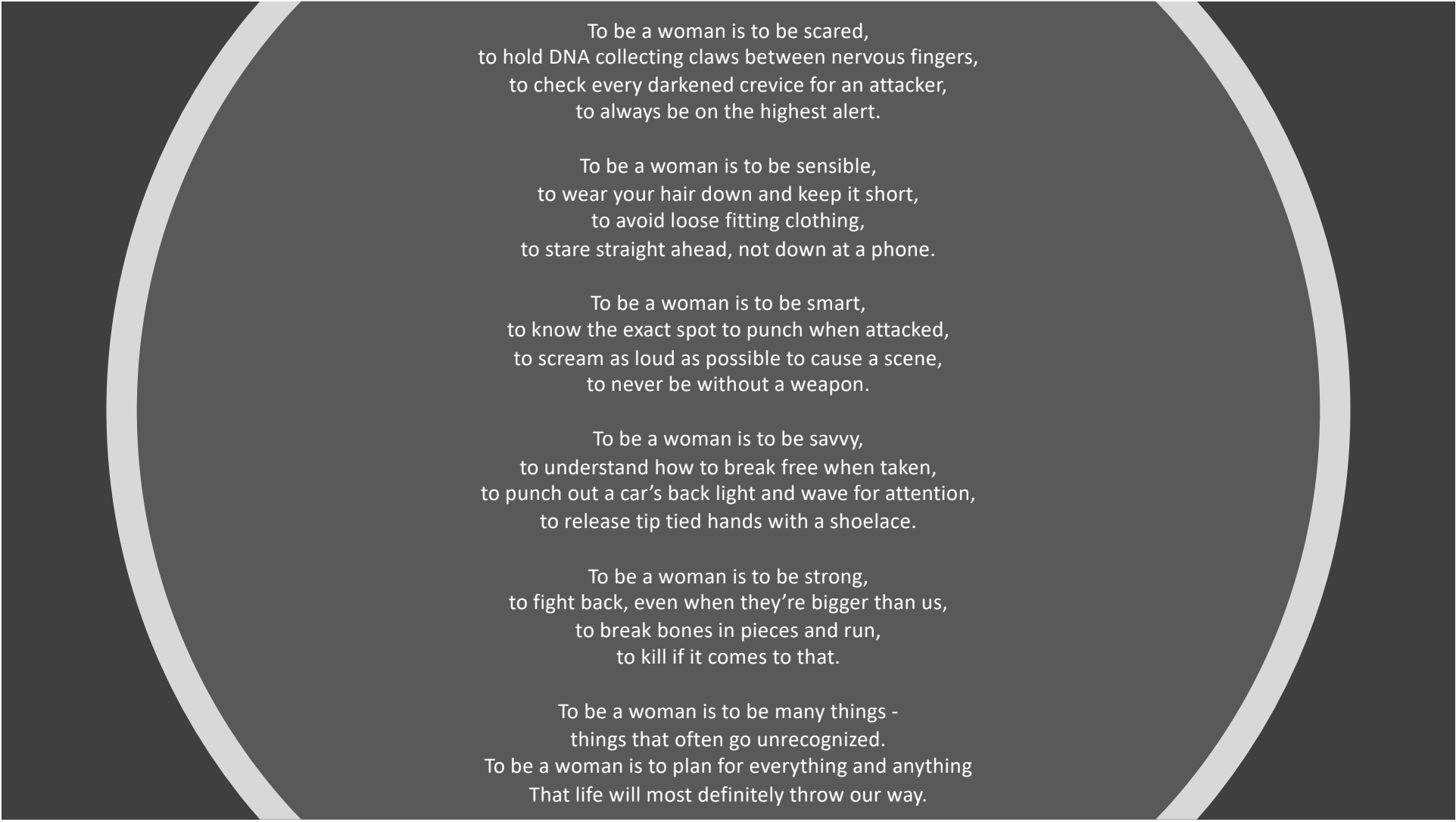
He smiles, triumphant, no idiot to his winnings
Knowing that you will bend your morals
To appease his will
And to keep the ones you love safe.

For extra measure, he sends his fist through that
window,
Shards rain-falling onto the pavement
That is already slick from the tears
You eventually could not contain.

This is a warning, a threat really,
Of what will happen
The next time
You try to run.



PLEASE... DON'T DO THIS.
I CAN'T DO THIS...
I DON'T WANT TO PLAY
THIS GAME ANYMORE.



To be a woman is to be scared,
to hold DNA collecting claws between nervous fingers,
to check every darkened crevice for an attacker,
to always be on the highest alert.

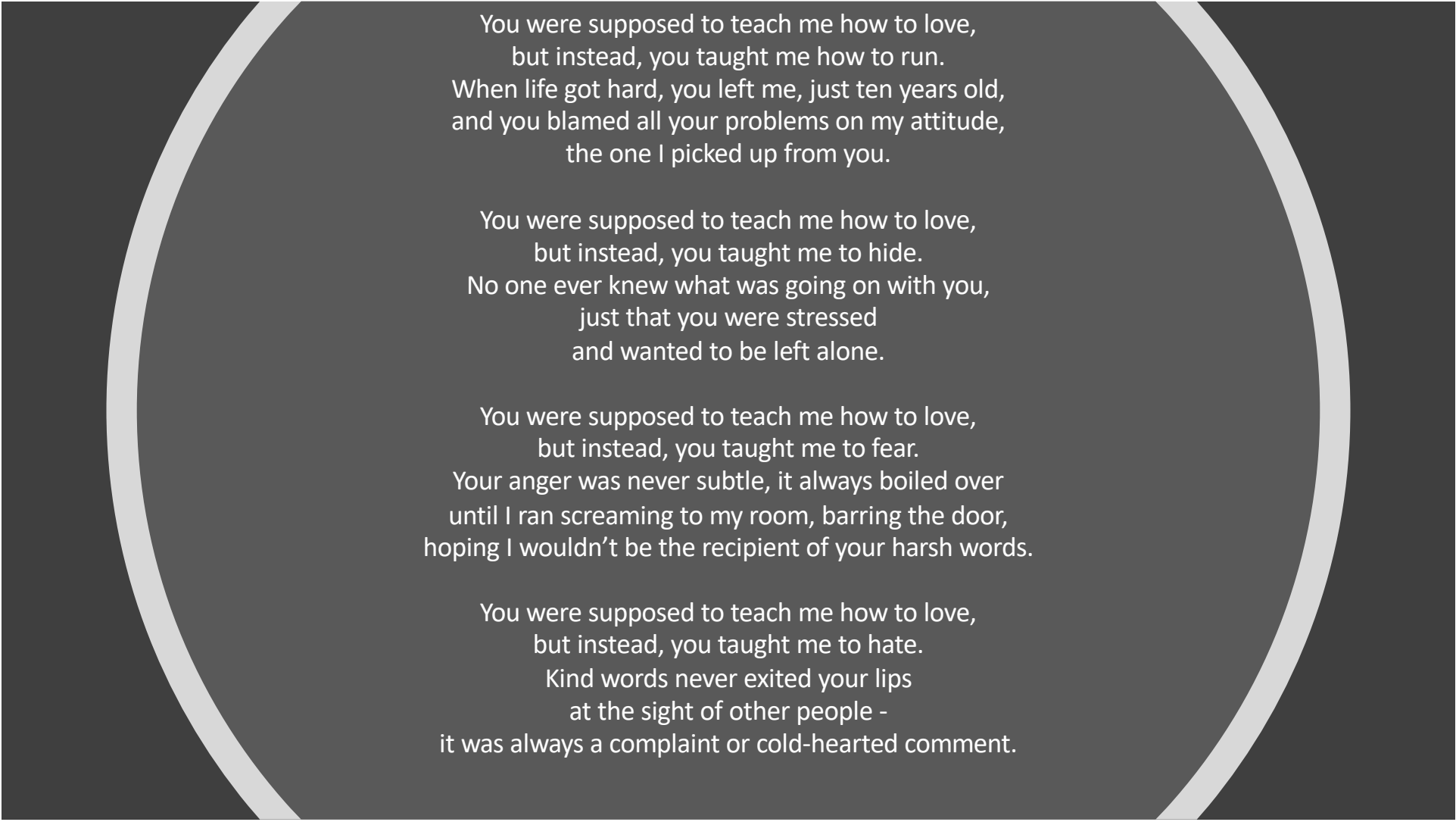
To be a woman is to be sensible,
to wear your hair down and keep it short,
to avoid loose fitting clothing,
to stare straight ahead, not down at a phone.

To be a woman is to be smart,
to know the exact spot to punch when attacked,
to scream as loud as possible to cause a scene,
to never be without a weapon.

To be a woman is to be savvy,
to understand how to break free when taken,
to punch out a car's back light and wave for attention,
to release tip tied hands with a shoelace.

To be a woman is to be strong,
to fight back, even when they're bigger than us,
to break bones in pieces and run,
to kill if it comes to that.

To be a woman is to be many things -
things that often go unrecognized.
To be a woman is to plan for everything and anything
That life will most definitely throw our way.

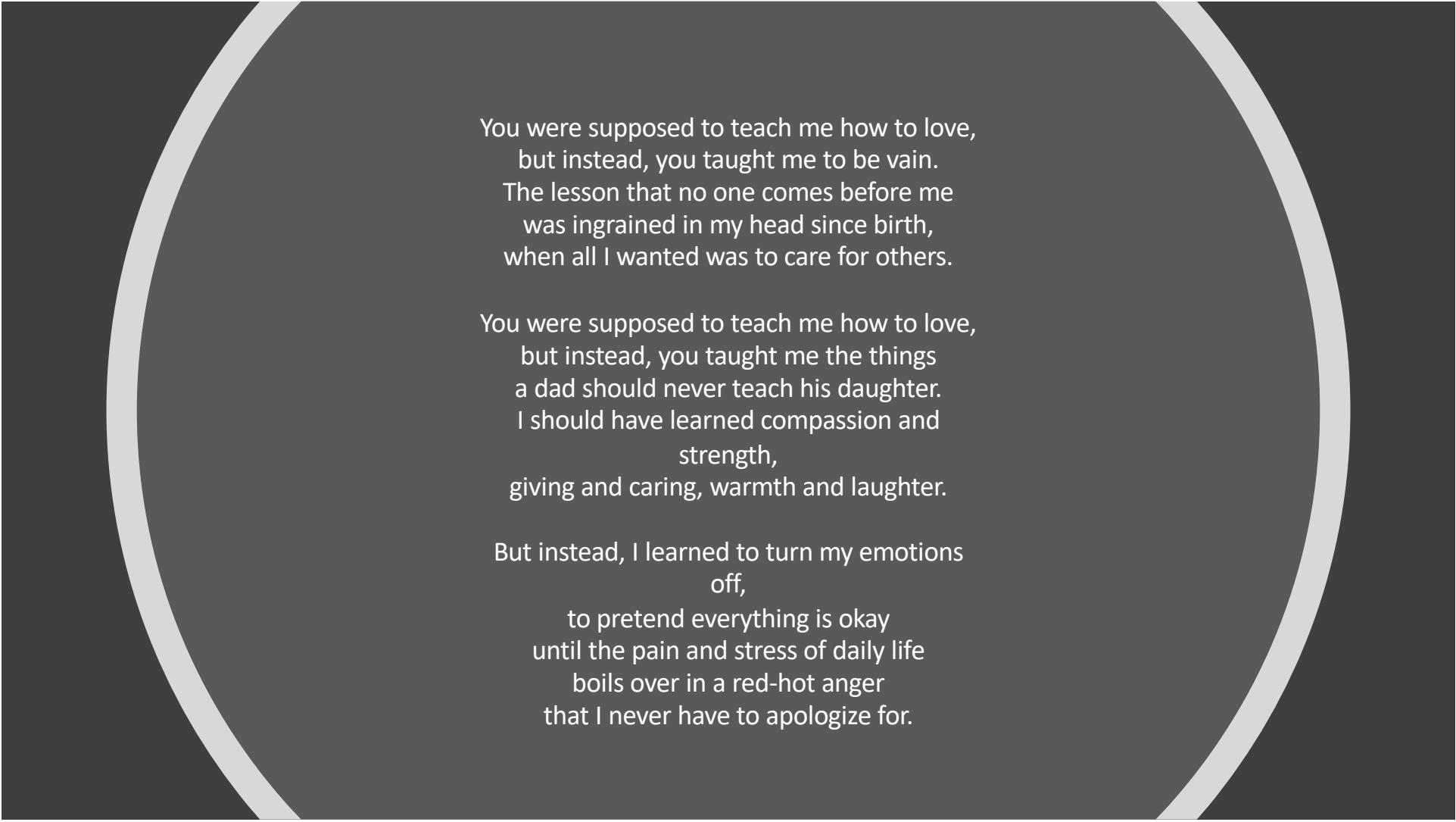


You were supposed to teach me how to love,
but instead, you taught me how to run.
When life got hard, you left me, just ten years old,
and you blamed all your problems on my attitude,
the one I picked up from you.

You were supposed to teach me how to love,
but instead, you taught me to hide.
No one ever knew what was going on with you,
just that you were stressed
and wanted to be left alone.

You were supposed to teach me how to love,
but instead, you taught me to fear.
Your anger was never subtle, it always boiled over
until I ran screaming to my room, barring the door,
hoping I wouldn't be the recipient of your harsh words.

You were supposed to teach me how to love,
but instead, you taught me to hate.
Kind words never exited your lips
at the sight of other people -
it was always a complaint or cold-hearted comment.

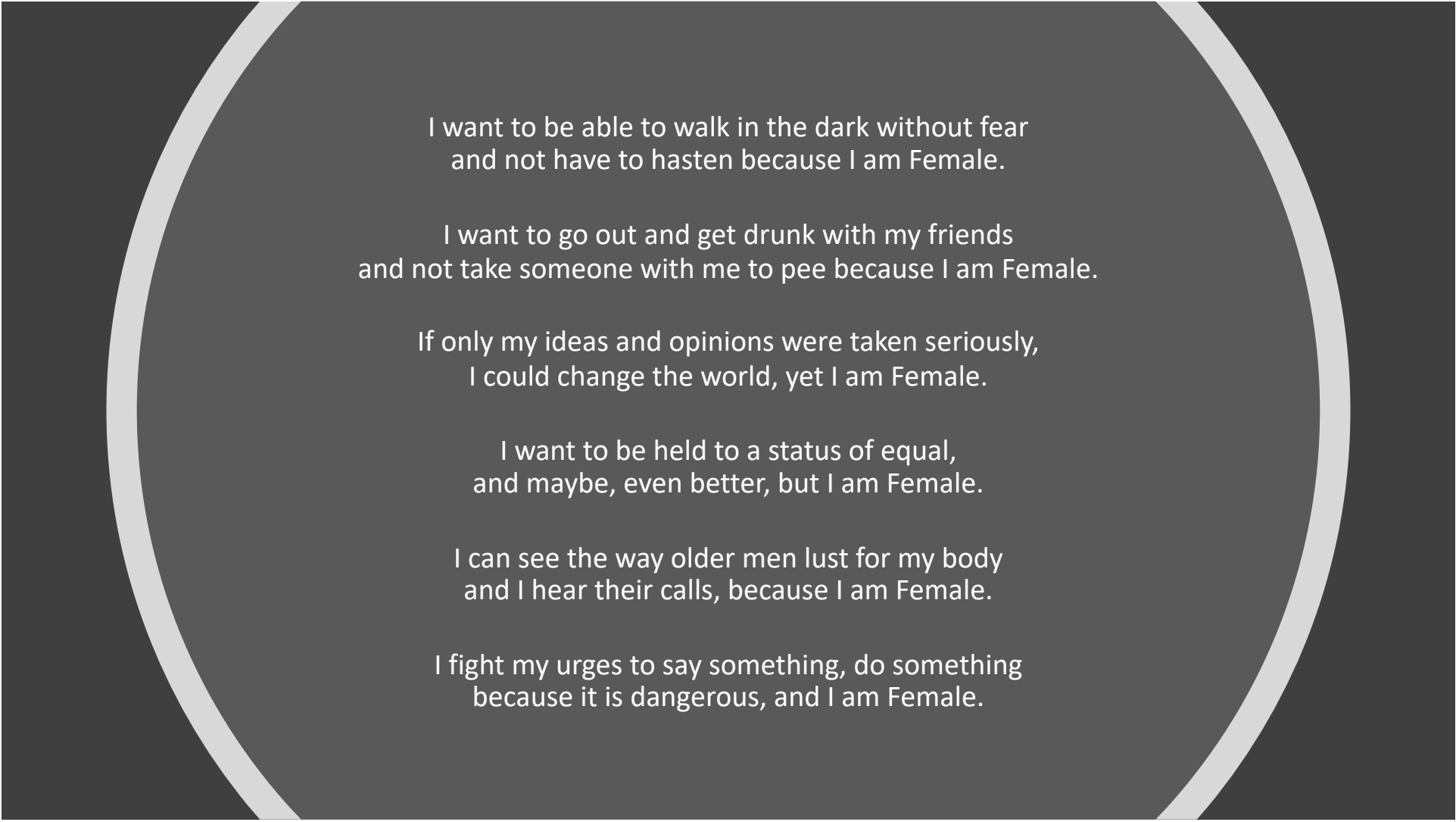


You were supposed to teach me how to love,
but instead, you taught me to be vain.
The lesson that no one comes before me
was ingrained in my head since birth,
when all I wanted was to care for others.

You were supposed to teach me how to love,
but instead, you taught me the things
a dad should never teach his daughter.
I should have learned compassion and
strength,
giving and caring, warmth and laughter.

But instead, I learned to turn my emotions
off,
to pretend everything is okay
until the pain and stress of daily life
boils over in a red-hot anger
that I never have to apologize for.





I want to be able to walk in the dark without fear
and not have to hasten because I am Female.

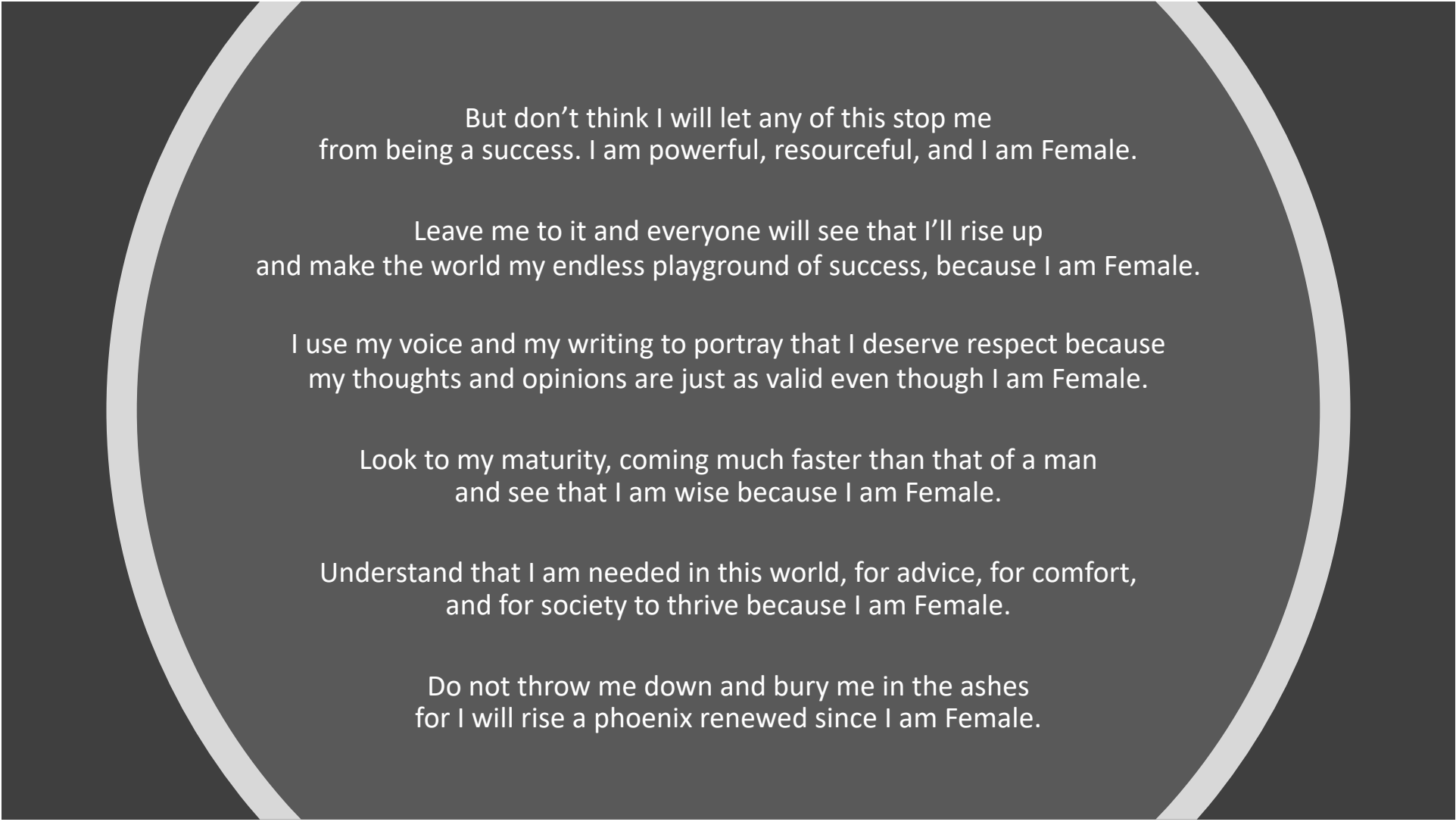
I want to go out and get drunk with my friends
and not take someone with me to pee because I am Female.

If only my ideas and opinions were taken seriously,
I could change the world, yet I am Female.

I want to be held to a status of equal,
and maybe, even better, but I am Female.

I can see the way older men lust for my body
and I hear their calls, because I am Female.

I fight my urges to say something, do something
because it is dangerous, and I am Female.



But don't think I will let any of this stop me
from being a success. I am powerful, resourceful, and I am Female.

Leave me to it and everyone will see that I'll rise up
and make the world my endless playground of success, because I am Female.

I use my voice and my writing to portray that I deserve respect because
my thoughts and opinions are just as valid even though I am Female.

Look to my maturity, coming much faster than that of a man
and see that I am wise because I am Female.

Understand that I am needed in this world, for advice, for comfort,
and for society to thrive because I am Female.

Do not throw me down and bury me in the ashes
for I will rise a phoenix renewed since I am Female.





THANK YOU