

# AS A GIRL,

As a girl, I live in a world that would rather silence me, than hear me.  
I am often complimented on how I look; rarely am I complimented on WHOM I AM.  
I live in a world where conformity is socialized and made an expectation.  
I live in a world where women politicians are asked about their outfits, not their values. I  
live in a world where an actress I adore calls herself a feminist and the internet blows up  
with nude pictures of her.

Body over brilliance, appearance is a woman's merit.

But between the cracks of perfect, I've found liberty in being an individual.  
It is an exhilaration of my spirit, and I will shout for all to hear it.  
But remember, I am given this freedom only because I was born as a girl.  
I am "allowed" to cry, to shout, and complain. My male friends are not.  
We live in a culture that is saturated in sameness, and to this, I protest and say:

I could be better if I was expected to become more than an accessory.  
I could better my ambitions to act in film were not applauded because I would be  
excellent at portraying victim:  
"You'd be perfect at running away from the bad guy," he murmurs in my ear and I  
remember I need to fight for parity. I see it with such clarity.

I could be better if I was encouraged to read about bodies, not to scrutinize mine in a  
mirror. I could be better if I did not feel secondary to men.  
The size of my body is not the size of my integrity, dignity, or intelligence.  
My frame may falter but my mind does not, the war on sexism needs to be fought.  
If more than a stereotype we are expected to become, men and women could stand  
together as one.

All around me, there is dictation, prescription; children are conscripted to fill roles for the  
economy. It's an internal lobotomy.  
We need to fill our lives with substance, not paperweight.  
I am worthy, whether or not I wear eyeliner, I am worthy if I go down on my knees or  
if I do not.  
I am not a product to be bought, These are my choices and no one will take them from  
me.

A new world order, we could create, let's go at a steady rate.  
I want to partake. In peace building and not spirit killing.  
My fellow people are desperate to have an excuse to live freely and openly, to be silly  
and candid. And so they indulge in substance- this is not how they planned it.  
But they soon realize that a man's self-expression is a social crime.  
So to the truth of their souls, we remain blind, the world is indeed unkind.

The airtight boxes of confinement reduce what it means to be human  
We desperately need improvement.  
Smoke - clear away from our mirrors  
Wool - be freed from our eyes.

In the eyes of my lover I see his values and humanity, both maimed, it is a horrid shame.  
He becomes scared to declare his love for me; his friends push him to see me as an  
object, like a lipstick lady bought at Hot Topic. I fought against what they were taught.  
To what world order does this gendered prescription pertain?

Society is a system in a spinning wheel; for truth and hope to enter  
we must stop the spinning of binaries and greed. We must stop  
unscrupulous winning.  
Our souls aren't for sale. Take our word for its merit, not our  
liberty and try and prepare it for some extreme makeover,  
U-Haul, 360 transformation.  
Votes are bought and 'the other' is banished, all  
integrity has hitherto vanished.  
Humans in their truest nature are not to blame.

Do not elect amnesia to rule, you are no fool.  
This system can be changed, and  
freedom of expression could reign.  
Do not dwell on pain.

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