

Susan B. Anthony

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] It shall be my work [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] to prove to you [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
the power of [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] the white male citizens [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] sex [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] is [REDACTED] the supreme  
law of the land [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] female [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] consent [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] is not [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] established [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Are women persons? [REDACTED] I [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] say they are not [REDACTED] women are [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] null and void [REDACTED]

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It shall be my work

To prove to you

The power of the white male citizens

Sex is the supreme law of the land

And female consent is not established

Are women persons?

I say they are not

Women are null and void

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It shall be my work

“People are stupid. Smack them upside the head and call it a revolution.”

To prove to you

Abuse isn't always physical  
I knew that when it was my friends  
But now it's me I can't be sure  
What EXACTLY did he do?  
Can I prove it?  
Am I just exaggerating?  
Being emotional, sensitive, dramatic?  
Because if what he did was as terrible as it felt  
Then how could people still like him?

The power of the white male citizens

There's a power to this pain  
Which stops me in my tracks  
Wakes me at night  
Chains me to my bed and my dark thoughts and  
WHY  
Can't I snap out of it?  
This is nothing  
It's in my head  
It's just emotions  
It's not real  
I'm overreacting  
I'm weak  
Months and years of trying to “push through it” later, I think  
If he had raped me maybe I'd have a valid reason to not be over it.

Sex is the supreme law of the land

Every woman has her stories.

A man in a restaurant blocking my way to the bathroom to ask how old I was as he stared up and down my body.

A guy asking me to help him cheat on his girlfriend. I said no.

A man pulling a switchblade on me outside the movie theater and running away thanking God my friend was with me.

A man following me down the street masturbating. Two men trying to kidnap me.

The countless times being catcalled, followed, honked at.

A boy climbing into my uber and telling me he loved me. Asking me to cheat on my boyfriend with him. Saying no. He followed me home.

An ex boyfriend telling my mother I was sleeping around. The guy he thought I was with saying "14 nights and I can't get anything out of her" at parties. It was all a lie. But it shouldn't matter.

A boy chasing me around a dorm room drunk mistaking my "no" for a yes. I said no, I swear I did. Another woman calling me a hoe.

And female consent is not established

No  
Is a word  
Something I say that nobody hears  
It doesn't mean yes  
But somehow they believe it does  
And then ask me why didn't you say no?  
I would've understood if you'd screamed it  
But no, you *didn't*  
No!

Are women persons?

You're just a girl  
Slut  
Hoe  
Prude  
Bitch  
7/10  
Pussy

I say they are not

Everyone around me has an opinion as to what woman should do when Man breaks her heart  
They say

Be the bigger person  
But what does that mean?  
I'm only five foot four and nobody knows who I am  
I'll never be big  
Or maybe being the bigger person means making yourself small so he can grow.  
They tell me  
Be kind  
Well, I grew up thinking that kind was good  
And good was self sacrifice  
Until my mother tried to end her life and my world turned topsy turvy  
And suddenly good was standing up for yourself  
But without upsetting others  
And how do you do that?  
When is it okay to express MY feelings?  
When am I supposed to shut my mouth and listen to theirs?  
Is it okay to feel  
Anger, sadness, pain, joy, humanity?  
Is a lesson my bones can't seem to learn.

Women are null and void

And there it is again, that elusive *kind*  
People called me kind and I reduced myself to that  
Successfully, I thought  
I thought that's all I ever was  
Apparently I was wrong  
So what was I?  
And what should I be?  
And who am I supposed to be kind to?  
Myself?  
Or them?  
And is kind what I want?  
It doesn't matter what I want  
Because people are telling ME to be kind while Man buries himself six feet deep in lies  
And his headstone reads: "He was a good man"  
The final lie.